

MIWOK AND POMO MYTHS.

BY JAIME DE ANGULO AND L. S. FREELAND.

I. THE DESTRUCTION OF THE WORLD.¹*1. The World is Set Afire.*

It all happened because Weasel got mad. Weasel got mad because Hawk Chief stole his beads.

They were all living at Túleyomi, then, Coyote Old Man and his wife, Old Lady Frog. There were their two grandsons the Hawks, Hawk Chief and Grapevine Hawk. Lady Pelican was the wife of Hawk Chief. There was Bluejay. There was Turtle. There was Hummingbird. A lot of them were living there at Túleyomi in one big house.

Hawk Chief used to hunt ducks for them. His grandfather Coyote had warned him: "If you see Weasel's house, while you are out hunting, don't go there! Be sure not to go there. He is a mean one!"

Hawk found Weasel's house. He went there. Weasel was away. Hawk was hungry. He looked for something to eat. He found some squirrel meat, and he ate it with acorn bread. Then he found the beads, strings of them, even, well polished flat disks of clam shell, a whole fortune of them. Hawk Chief stole out of Weasel's house and hid them in the creek.

Weasel came home. Right away he noticed the empty sacks where he had kept his beads. He kicked them. He cried. He cried for four days. Then he went out and built a fire. He built a fire. He was singing: "Somebody must be wanting to see me, somebody who is not afraid of me, somebody with plenty of power. . . ." Then, when the fire was hot, he stuck his spear in it. Then he pointed it in all directions, looking for the thief. Then he cried: "Now the world is going to be destroyed!". Then the world caught fire. The whole world caught fire.

Then Hawk Chief got scared when he heard the fire getting near their house at Túleyomi. He cried: "Give him back his beads! I don't want them! They are in the creek!"

"Slowly, slowly, grandchild. What's the matter?" said Coyote Old Man. Then Coyote Old Man offered Weasel his beads. "I don't want them! It's too late now. You are all going to be burnt. It can't be helped now."

¹ Told by Maggie Johnson, a Lake Miwok Indian; confirmed by Salvador Chapo, of the same tribe; told in practically the same terms by Clifford Salvador, of the Southwestern Pomo.

2. Coyote Old Man Puts Out the Fire With a Flood.

Then Coyote Old Man didn't say any more. He sat down and took up an elk horn and commenced boring a hole in it. He bored and bored a hole. Then he laid it away in his corner under the rafters, and he looked for his little buckskin sack, the sack where he kept the rain. He fumbled for it and found it. Then he went out. The whole world was burning. Old Man Coyote looked for his tree and found it. Then he struck the sack against the tree. Pretty soon the fog came in, foggy rain, foggy rain.

It rained for ten days and ten nights. There was too much rain. The water began to rise everywhere. Coyote went into his little hole he had bored in the elk horn. The water kept rising and came pouring in through the smoke-hole. Then Hawk Chief flew out of the house.

He could see nothing but water everywhere. He flew around the world four times, crying: we-e-ek, we-e-ek. He was pretty tired. Then he saw a twig of manzanita bush sticking out of the water. It was the highest top of Big Mountain¹ and the water was just over the top. Hawk Chief alighted on that. But the twig kept ducking him up and down, in and out of the water. Hawk Chief called to his grandfather, Coyote: "Grandfather, grandfather come and help me!" But Coyote was singing inside his elk-horn and didn't hear him. Coyote was singing:

Nennéo-nennáya, nennéo-nennáya,
 Mother, give me some acorn-mush,
 Nennéo-nennáya, nennéo-nennáya,
 Mother, give me some acorn-mush
 With a roast of rabbit-ham.

Then Hawk saw two Ducks swimming about, two Duck Old Men swimming about on top of Big Mountain. "Grandfathers, grandfathers, save me! I am going to die!" "All right, boy, jump on my back. . . but be careful of the sore place!"²

Then the old ducks took him to their house, and made him lie down, and doctored him, and nursed him, and fed him. When he was well again, Hawk Chief gave them each a lot of bead money. "Now I am going!" "Thank you, boy! Thank you, boy! But why do you want to go back to that old rascal?"

Now Hawk Chief left the house of the Duck Old Men and went around the world wandering in the dark. Everything had been burnt and destroyed. He couldn't find anybody. He couldn't find his wife, Sun Woman. He was cold, the fire had all been drowned. Hawk Chief went around, looking for somebody.

¹ Now known as Uncle Sam Mountain.

² He refers to the chronic sore that old men developed from lying too near the fire during the heat baths, and of which they were as vain as a young boy is of his painfully acquired tan.

Grandfather Coyote was wandering around also, looking for his grandson. He was feeling bad and lonesome. He thought: "I ought to have helped him. Maybe he is dead now!"

Hawk Chief came to a creek. He saw a man on the other side. They called across to each other.

"Heh! Who are you?"

"Who are you yourself?"

"But you, who are you? You must be full of magic power to be going around like that when all the world has been destroyed!"

"You must have some power yourself, to call at me like that! What's your name anyway?"

"My name is Hawk Chief!"

"Grandchild! Grandchild! Grandchild! You are my grandchild!" cried Coyote Old Man, "Huyé-e-e, huyé-eee. . . ." and he leaped across and took his grandchild in his arms and carried him home, and made him lie down, and doctored him, and fed him, and took care of him for a long time.

II. THE REBUILDING OF THE WORLD.

1. The Stealing of the Fire.

Hawk began going around. But he wasn't happy. He didn't like the world. He was shivering all the time.

"Grandfather! Why is it so cold? Why don't we have a little fire?"

"But there is no more fire anywhere, boy! The world has been destroyed. Don't you remember? You are too young, you don't understand those things!"

"Grandfather, I want the fire!"

"But how am I going to get it?"

"Oh, you know how! You are a doctor!"

"All right!" said Coyote Old Man, "I'll see what I can do."

Then Old Man Coyote took his stick, and he hung his little buckskin bag around his neck, and he started. He went, *tónno-no-no-nonono. . . .*, running along the trail until he came to the house where the two mice lived. He stood outside and called. One of the two brothers called from inside the house: "The door is on the south side!¹ What's the matter with your eyes? Can't you see?" The other mouse scolded his brother: "What's the matter with you? Are you crazy? That's no way to talk! How do you know but it may be somebody important? Look, it's Grandfather Coyote. There must be something wrong for grandfather to be traveling so far!"

¹ The door of a house should normally face east, west only when certain peculiar conditions make it necessary, but never north or south. People who live in such a queer house must be queer people, with magical power.

Old Man Coyote went into the house and sat down against the wall. He didn't say anything. Then he took his little buckskin sack from his neck. He opened it and pulled out a long string of beads. He cut the string and tied the ends. Then he pulled another long length of string out of his little bag, and cut it and tied the ends of that. Then he pulled another long length of shell beads out the little bag. He pulled four lengths of money out of the little bag. He gave two of the bunches to one of the mice. He gave two of the bunches to the other mouse. Then he said: "That's for you. I want you to help me. I want you to go and get the fire for me. There is no more fire in our place, and my grandson doesn't like it. He is cold all the time. He wants fire." "Where is the fire, grandfather?" "There is fire in the south world. In the south world there is fire. You go and get the fire for me!"

"All right, grandfather, we will, we will try our best. We will start to-morrow!"

Then Coyote Old Man trotted back home along the trails, *tónno-nononono*, . . .

The next morning the two mice started for the south world. They arrived at the gate of the south world. The gate opened from the inside and they went through. They went running abreast, the two mice, until they arrived at the house of the South People. Everybody was in the house, asleep. Inside the house they kept two crows. When the crows caw, sparks of fire shoot from their mouths. That's the way the South people kept their fire over night. The mice had brought along two sticks of rotten punk-wood.¹ When the crows said: "Cawww . . ." they held out their sticks and got a spark. Then they started to wend their way out of the house among the sleeping people. But when they got to the door they stumbled over the legs of the two crane watchmen who were sleeping across the doorway. The cranes jumped up: "Wa-a-a-ak! Wa-a-a-ak!" Everybody got up. "What's the matter? Somebody is stealing our fire! Where are they! It's the mice brothers, those two thieves! Catch them! Kill them! No! Don't kill them! Let's keep them for pets!" In the confusion, the mice escaped under some leaves. "Where are they? They are gone! Why did you let them go?" "It's all this fellow's fault. I wanted to kill them. He said, 'No! Let's keep them for pets. . .'" The mice were running. When they got to the gate, it opened of itself and let them through.

They ran all the way home to Coyote's house. "Here grandfather, here is the fire." "Thank you, grandchildren. Now your brother will be happy."

¹ The Sierra Miwok say that mice had their flutes of elderberry wood along, and played the people to sleep, then filled the flutes with coals of fire and carried the fire home that way.

2. The Stealing of the Sun.

But it wasn't long before Hawk Chief began to complain again. "I want the sun, grandfather! Why is there no sun? I want the sun!"

This time Coyote went to see the two doves. He took his walking-stick and his little sack of beads, and he started trotting along the trail, *tónno-no-nononono* . . .

"My grandson wants the sun. He doesn't like it all dark" "All right, grandfather, we know where she lives, we have seen her house. We know how to catch her for you!"

So Coyote went along with them. They found the house. They stopped a long way from it. Nobody came out. The two dove brothers began to quarrel. "You had better let me do the shooting. You might miss!" "You? You are too old! You can hardly see any more. But my eye is good. I am young. My arm is strong!" "All right, shoot then, and don't talk so much!"

Then he took up his sling. He put a stone in it, and he started singing:

Shunneyé, shunneyé,
shunneyé húnna
shunneyé húwatta
Huh! Huh! Lílleye!

He sang while he was whirling his sling. Then he let fly. The stone hit the house of the sun on one side and went right through it. The sun rose through the smoke-hole, rose a little way up in the air and fell down again into her house.

"There! Didn't I tell you? Didn't I tell you to let me shoot? Didn't I tell you you would miss? Now you watch me! Watch me, grandfather, and don't be afraid!"

"Oh! I am not afraid!" said Coyote.

Then the other dove took up his sling, and he sang the same kind of song while he was whirling it. Then he let fly! This time the stone hit the house of the sun right in the center. The sun rose through the smoke-hole and went straight up into the sky, blazing light, and hung way up there in the middle of the sky.

Coyote got so scared when the sun went up that he jumped and fell over on his back, rolling his eyes with amazement, blinking and blinking.

"Well, well, well, well!" he said. "Now my grandson will be happy."

3. The Making of Humans and the Departure of Coyote and His People.

But it wasn't long before Hawk Chief complained again. This time he wanted people. "Grandfather, why aren't there people? There ought to be people. . ."

This time Coyote got mad. "All right," he said, "All right! Now we will go away! Now you have spoiled it!"

So Coyote made people. He went to work and made human people. He shut himself in his house and danced all night. Then he made people. He carved them out of wood. He used all kinds of woods: white oak, redwood, fir, pine, black oak, sugar-pine, buckeye, maple, live-oak. He made them like sticks and he stuck them in the ground all around the house. He sang and danced all night. "In the morning you will be people!" Next morning they were people.

Then he gave them names. He said: "You, you are Bluejay, and you, you are Deer, and you, you are Dog!" Everybody he named like that. But still they didn't talk.

So he made a big dance. He made them dance all night. They were dancing all night. Coyote was singing and singing. "To-morrow you will talk!"

When they awoke, the next morning, the people were all talking together. "The fleas were terrible last night! Those fleas nearly finished us!"

Then Coyote Old Man made a speech. "Good morning!" he said. But the people were still talking about the fleas. Then Coyote got mad. "Yes! That's alright!" he said, "but now listen to me. I am going away. My grandson doesn't like it here, so I am going away. We are going away."

Then he said to Frog Old Woman: "Come on, old lady, gather your things and your baskets, let's go!"

Then he made another speech to the people. He said: "When you die, you are to come to my land. Beyond the ocean, I shall be. None but dead people are to come to my land. Not living people. Dead people only. After four days, they are to come to my land, the dead people." Then he went away with Frog Old Woman, Hawk Chief, and all his people.

THE ABDUCTION OF LADY PELICAN BY THE SHOKO MONSTER FOR
BREAKING A TABOO.¹

They all lived at Túleyomi.² There was Coyote Old Man with his wife, Frog Old Woman, and their grandsons, Hawk Chief and Grapevine Hawk. There was Bluejay, and Robin, and Crested Bird, and Hummingbird: they were all brave men. There was Lady Pelican, the Hawk Chief's wife, and there were the two Snipe Girls. They all lived at Túleyomi.

Then they held a puberty dance for Lady Pelican. They danced for

¹ Told by Maggie Johnson, a Lake Miwok Indian; also by Salvador Chapo, of the same tribe; also, with minor variations by Clifford Salavador, a Southeastern Pomo. He called the Shoko, Smiko.

² "Middle-Village," the site of the present Middletown, some twenty miles south of Clear Lake.

four days. Then they kept her shut in for a whole month. Then they took her out and put beads around her neck, on her wrists and on her ankles.

The two Snipe girls came to get her.

"Oh, girls, where are you going?"

"Come on. We are out to pick clover, we are going to pick clover."

"Oh, I want to come," she said.

"All right! Just bring your pack-basket. We'll pick the clover for you. Come along."

"Mother, I want to go. I am going with them."

"Why, no. You can't go like that. It's too soon. We never go about so soon."

"I am going to go!" she said, and then she cried.

"Very well, then. But you girls, be sure to pick the clover for her!"

"We will" they said, and they started out. And over beyond they reached a meadow and they found clover. The two girls picked clover for her. They filled all three baskets.

"Come on, let's go back."

"All right." And they started home.

The two girls were walking ahead. They went around a turn in the trail and disappeared behind a little hill. And there on the trail there was lying a dead goose. Pelican saw it.

"Oh, I must take that home for a present to my uncles. They can use the feathers."

So she took it, she tied it together and threw it into her pack-basket. And then she went along and passed around the turn in the trail. But as she went she felt her pack getting heavy, getting heavier and heavier. And then she heard a voice from somewhere.

"Hosh, hosh, hosh, hosh!" It came from inside the pack-basket.

Pelican's knees gave way. She dropped down to the ground.

"Lulut," it said again. "Hosh, hosh, hosh, hosh," it said.

She wanted to rise, but she could not.

"Grandchild, grandchild," it said, "I want those beads around your neck."

It was the Shoko,¹ standing there. He began to dance around her. He danced around her four times. She took off the beads and threw them at him. The Shoko caught the beads and started off, but he came back.

"Grandchild, grandchild, I want the beads on your wrists. That's why I came back."

And he danced around her again four times. She pulled the beads off her wrists and threw them at him. The Shoko caught the beads and started off.

Again he came back. "Grandchild, grandchild, I want those beads on your ankles. That's why I came back." So she drew off the beads from

¹ The Shoko, a mysterious personage.

her ankles and threw them to the Shoko. He caught them and went away. And that time he stayed away for a while.

But he came back again. "Grandchild, that skirt that you have on, I want it, grandchild, that's why I came back." So she took it off and sat naked, and he went away.

But he came back again, and now he caught her and held her under his arm and dragged her off with him. He took her north. He went north, north, north, north, to the north world. He went through the gate of the north world. He dragged her into the dance-house and hid her in the pit under the wooden drum.

Now they missed her at home. "Where is your friend?" they asked the Snipe girls. "Didn't she come home with you?"

"We don't know. We only heard her say: I must take this home as a present to my uncles. They will be able to use the feathers."

"Oh! Bluejay, you brave man! Come look for the wife of my grandson."

"All right, Grandfather, we will!" said the two Bluejays to Coyote Old Man. And they went to look for Lady Pelican.

Everyone was crying. Her mother was crying. Her husband was crying. They went. They all went to look for Lady Pelican. They found the place where it had happened. "She is not dead," said Coyote Old Man, "Someone has stolen her away. Come on, all of you. Go back, make a dance. Go get the Hummingbirds, those two singers." So they made a dance. Four days and four nights they danced.

Then they all set out for the north world, for Kanínwalli. Coyote's brother lives there. He is chief there, as this one is chief here.

But when they arrived at the boundary of the north world they found a line of fighting men on the watch, all ready with their bows and arrows. The people from the south couldn't get across, but they sent Little Owl. He flew over the line and warned the people of the north that the Coyote from the south was coming the next day. Little Owl was a great medicine man. He sang. He sang and danced all night. All the fighting men went to sleep with their bows in their hands.

Now Coyote Old Man from the south called the mice people. They came and he put them in the little sack he carried hanging from his neck. He put Hawk Chief in there too. He put Robin, and Crested Bird, and Turtle and Salamander, and all the other brave men in there too. He put them all in his little sack. He put his wife in there too, Frog Old Woman. That's the way Old Coyote took them all across the line into the north world.

They found the north people asleep in their dance-house. Owl had kept them up all night with his singing. Coyote Old Man took his people out of the little buckskin sack, and he turned them loose. The mice went around chewing the sinew wrappings of the arrowheads. They chewed the bowstrings also. Meantime the rest of Coyote's men went around stepping carefully among the sleeping people, and they tied their long

hair together. Then they looked for Lady Pelican and found her in the pit under the wooden planks of the stamping drum. Then they all left. The door of the dance-house was guarded by the crane brothers. They slept across the threshold with their long legs all stretched out. All the south people stepped over them carefully. But the last man stumbled over them. They gave the alarm. Everything was confusion. People were all tangled up. They couldn't shoot. A lot of them got killed.

The Coyote from the south and his people got away safely. They ran back home, carrying Lady Pelican along with them. Lady Pelican was pretty sick. She was bewitched. The Shoko had done that. He had made her crazy. He had made her become a "fire-eater." When people are like that they go and play with the fire all the time, they put burning coals in their mouths, they eat fire, they act crazy. But Owl doctored her. He cured her.

THE MAKING OF DEATH.¹

Hawk Chief was living with his grandfather, Coyote. Hawk hunted ducks for his grandfather. He used to go hunting very far along the shores of the lake. Then in the evening he would lie down to sleep, and next morning he brought the ducks home to his grandfather. He always did like that.

The Flint Girls saw him lying asleep there one night when they were hunting for young men to take back to their village to feed to their people. But he looked so nice that they were ashamed to hurt him. They lay down on either side of him, and played with him, and teased him, but they were careful not to wake him up. Before dawn they left.

When he woke up, Hawk Chief noticed their tracks and he wondered whose tracks they were. He went home with his ducks, but he didn't say anything to his grandfather, Coyote.

It happened like that three times, but the fourth time the Flint Girls tarried too long, and at dawn the Hawk caught them at it. He fell in love with them. He asked them where they lived. They said they lived far away in the east. He told them he would go and live with them. He gave them his ducks. They went away.

Now Hawk Chief went home to his grandfather. He didn't bring home any ducks that time. He sat down in the house. He didn't say anything, but Coyote Old Man knew very well what he had been doing.

The Hawk stayed home four days. Then he left, and then he traveled east, until he got to the village of the Flint People. He lived with the two Flint Girls, and he had a child with each one.

Moon Old Man was the brother of the Flint Girls. He was mean.

¹ Told by Clifford Salvador, Southeastern Pomo, of Lower Lake. Salvador Chappo tells a Miwok version which is different only in that the Sun, and not the Flint Girls, is wife to Hawk and sister to the Moon.

Moon Old Man kept asking Hawk Chief to come and visit him. "Come and enjoy a heat bath with me in my house!" he said all the time. But the Flint Girls advised their man not to go. "He is laying a trap for you. You had better not go! Why do you want to go and see that old man? He is mean!" But Hawk Chief went.

Moon asked Hawk Chief, after a while, to go and hunt deer for him. So the Hawk went and brought him back a deer. Then the old man complained. He said: "I could hunt deer myself, if only I had a bow!" So the Hawk went and came back with a bow. But the old man complained again: "That's no good! I can't do anything with a bow without any arrows!" So the Hawk went out and brought him back some arrows. But the old man complained still. "I don't want venison. I am tired of venison. I want to eat acorn-mush!" Hawk Chief thought the old man was getting childish and whimsical, but he said he would go and bring him some acorns. Moon Old Man said: "You don't have to go far. There is an oak tree growing right on top of this house." He had made it grow there on purpose. Now Hawk Chief went out and climbed into the tree and while he was shaking down the acorns Old Man Moon shot him through the smoke-hole and killed him dead.

Coyote Old Man knew right away that his grandson had been killed. He went to get his body and he carried it back home. There he doctored him with magic. He worked on him for four days. On the fourth day Hawk Chief came back to life. Then Coyote Old Man said to the people: "That's the way it is going to be when people die. When people die, they will come back to life in four days." But Meadowlark Man didn't like it. He said: "No, its not good that way. That man you brought back to life smells. When people die they ought to stay dead." They argued like that for a long time, then Coyote got tired of arguing and he said, "Allright! Let's have it your way." But a little while later when they were having races and Meadowlark's boys were in it, Coyote put a rattlesnake on the trail, and he bit Meadowlark's boys and they died. Then Meadowlark came to Coyote. He said, "You know, I think that's a good way the way you said it ought to be, and people should come back to life after four days." But Coyote said, "No, no! Now it's too late. You wanted them to stay dead when they die. We fixed it that way. That's what we agreed. That's the way it's going to be."

But Hawk Chief was ashamed. He said: "People say I stink! I am ashamed! I don't want to live any more." So he went to his house and lay down and died again.

Then they burned down his house over him. And all the people who were brave jumped into the fire. And all the people who were not brave did not jump into the fire. They stayed behind and they are the animals of to-day.

The people who jumped into the fire woke up the next day in the land of the dead. Their house was right there in the land of the dead. Coyote

was there. Hawk Chief was there. They all took a heat bath and jumped into the lake. Then Coyote Old Man said, "When people die, they are to come to my house in the land of the dead, beyond the ocean. They are to come there after four days. Only dead people are to come there, not live people. That's the way it's going to be."

That's the way it is. When people die, they go to Grandfather Coyote's house in the land of the dead. That's way down south.

THE BURNING OF THE WORLD.

It was because Snipe got mad. Snipe wanted to sleep with White Goose Girl, but she wouldn't have him. Her name is Láklewal. Snipe's name is Kshat. So Kshat got mad and went away from home. He went away toward the north.

Now, when Snipe went away, his Grandfather Coyote followed after him. Coyote Old Man knew very well what his grandson was up to in his mind, so he followed after him. Snipe went along traveling toward the north. He had a stone. He kept throwing that stone away. Wherever the stone landed, the fire started. Then the stone would come back to Snipe. Then he would throw it in some other direction, and where it landed, the fire started there too. Every time, the stone came back to Snipe as he kept going along, and everywhere behind him the fire was burning the whole world.

Grandfather Coyote's name is Klímtuwi.¹ There are two Klímtuwis. One lives in the north, and one lives in the south. It was the Klímtuwi from the south who was following his grandson, Snipe. The Klímtuwi went and took refuge with his brother Klímtuwi in the north where he lived in his house with Hawk Chief and the rest of the people.

Now when the whole world was burning, Snipe tried to escape by flying to the Upper World. He flew straight up, and he nearly got there, but the fire caught him. He just got through the Gate of the Upper World and fell dead on the other side.

Right away his Grandfather Coyote knew what had happened to him. So he sent Hawk Chief to go and get his body and bring it back. Then he worked his medicine on him and brought him back to life.

THE UNFAITHFULNESS OF HAWK CHIEF'S WIFE.²

Lady Pelican was Hawk Chief's wife. Hawk also had a younger brother, a small hawk called Wiwwa Wek-wek.³ Hawk Chief had two babies. Their nurse was Curlew.⁴ Curlew used to rock the babies and sing: "Go to sleep, little children, go to sleep, your mother she sleeps

¹ Coyote's ordinary name is Khlíwin. Mutú means old man.

² Told by Salvador Chapo, Lake Miwok Indian.

³ "Grapevine Hawk," probably our sparrow-hawk.

⁴ tsodók.

with her brother-in-law, go to sleep, little children, your mother sleeps with her brother-in-law, go to sleep, little children." Hawk Chief came by. He heard her. He listened. He waited there. He waited until his brother came along. Then he drew the manzanita wood-pin from the back of his hair-net and he drove it into his brother's eye. Wiwwa Wek-wek cried out. He spread his wings. He flapped his wings and flew away crying. He went to the little lake Wenok in Oleyomi Valley. There he perched on the great rock on the north side of the lake. He sat there and cried, and tears of blood ran down. They ran all over the rock. He still sits there and cries and cries. He cries tears of blood. You can see how the rock is stained red by the blood.

COYOTE AND THE BLACKBIRDS.¹

Coyote Old Man asked his grandchildren, the Blackbirds, to help him fly. So they plucked feathers from themselves and stuck them all over his body. Now he could fly.

He flew off with them. He was flying in the air. He was going higher and higher. He was going higher all the time. The Blackbirds called to him to come down. That was high enough. But Coyote kept on flying higher up, higher up into the sky. Then the Blackbirds plucked out all the feathers they had given him and Coyote came tumbling down and crashed on the ground at Hunáday.² That killed him and he lay there dead, and very soon he was nothing but bones. The bones were whistling, calling for a medicineman. Doctor Owl came first, when he heard the bones. But the bones wouldn't have him: "You are not the right one," they said. Then Hummingbird heard the bones and came to offer his help, but the bones wouldn't have him for doctor. All the other people who were doctors came in turn, but nobody was accepted. The bones kept on whistling for a doctor to come and help them and put them together. At last the two Skoykyo Brothers³ heard the bones. The older Skoykyo said to his brother: "That sounds like Grandfather Coyote calling. You had better go and see what he wants. I'll stay here and watch the place."

When the Skoykyo arrived the bones said: "Yes, you are the one. You had better try and put us together, if you can." So the Skoykyo worked his medicine and put the bones together, and went back home, and Coyote came back to life. But the Skoykyo had done something wrong. He fixed the upper part of Coyote so that it looked backward. Now when Coyote tried to go the lower part of him went in the opposite direction. So Coyote cried for help again.

¹ Told by Clifford Salvador, Southeastern Pomo.

² Sulphur Bank, on the eastern shore of Clear Lake.

³ The Skoykyo is a mysterious personage who lives in the east. When he comes out he puts on an enormous hat of feathers that entirely covers his head. He also blackens his body.

The older Skoykyo heard him and he said to his brother: "Coyote is still calling. I think you must have done some bad trick. I think I had better go myself and see what's the matter." When the older Skoykyo saw what his brother had done to Coyote, he took his knife and cut Coyote in two and stuck him back again the right way.

WILD-OATS MAN AND THE THUNDER.¹

The Thunder eats people. He catches them with his hands and eats them. He lives in the north. When he comes down to hunt people, that's when there are black clouds and lightning. When he goes back, the sky clears again.

It was Wild-Oats Man who killed him. Wild-Oats was a great fighter. He had his arrows always ready, pointing in every direction. He could shoot as many as twenty men at one draw. He went to meet Thunder and shot him with his arrows. That's the way he killed him.

After that Wild-Oats was different. He began to hunt people. He killed them and ate them. He did just like the Thunder.

His sister was worried. She felt bad about her brother. Then she came to see him. She said: "That's not good what you are doing. You must stop. You mus'n't kill people like that!"

He quit. He didn't kill people any more after that.

THE ABDUCTION OF HAWK'S WIFE BY THE GILAK MONSTER AND HER RESCUE BY COYOTE OLD MAN.²

It was because the older Hawk made love to another woman. Then his woman got mad about it. She thought she would leave him. She sat thinking about it. She was crying. Then she started to make a basket. She made a large basket. She started it at the bottom, and it was big enough for a man to sit in it. Now she is curving it up along the sides. Hawk was watching her, "What are you making there?" "I am making a present to take to your family. That's a present for your mother." "Good!" said Hawk, and he went out.

Hawk's wife wove in a water-design all around the sides of the basket. And another line was the quail-plume design. She wove them in black wicker lines. She was a long time weaving that basket.

Now it was finished, and she said: "Now, I'll take it to the lake to wash it!"

She went to the shore of the lake with her children and her basket. She had grub for four days, dried venison, and pinole flour, pine-nuts, acorn flour. She put the basket in the water. She gave the grub to

¹ Told by Salvador Chapo, Lake Miwok Indian.

² Told by William Benson, Eastern Pomo of Upper Lake.

Hawk's children. "Go on, children, go on to the cave in the hillside until I call you." And the people of the village said, "Oh! look at the little quail flying over. . . ."

Then the woman got into the basket and pushed off into the lake. It was late in the day. She floated way out into the lake, and all kinds of water-monsters came up to look at her. But they saw the water-design on the sides of her boat and they drew off. All night she drifted about the lake with monsters following her around. Dawn was breaking and her boat grounded ashore, in the tules. She jumped out. She didn't know where to go. Then the Gilak came soaring in the sky, looking around for people, and he saw her, and he swooped down upon her, and flew off with her to his home in the mountains.

He came flying fast through the air, Kinikinikinkinkini. . . When his brother hears him he opens the flap over the smoke-hole. Kinikinkinkinkini. . . . When his sister hears him, she wakes up. She was their younger sister. She was the log-drum, the Ceremonial Drum. She wakes up. She yawns and stretches her limbs, showing her long sharp teeth. Kinikinikinkinkini. . . The Gilak is coming through the air holding a boy in his claws, he has a man in his claws, he has a woman in his claws, anyone he can pick up in the lower country, he brings home to his sister in their village in the mountains. She is the Ceremonial Drum in the Dance House, way back of the center-post, under the smoke-hole. He drops them through the smoke-hole. Kinikinikini! She chews them up and spits forth the bones. . . There was a heaped-up ring of them all around their house.

And inside the door there were two bears standing along the passageway. And there were two snakes standing in the passageway on either side of the door.

And the Watchman was Bumble-Fly. He stood on the roof of the house, watching all around. He had only one eye. The Gilak got mad one day and gouged out his other eye because he had gone to sleep on his watch. So he gouged out his eye and he said, "Next time I'll take out the other eye!"

And the Gilak's elder brother had only one leg. He hopped around on one leg, because the Gilak got mad once when his brother went to sleep and failed to set the trap at the door. Then he cut off his elder brother's leg, and he said: "Next time I'll take off your other leg!"

Inside the door, at the end of the passageway in front of the center-post there was a trap set. Somebody might catch the bears and the snakes asleep, where they stood at the outer door of the passageway, but when he got to the inner door, the trap caught him and slung him against the center-post and broke his back.

That's where the Gilak people lived in the ceremonial house of that village in the mountains. That's where the Gilak took Hawk's wife that time when he swooped down on her by the shore of the lake. But he didn't drop her through the smoke-hole. He took her in at the door.

He said to his brother: "Take care of her for me!" and he flew out again to hunt people to feed their sister.

Now Hawk missed his wife and his children. He was sorry. He cried. He said: "I'll go and get her back!" His grandfather, Coyote said, "You'd better not go. You'd better stay away from those Gilaks. They are bad people. They'll kill you. It's too bad, but you had better not go. They are hard people to beat. You don't know how. You had better not go there!" But Hawk would not listen. He rolled himself on the ground back and forth, and feathers grew over him. He was Hawk. Then he laid his bow and arrows on the ground, and tried himself for a short flight. He went a little way up, and flew back again and came swooping down to gather his bow and arrows and up he flew again, up into the air toward the mountains. When he arrived at the Gilak's house he rubbed himself on the ground, and rubbed off all the feathers, and he was Hawk again. Then he crept to the door. Then he shot the two bears. Then he shot the two snakes. Then he rushed in. Then the trap caught him and slung him against the center-post and broke his back. The older Gilak brother picked him up and threw him to their sister, the Ceremonial Drum. She opened her legs and chewed him up and spat forth the bones through the smoke-hole.

And right away his grandfather Coyote Old Man knew it that Hawk was dead. Old Man Coyote cried and put his head in the fire. His other grandson Hawk pulled him out by the feet.

Now Coyote set about to go and get the bones of his grandson back. He wanted the bones of his grandson. He wanted warriors to go with him. He went to see the Flint Brothers. Coyote Old Man went tononononono... limping along the trail with his stick, and carrying his little sack of beads hanging from his neck.

He arrived at their house. He went in. He sat by the fire without saying anything. Then he opened his little sack of beads and he commenced to pull out a string of beads, and he pulled it out, and he pulled it out, and he was pulling out a long long string of beads, until there was quite a pile on the ground at his feet. Then he broke the string and tied the ends, and shoved one end back into his little sack, and he pushed the big pile across to the Flint Brothers, and he said, "I want you two to come and help me recover the bones of my grandson." "Alright, Grandfather, we will help you."

And then tononononono... Old Man Coyote went along the trail, limping and leaning on his stick, to the house of the Bluebird Brothers. He sat in front of the fire and he pulled out a long string of beads from the little sack at his neck. "I want you two to come and help me recover the bones of my grandson." "Alright, Grandfather, we will help you. You can count on us."

And then tononononono... Old Man Coyote went along the trail to the house of the Brownbird Brothers. And they agreed to join his party.

Now they all started, the six of them with their bows and arrows, toward the mountains, and Coyote followed, limping along with his stick.

Coyote said: "Boys, if you see a bit of punkwood somewhere, give it to me. I want it for something."

Then Coyote said: "Boys, if you see a flat piece of rock lying around somewhere along the trail, bring it to me. I need it for something."

Now they arrived at the house of the Gilaks way up in the mountains. Coyote made his men wait in the bush while he went around picking the bones of his grandson, Hawk, from among all the bones around the house. There was a big pile of them all around the house. Then Coyote Old Man put the bones of his grandson in his little sack. Then Coyote Old Man took out of his sack the bit of punkwood and set fire to it. Then Coyote Old Man crept up to the door, and blew in the smoke, and it blinded the two bears, and the smoke blinded the two snakes. Then they all slipped along the passageway, and when they got to the inner door Coyote threw in the flat rock into the trap. The trap caught the rock and slung it back against the centerpost. When the smoke cleared up Coyote and his men were sitting against the wall.

The older Gilak was very much surprised, but he said nothing. He threw some wood onto the fire, and he sat down near it, looking at the others. Very soon they heard the younger Gilak coming through the air, kinikinikini. . . He flew in at the smoke-hole. "How did they get in?" he asked his brother. "I don't know how they got in. I don't understand it. They look as if they had come to gamble with us." "Yes, we have come to gamble with you," said Coyote Old Man. "We are good gamblers. I don't think you can beat us." Then Coyote Old Man opened his little sack and commenced pulling out a string of beads. He pulled it out, and he pulled it out of the little sack till there was a big pile of beads on the ground. Then he cut the string and tied the ends and put back his end into the little sack. "That's a lot of money," said the Gilaks, "but we can cap it." And they brought out all the beads they had and it was just enough to cap the other pile. "Allright," said the Gilak, "You are the visitors, you have the right to start the game. But you had better be good players because we are good guessers. We always guess right. We always shoot right, we never miss."

And now Coyote and his people started their song.

Henemanono, henemanono,
Hene-hene-e-mani-i-ye,
Hene-hene-e-manono.

They were swaying together, all seven of them sitting against the wall, singing their gambling song. Then Coyote Old Man gave the bones to the Flint Brothers to hide.

The younger Gilak was stringing his bow. He tested the string and made it hum. They were swaying and singing their gambling song.

Then the Gilak took an arrow and straightened it carefully. They were swaying and singing their gambling song. They were singing all together. They were singing fine.

Then the Gilak knocked the arrow and drew and took aim carefully at the Flint Brothers. He was guessing carefully. Then he shot. He shot straight. The arrow hit the Flints square and glanced off.

"You win the bones allright," said Coyote Old Man. "You hit us square and you win. Now it's our turn to guess."

Now the older Gilak started his gambling song:

Wenene-niwa-a-hayowa, hawena-ma-wenama-mo-me-e-ne
wenini-niwa-a-hayowa, hawena-ma-wenama-mo-me-e-ne

The younger Gilak took the other pair of guessing bones. He started to dart all over the house, while his brother sang.

"You'd better guess," said Coyote to the Bluebird. The Bluebird shot out his medicine. It went out back and forth like a searchlight out of their body. The Gilak was darting all over the house but the Bluebird's medicine lit up the dark corners. "Shoot him in the second toe," whispered Coyote "That's where he keeps his heart." The Bluebirds shot him in the second toe, and the Gilak fell down dead.

"You'd better pick him up and feed him to that thing there, it looks hungry."

"No, no, no!" cried the older Gilak, "don't do that; don't do it! That's his sister!"

Then they shot him too.

Then they picked up both of them and fed them to the Ceremonial Drum. She opened her legs and chewed them up and spat forth the bones through the smoke-hole.

Then they all started to dance. Coyote Old Man said: "Who will beat the drum for us?" "We will beat the drum for you," said the Brownbird Brothers. "We are expert drummers."

Now they stand on the Drum. Now they take up the rhythm of the song. They stamp in the rhythm. "That's a good drum!" they said. "It booms fine!" They were stamping and stamping for the others to dance. They were stamping the rhythm. They broke the Drum.

Now Coyote told them to go out. Then he lay down and tied the bones of his grandson to his ear. Then he went to sleep. Then his ear twitched and he awoke and sat up and looked around but there was no one. He lay down again. His ear twitched. He sat up but there was no one. When his ear twitched the fourth time and he sat up, there was a man standing in front of him. "Who are you?" asked Coyote. "I am Hawk, your grand-

son." Then Coyote Old Man called in the others. They came in. "Who is this man?" "Why, that's Hawk, your grandson."

Then they all went out, and they were going to burn down the house, but Bumble-Fly the watchman said, "No! Don't burn it! Give it to me to live in."

Then Coyote Old Man and his people went home. They took Quail Woman with them. They were near home. The people of the village came out. "What are they bringing with them?" asked Meadowlark screwing up his nose, "stinks like carrion...!"

Hawk was ashamed. He called his brother aside. He said, "They say I stink. I am ashamed. I'll go away." "I'll go with you!" said the other Hawk.

When Coyote Old Man missed his grandsons he cried. He took his stick and hurried after them, limping along the trail, following along their tracks. He came to a fork in the trail. The tracks divided here and went both ways. "You go that way," Hawk had said to his brother, "and I'll go this way." And now Coyote Old Man stood there at the fork of the trail not knowing which way to go.

First he ran along one trail. Then he stopped and thought, "My other grandson will think I liked his brother best!" Then he would run back to the forks, and he started up the other trail. Then he stopped and thought, "My other grandson will think I liked his brother best!" That's the way he was running back and forth.

Then Coyote Old Man took his stick, and he threw it way up in the air. It came down again and cleaved him in twain.

The two halves of Coyote stood looking at each other. "I am you and you are I. Now we can both go after my grandsons."

DISCUSSION.

The foregoing tales are of interest both from the point of view of Californian folk-lore in general, and from the more restricted angle of the differentiation of culture sub-areas within the "north-central" area of California.

One of the first things to be noticed in these tales is the prominence of the Coyote. Now, in dealing with the Coyote character in western American folk-lore it is important to differentiate between two things: one is what may be called the Coyote Cycle and is comparable to the Fox of European folk-lore; Coyote is at the same time a fool and a clever magician, a sort of oxymoron, always getting into trouble, always getting out of it by his cleverness. This kind of Coyote is extremely popular with Indians. They never tire of hearing such stories. I have heard the same stories that I had learned in California told in practically the same way in the pueblos of New Mexico. Perhaps in this character the Coyote Cycle extends all over America.

In contrast to this we have what may be called the Grandfather Coyote Theme.¹ Here Coyote is the Grandfather of the World. He is everybody's grandfather, and he takes care of his children. He takes care of the world and fixes it up every time it is destroyed. He is full of kindness and forbearance. He is Grandpa Coyote, as the Indians call him in their English.

In this character Coyote is a typically Californian figure of the "north-central" area, but not of one other well defined culture area in California, the "north-east" area. In this latter area we have something akin to the Grandfather Coyote Theme, but really different. Here we may call it the "Theme of Coyote as the Spoiling Creator." There is here a true myth of creation, inasmuch as the world is made out of nothing, out of the primeval chaos of mixed water, fog, drizzle and sleet. Now comes a Creator (usually Silver Fox) who makes the world by the power of his own thinking. This Creator, however, could never have done it without the assistance of his coadjutor, who is always Coyote. But Coyote always wants to do things badly. He would like to make the world a disagreeable, nasty place, and is only restrained with difficulty by the Creator; after much discussion a compromise is reached, but the evil of the world is traceable to Coyote.

This is the northeastern theme of creation, and is really quite different in its central motivation from the north-central one, in spite of having many details in common. In the first place, we cannot really speak of *creation* in the north-central area. What we have here is not a creation but a re-creation, or rather a re-making. "How was the world made?" To this query, the answer of our informants is always: "What do you mean, *made*? Do you mean, 'who made it the first time, before it was destroyed?' Why, we don't know, nobody knows. I guess it always was. Nobody made it. We never heard of anyone making it." The world is destroyed for one cause or another. It is even destroyed several times. And each time it is rebuilt by Coyote.

There is, however, one region of the north-central area where there is a real creation *ex nihilo*. This is the region of the Pomo living on the western and northern shores of Clear Lake. We know positively that they have a true creation myth.² I have heard it from the lips of William Benson, and it has been published by Dr. Edwin Loeb in a recent number of the *American Anthropologist*.³ The main scheme of it is that before

¹ Not being a folklorist, I use my terms loosely. Folklorists will please correct.

² The Pomo are not the only tribe in Central California to possess a true creation tale such as that told here. There are similar accounts reported from other groups — in general, those which also possess the Secret Society — the Huchnom, Yuki, Patwin and Maidu. See Kroeber, "Handbook of Indians of California."

³ XXVIII, No. 3, 1926.

there was any world Marumbda and Kuksu lived in the clouds. Marumbda lived in the north. Kuksu lived in the south. Marumbda, tired of being utterly alone, went down south to consult Kuksu about making the world. Kuksu, who is a man with a bird's head, gave him some wax from his arm-pits, rolled it into a ball together with a feather from his head; he gave him also his smoking pipe on which were carved beautiful designs of mountains, rivers, trees and things. Now Marumbda returned north, made a similar ball out of the wax from his own arm-pits, mixed it with a hair from his head, then rolled the two balls, his and the Kuksu's into one, tied it to his ear, and laid back to sleep in his house of clouds. The ball grew, grew, twitching at his ear, and finally broke away. Marumbda wakes up in time to see it rolling away down through space, getting bigger and bigger all the time. He jumps onto it. Then he goes around with Kuksu's pipe in his hand, making the mountains, the rivers, the trees and everything, according to the design on the pipe.

Dr. Loeb has collected a more diffuse and less tersely conceived tale of creation from the Pomo living on the ocean slopes. Kuksu appears in it, but not Marumbda. On the other hand, William Benson, who is a man exceptionally well informed on all the rituals of his people, and a man with a natural bent for philosophizing, has told me several times that "Marumbda is nothing but another name for Coyote."

Now, here we are introducing a lot of specialized questions concerning the different centers of culture and drifts of diffusion at work within this interesting but very little known area of California between the Coast Range from San Francisco Bay to about halfway up north of the state and the ocean (in other terms the basin of the Russian River). Dr. Barrett knew a great deal about it, having been born and raised right there, and he published a great many facts. However, it remained for Dr. Loeb to scent that there were many things that did not agree. He discovered the existence of an older "religion of the dead," on which a newer "Kuksu cult" has been superimposed.¹ In both of them, the *initiation of young men into secret societies* is an important feature.

Now, initiation of young men is an entirely non-northeastern feature. In the northeast we have on the contrary the predominance over everything else, of the puberty ceremony for girls. We have asked our Lake Miwok and Southeastern Pomo informants with especial care concerning the initiation of young men. They had never heard of it. One of the younger men, however, who seems to be a great traveller, who was present at the discussion that took place, laughed and said that he had heard about it, and described the typical incident of the herding of the young men by old men with their bows. Of Marumbda they had never heard. Of a creation *ab orto* they had never heard.²

¹ Consult, Pomo Folkways, University of California Publications, 1926.

² In his paper "Clear Lake Pomo Society" (University of California Pub. in Am. Arch. and Eth.) Mr. Gifford speaks of certain Southeastern Pomo indi-

The Lake Miwok and the Southeastern Pomo seem to go together culturally. Do they represent an older stratum of culture in the north-central area? Another point in favor of this is that they had the "religion of the dead." Then what about the Wappo and the Coast Miwok? We have no information about them.

How much of the newer "Kuksu Cult" came from the Wintun of the great Sacramento Valley (as has been suggested by Professor Kroeber in the "Handbook of the Indians of California")? And did it come by a route north of Clear Lake, passing northwest toward the coast, without affecting the people we have just mentioned? This Kuksu Cult is a great puzzle. We find the name of Kuksu spread from the Sierras to the ocean. Everywhere he has the same fundamental characteristic: a bird's head (a strong point in favour of Dr. E. W. Gifford's theory concerning an old "bird-cult" in California). In point of ritualistic importance, there is an infinite series of variations, from the insignificant position of medicine-man as in one of the stories herewith published, to that of Creator of the World.

There have evidently been in this region a number of currents and cross-currents of diffusion which are extremely puzzling and would be very interesting to unravel before all the older Indians are dead.

We should like finally, to point out another characteristic of Lake Miwok-Southeastern Pomo folk-lore, namely, the splitting into a dual of the characters of the stories. There are two Bluejays, there are two Dove Brothers, there are two Flint Girls, there are two Hawks. There are even two Grandfathers Coyote. This dualism is important and significant.

viduals as having "danced kuksu." Two of our informants also told us that "kuksu" had been danced somewhere in this area, on two occasions, in the last fifty years. But they denied the existence of any society connected with it. They do not recognize the northern Pomo words (*matútsi*, *guhámá*) for initiate, and secret society.