

LIFE LIVED LIKE A STORY:

CULTURAL CONSTRUCTIONS OF LIFE HISTORY

BY TAGISH AND TUTCHONE WOMEN

By

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## ABSTRACT

This thesis is based on collaborative research conducted over ten years with three elders of Athapaskan/Tlingit ancestry, in the southern Yukon Territory, Canada. Mrs. Angela Sidney, Mrs. Kitty Smith and Mrs. Annie Ned are also authors of this document because their oral accounts of their lives are central to the discussion. One volume examines issues of method and ethnographic writing involved in such research and analyses the accounts provided by these women; a second volume presents their accounts, in their own words, in three appendices.

The thesis advanced here is that life history offers two distinct contributions to anthropology. As a method, it provides a model based on collaboration between participants rather than research 'by' an anthropologist 'on' the community. As ethnography, it shows how individuals may use the traditional dimension of culture as a resource to talk about their lives, and explores the extent to which it is possible for anthropologists to write ethnography grounded in the perceptions and experiences of people whose lives they describe. Narrators provide complex explanations for their experiences and decisions in metaphoric language, raising questions about whether anthropological categories like 'individual', 'society' and 'culture' are uniquely bounded units.

The analysis focusses on how these women attach central importance to traditional stories (particularly those with female protagonists), to named landscape features, to accounts of travel, and to inclusion of incidents from the lives of others in their narrated 'life histories'. Procedures associated with both life history analysis and the analysis of oral tradition are used to consider the dynamics of narration. Particular attention is paid to how these women use oral tradition both to talk about the past and to continue to teach younger people appropriate behavior in the present. The persistence of oral tradition as a system of communication and information in the north when so much else has changed suggests that expressive forms like storytelling contribute to strategies for adapting to social, economic and cultural change.



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## Linguistic Note

The women whose accounts are included here are all multilingual. Mrs. Sidney speaks Tagish, Tlingit and English and Mrs. Ned and Mrs. Smith speak Southern Tutchone, Tlingit and English. A number of words from Tagish, Tlingit and Southern Tutchone are retained in the texts, particularly in the form of personal names and place names. For assistance with the transcription of these words I am indebted to John Ritter, Director of the Yukon Native Language Centre and Jeff Leer from the Alaska Native Language Center. I would hasten to add that it has been possible to check only approximately two thirds of the spellings included with these linguists, and I am completely responsible for any errors in transcriptions.

A spelling system for Tlingit has been developed at the Alaska Native Language Center and standardized writing systems for Yukon Athapaskan languages are now being developed by the Yukon Native Language Centre. Tlingit and Athapaskan languages are very different, and the alphabets for these languages differ. However, because Mrs. Sidney is the last fluent speaker of Tagish, linguists have chosen not to develop a separate Tagish alphabet but to use the alphabet of her other language, Tlingit, to write Tagish words. While this has the advantage of giving Mrs. Sidney's written accounts a certain linguistic consistency, her Tagish words are written rather differently from words in

other Athapaskan languages, including Southern Tutchone, even when they sound very much the same.

A major difference in the spelling system occurs in the way tones are marked. Tones in Southern Tutchone are much more complex than Tagish/Tlingit because Southern Tutchone has four distinct tones - a high tone, a mid (falling) tone, a low tone, and a rising tone. There are relatively few Southern Tutchone words included in these accounts, and because the same accounts incorporating Southern Tutchone words also include Tlingit words, I have chosen to retain the Tlingit system of marking only high tones. I am aware that this is an imperfect solution to a complex problem of blending accuracy with consistency.

Another area where I have chosen to standardize Tagish and Southern Tutchone, even though the formal conventions differ, is in writing the suffix Maa (Tagish) and Ma or ma (Southern Tutchone) which appears in some women's names and means, literally, 'mother of'. The Tagish/Tlingit convention is to write it with a double 'aa' while the Southern Tutchone convention uses a single 'a': both are nasalized. In this thesis a single 'a' is used and the nasalization is implied rather than marked.

Finally, the voiceless fricative ɬ, usually written as a plain l in Tlingit, is marked with a bar here for consistency with Athapaskan languages.



## Tlingit and Tagish Alphabet\*

### Tlingit Vowels

#### Short

a

e

i

u

#### Long

aa

ei

ee

oo

### Tlingit Consonants

Plain Stops	d	d1	dz	j	g	g
Aspirated Stops	t	t1	ts	ch	k	k
Glottalized Stops	t'	t1'	ts'	ch'	k'	k'
Plain Fricatives		ʔ	s	sh	x	x
Glottalized Fricatives		1'	s'		x'	x'
Other Sounds	m	n	ɲ			

### Tone

High tone is marked (´) on short vowels

High tone is marked (´v) on long vowels

Low tone is not marked

\* Adapted from 'Tlingit Literacy Workshop', January 23-25, 1984, p.6-7, Yukon Native Languages Project (now Yukon Native Language Centre) Box 2703 - E2, Whitehorse, Yukon. The Tlingit alphabet is also used to transcribe Tagish vowels.

## Southern Tutchone Alphabet\*

### Southern Tutchone Vowels:

High Vowels	i	ü	u
Mid Vowels	e	ä	äw(o)
Low Vowels		a	
Diphthongs	ay		aw

Nasalized vowels are written with a (,) directly underneath the letters: ị ẹ ạ ụ ụ̈ ạ̈ aẉ aỵ.

### Southern Tutchone Consonants

Plain	d	dl	ddh	dz	j	g	gw
Aspirated	t	tl	tth	ts	ch	k	kw
Glottalized	t'	tl'	tth'	ts'	ch'	k'	k'w
Voiceless							
Fricatives		ɬ	th	s	sh	kh	khw h
Voiced Fricatives		l	dh	z	zh	gh	ghw
Nasals	m	n					
Nasal + stop	mb	nd			nj		
Other sounds				r	y	(w)	'

### Tone

Tones are marked here as in Tagish/Tlingit for reasons discussed in the introduction to this note.

\* Adapted from 'Southern Tutchone Literacy Workshop', May 9-11, 1984, p. 6, and 'Southern Tutchone Literacy Workshop,' May 22-24, p. 5. Both are publications of the Yukon Native Language Centre, Box 2703 - E2, Whitehorse, Yukon.

## Chapter 1: The Cultural Construction of Individual Experience

"Well, I've tried to live my life right, just like a story." (Angela Sidney, born 1902).

One of the liveliest areas of theoretical discussion in contemporary anthropology centres on how authentic cultural experience can be reconstructed in ethnographic writing. Inevitably, this raises questions both about ethnographic method and about categories ethnographers use to analyse their subject matter. Fieldwork, based on participant-observation, is the method that has always distinguished anthropology from other disciplines; its claims to provide authoritative interpretations of cultural experience are being challenged from both inside and outside the discipline (Rabinow 1977, Said 1979, Rosaldo 1980, Clifford 1983, Ellen 1984, Whittaker 1986, Clifford and Marcus 1986, Marcus and Fischer 1986). Ethnographic writing usually presupposes that 'culture', 'society', and 'the individual' can be treated as uniquely bounded categories, but whether this is so and where the emphasis should lie remains unresolved (Sapir 1924, Williams 1966, Bourdieu 1977, Berger 1979, Boon 1982).

Debates about method and categories are calling attention to ways these issues converge in life history recording and analysis. Documenting life histories has long been an approved fieldwork method in anthropology, but recent interest in

viewing life stories as ethnography is giving unexpected prominence to the interpretation of orally narrated life accounts (Frank 1979, Shaw 1980, Langness and Frank 1981, Crapanzano 1984, Bertaux and Kohli 1984, Watson and Watson-Franke 1985).

The thesis advanced in the following chapters is that life history offers two distinct contributions to anthropology. As a method, it provides a model based on collaboration between participants rather than active research by the anthropologist on a passive community. As ethnography, it suggests that by looking at ways people use the traditional dimension of culture as a resource to talk about their lives, we may be able to view life history as contributing to explanations of cultural process rather than merely illustrating that process or correcting ethnographic description. The following analysis also suggests that issues of method and text production debated in academic writing are being negotiated locally in communities where fieldwork is conducted.

The research discussed here is based on life accounts recorded between 1974 and 1984 with Athapaskan/Tlingit women living in the southern Yukon. [1] During those years, I lived in the Territory myself, and my research interests also included documentation of language and oral tradition as well as reconstruction of particular aspects of Native history. Recording life histories began as a separate avocation but rapidly converged with these other projects. The following account is the result of collaborative work with three remarkable and gifted elders of Athapaskan and Tlingit ancestry - a Tagish woman, Mrs.

Angela Sidney (b. 1902) and two Southern Tutchone women, Mrs. Kitty Smith (b. 1890's) and Mrs. Annie Ned (b. 1890's). Each of these women has taken a particularly energetic role in determining both direction of the research and the form of the final product of our work in ways having implications for ethnographic representation.

It is worth summarizing the central issue that has interested me most in order to clarify how this shapes the presentation. In the early 1970's after I had already been living in the north for several years, I began recording life histories of individual Athapaskan women whom I had come to know through friendships with their daughters or granddaughters. The idea of recording life histories had, in fact, been raised by the younger women, and eight older women agreed that this would be something they would like to do, particularly so that booklets of history could be reproduced for family members. However, when we began recording those histories they included not only personal reminiscences of the kind we would normally associate with autobiography but also traditional narratives which anthropologists conventionally refer to as myth. Embedded in these stories were songs and long lists of names that appeared to have both metaphoric and mnemonic value. As they told more and more of these stories, it seemed that the form in which they presented accounts of their lives challenged definitions treating 'individual', 'society', 'culture' as clearly bounded categories.

The dialogue or negotiation occurring in this ethnography, then, is one where the narrators and I are

engaged in interpreting the meaning of everyday life, each using our own culturally embedded 'stories'. The stories I use to interpret their accounts combine an inherited tradition of anthropological scholarship with phenomenological perspectives these women have taught me over the years. My analysis examines the narrative forms they use - the ways they weave mythology, place names, family history and historical events into the description of a life. It treats what they are actually saying as the central focus of study rather than as an illustration of some other social process. It discusses the ways narrators are intentionally using our work to teach an implicit or explicit audience.

Mrs. Sidney, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Ned each provide commentary on their lives using their stories, and these are included as three separate appendices in a second volume. While the resulting texts are necessarily staged by me because they are written rather than oral, they are my honest attempts to provide representations of each woman's own words, reflecting her own intentions. In each appendix, odd-numbered sections give the narrator's account of her life and even-numbered sections provide the stories, songs and commentary she used to explain her life to me. Each account takes on a 'bifocal' perspective as the narrator uses culturally embedded idiom to comment on her own experiences. Odd-numbered sections of each appendix, then, may be read alone to capture one sense of a life, but that sense is enriched by reading each narrator's commentary in the even-numbered sections.

This form of alternating chapters or sections has been used before (Nabakov 1967, Savala and Sands 1980, Shostak 1981, and in a different way Brody 1981) but in those cases, the anthropologist's commentary alternates with the narrator's. The departure here is to use separate volumes so that each narrator's authorship and interpretation appears in one account while my analysis and commentary provides a parallel perspective. The effort remains a collaborative one and notions of fieldwork and cultural representation remain central. If the narrators' stories show how they make use of oral history to talk about the past, my 'story' presents an analysis of how we did the work and an interpretation of how the accounts may contribute to anthropology. Pivotal questions in anthropology have changed even during the decade we were working, so while I put forward my interpretation with some energy, I recognize that it may be more transitory than the commentary the women provide.

The interrelated issues of ethnographic categories and method raised at the outset suggest two preliminary steps in any discussion of how individual experience is culturally constructed. First, it is important to gain some historical perspective on the categories anthropologists have conventionally used to approach problems of individuals living in society and culture; such categories sometimes take on an a priori status which influences method. Secondly, longstanding methods anthropologists use to acquire data can be re-evaluated.

## 'Individual', 'Society' and 'Culture': Emergence of Categories

Distinctions between 'individual', 'society' and 'culture' become particularly critical in any discussion of how life histories are constructed. Several questions seem relevant. How and when did these categories come to be seen as bounded units in anthropology? How have the terms been constituted in British and North American anthropology? Have Northern Athapaskan studies been shaped in any significant way by these categories?

The issue here is not simply one of classification, but also of how categories are used in anthropological writing. The question of whether it is possible to provide explanations which simultaneously account for the structure and functioning of social and cultural systems, and the behavior of individuals is unresolved. Yet it provides background for understanding a good deal of the writing about life history in anthropology.

In social science, debate seems to have centred on the notion of the 'whole' being studied by social scientists and its constituent parts. A search for early strands of this discussion leads us back at least as far as Thomas Hobbes who saw the 'whole' as the emerging nation state with its constituent parts being individuals who were shedding the medieval view that each had a place in the divine order. His 'social contract' delimited an artificial (but in his view essential) construction, one which would constrain what he saw as the relentless self-



interest of individuals (Peters 1967). Many of Hobbes's ideas had little impact until the radical restructuring of western institutions during the late eighteenth century.

Similar ideas reappeared in the work of Herbert Spencer who reinterpreted Hobbes in a nineteenth century context. In Spencer's view, the emerging industrial society was founded on voluntary co-operation, a 'contract' regulating social relations. He was bitterly opposed to interference by government (Kardiner and Preble 1961:45-47). In a sense, then, the content of these categories emerged in the wake of tremendous political upheavals where entire notions of the 'whole' and its 'parts' were being redefined.

During the years when anthropology was establishing itself as a distinct field of inquiry, the issue took on rather different dimensions. Edward Burnett Tylor was sure that man's biological unity was matched by his psychic unity and hence his 'evolutionary science' was concerned with the evolution, growth and transformation of mind. The idea of the individual in this context would probably have struck him as beside the point, because individuals were all part of his 'unity of mankind'. For Tylor, the 'whole' and its 'parts' were constituted rather differently from Spencer. His 'whole' was culture and his interest in cross-cultural tabulation and comparison of particular behaviors suggests that for him the parts were the various cultural 'traits' which he identified, classified and described (Tylor 1889).

Durkheim responded to both Spencer and Tylor in his

broader treatment of society, and his formulation still provides the underpinnings for much serious discussion of social structure. He attacked the prevailing idea of society as a 'social contract', arguing that society was prior to and not reducible to the individual. Society was his 'whole' and the parts were constituent 'social facts', not individuals. He identified two kinds of social integration: 'mechanical solidarity' which he said characterized pre-industrial societies where each individual had to develop roughly the same skills and capabilities as other individuals, and 'organic solidarity' which he identified with industrial societies where individuals are functionally specialized and consequently highly interdependent. The underlying paradox seems to be that the idea of the individual arises and obtains significance precisely in the kind of society in which the individual is actually most interdependent. Thus constructed, the category has become incorporated into anthropology and applied to individuals in non-western societies which, in Durkheim's terms have a very different kind of integration (Durkheim 1947).

After Durkheim, we begin to see the debate about the nature of individual and society constructed in rather different ways in Britain and in the United States. In Britain, the joint if competitive influences of Malinowski and Radcliffe-Brown provided the ground for lively debate. In North America the direction was more uniform under the patriarchal guidance of Franz Boas.

Partly because of his commitment to the idea and practice

of fieldwork, Malinowski felt compelled to address the issue of where the individual fit into his functionalist framework. He elaborated his views most directly in his otherwise flawed attempt to develop a hierarchy of 'the' seven basic human needs, all of them biologically driven. In a paper focussing on 'the group and the individual', he expressed the view that every social institution fulfilled one of these specific individual needs (1939).

By contrast, Radcliffe-Brown was far more interested in theoretical formulations about social events than in what happened to individuals. He did not deny the existence of individuals and individual interests; he just saw individuals as rather irrelevant to the workings of the larger social system. That system had a structure which was an organized arrangement of parts. The 'parts' were indeed individuals who occupied statuses in a social network and behaved in accordance with controlling norms or patterns. A critical distinction for Radcliffe-Brown was that between 'individual' and 'person', the latter category being socially constructed and the appropriate object of study for the social anthropologist (1952:193-4). This emphasis on the person or the self recurs in some of the contemporary life history writing.

In North America during the same years, we find a different terminology being used in discussion of the nature of the 'whole'. Where British social anthropology talked in terms of social structure and granted culture secondary status, American anthropologists saw culture as the primary concept and

society as the secondary construction. One can also ask whether they are talking about similar quantities when considering the place of the individual.

Boas had a good deal to say about the place of the individual in culture; however, he had an underlying political agenda very different from his British contemporaries and saw anthropology as having a special place in the eradication of racial prejudice. Much of Boas's focus on the individual is consistent with his advocacy of liberal positions and his belief in the desirability of individual freedom. He saw all deterministic theories as minimizing the importance, power and value of the individual. Boas believed that individuals were, in fact, prime actors, and that they should not be judged in terms of membership in a group (Wax 1956:28). Consequently, the concept 'individual' may have had an ideological significance in North America very different from Britain.

In the hands of Boas's students, the life history came to be associated with a particular approach to the study of the individual in culture, that of 'personality and culture'. While British social anthropologists might well have been accused of submerging the individual in their search for structure and system, the personality and culture models have likewise been called to account for the way they bled the individual into society in their search for the 'typical Samoan girl' or a 'configuration of culture' which ignored internal contradictions in social structure.

Perhaps one of the most thoughtful students of the

individual normally associated with Boas was Edward Sapir. Taking a rather different starting point from his contemporaries, he insisted on finding the importance of culture in the life of the individual rather than treating the individual as a being submerged in culture. He was less interested in locating the 'typical individual' than in learning how individuals used culture as a resource from which to construct a life. He treated life history as a general direction with which anthropology could concern itself rather than as a specific method, less an illumination of some other process than an examination of how the individual functions and makes choices within the 'scaffolding' of his culture (1927, 1932, 1932a). This excellent metaphor captures a sense of culture rather different from the heavy-handed determinism which appears in so much anthropological literature.

Sapir seems to have taken a critical step in moving off the 'individual/culture' mobius strip by focussing on 'native categories' perhaps because of his work as a linguist. While he wrote a good deal about his views of the individual, his one published life history of Sayach'apis, a Nootka trader, provides one of the clearest illustrations of those views. In it, he showed how categories are culturally constituted so that, for example, wealth was viewed in that society as a category that exemplified honour and patrimony rather than individual acquisition (Sapir 1922). His is a model worth reconsidering in the 1980's when life history is returning to some prominence.

Essentially, said Sapir, we need a 'bifocal' perspective

in anthropology: on one hand, anthropology provides the 'macro' view of culture, encompassing outsiders' categories of language, economy and social structure; on the other hand, we need a perceptual emphasis, one which takes as its starting point the categories of participants, personal meanings, concepts of self (Sapir 1932). In that sense Sapir seems to be very much a precursor of more recent work which focusses on notions of the 'self' in other cultures (see for example Geertz 1983, M. Rosaldo 1980). Perhaps this is an appropriate direction in which to shift the debate. Focussing on self seems to remove us from the seemingly chicken and egg arguments about the individual and society.

When we come to notions of self the paradox raised in connection with Durkheim again becomes important and worth restating. If structuralists are correct, we tend to emphasize in symbolic projections precisely those issues which are problematic in our lives rather than things which are clear. The irony is that the notion of the individual arises precisely where the individual is most submerged, in 'organic' western societies where a premium is placed on talking about individuality because in fact individuals are so inter-dependent. Western society, for example, has taken the unique stance of creating a science of the self, psychology, which encourages individuals to find their common link with humanity by rooting around in childhood experience.

By contrast, in band societies where each individual is really much more able to function as a self-reliant being, the

notion of self is harder to recognize; when an individual in such a society gives an account of herself/himself, that account tends to focus on the group. In myth, in ritual, in life history, accounts emphasize integration of the individual with the group precisely because it is so difficult to achieve: in band societies the group must keep fissioning, dispersing and re-forming in order to survive. The relative independence of each individual is self-evident and need not be stressed. The aspect of self which is problematic and needs emphasis concerns linkages with others. Life histories may provide powerful illustrations of this, particularly in the ways in which they incorporate myth as explanation of behavior.

In summary, the debate about the interrelationship of individual and society is an old one and it continues. If we recognize something about the origin of these categories it may alert us to ways in which we use them. In North America, where the life history approach has had such prominence, Sapir seems to have been one of the early anthropologists to rework the debate from the relatively fixed categories of individual and society to the less clearly bounded category of self.

### Changing Models of Fieldwork and Ethnographic Writing

The second issue raised at the beginning of this chapter concerns the re-evaluation of fieldwork, that long-standing

anthropological method. The context of fieldwork is changing dramatically as exotic, isolated communities cease to exist. At the same time, the assumption that this method confers special authority on ethnographic writing has been explicitly challenged by a number of scholars who also point to the collaborative nature of the enterprise (see especially Rabinow 1977, Said 1979, Clifford 1983). Specifics of this debate may be addressed most clearly by examining how fieldwork models are changing in northern Canada where this research was conducted.

The growing tension between goals of university-based anthropology and local stipulations for fieldworkers is particularly noticeable in the arctic and subarctic which were viewed for so long as a ready-made 'laboratory' for research. Anthropologists no longer have the power to unilaterally decide where and how they will do fieldwork. Instead, research strategies negotiated locally and based on a model of collaboration are replacing conventional models of university-initiated research. Increasing numbers of anthropologists and linguists are choosing to spend a significant portion of their professional careers based in northern Canada or Alaska. While the demands of working in a local context may preclude publication in academic journals, much of this collaborative research does fall within long established traditions in subarctic ethnography. The metaphor of fieldwork is changing from one of the individual quest of the ethnographer to a dialogue in which the ethnographer's is one of many voices in the 'field'.

Since the 1920's, participant-observation has been the



cultural activity defining anthropology. The inherent contradiction in simultaneously participating in the life of a community and observing with detachment the ebb and flow of daily life has long been recognized by fieldworkers; however, as long as the demands of the academic institution were stronger than the demands of the community, 'observation' was the component most highly valued. Increasingly, aboriginal people have their own ideas about the kind of relationship they want to establish with an anthropologist. Their expectations include considerably more 'participation' from the ethnographer than was the norm in the past. While this is certainly a contentious issue, it has to be addressed by every ethnographer working in the north.

The model being negotiated in some northern communities is one based on collaboration between participants rather than research designed and directed by the anthropologist. Such collaboration has local people and the ethnographer jointly specify terms under which research will be conducted and a final report produced.

Writing is the other side of fieldwork. Readership of classic northern ethnographies is shifting from an academic audience to a sensitized Native audience, particularly as land claims negotiations in the north begin to attribute unexpected weight to ethnographic evidence. However, the contradiction between the strict limitations imposed by any fieldwork situation, and the model of authority to which written ethnographies are expected to aspire means that books with titles like 'the Han Indians' (Osgood 1971) or 'the Kaska Indians'

(Honigsmann 1954) or 'the Upper Tanana Indians' (McKenna 1959) have a tendency to disappoint this new readership.

Attention to ways genuine cultural experience can be reconstructed in ethnographic writing has generated a good deal of experimentation. In the north, issues of authorship, ownership, copyright, are all being redefined and a range of ideas are being tried. One possibility involves assisting local people with preparation of their own version of a research report. Another option, particularly appropriate in documentation of language and oral tradition, involves assigning copyright to the narrator and producing publications under that narrator's authorship.

The whole question of how other cultures are to be represented in ethnographic writing raises questions about shifting genres, about production and authorship of accounts and the epistemological grounding of such accounts. Guidance about notions of representation is more likely to come from models of literary criticism, which examine how experience is conveyed through language, than from scientific models. An analytical shift toward emphasis on symbols, meaning and mentality means that the metaphor of society as 'text' may be displacing that of society as a functionally inter-related organism.

Two recent collections of papers address these topics with particular enthusiasm (Marcus and Fischer 1986, Clifford and Marcus 1986) but they convey a slightly disturbing sense that the debate has been internally generated exclusively within the world of academic scholarship and that it can be resolved within the

discipline. They credit the contributions of non-western intellectuals like Said and Deloria to the discussion but pay less attention to an ongoing critique of anthropology from a critical readership in the 'field', and the determination of subject communities to exercise some measure of local control over fieldwork and production of final texts. While proponents of 'interpretive anthropology' devote considerable attention to textual dialogue in ethnographic representation, they don't always pay such close attention to the role of dialogue in actual negotiation of the research enterprise.

The method by which life histories central to this thesis were recorded, over many years in small northern communities, challenges assumptions about scientific objectivity in the construction of anthropological accounts. One of the more intriguing questions to arise is how subjective and objective realities become blurred in such research and how the personal reaction of the investigator to collaboration affects the kinds of questions he or she asks. The collaborative nature of the life history account is very clear in life histories (Rosaldo 1976, Krupat 1981, Langness and Frank 1981) but during the 1970's and 1980's anthropologists have increasingly recognized the collaborative aspect of all field encounters.

The way these women structure accounts of their lives has theoretical implications for anthropology. Societies relying on oral tradition have their own descriptive conventions and genres. Sapir's metaphor of 'cultural scaffolding' or Levi-Strauss's of the creative 'bricoleur' help us visualize ways each narrator

constructs her account using all the expressive cultural elements available to her. Prescriptive advice about what a life history should include (Dollard 1935, Mandelbaum 1973) becomes inappropriate in a cultural setting where the way people talk about their lives may reflect more about textual conventions than about social structure (Crapanzano 1984). Instead we need to pay as close attention to dynamics of oral tradition as to the analysis of life histories.

Another issue affecting the production of ethnographic texts concerns the intentions of narrators who were clearly concerned that their accounts be written down for distribution. The way they deliver the content of life histories has implications for studies of human communication. The narrators seem to view the telling of oral narrative as one way of teaching fundamental cultural knowledge to both cultural 'insiders' and 'outsiders'.

These methodological issues, then, underlie the following chapters. Chapter 2 identifies distinct bodies of literature bearing on the analysis: anthropological life histories, and approaches to the analysis of oral tradition which consider it as history, as metaphor, as a particular use of language, as literature, as communication. Chapter 3 outlines the cultural context in which these women grew up and lived their lives, looking critically at the kinds of ethnographic reconstruction which have been done for this area. Chapter 4 discusses the method underlying our work, looking at how each narrator participated in determining the direction research would take.

Chapters 5, 6 and 7 examine each of the life histories individually. Chapter 5 discusses Mrs. Angela Sidney's account, included in Appendix A. Chapter 6 looks at Mrs. Kitty Smith's account in Appendix B. Chapter 7 turns to Mrs. Annie Ned's account in Appendix C. The uniqueness of each account underlines the improbability of recording the life of a 'typical' Athapaskan elder.

The remaining chapters treat the accounts comparatively. Chapter 8 identifies a recurring metaphor, that of the 'stolen woman', and looks at how narrators draw on shared metaphors to reflect back on their own experiences. Chapter 9 examines the way named places become significant markers for talking about the past. Chapter 10 looks at accounts of two events which occurred during the Klondike goldrush; both events have become incorporated into oral tradition and are now included in contemporary life histories. Chapter 11 discusses what it is that the women seem concerned to teach through their life histories and stories. A final chapter evaluates how these accounts contribute to broader issues of ethnographic research and writing raised in this introduction.

## Chapter 2: Life History and Oral Tradition in Anthropological Analysis

Two distinct currents seem to dominate anthropology in the late twentieth century. The first directs us to analysis of world economic, political and historical systems encroaching on all small communities. This approach seems to carry with it the density of world history and a kind of theoretical grandeur. The second examines the variety of local responses to the operation of global systems. It directs our attention to ways anthropological accounts are constructed and written and to how other cultures are actually represented in ethnographic writings.

Life histories provide us with subjective interpretations of widely shared experiences, and consequently they are usually understood as a sub-genre of this second approach, particularly in North American anthropology (Frank 1979, Langness and Frank 1981, Watson and Watson-Franke 1985). They show how individuals use what Sapir called the scaffolding of culture as a resource to construct accounts of their lives. In European anthropology, life histories have also been used to illuminate broad economic and political themes. French, British and Polish author/editors show how historical currents are culturally transformed in narrators' accounts of their own life experiences (Thomas and Znaniecki 1920, Berger 1979, Thompson 1979, 1980, Bertaux-Wiame 1979, Morin 1982, Bertaux and Kohli 1984).

The idea of autobiography as a human activity is relatively recent even in western society. It began to appear regularly at the beginning of the nineteenth century and over the years the form has become so well understood that it no longer seems to need explanation. Creative attempts like Gertrude Stein's 'Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas' show just how conventional our expectations of this genre are, how we make the category a prior condition of perception rather than an outgrowth of experience. The expectations with which we read biographies undoubtedly shape our methodologies when we record them (Bruss 1976).

In North America, anthropologists initially held that life histories could provide insights into questions about culture and social structure. Under the direction of Boas, students recorded life histories as a means to an end, as a method for learning about the workings of culture and how the individual experienced his or her culture. Gradually, they came to be treated either as a corrective to ethnographic description (Kluckhohn 1945) or as supplementary, illustrative material capable of breathing life into ethnography (Ford 1941). While such motivations have produced fine descriptive texts (Dyk 1938, Simmons 1942, Dyk and Dyk 1980) there has been a corresponding assumption that these accounts speak for themselves in some self-evident way that renders analysis unnecessary (Frank 1979). Consequently, periodic re-evaluations of the contribution life history makes to anthropological theory conclude that it is disappointing (Dollard 1935, Kluckhohn 1945, Shaw 1980,

Crapanzano 1984).

The renewed anthropological interest in life history coincides with increasing attention to analysis of symbolism, meaning and text. The expectation seems less that it will explicate social structure and more that it contributes to our understanding of how people talk about their experience. The innovations come in the approaches being applied to 'life writing' - the experimental construction of accounts, and the recognition that this is a process of collaboration, usually bi-cultural collaboration.

Two distinct bodies of literature seem likely to provide ethnographic guidance in analysis of the life histories examined here. First, it is worth reviewing the ways life histories have been used in the past in order to gain some perspective on the present resurgence of interest. What were anthropologists trying to do when they recorded life histories? Where and when have innovations occurred? Has life history in anthropology conventionally been viewed as a method, as a product or as part of the process by which ethnographies are constructed? A second body of literature usually associated with analysis of oral tradition becomes relevant because life histories recorded by anthropologists are usually oral accounts which follow conventions very different from western literary notions of biography. This is particularly evident in the life accounts discussed here where women insisted on making traditional narrative central to their accounts of their lives. Vansina defines oral tradition as an expression applying both to



a process, "transmission of messages by word of mouth over time," and a product, "oral messages based on previous oral messages at least a generation old" (1985:3). Viewing life history narratives as oral tradition suggests that the central question is not how accurately narrators' accounts reflect some positivistic view of history, but rather how they use oral tradition to talk about the past.

This chapter then, presents an overview of these two approaches which will be used in analysis of the life accounts. Life history literature is a fairly cohesive body of material, and is outlined here in some detail. Approaches to analysis of oral tradition are many and varied and are merely introduced prior to further discussion in later chapters.

## Approaches to the Analysis of Life History

### Early Interest in Life History

Franz Boas encouraged his students to record life histories as part of their ethnographic fieldwork. In part, this reflected his resistance to what he viewed as abstract evolutionist theorizing and his insistence on gathering 'facts' in the field. The earliest life history literature in North America reflects his legacy and that of his students. Kroeber was the first anthropologist to actually publish autobiographical texts (1908). This was shortly followed by Paul Radin's works,

now classics in the anthropological literature (Radin 1913, 1920, 1926). Sapir took an early interest in life histories (1922, 1938) and it was his students who produced some of the really significant studies (Dyk 1938, 1947, Dyk and Dyk 1980, Opler 1969). Michelson published three short biographies of Indian women (1925, 1932, 1933); Parsons had similar interests (1919, 1920, 1921). Gladys Reichard (1934, 1939) and Ruth Underhill (1936) also published life histories of women. Even Julian Steward (1934, 1938) and Leslie White (1943) published biographical accounts. The first really classic studies after Radin's began to emerge in the 1930's and '40's, Dyk's Son of Old Man Hat and Simmons's Sun Chief, and so the life history began to achieve some anthropological prominence.

The development of life history studies in anthropology has not been an unself-conscious process. Periodically a major review of the life history method was made, by Dollard in 1935, by Kluckhohn in 1945, by Mead in 1953, by Langness in 1965 and again in 1981, by Mandelbaum in 1973, and by Crapanzano in 1984. Recent European overviews come from Morin (1982), from Thompson (1979, 1980) and from Bertaux and Kohli (1984). Shaw's work in Australia provides a comparative perspective from that continent (1980, 1981).

When Dollard outlined his 'Criteria for the Life History' in 1935 he was trying to impose a shape, a purpose and a set of standard requirements for the collection of comparable documents. He saw potential for life history to develop into a science but considered it far too ambiguous in its methods and goals. He was

extremely critical of the emerging 'culture and personality' school in anthropology (a direction he viewed merely as an excuse for lack of dialogue between psychology and anthropology) and relegation of life history to that category (Dollard 1935: 270). He proceeded to outline seven criteria for such rigor: his criteria involved standardizing methods of recording, and shaping the direction of the account with a rather heavy hand, and he used them to evaluate existing life histories, including Radin's of Crashing Thunder. Ironically, his critique of Radin's work is exactly the opposite of any which would be made today: he is critical of Radin for not directing and shaping the biography to a greater degree. Fifty years later we see the value of Radin's work as his willingness to allow the narrator to shape his own story, thereby allowing contradictions which would never appear in a normative account to surface.

Kluckhohn's assessment in 1945 reflects concerns still relevant today. Rather than trying to be highly prescriptive as Dollard was, Kluckhohn singles out the paradigmatic models, the 'good examples' of biography - by Radin (1926), Dyk (1938), Ford (1941) and Simmons (1942) - and shows how they work and why they work so well. His criticism of Simmons was precisely the opposite of that delivered by Dollard ten years earlier: he suggested that Simmons both over-directed and over-edited Talayesva's account (1945:93).

Assessing the development of anthropology in the 1950's, Margaret Mead singled out life history as one of the methods differentiating North American from British anthropology.

She pointed out that there were essentially two models for fieldwork available to early anthropologists - the 'community model' involving submersion in a discrete community and the 'single informant' model developed in North America. Given the context of 'vanishing cultures' faced by the earliest North American anthropologists, the latter was the only reasonable model available. She illustrated her argument with the example of Reo Fortune who immersed himself in the community when he was working with the Dobu, but 'necessarily had to shift' to single informants when he came to work with the Omaha (Mead 1953:41).

More recent reviews of the literature show that life history writing falls essentially into two phases, the classical works, cited above, which defined parameters of 'adequate' and 'inadequate' life history, and the range of newer experimental works now being published. In some ways, the issues can also be divided historically: the anthropological life histories published in the 1930's and 1940's evaluated the life history as a method; those published a decade later sometimes treated life history as both method and a product which could stand on its own. The most recent contributions from the 1970's and 1980's seem to look at life writing as method, as product and as part of a larger process involving dialogue among the participants.

#### From Method to Product to Process

Faced with an extensive corpus of life histories, we return to the question: what did ethnographers think they were doing, or at least, what did they see as the innovations? Many of

the goals expressed sound remarkably familiar, suggesting that the same objectives may continue to elude us.

The earliest accounts were explicitly concerned with life history as a method. Radin's initial attempt at autobiography tried to obtain an insider's viewpoint to balance the outsider's view provided by anthropology (1913:293-4), a theme recently revived in anthropological writing. Steward, writing two decades later, suggested that accounts such as those he collected from two very different Paiute men could "supplement the more categorical material of the ethnographic account and contribute subjective data, indicating psychological attitudes and social values implicit in the cultures" (1934:423); in other words, he saw this as material supplementary to the real goals of anthropology. Dollard saw life history as a way of addressing a continuing problem for the student of culture, that of the 'vanishing individual'. A study which focusses on social structure, he argued, does not provide us with meaningful theories of action and does not deal adequately with problems of cultural transmission and change.

Sapir was one of the early anthropologists specifically interested in the individual; he went so far as to propose a redefinition of categories in anthropology with 'individual' rather than 'culture' providing the unit of study, practically a heresy at the time (see Preston 1966). While he published only one short biographical sketch himself (1922) and some texts (Sapir and Spier 1930), two of his students, Dyk (1938, 1947, 1980, and see Sapir 1938) and Opler (1969) produced excellent

studies and credited him as their inspiration. Following Sapir, they treated these accounts as legitimate studies of the individual, rather than simply as appendages to the more 'serious' studies of social structure.

Simmons classic account of the life of Don Talayesva (Simmons 1942) still stands as one of the very best biographies of a North American Indian. Simmons was absolutely clear about his methodological goals. He wanted to (1) raise the life history, experimentally, to greater prominence, (2) set down a person's life in the order in which it was experienced, (3) interpret the significant features of a life through situational analysis, and (4) build explanatory models. While he achieved only the first two and part of the third goal, it was still the best work to appear to that time. Aberle's incisive monograph which used this biography as a tool for analysis of Hopi society (1951) is one of the few studies actually to grapple with biography as a methodological tool to illustrate structural features of a society.

One issue remained unresolved: should such accounts be considered representative of 'typical' individuals or of 'exceptions'? The trend we see over the years is to move away from stellar personalities to studies of average (though not necessarily typical) individuals, replete with contradictions. Such works convey a sense of the wholeness of a life in its cultural context (for example Brant 1969, Spradley 1969).

If anthropologists originally treated intensive work with single informants as an explicit method, the contribution of

such collaboration to the process of fieldwork and text construction has recently become clearer. Cannizzo's paper outlining the reliance of Boas on Hunt (1981) and Halpin's outlining the contributions of William Beynon (Tsimshian) to Barbeau, of Alex Thomas (Nootka) to Sapir, and of Henry Tate (Tsimshian) to Boas (Halpin 1978) illustrate the continuity of the single informant tradition being rewritten in the process of recording life histories.

The relationship between anthropologist and people in the community where she/he works is always ambiguous and this is quite explicit in the autobiographical literature. Don Talayesva met accusations of witchcraft, at least partly because of his relationship with Simmons. Henry Tate was never comfortable with his role as intermediary between Boas and the Tsimshian. Hunt, son of a Tlingit woman and a Scottish man, met serious accusations from Kwakiutl for his part in 'inventing' their culture for Boas. When Alice Marriott recorded the life history of a Tewa pueblo woman, restrictions were placed on the relationship from the outset by the governor and council of the pueblo who itemized topics that could not be discussed (Marriott 1948: xii). Louis Shotridge, the Tlingit collector employed for many years by the University of Pennsylvania Museum was ultimately ostracized by his community because of this affiliation (Milburn 1986).

Much of the interest in issues of autobiography, stems from the contradictions structurally built into that relationship and the desire to explore in some fair way the

collaborative nature of the enterprise. This has produced a range of genres trying to convey a sense of the process in the final product. One example is provided by Bahr, Gregorio, Lopez and Alvarez (1974) where anthropologist, shaman, interpreter and editor jointly share the authorship. Others insert the writer/anthropologist directly in the picture, possibly more than the reader might wish (see for example Crapanzano 1972, Lamé Deer and Erdoes 1973).

If we look at life history products in the literature, a perceptual shift seems to have occurred from publishing accounts as obscure texts in academic journals (Radin 1913, Parsons 1921, Steward 1934, Underhill 1936, White 1943) to publishing books which will stand on their own. Significantly, such a goal was actually articulated very early: Parsons initiated her volume 'American Indian Life' (1922) by having anthropologists invent biographical sketches so that a general reader would have sources other than Fennimore Cooper. She convinced Lowie, Wissler, Radin, Speck, Goldenweiser, Swanton, Goddard, Spier, Kroeber and Sapir to make contributions to that volume.

Outside anthropology a number of thematic accounts were presented by or on behalf of Indians. Black Elk Speaks (Neihardt 1932) became the paradigm for such works, although there has recently been debate about who was actually speaking more, Black Elk or Neihardt (McClusky 1972, Holly 1979). Individual and collaborative accounts aimed at conveying something of Indian experience to non-Indians have appealed to a broad readership (La



Flesche 1900; Kroeber 1961; Campbell 1973, Ahenakew 1973; Thrasher 1976).

A recurring issue in life histories has been that of editing. One complaint is that it is often impossible to tell just where the literate outsider intervened in shaping the account particularly when the outsider makes a claim to be writing 'on behalf of and at the behest of' the narrator (Brumble 1980). The search for 'purity' is seemingly endless and few biographies escape uncriticized. Accounts recorded in English are always subject to criticism about what has been lost in translation; however, translations from Indian languages to English are equally likely to come under attack (Hymes 1981, Toelken 1981, Tedlock 1983).

An important issue in making such narratives accessible still seems to revolve around the ability of the anthropologist/editor to provide a context for understanding them. Some of the very best examples include Ford's introduction, Nabakov's chapters in the biography of Two Leggings, Opler's use of footnotes in the text and the collaboration of Yaqui poet Refugio Savala and writer Kathleen Sands.

### Contemporary Issues

If the early classics are mostly North American and are concentrated in the 1940's and 50's, recent accounts reflect a greater geographical range and greater experimentation in the form of presentation (Rosaldo 1976, Freeman 1979, Crapanzano 1980, Shaw 1981, Shostak 1981). There is also a growing

theoretical literature appearing from Europe (Thompson 1979, 1980, Morin 1982, Bertaux and Kohli 1984). A curious pattern exists in that much of the theoretical writing about oral tradition comes from Europe, while most of the actual recording of anthropological life histories has been done by North American anthropologists. Some of the changes in ethnographic representation can be summarized briefly.

Assessments of life history method made in the 1930's, 40's and 50's tended to be prescriptive, to look at criteria that could be devised for the proper recording and evaluation of life histories. Recent evaluations have looked at exemplary models, the 'good examples' of life history, but they evaluate them as examples of experimental writing rather than as paradigms (Clifford and Marcus 1986).

If an early critique was that accounts were over-edited, there is now a growing recognition of bi-cultural authorship and a willingness to deal with that issue directly rather than to make the writer/editor invisible (Frank 1979, Bataille and Sands 1984). The collaborative nature of the account means that we must always be aware that it is the product of an encounter between two people, usually (in anthropology) from different cultures, and incorporating the consciousness of an investigator as well as a subject. Too many accounts have been written as though the narrator were addressing the cosmos, writes Crapanzano, when in fact the narration is occurring in a very specific context, and the construction of the account involves two people who are actively trying to make sense of the encounter (Crapanzano 1984).

The early classics were attempting to document a view of culture and social structure from an insider's viewpoint; they were trying to understand the dynamics of society. More recent works tend to focus on narrative conventions: their focus is the dynamics of narration. They are more likely to ask about the genres in which people talk about their lives and whether they differ across cultures and across gender.

Life histories of women make us particularly aware of gender differences. When Dorothy Lee tried to record the life history of a Wintu Indian woman, the woman began with a description of her husband; when prompted to talk more about herself she shifted to a history of her ancestors; finally, she provided some information about herself (Lee 1959). Nancy Lurie had a similar experience when she recorded the autobiography of Mountain Wolf Woman who began by telling her entire 'life story' in half an hour (Lurie 1961).

In a recent review of American Indian women's autobiographies, the authors identify this as a unique genre characterized by bi-cultural authorship and inclusion of predictable themes - landscape, mythology, continuity between generations, emphasis on everyday events (Bataille and Sands 1984). The genre, in other words, is more closely associated with analysis of oral tradition than with western ideas of biography. Pre-understandings about how subjective experience should be expressed inevitably disappoint a listener steeped in western categories; for example, in a telling comment published with his life history of an Acoma Indian, Leslie White complained

that "the autobiography of a Pueblo Indian is about as personal as the life story of an automobile tire" (White 1943:377). Such thwarted expectations direct us to approaches normally associated with analysis of oral tradition to see what guidance we can find there.

### Approaches to Analysis of Oral Tradition

Most life histories cited in the anthropological literature, including the ones in the present thesis, were narrated orally and then transcribed and re-presented in written form. This raises questions about how narrative genre shapes personal accounts. Transformation of an oral account to the written page makes it a text, and some distortion inevitably occurs in that process. The clear embedding of traditional narratives in the accounts central to this thesis makes them ideal ground for considering questions about what textual conventions pertain when conventional narratives are blended with personal accounts (Frank 1979:88). How, asks Crapanzano, does life history interdigitate with other story forms in a culture, and how do narrators make use of them in negotiating with an anthropologist? What is the importance of indigenous story models? Are we really analysing the dynamics of narration rather than the dynamics of society? (Crapanzano 1984: 957, 959).

If there is a trend toward viewing life history accounts

as texts, then what approaches are offered by the voluminous literature on analysis of oral tradition? While the life history literature in anthropology gives us a sense of an unfolding direction, any student hoping to find in oral tradition an integrated body of literature with clear ethnographic instruction will be disappointed. That literature provides fascinating starting points, but any direction selected inevitably leads us to other points of departure and to a sense that there is no 'unified theory of myth' to guide us.

Historical-philological folklorists, for example, have viewed oral narratives as cultural artifacts and survivals which come from earlier periods of human history. Social anthropologists have countered that narratives reflect the contemporary culture of their bearers and have nothing to do with the past. Structuralists proclaim that they are related neither to past nor present but hold the key to a theory of mind. Literary critics have treated them as artistic products both in their form and in their function in society.

Disorienting as this may be, we come away with a sense that the study of oral literature is a dynamic field, both in subject matter and in the methodological and interpretive controversies surrounding it. Increasingly, these approaches acknowledge that we are not dealing with seriously eroded 'cultural artifacts' which no longer have a place in contemporary society, but with living, ongoing traditions. The more apparent this becomes, the greater the variety of interpretations proposed and the more interesting the debates.

No survey beginning with the literature is going to provide much clear guidance. Instead, it seems more appropriate to begin with the texts, identifying distinguishing features and then return to see where the literature can assist analysis. The women whose accounts appear here have incorporated numerous traditional narratives in their life histories. While the juxtaposition of traditional stories and personal accounts is initially disorienting, the most striking characteristic of individual stories is their familiarity: many resemble narratives recorded elsewhere in northwestern North America by anthropologists, some as long as a century ago (Krause 1956 (1885), Swanton 1909, Boas 1916, Teit 1917, McClellan 1963, 1970, 1970a, Sheppard 1983). A comparative rereading of these earlier works points to specific similarities and differences in content and to recurring patterns and forms. This in turn directs us to structural studies of literature (Propp 1968 (1928), Dundes 1964, Levi-Strauss 1963, LeRoy 1985) and to anthropologists working with the idea of form (Turner 1967). Most intriguing in the context of women's life histories are those stories featuring female protagonists, discussed in greater detail in chapter 8.

Narrators' inclusion of traditional narratives in personal accounts also contributes to the growing anthropological interest in reflexive interpretations. 'Reflection' has overtones of looking in a mirror, of separation of subject from object, but by including these stories in life accounts, the narrators seem to be affirming that 'narrative' cannot be separated from 'life'. Life is shared with others just as oral narrative is a shared

tradition. By communicating with stories, they seem to be using their culture as a resource to reflect on their lives. Here we might turn to authors who explicitly discuss narratives as culturally specific indigenous models people use to make sense of their lives (see for example Basso 1984, Darnton 1984, Ginzberg 1976).

Although these accounts are recorded in English, references to Tagish, Southern Tutchone and Tlingit place names and personal names appear regularly in the texts and are retained. Recent literature examines the mnemonic role of place names in oral history and oral literature (Harwood 1976, Rosaldo 1980, Basso 1984, Jorgenson 1986) and chapter 9 evaluates the insights this literature offers for the accounts included here.

The value of oral narrative as a kind of 'oral history' has long been the subject of controversy in anthropology. Despite increasing interest in oral history in northern Canada, there are ongoing debates about how such accounts can be used to reconstruct the past. Oral testimonies are very different from archival documents. Furthermore, for elders of Athapaskan and Tlingit ancestry, oral tradition has developed and is used in a cultural context which may not be readily understood by Euro-Canadians. A growing body of literature examines the question of how people use oral tradition to talk about the past (Vansina 1980, 1985, Dorson 1971, Miller 1980, Rosaldo 1980b). Specific passages of narrative about the Klondike goldrush are analysed in chapter 10, guided by this literature.

The narrators each have a clear sense of purpose about

the work we have been doing, recording stories on tape, in written form, and recently on videotape and on 16 mm. film. This directs us to the literature on the sociology of communication (Lee 1959, Bernstein 1966, 1971, Wright 1975, Ridington 1986) which contributes to the analysis in chapter 11.

Finally, the issue of transforming oral accounts to written form is a complex one. This is true whether the transcript is in English or in the original language. Considerable experimentation with the form of written accounts has occurred in recent years, especially in the literature of ethnopoetics (Tedlock 1971, 1983, Hymes 1965, 1977, Toelken 1969, Kroeber 1981). Paragraph structure seems to be an impediment to reading oral tradition - people do not speak in paragraphs - and writing accounts in a form which more closely approximates verse than paragraphs may make the texts easier to read. The appended accounts do this in a more conservative way than the ethnopoets, relying on pauses and breath groups to end lines: the process of editing is discussed in chapter 4.

A model of collaboration again becomes useful in helping us find a synthesis of these two literatures - life history accounts and the literature of oral tradition. The idea of autobiography is essentially a western idiom, and these women talk about their lives using an oral tradition which depends on local idiom and shared metaphor. Where a strict notion of 'biography' might treat myths, names and songs as extraneous references and omit them from the final text, retaining them enriches and refocuses the account. The resulting accounts, then,



draw on both Athapaskan/Tlingit and western traditions, providing a set of descriptions of a 'life' consistent with a distinctive local tradition.

### Chapter 3: The Cultural Context: Through the Eyes of Strangers

A central question...has lost none of its allure over the decades - colloquially, who is the senior partner in Life Incorporated, man or culture? No cultural theorist of any stature has evaded this question, and none have provided an answer that is completely acceptable to the rest of the scientific community (Preston 1972:34).

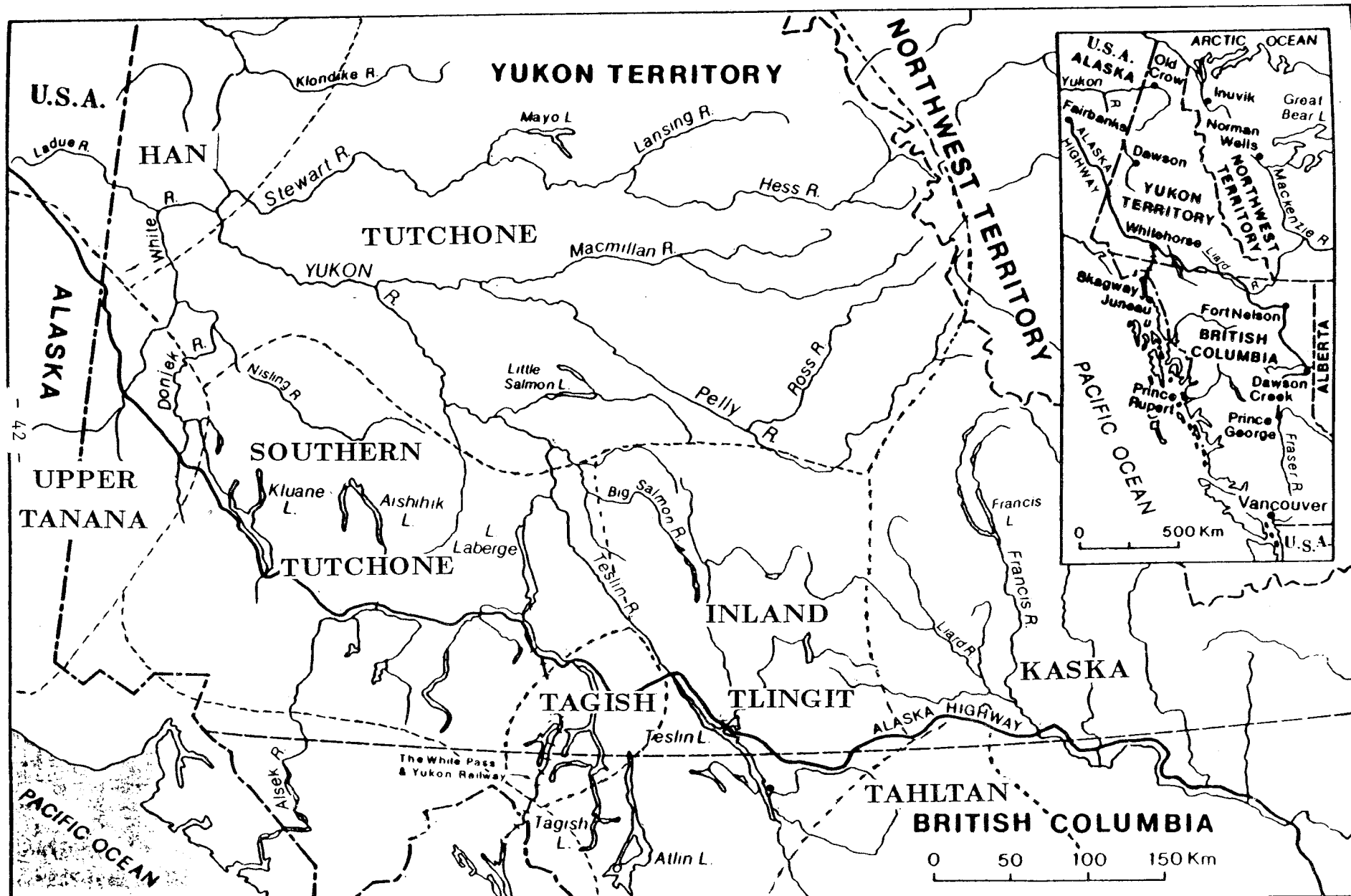
A minimal task in interpretating anthropological life histories involves providing sufficient ethnographic background to furnish a cultural context for the narrator's words. This chapter approaches that task in three ways. It begins by extracting an obligatory normative account of southern Yukon ethnography as a backdrop for discussing how life histories reflect back on such accounts. Secondly, it looks at questions and preoccupations ethnographers have brought to Northern Athapaskan studies and examines how these have persisted and changed, shaping western subarctic studies over the years. Thirdly, it suggests ways accounts of individual lives may provide commentary on or critique of ethnographic categories used in subarctic studies.

The classic ethnographic studies of subarctic peoples tended to treat linguistic groups as though they were self-contained social groups or 'bands', and to treat band societies as though they were clearly bounded units. In Yukon ethnography, titles refer us to 'the' Northern Athapaskan Indians

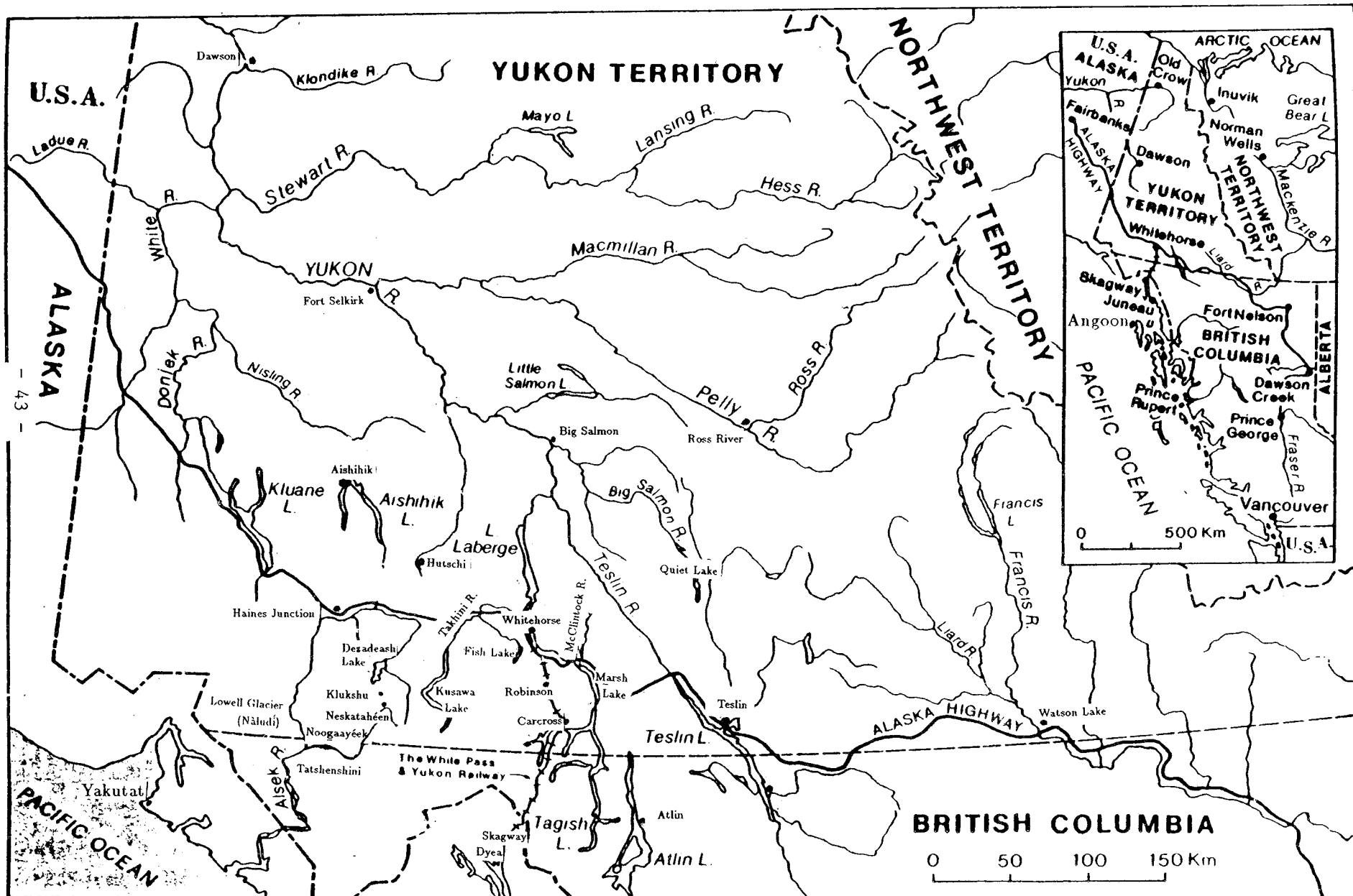
(Osgood 1936), 'the' Kaska Indians (Honigmann 1954), 'the' Han Indians (Osgood 1971), 'the' Kutchin Indians (Osgood 1936a), 'the' Upper Tanana Indians (McKenna 1959) and so on. To a large extent, this comes from a longstanding convention in anthropology where writing is done in the ethnographic present in order to present the culture 'as if' it were still functioning in some pristine, self-contained way. The models for such writing came from Old World studies where territorial boundaries may indeed have been clearer, and where colonial administrations may have exercised more energy in limiting European encroachment, but it is intriguing to speculate how anthropology might have developed if Radcliffe-Brown or Evans-Pritchard had begun their studies in the subarctic.

McClellan's fine ethnography of the southern Yukon Territory broke from this tradition by showing that a broad areal perspective is more likely to yield insights about patterns than artificially delimited studies of one linguistic group. Her two volume ethnography provides the real context for understanding the life accounts included here because it encompasses the area where these narrators lived their lives (McClellan 1975; also McClellan 1981a, 1981b, 1981c, 1981d).

Each of these women was raised on the inland side of the high country frontier separating coastal Tlingit and interior Athapaskans. Mrs. Smith grew up near Neskataheen, Mrs. Ned near Hutshi and Mrs. Sidney near Carcross, all centres where Tlingits came to conduct trade for many years before Europeans reached the Yukon (McClellan 1950, 1964). (See Map 2).



Map 1. Languages Spoken in the Southern Yukon Territory.



Map 2. The Southern Yukon.

Trading partnerships between coast and interior were often strengthened by the marriage of Tlingit women to their brother's inland trading partner, and each of these narrators claims both Athapaskan and Tlingit ancestry. As children, each learned Tlingit as well as an Athapaskan language. But these women were also born within a few years of the Klondike goldrush (1896-98) at a time when their parents were caught up in unprecedented changes. The reputed Athapaskan willingness and ability to adapt to changing economic circumstances was being stretched to its fullest potential during their childhood. As young women, they also added English to their language repertoires.

#### The Southern Yukon: a Normative Account [1]

The following account represents a particular genre of ethnographic writing. While it does orient an unfamiliar reader, it is necessarily incomplete because it smooths out contradictions in an effort to present an overall picture. It presents an account of the way local people say things 'should' be, even though they may never have worked in quite that way. Consequently its greatest value lies in providing a framework for hearing individuals interpret how the rules worked in their own lives, accounts which convey more of the actual richness and subtlety of experience. This overview also tries to

incorporate recent historical changes which have directly influenced the lives of all three narrators.

Ethnographers have repeatedly documented the ability of Athapaskan Indians to adapt to changing conditions of life, and nowhere is this clearer than in the southern Yukon (McClellan 1970b, Van Stone 1974). Native people living there were aboriginal hunters and fishermen who developed technology, social customs and a subsistence lifestyle admirably suited to a subarctic environment. Since resources varied cyclically, families migrated over large areas of land in the course of a year to obtain food, clothing and shelter. They fished for and dried salmon in summer, hunted game animals and dried the meat in fall, stayed relatively immobile in winter to conserve energy, and began trapping and fishing again in spring. Because animal migration patterns might change, people were always prepared to modify their movements when necessary (McClellan 1975, Cruikshank 1974).

Athapaskan social organization has been called 'flexible' because of a demonstrated ability to disperse and regroup as seasons and resources required. In the southern Yukon, social organization was also structured by matrilineal moieties, Wolf (agumndá) and Crow (kájit), which were sometimes further subdivided into sibs or clans. Rules of exogamy were strictly enforced, and this in turn helped forge alliances between kin groups. Moiety alignments were expected to guide behavior at such ceremonial occasions as birth, puberty and death, and at numerous other less formal occasions.

Division of labour reflected age, sex, and kinship.

Generally, men provided and women prepared the food, clothing and shelter within the domestic household, though each was capable of performing the other's roles when necessary. A man initially moved to live with and work for his wife's parents for a specified period of time and remained responsible for supporting them for the rest of their lives. Children were encouraged to take responsibility early in life and to work with and learn from adults. Elders were particularly respected for their knowledge and experience and were expected to pass their knowledge on to younger people. The special regard for elders as teachers, historians, sources of authority underlies both ethnographic accounts by 'outsiders' and contemporary discussion by 'insiders' - younger Native people concerned about incorporating traditional values into present-day life.

Political leadership was not institutionalized apart from kinship. A 'chief' was the ranking male representative of his lineage, and his influence depended on his abilities to acquire and manipulate wealth. He did not exercise absolute power, but earned respect on an ongoing basis.

A rich mythology stressed the need for harmony with all beings in the natural world, particularly respect for animal species on which life depended (McClellan 1970, Sidney et al. 1975, Cruikshank 1978, Sidney 1982, Smith 1982). Irresponsible hunting and trapping were deplored.

Native people in the north have long adjusted not only to changes in wildlife cycles but also to changes in human history.



Trade between coastal Tlingit Indians and interior Athapaskans began at least two centuries ago. Our knowledge of this trade comes almost exclusively from oral accounts because perishable trade items do not survive in the archeological record. The Tlingits originally imported aboriginal trade items and then later substituted goods from European traders on the coast, and they exported valuable furs. Like tribes all along the western coast of North America they consolidated their position as middlemen between Europeans and interior peoples by maintaining strict control over trade routes and the rates and terms of exchange. Some Tlingits moved inland to be closer to sources of furs and they brought their language, social customs, clans and crests with them and blended them into local cultures (McClellan 1950).

More dramatic change accompanied the Klondike gold rush which began in 1896. It coincided with a world depression, and drew more than thirty thousand immigrants to a small area on the Klondike river within a few years. Indians along the way became involved in packing, guiding, and providing food for prospectors; a few years later, others became deck hands on riverboats. The Tagish who participated in the initial discovery of gold, and the Han at the mouth of the Klondike were most directly affected. Most other Yukon natives were observers rather than participants in the rush. The greatest effects for them included the breaking of the Tlingit fur trade monopoly (McClellan 1981a), the impact of forest fires on wildlife along the Yukon River (McCandless 1985), the arrival of independent white traders (Tanner 1965), the expansion of missionary activity (Bullen 1968), the building

of the White Pass and Yukon Route railway from Skagway to Whitehorse, and the running of a riverboat fleet between Whitehorse and Dawson City.

Most whites left the country soon after the beginning of the century. In 1900, the total population of the Yukon Territory had climbed to over 27,000, of whom 3,000 were Indians. By 1912, it had declined to 6,000 Indians and whites and by 1921 to just over 4,000. The population remained relatively stable for the next twenty years: 4,230 in 1931 and 4,914 in 1941 (Urquart 1965:304).

The second 'rush', as older people call it, came with the construction of the Alaska Highway in 1942-3. Its consequences were substantially more disruptive than those of the first rush, testing native adaptability to the limits. The highway had a major impact on subsistence patterns, on employment patterns and cash income, on family life, on demography and health, and on values (Cruikshank 1985).

### The Concept of Band Society in Athapaskan Ethnography

The classic contributions of arctic and subarctic studies to anthropological theory responded to questions posed far from the north. Julian Steward was one of the first ethnographers to approach the subarctic with specific theoretical interests (1955). He saw potential for going beyond a narrow culture area approach and looking for 'culture types' which appeared regularly and

cross-culturally. He based his formulations about band organization at least in part on observations by Speck (1915) and Osgood (1936) and looked to Algonkian and Athapaskan peoples to flesh out his examples of 'patrilineal' and 'composite' bands. For years the debate about the structure of band society dominated theoretical discussions in subarctic ethnography and it remains the unifying theme of the recently published Subarctic Handbook (Leacock 1954, Helm 1965, Knight 1965, Damas 1969, Dyen and Aberle 1974, Helm 1981, Rogers 1981).

The discussion about bands seems to provide a particularly good example of what Clifford has called "the tension between anthropology and ethnography" (Clifford 1983), that is, between broad classificatory and theoretical interests in anthropology, and detailed ethnographic observations. As ethnographers began to regard Athapaskan and Algonkian studies as the focus of their research rather than just as evidence for more general theory, they were confronted with individual differences. Firm definitions of band society seemed to evaporate. Every attempt to produce a normative account generated further questions. Informants did not necessarily agree, offering thoughtful but seemingly idiosyncratic responses. Ethnographic evidence soon made it clear that Athapaskan and Algonkian bands were not clearly bounded units, and most of the work since Steward's time has stressed the flexibility of group composition and recruitment principles.

As efforts to reconstruct normative accounts proved self-limiting, attention shifted to internal contradictions. The

use of the term 'flexibility' to describe social forms normally associated with band society began to appear regularly in the literature after the first hunter-gatherer conference in 1965 (Damas 1969). 'Flexibility' was originally intended to refer to an adaptive principle of fission and fusion enabling groups to take advantage of both changing plant and animals resources and opportunities for socializing, but its use in the literature has not always been so precise. Three years later at a second hunter-gatherer conference, arctic and subarctic societies were cited as examples of 'diversity' of social forms possible within ecologically similar environments (Lee and Devore 1968). Following that conference, efforts to document the variety of possible options available for social organization replaced some of the earlier determination to define general principles which would be broadly applicable to northern hunter-gatherers.

A number of works have attempted to reconstruct the relationship between native cultures and environment before that relationship was substantially altered by Europeans (McClellan 1975, Legros 1981). Others have looked at the antiquity of matriliney in the western subarctic (Dyen and Aberle 1974, De Laguna 1975). Still others have grappled with the problem of trying to define aboriginal sociopolitical groups and show how dramatically indirect encounters had already altered cultural conditions even before direct European influence was felt (Bishop 1976, Vanstone and Goddard 1981).

A striking characteristic of subarctic literature is the way theoretical models have changed during the last twenty

years. Murphy and Steward's influential paper on tappers and trappers used an acculturation model to predict inevitable assimilation of band societies into national industrial economies (1956). So entrenched was this acculturation model by the 1960's that Diamond Jenness could seriously propose that all Inuit be relocated in southern Canada (Jenness 1964). A whole series of arctic and subarctic studies, most of them sponsored by the Canadian government, took acculturation as their main theme (Balikci 1963, Chance 1963, Honigmann 1966, Hoseley 1966, Vanstone 1965).

By the 1970's, Native northerners were becoming politically vocal about their own views of their society. In the mid 1970's, hundreds of Dene addressed the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline Inquiry, and Yukon Indians spoke to the Alaska Highway Pipeline Inquiry protesting that they were not societies in transition, but strongly committed to continuing their traditional way of life in the present (Berger 1977, Lysyk 1977, Asch 1982, Feit 1982). Across the north, attention to land claims has sparked a corresponding interest in documenting cultural persistence, a notion which ultimately has strong roots in archeology and field ethnology (Ray 1986). Subarctic societies do not seem to be vanishing, despite the prognoses of the 1960's; in fact, they appear to be maintaining themselves against great odds. [2]

There is, then, an unresolved conflict between models of stability and models of change in arctic and subarctic anthropology. Native northerners have been quick to draw

attention to shifting fashions by pointing to studies which they find misleading; for example, acculturation studies of the sixties have come under intense criticism. [3] The shifting theoretical emphases from 'band type' to 'flexibility' to 'persistence' all work from premises about social structure; yet it seems equally possible that these same topics could be approached from the perspective of individuals who share cultural resources. There is actually a long tradition of attention to the individual in subarctic literature, particularly in the eastern subarctic (Ridington 1986). It is conceivable, then, that multiple life histories may provide a legitimate point of entry to understanding aspects of continuity and change in western subarctic cultures.

### The Concept of Individualism in Subarctic Ethnography

The individualism of subarctic peoples is a recurring theme in a diverse ethnographic record. Sometimes it is phrased optimistically in terms of the importance of individual freedom of thought and action (McDonnell 1975, Christian and Gardner 1977, Scollon and Scollon 1979); other times it is reported more negatively using terms like 'egocentricity', 'utilitarianism', and 'emotional isolation' (Honigmann 1949:249; Balikci 1968, VanStone 1965). Ridington has correctly asked whether this

genuinely reflects characteristics of northern societies or whether its recurrence in the literature can be explained in part because subarctic individualism contrasts so sharply with the ethnographers' socialization into the authority of an academic tradition (1986:15).

Ridington makes a further distinction between Algonkian and Athapaskan studies of individualism. He finds students of Algonkian societies like Speck (1935), Hallowell (1960), Preston (1975), and Tanner (1979) more ready to explore indigenous phenomenology, to investigate the concept of the individual through the thought categories of northern hunters rather than relying exclusively on those of western scholarship. Athapaskan studies tend to be less interpretive, and the ethnographic record more diverse (1986:13, 14). He suggests that subarctic individualism has to be understood as occurring within a very specific context: individuals achieve the power to act effectively in their social and natural environment only by coming to understand widely shared metaphors of knowledge. Focussing on empowering metaphors, he says, directs us away from quantitative behavioral analysis and toward the language of explanation used by subarctic Native people themselves.

One way to explore the cultural intelligence embedded in metaphor is to examine how specific individuals use metaphor when they talk about their own lives. The women whose accounts appear here sometimes use metaphor in direct, explicit ways, as when Angela Sidney refers to her attempt to live her life "like a story"; other times their use of metaphor is more indirect, when

they respond to my questions about their lives by telling a story. Accounts based on the lives of individuals do return us to questions raised repeatedly about band societies. Is there a relationship between individual autonomy in decision making and flexibility of social structure? What individual strategies exist for passing on cultural values? How can 'persistence' of social organization be explained? Our use of language influences our inquiry: 'flexibility' refers to structures; 'autonomy' refers to individuals. 'Cultural persistence' refers to structures; 'transmission of information' refers to the behavior of individuals.

Mrs. Smith's life description, for example, suggests remarkably autonomous behavior: she left an unsatisfactory marriage sometime in the 1920's and decided to support herself trapping. Her striking success at trapping live foxes made her unusually independent for a woman in her era. Yet she insists that she was entirely 'old-fashioned' in all her decisions during that period and makes frequent reference to her deference to maternal uncles, their wives and her maternal grandmother. Her stories rework in a variety of ways some of the root metaphors which have served as a resource for her own decisions and choices.

Outwardly, Mrs. Sidney has lived a conservative Tagish life yet her own account shows how she has done this by reflecting on ideas from other cultures, adapting them (usually by thinking about how they relate to 'old stories' she knows) and making them part of her repertoire of ideas. Her intellectual



drive to discover consistency between 'old ways' and 'new ways' permeates her entire account.

Mrs. Ned remains a powerful figure in southern Yukon society where she has lived for almost a century. Underlying her account is her emphasis on the power of words, on the value of discretion, on being able to differentiate between information which should be shared and information which is essentially related to power and therefore not openly discussed.

Each of these women's accounts directs us to think of Sapir's metaphor of cultural scaffolding, or Wallace's generalization that culture is an 'organization of diversity' rather than a 'replication of uniformity' (Wallace 1961:22, 23). Each of their lives may tell us as much about 'culture' in a particular area as a description of 'culture' might tell us about their individual lives.

## Chapter 4: Fieldwork as Dialogue: Text as Collaboration

The renewed anthropological interest in life history writing focuses as much on the process by which accounts are constructed as on the finished product. In this case, the process spans more than a decade. Any candid description of fieldwork occurring over ten years is going to have the quality of a period piece, reflecting occasional naivete and reminding us that the social context in which research occurs is also a historical context.

As an undergraduate during the 1960's, I came to a clear, if imperfect, understanding that the cultural activity which defined anthropology was fieldwork based on participant-observation. Like every other anthropology student I was jolted by the contradictions in that definition when I had my first opportunity to do fieldwork in the Yukon Territory in 1968. Returning to graduate school in 1969 at the height of the debate about ethical dilemmas of anthropological research (Gough 1968, Berreman 1968) only increased my sense that the methodological goals of observation and participation seemed incompatible, at least in my experience. My eventual decision to return to the Yukon to do anthropological research outside a university framework was not uncharacteristic of the times.

When I began the research on which this thesis is based in 1974, I had already spent some years working in the Yukon and

in Alaska. In the Yukon, most of that work was for small community-based organizations like the Skookum Jim Indian Friendship Centre and the Yukon Native Brotherhood. Usually my contribution involved working with archival documents and interviewing older men and women in different Yukon communities, trying to reconstruct historical accounts in ways which presented alternative perspectives on Athapaskan and Tlingit history in the Yukon (Cruikshank 1974, 1975).

Catharine McClellan's fine ethnographic reconstruction of the southern Yukon (1975) had not yet been published, and DeLaguna's ethnography of the Yakutat Tlingit (1972) had just become available. Neither Dominique Legros nor Roger McDonnell had completed his fieldwork in the central Yukon (McDonnell 1975; Legros 1981). Two consistent gaps in the existing ethnographies were their almost exclusive reliance on male informants and their emphasis on the ethnographic present to the exclusion of any of the changes which had taken place in the twentieth century (Emmons 1911, Osgood 1936a, Honigmann 1954, Teit 1956).

During the early 1970's, questions about what kind of local contributions anthropology might make in the north often came up in conversations with politically active Native women my own age. These were not idle discussions on their part: three of those women and one man have subsequently completed or almost completed degrees with anthropology as either a major or minor subject and increasing numbers of Yukon students have elected to study anthropology at University. During those years, though, we

all tended to see anthropology's value as rather narrowly related to historical reconstruction in ways that might prove significant for land claims discussions.

Several women independently suggested that since I already had a background in anthropology, I might make a substantive contribution by working with their mothers or grandmothers recording their history in a form that could be distributed to family members. It is important to remember that this was the early 1970's and that the activity which engaged these women was political organization, making the task they were suggesting for me one they felt could be appropriately assigned to an outsider. A decade later, in the mid 1980's, there are a significant number of Athapaskan men and women interested in and trained to do their own cultural documentation (for example Tom, 1981, 1987, Tlen 1986, Easterson, 1987, Geddes 1986, Penikett, 1986). But in 1974, the arrangement seemed to have benefits for everyone involved. I could learn something about the changing roles of women as reflected in life histories, the older women with whom I was working could produce their own booklets of family history under their own names, and younger family members would be able to put that material to whatever use they saw fit. The notions of 'participation' and 'observation' could be made compatible within the broader framework of locally-based, collaborative research.

### Research as Dialogue:

Because our work continued over so many years, there is a quality of evolution to the research method which is worth documenting in some detail. The process of recording these accounts began differently from more conventional fieldwork which is characteristically planned from the university after a thorough search of the literature and executed with a clearly focused direction and strict time limitations. I was working with women I already knew; various family members made it clear what they expected from the work; each woman had her own ideas about what should be recorded; and each woman saw herself as an equal participant in defining 'our work'. Our sessions were always enjoyable occasions for visiting and gradually became structured by our sense of collaboration on specific topics. While the time I could devote to this project was limited by other work I was doing, there was none of the sense of closure which hangs over most anthropological fieldwork. I could (and still can) go back to check questions when I was uncertain because the Yukon, rather than the university, was the base from which we all worked.

During the first year, eight booklets ranging in length from twenty to one hundred and twenty pages were recorded with eight women from three generations - in their forties, in their sixties and early seventies, and in their eighties. Despite the

rather unsatisfactory way anthropologists have used linguistic designations to identify social groups in the western subarctic, it is perhaps the most convenient way to define the areas where these women lived: one was born in the extreme northern Yukon, in Gwich'in (Kutchin) territory, but spent most of her life in the southern Yukon; two were Han speakers; one was Tutchone, one Tanana, two Southern Tutchone, one Tagish and one of Tagish and Tlingit ancestry raised in Kaska territory. (See Map 1).

Initially we started doing this work on our own during evenings. Although we began without funding, I was concerned about the issue of 'payment', partly because it was being raised as an ethical issue in anthropology and partly because it was quite clear from our discussions about the past that there were strong indigenous precedents for payment. Women with Tlingit ancestry, particularly, discussed a whole range of activities from storytelling to personal services involving payment between members of opposite moieties; the issue was less one of money than of negotiating some appropriate and ongoing exchange. At the beginning, we worked out an arrangement whereby I could do various jobs for them - getting groceries, doing dishes, chopping wood, providing transportation - ways they had 'earned' stories when they were young (Appendix C, p. 678). In addition, once we began actually completing booklets which they could distribute, copies of booklets were seen by the women as a suitable kind of exchange.

In the fall of 1974, we were able to obtain some initial funding from the Canada Council's Explorations Programme to cover

expenses for six months. The following winter, we obtained additional funding from the National Museums of Canada's Urgent Ethnology Program, also for a six month period. Both those institutions were willing to consider 'informant's fees' as part of the research budget. In the winter of 1978-9 we obtained an additional six months funding from the National Museum, and the major Native organization in the Territory, the Council for Yukon Indians, agreed to contribute an honorarium for the women and for myself. In 1980, the Council for Yukon Indians began funding our work through the Yukon Native Languages Project, but by now the work we were doing had expanded to include tasks more specifically related to language documentation.

In each case, our understanding was that the material recorded belonged to the individual woman. Each woman had her own ideas about how it should be used. Some regarded it as completely confidential, for family members only. Most separated material 'for family' from historical accounts and traditional narratives and wanted the latter more broadly distributed. In one case we were able to have narratives typed on stencils and duplicated, and the narrator was able to sell copies of her own booklet. In 1976, a local newspaper (then called the Yukon Indian News) agreed to pay the women an honorarium for the right to publish their stories in each issue of their newspaper. Shortly after that, a local radio station made similar arrangements to have some of the women tell the same stories for broadcast.

After the Council for Yukon Indians became involved in providing funding for the work, they published one booklet of

stories, My Stories Are My Wealth (Sidney, Dawson and Smith 1977). A few years later they jointly published two more books of stories with the Yukon Territorial Government, Tagish Tlaagú (Sidney 1982) and Nindal Kwädindur (Smith 1982). As our work became more language specific, the Yukon Native Languages Project funded and published three more of our booklets - Haa Shagoon (Sidney 1983), Place Names of the Tagish Region, Southern Yukon (Sidney 1980), and Old People in Those Days, They Told their Story all the Time (Ned 1984). Simultaneously, I was able to publish preliminary analyses of our work in more conventional academic outlets (Cruikshank 1975, 1979, 1981, 1983, 1984).

The most significant aspect of the research process was the way our direction changed, from my point of view if not from theirs. My initial expectations about what I could learn from life histories followed fairly directly from readings which equated oral tradition with oral history. This view considers oral accounts to be documents rather like archival documents which can be recorded and stored for later analysis (Vansina 1965). I was interested in having women talk about the gold rush, the fur trade, the Alaska Highway construction and a whole range of events chronicled from an 'outsider's' perspective in archival records. While the older women seemed to enjoy discussing these topics for a while, they quite firmly shifted the emphasis to 'more important' events they wanted me to record, those traditions normally associated with anthropological ideas of 'myth' and 'legend'. Gradually I came to the conclusion that the appropriate question was not how oral tradition reflected the



past, but rather how these women used oral tradition to talk about the past. This shift in perspective made me look at oral tradition not as 'evidence' about the past but as a window on ways in which the past is culturally constituted and discussed in a particular cultural context. My experience was strikingly similar to that recounted by Rosaldo when he began recording oral history with the Ilongot only to be confronted with complex lists of names which people recited with obvious emotion. He describes his own feelings of bewilderment as he transcribed these names until he came to understand that they embodied a culturally distinct sense of history (1980:16).

I always came to our sessions with a series of questions framed, but as I began to take increasing direction from the narrators, the kinds of questions changed. Initially my questions were about their childhood experiences, about seclusion, marriage, childbirth and about the impact of major developments like the goldrush and the Alaska Highway construction on their lives. They usually responded patiently to my questions for a while and then suggested that I write down a particular story they had been planning to tell me. Usually such stories involved a bewildering series of characters and events, but I gradually learned to follow the complex plots and to understand that when women told me 'stories' they were actually using them to explain some aspect of their life to me.

Again, I had a sense of familiarity reading Shaw's accounts of recording life histories in Australia. He concluded that 'digressions' of narrators into myth were attempts to

explain their lives, because myth helped them to account for all aspects of traditional life, from landscape to social customs. From the point of view of the narrator, whenever he told a myth he was clarifying his account (Shaw 1980:229; 1981:8).

An important part of our collaboration involved jointly reviewing and correcting my transcripts made initially from notes and later from taped recordings as soon as possible after each session. The characteristic response to this method from older narrators was to listen carefully for a short while and then break in to retell the story rather than wait for me to finish reading my transcript. While each narrator might tell slightly different versions of any given story, versions by individual narrators were so internally consistent that their repetition served as an equally good method of checking the transcript.

This method became more problematic later, when we began to concentrate on recording accounts or partial accounts in Native languages: by that time, I was working closely with a linguist, John Ritter, Director of the Yukon Native Languages Project. [1] I would extract from taped accounts the Tagish or Southern Tutchone words, phrases, and names, transcribing them as he had taught me, and then attempt to have the narrator make a single tape, repeating those names so he could check my transcriptions. The characteristic response of the most elderly women was to express delight that I could now understand - or at least repeat - words and phrases they had taught me, and then to launch into the story from which the name had been extracted, 'explaining' it to me once again. Only Mrs. Sidney, familiar with

the customs of linguists and anthropologists, was comfortable about the idea of producing disembodied word lists.

Initially, I was quite shy about how much technology I should introduce into our work, wondering how older women would react to tape recorders. One day while we were checking a particularly circuitous account, one woman in her mid-seventies patiently asked me whether I had ever thought of using a tape recorder so I could "get it right the first time," thus dispelling any simple notions I had about the alienating effects of technology. In fact over the course of the years we have worked, three of the eldest women were given 'ghetto blasters' as gifts from grandchildren and would use them to replay tapes we made. One even invited neighbours in and we all sat around drinking tea and watching the digital strobe light flash as a tape of our interview played. This level of objectifying the product of our work was rather more than I had anticipated, but it certainly demonstrated to me that technology, itself, was not a problem. When I was able to work with a trained film maker of Tlingit and Athapaskan ancestry, Carol Geddes, making video recordings with three of the oldest women in summer 1984, and 16 mm. film in summer 1986 (Geddes 1986), I found that I was much more inhibited by the technology than they were.

The one codicil to this is that their response to tape recorders and cameras did vary somewhat depending on where we were working; they seemed completely at ease with technology when we worked in their own homes, but considerably less relaxed when we went to work somewhere unfamiliar (usually a quiet site

selected for its sound recording potential). Attempts to combine technology with optimal conditions for using that technology do present some problems for producing recordings which are simultaneously high quality and spontaneous.

The issue of writing down oral tradition is a complex one in which a limited resolution of one problem simply raises others. In this section, I confine my comments to issues of text production which affected our day to day approach to our work. Narrators had very definite views about why they were doing this work and saw production of their own booklets as central to our task. While I had every intention of recording their life histories in English, I did initially attempt to divert their plans to have me record traditional stories in English, partly because I had already decided that I wanted to hear about 'secular' events, and partly because of my lack of fluency in any of the eight different languages they spoke except English. The Yukon is truly a multilingual situation and the eight women with whom I worked spoke English as well as at least one Native language - Gwich'in (Kutchin), Han, Tutchone, Southern Tutchone, Tanana, Tagish or Tlingit. The glaring question here, of course, is what is lost in translation when accounts learned in a native language are rendered in English. The evident loss in style and form was noted by Boas generations ago (1914:375) and his observations seem as appropriate now as they were then.

However, the context of recording oral tradition has changed from the time when Boas was working, in that the narrator may have an agenda just as clear as that of the ethnographer.

These narrators wanted booklets produced for children and grandchildren whose first language is now English in all Yukon communities (Tlen 1986:7). While their own childhood instruction came either from observation or from oral tradition, they recognize that children now learn from books. As one woman commented when she talked about a six year old granddaughter soon to begin school: "Well, she's starting school now. Pretty soon paper's going to talk to her." Another woman noted, "Well, now they're going to learn if we do this, I think. They read already. That's how they do it now."

A second reason they recorded stories in English reflects relationship which developed between each of the women and myself. This collaboration has been and continues to be a source of enormous enjoyment for all of us, particularly with the three women whose accounts are included here. Storytelling does not occur in a vacuum. Storytellers need an audience, a response, in order to make the telling a worthwhile experience. They have patiently trained me to actually hear these stories - no easy task when so much of the context is embedded in metaphor and never made explicit - and under their tutelage I have become a reasonably intelligent audience. On several occasions I have suggested that they tell the story in Southern Tutchone or Tagish, but no matter how attentive I appear to be, they inevitably switch to English because they know the response they want to elicit from me and are careful judges of whether they are getting it (see Darnell 1974). Telling stories in their own language to someone who cannot understand all the nuances is like

talking to a blank wall. Furthermore, they are excellent teachers and they are telling stories not just as disembodied texts but to explain something else to me. The whole rationale for telling them disappears if I cannot understand what they are trying to teach.

This problem of translation, though, has troubled me sufficiently that I have spent a lot of time working with a Tutchone woman who has been trained by linguist John Ritter to write her own language. Gertie Tom records with elders in the Tutchone language, then carefully writes stories out in her language. Then she and I begin a scrupulous word by word translation of the story and when we have completed that we rework that verbatim translation into 'standard English'. Mrs. Tom has recorded dozens of stories, many of them long and complex, and the process of translating them has been endlessly fascinating. However, I reluctantly admit that the careful English translation we arrive at still seems to both of us to be vastly inferior to the original story. The spare prose of English flattens the complexity of Athapaskan verb forms, and the finished product lacks the flavour of real 'telling' which emerges in a narrator's own idiosyncratic translation. Texts transcribed in original languages, like those Mrs. Tom produces, are ideal for the study of language, but if no one else is trained to read them, writing them can be a lonely exercise. In that sense, it may be the act of writing rather than translation which fundamentally alters the text. The elders with whom I have worked provide their own English translations,

and while there is undoubtedly loss in form and style, they are at least able to retain their own idiom, their own expressions, their own personal narrative style. There are numerous other problems involved in writing down oral tradition and they are familiar to anyone who has done this kind of work. Does a written version suddenly come to have an authority which makes it the socially 'correct' version to the exclusion of others? Does writing down oral tradition make it seem less urgent to continue telling stories now that a record exists? These are troublesome issues but the resurgence of an interest in storytelling during the last few years in the Yukon suggests that this is not happening, and that in fact younger women are looking seriously at ways to revive storytelling both with their own children and publicly. [2]

The rationale for focussing on three women's accounts follows from the implications of research as collaboration. Several women I worked with enjoyed this kind of project for a few weeks or months, and felt a sense of completion when we had produced the first booklets of family history. However, three of the women (and a fourth, Mrs. Rachel Dawson, who passed away in 1975) seemed to see the first booklet only as evidence that our association might bear fruit; they showed no inclination to stop when these booklets were completed and insisted that they had much more work for us to do. With funding from the Yukon Native Language Project by 1980, we moved more and more into language documentation - particularly place names and personal names - but always with their 'life' as the frame for our discussions. Again,

such a collaboration which would never have been possible had I been limited to a pre-determined time period for fieldwork.

While I initially assumed that the narrators might occasionally enjoy working together, various attempts to orchestrate this indicated that it was a poor idea. Narrators did not always agree about who was most knowledgeable on a given subject and it became clear that they each had individual styles of narration which were not always compatible.

These life histories all come from women, and comparable accounts from men would obviously be valuable. This acknowledged bias stems from the evolution of the project. Initially, I worked with individuals suggested by younger women friends who were most interested in elderly women's accounts, and this coincided with my own interests. A few years later, when it seemed that it would be prudent to also interview men, I had discussions with several older men about whether this would be feasible; in each case we worked for two or three sessions after which they suggested that I should really be working with their wife or their sister. The kinds of long term working relationships I had developed with older women would not have been socially appropriate for me to have with older men. For similar reasons, male anthropologists working in this area have relied heavily on men to teach them, but have rarely commented on how this might bias their accounts (eg. Honigmann 1954:6).



### Converting Fieldwork to Text:

It is the sense of stories as explanation which I have tried to capture in the translation of these oral life accounts to written text. When I asked women about their families, they usually began by giving detailed genealogies, but they would also tell clan histories framed as 'stories'. When I asked about childhood, I got a similar response - they would talk about their own experiences for a while, then shift to stories they learned as children. The same was especially true for women at puberty: details of puberty seclusion can be itemized, but the real explanation comes in stories where the central character is a secluded woman. Accounts of marriage have the same flavour: details of marriage negotiations between families provide ethnographic documentation of how customs were changing when these women reached marriageable age, but the underlying explanation of why certain customs were important comes in stories. The precise way each narrator does this differently is discussed in chapters 5, 6, and 7, but the pattern of interweaving stories with experience is similar in each case. Consequently I devised a framework where alternating chapters in each account interweave explanatory narratives with descriptions of events.

This culturally specific notion of what 'life history' or

'self' means has been discussed by others recording life histories of Native American women - Lurie (1961), Lee (1959), Bataille and Sands (1984). When I asked about their lives, women began with their parents' history, then continued with their husband's history, and finally moved to their own life (see Appendix A, p. 317 for a clear statement of this as the 'correct' way to talk about one's life.) In each of these three appendices, the narrator only enters the story herself far into the account.

A note on editing is necessary. The texts included here are distilled from approximately 160 hours of tape with these three women: ninety hours with Mrs. Sidney (with whom I have worked longest), forty hours with Mrs. Smith and thirty hours with Mrs. Ned. They are edited for chronology, because individual transcripts may cover a range of related of unrelated subjects. In editing, I have imposed a chronology that is roughly the one each woman uses, beginning with parents' history, then husband's history, then her own history. Each woman begins her own life with a discussion of childhood, then puberty, then marriage, then various incidents from her mature years. Because women sometimes discuss a particular event more than once, I have included the most complete version in each case. Rarely do conflicting versions occur, but when they do, I note this in a footnote to the Appendix.

The only consistent editorial change involves matching third person pronouns: the he/she distinction is irrelevant in Athapaskan languages so 'he' and 'she' may be used interchangeably, but this is sometimes confusing for an English reader. Occasionally

I have substituted the subject of the sentence for a third person pronoun if that use is ambiguous, quite often the case in stories with several active characters. When it seemed helpful to add words for clarity, I have placed them in brackets.

There is also a question about the form in which the texts should be written. Previously published versions of these stories, cited above, followed standardized English paragraph conventions. Experimentation with breath groups and pauses, and consultation with Native women who know the narrators and have read various versions of the texts convinced me to experiment with the form in which the present appendices appear. Line breaks correspond with a pause by the narrator. Longer pauses or changes in topic are indicated by the addition of a blank line. While it is still imperfect, this form seems to capture the emphasis and cadence of the spoken word more accurately than do paragraphs. Generally, readers familiar with the style of each narrator say that they find it easier to 'hear' the narrator's voice when reading this style.

After some consideration, I have not included my own questions in the body of the text, partly because so many of these accounts are narrated without interruption. Generally, I would arrive for one of our sessions with a series of questions and the woman I was visiting would respond to two or three and then begin to tell me an explanatory story. None of the women appreciated being interrupted, although Mrs. Sidney is always willing to respond to my questions if she sees an answer will make it easier for me to understand her. Once I started using a

tape recorder, I discovered that many of my interruptions were unnecessary and disruptive because the answer to my question would usually be clarified when I made a transcript later. It seemed more appropriate to limit my interruptions and bring questions to our next interview. Mrs. Smith showed a remarkable ability to brook interruptions without ever losing her train of thought: frequently visitors would arrive while we were working and she might carry on a conversation with them for several minutes, but she always picked up the story at exactly the place she left off, even after a lengthy interruption. I would not have been aware of her precision in this had I not been using a tape recorder. Mrs. Ned disliked interruptions and took them to be a sign of inattention. Again, this demonstrates the difference between 'interviews' in the way we use that term and 'oral tradition' where the account has a structure and shape that may suffer from interruption.

I always tried to transcribe the tape within twenty-four hours of our session. The ways narrators use language was not initially familiar to me, particularly because they were incredibly optimistic and generous in assuming that I shared their context for understanding what they were saying. The extensive use of metaphor, symbol, place names, personal names and kinship terms in their texts is complicated for a novice to understand. Gradually, I came to have a sense of when they were using standard literary formulae to talk about events and when they were not. However in my experience, tape recordings rapidly became inaccessible within a short time after the interview if I

did not make every effort to transcribe them while our conversation was still fresh.

Transcripts were handwritten in pen and then I added questions and comments in pencil. Periodically I typed up copies of corrected transcripts, then reorganized them by topics and we added them to the booklets. Copies of all the tape recordings each with an explanatory 'tape archive sheet' are filed with the Yukon Native Language Centre and the Yukon Archives, as are the resulting publications. Copies of the very early booklets are also stored with the Yukon Archives with access restrictions specified by the narrators. Portions of these accounts have been published in booklets already cited above.

Frank (1979:73-4) has suggested that one of the major obstacles in analysis of autobiography is the tendency for a reader to make implicit comparisons between the account read and the reader's own life. This presumed self-evidence, she argues, stands in the way of their being accepted in social science research. Our interpretative processes are inclined to fail, though, when we read or hear a culturally unfamiliar life history, where despite our best efforts we cannot understand the context from which the author is speaking. Frequently this is because the speaker/author credits the listener/reader with understanding far more of the unspecified context from which she is speaking than is actually the case.

The following three chapters try to specify some of that context. Each chapter begins by looking at the nature of the collaboration which developed between one narrator and myself,

and how that collaboration affected the individual text we produced. It goes on to look at the textual conventions which seem to govern each account, the ways each woman uses familiar narrative conventions as 'building blocks' to talk about her life. Of the three accounts, Mrs. Sidney's presentation (Appendix A) may be the most accessible for a western reader, Mrs. Smith's (Appendix B) possibly less so, and Mrs. Ned's (Appendix C) the least self-evident. The process of constructing each account is one the narrators and I shared, as they tried to teach me about their lives in an unfamiliar idiom and I tried to interpret what I was being taught and to edit or arrange their accounts in a form reflecting my understanding of their words. The life accounts in Volume 2 may best be read together with these chapters and prior to the analysis in chapters 8 to 12.

## Chapter 5: Mrs. Angela Sidney: My Stories Are My Wealth

"I have no money to leave to my grandchildren;  
My stories are my Wealth."

Chapter 4 proposed that ongoing collaboration between the ethnographer and each narrator shaped both research and production of the appended life histories. Chapters 5, 6 and 7 discuss the accounts individually, examining how each reflects that collaboration, and how each narrator uses traditional narratives and familiar metaphor from Athapaskan oral tradition to talk about her life. Narrative conventions which occur regularly in more than one account are analysed in greater detail in chapters 8 to 11.

The same framework is used in all three chapters. Each begins with a brief biographical sketch of the narrator. This is a conventional way for anthropologists to provide context for a life history, but it is worth stressing that it relies on western ideas about biography and chronology not necessarily shared by these women; their accounts reflect rather different ideas of how context should be provided, beginning with events and traditions predating each narrator's lifetime and introducing her own birth considerably later. Secondly, the overall arrangement of each account is discussed. While each text uses the speaker's own words, no narrator presented her account exactly as it appears here; the principles underlying both the editing and organization of the text reflect my understanding of how each woman is trying

to explain her life. Thirdly, steps in our collaboration are discussed, particularly the ways each woman instructed me. How did she respond to my questions? How did we negotiate the narrative conventions by which each story would be told. Fourthly, each account is reviewed section by section, looking at ways each woman uses oral tradition to talk about her life. A concluding section summarizes how the text works as an explanation of a life.

Throughout this chapter, section and page references refer to Appendix A unless otherwise noted. The eighteen sections in that appendix are identified by Roman numerals to distinguish them from chapter numbers in this volume.

### Background

Mrs. Angela Sidney describes herself as a Tagish and Tlingit woman of the Deisheetaan clan. Her unusual ability to detach herself from her cultural and linguistic experience sufficiently to explain it to an outsider makes her life history an exceptional cultural document. Part of her skill involves her capacity to understand the context from which a novice approaches her language or culture and what an outsider needs to be taught in order to actually learn to hear what she is saying. The ways she developed this competence become clearer in her account of her life.



Born in 1902, near the present village of Carcross in the southern Yukon to La.oos Tláa (Maria) and Kaajinéek' or Haandeyéił (Tagish John) she was given the Tlingit name Stóow and later a Tagish name Ch'óonehte' Má. A prospector passing by on the night of her birth came in to warm himself at Tagish John's fire, and when he saw the new baby he remarked that she looked like an angel, so she was given the English name 'Angela' (A: 366). This child and her four year old brother Johnnie were the beginning of a new family for the couple: a few years earlier during the height of the Klondike goldrush, they had lost all four of their young children in an epidemic (A: 347).

Angela's mother became ill during the same epidemic which took the lives of her children, and although she lived to be an elderly woman, recurring illnesses forced her to spend an unusual amount of time close to home. As the eldest daughter, Angela looked after her mother, and she used their time together to question her mother about family and clan histories, traditions, songs and stories. In this way she absorbed normative accounts of social behavior for potlatching, puberty, marriage and childbirth. Her disappointment when her own experience never precisely matched the 'old ways' may have fostered her growing ability to recognize contradictions between what people said should happen and what actually happened.

The timing of her birth provided her with ample opportunity to observe such changes. Tagish people had become involved in intensive trade with coastal Tlingit which was

accelerating by the late 1800's and some Tlingit women had married Tagish men, blending Tlingit customs into their inland Athapaskan families (McClellan 1975). Tagish men are also credited with the discovery of gold which set off the Klondike goldrush a mere six years before Angela's birth (see chapter 10).

A recurring theme in Mrs. Sidney's account is her pre-occupation with evaluating and balancing old customs with new ideas. Her sense of deprivation when she was not given a potlatch name in 1912 (A: 403) or when her puberty seclusion was cut short in 1915 (A: 409-14) are matched by equal regret that her father removed her from the mission school before she had learned to read (A: 371-77). Her marriage as a young woman to George Sidney followed customary arrangements; however, under pressure from Anglican church members she later agreed to add a church wedding (A: 430-32). As a child, caring for an invalid mother, she learned about traditional healing; as an adult, she expanded that knowledge by studying a medical textbook her brother bought and she became an unofficial nurse in her community during the sickness that followed the construction of the Alaska Highway. She raised her children so they would understand "old ways" without being "too old fashioned." When her son went overseas during the second world war, she bought a radio so she could follow daily reports of progress "at the front;" when he returned home safely, her welcoming gift to him was an ancient Tlingit song (A: 459-60). Her immediate concern in 1986 is to reconcile orthodox spiritual beliefs with contemporary religious ideas (A:482-90). She uses narratives as a point of reference for

discussing all these issues.

One of the changes occurring during her childhood was the extremely rapid demise of the earlier Tagish Athapaskan language, initially exchanged for Tlingit, the language of trade. Mrs. Sidney remembers speaking and hearing Tagish until she was about five years old and then speaking only Tlingit, and later English (A: 370). One of her more remarkable accomplishments is her recall of Tagish language seventy years later. Tagish is of particular interest to linguists because it is more closely related to relatively distant languages south and east than to neighbouring downriver languages (personal communication, Victor Golla). This is not easily explained, and it makes Tagish important to reconstructing linguistic history in northwestern North America. Mrs. Sidney is one of the two or three living persons who remember and speak the language. Linguists working with her have commented on her remarkable ability to analyse the meaning of words in Tagish and other nearby Athapaskan languages. She uses similar skills when instructing ethnographers. [1]

A narrative skill Mrs. Sidney demonstrates repeatedly in her account is command of metaphoric language when she uses stories to explain her life experiences. Her innovation, though, comes in the way she is able to manipulate culturally distant metaphor to describe Tagish and Tlingit customs to outsiders. For example, she compares one of her clan songs to a 'flag' (A: 318-20) and distinguishes it from another which she compares to a 'hymn' (A: 405). She juxtaposes accounts of her work as a

midwife, bringing babies into the world, with accounts of her instruction of anthropologists and linguists (A: 492-95); and she draws parallels between shamanic predictions from long ago and contemporary religious questions (A: 482-91). In 1986, she was awarded the Order of Canada for her remarkable combination of community service and scholarly contributions (Sidney 1977, 1980, 1982, 1983). She enjoyed her trip to Ottawa and the ceremony, and appreciated the sense of Canadian ritual at its most formal. Describing the ceremony to an elderly Tlingit friend a few months later she showed her ability to apply metaphor to unfamiliar cultural customs as perceptively as to her own culture. Pointing to a beautiful framed photograph of herself standing in Government House with Jeanne Sauvé, the Governor General of Canada, she explained, "This is me, getting the Government's pin, and this is the Government's wife, giving me the Government's pin."

#### The Arrangement of the Text as Collaboration

The shape of this account reflects both Angela Sidney's abilities as a teacher and storyteller and my sense of how she is using stories to explain her life. It also demonstrates her intention to prepare her account for a larger audience. The text is presented in eighteen sections which can actually be viewed as 'pairs'. Odd-numbered sections approximate conventional western understanding of 'life history' and include events she either

experienced herself or heard about from the experience of older people; they are edited for chronology moving from family history through childhood, puberty, marriage, and so on. Even-numbered sections include stories she insisted on recording; while she actually told many of them before discussing her experiences, the sequence in which they appear here reflects the way she later refers back to stories as explanation for various events in life.

Angela Sidney applies narrative conventions differently to discussions of childhood and adulthood. When she talks about her early life, she tends to report more about other peoples' experiences than her own, and to speak of her own experiences briefly and in the third person. She pays particular attention to telling long and detailed narratives which were part of her education, and suggests that the lessons they embody are self-evident. When she describes her years as a mature adult, she adds more of her own experiences and tends to tell her own life as a story. She also refers back to stories she has told earlier to show how they explain or illustrate a specific point she is making. By the end, her own experience becomes the narrative line, reflecting her assertion that she has indeed tried to live her life "like a story."

## The Process of Collaboration: Negotiating Narrative Conventions

When Angela Sidney and I began working together in 1974 she showed no hesitation about defining the terms of our work. She understood that family members wanted her to record 'her life' and that I was a willing secretary and an eager student, and she had very clear ideas about how that instruction should proceed. I had specific questions for her, too, mostly about how her life differed from that of her mother and how events like the goldrush (1896-98) and the construction of the Alaska Highway (1943-44) had affected women's lives.

During the first six months we worked together, we produced a 120 page booklet for her family. It contained a very abbreviated version of her clan history, a brief discussion of puberty seclusion, a short discussion of her marriage and more than one hundred typed pages of traditional narratives. Initially I was somewhat dismayed by this: my contract with the National Museums specified that I was supposed to be recording 'life histories' and while I enjoyed the work we were doing, I felt that it was a somewhat inadequate representation of the task.

My initial experience of asking questions which she seemed to ignore led me to re-evaluate my interview technique. We agreed to begin each session by my reading back to her a

transcript of our previous interview, making corrections, additions and deletions. There were always aspects of the interview I hadn't understood and my questions arising from the transcript would propel our interview in a particular direction usually culminating in Mrs. Sidney telling a story to 'explain' a particular point to me. By the time we had recorded enough stories to produce two booklets (Sidney et. al. 1977, Sidney 1982) I had a clearer sense of how these stories did indeed reflect back on the same questions I had been asking her about her life (Cruikshank 1979, 1983).

A certain amount of editing occurred in sessions while we were correcting transcripts. Always aware that our ultimate goal was to prepare an account for distribution, Mrs. Sidney had a clear eye for her audience and occasionally asked me to eliminate references she felt other people "might not like." These usually had to do with comments about inappropriately executed clan responsibilities. Because my transcripts were verbatim accounts, she also noticed her tendency to end sentences with "...I guess," and asked me to eliminate that from her account whenever its use suggested uncertainty on her part. One of her objectives was to develop booklets demonstrating clear ethnographic authority, and she underlined this by regularly naming the person from whom she first heard each story.

In 1980 we began a rather different project, recording and mapping Tagish and Tlingit place names on topographic maps. During that summer, we travelled by car, boat and railway to places Mrs. Sidney had lived and travelled during her life. We

discussed events that had occurred there, people who had camped there, stories that were set there. Sometimes she had not visited these places for more than forty or fifty years and they had changed considerably from her memory of them. Often it was difficult for her to remember the name of a place until she actually saw it again, and naming those places had the mnemonic effect of recalling events that had occurred there (see for example A: 384-92). As we continued mapping, she attached specific stories, songs, and events to named landscape features (see A: 393-400 and Sidney 1980).

But virtually every place we located and mapped also led to discussions of individual people in some way associated with that place. We began compiling separate lists of Tagish and Tlingit personal names and undertook the conventional anthropological task of compiling extensive genealogies and clan lists (Sidney 1983). This in turn led us to discussion about who these people were and how they entered into Angela Sidney's own life. Addition of names and genealogical connections greatly enriched her earlier accounts of her Shagoon and of events and people in her parents' lives (see especially Appendix A, Sections I, III and IV). Her work had a noticeable effect in her community where many young people are giving their children Tlingit and Athapaskan names and want to use ones from the appropriate clan. Tlingit and Tagish names are also appearing on recent gravestones. A much abbreviated version of her genealogy included here names only those individuals actually discussed in her account of her life (Figures 1 and 2).



FIG. 1. PARTIAL FAMILY TREE OF DEISHETAN ANCESTORS, MRS. ANGELA SIDNEY

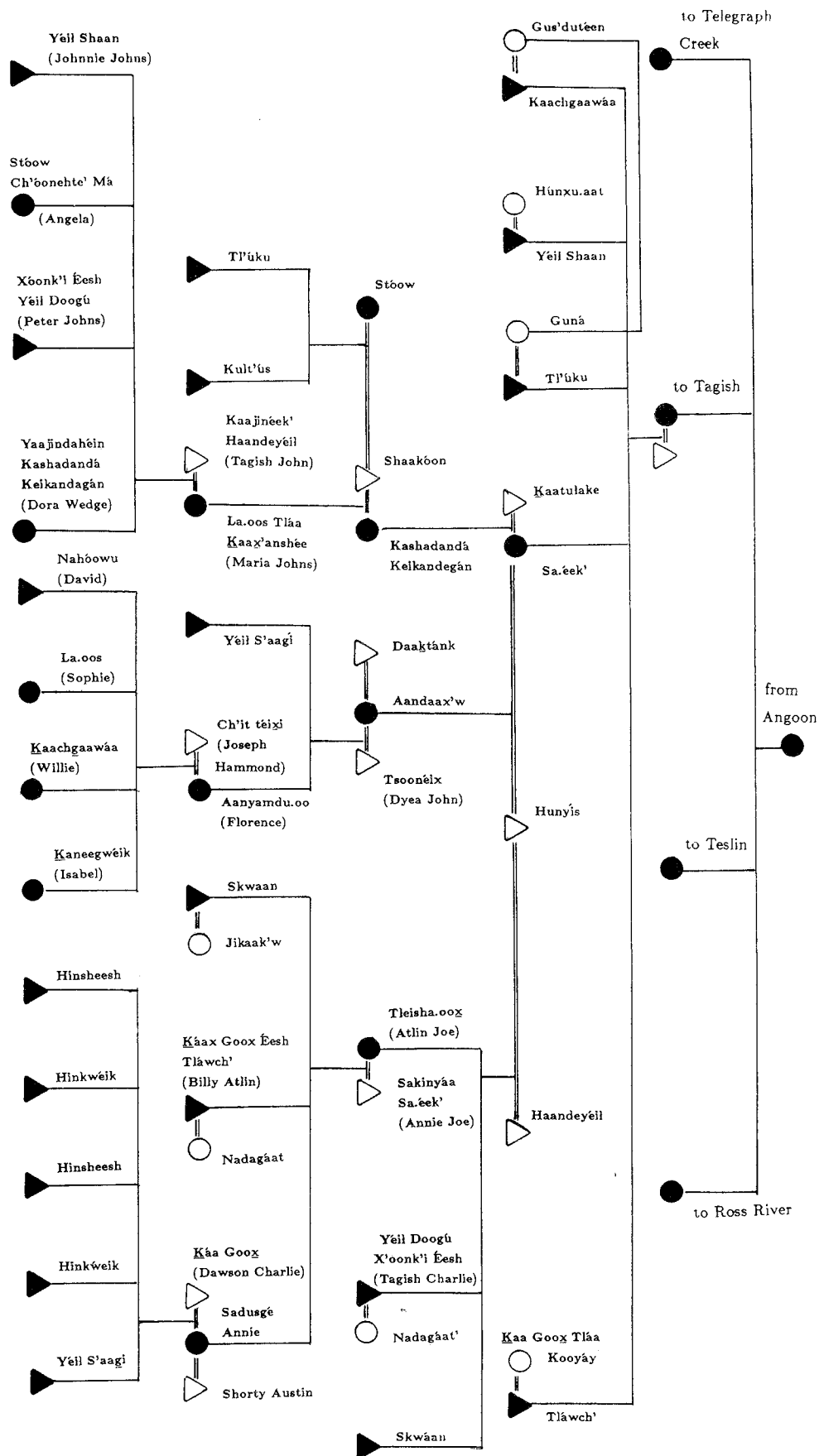
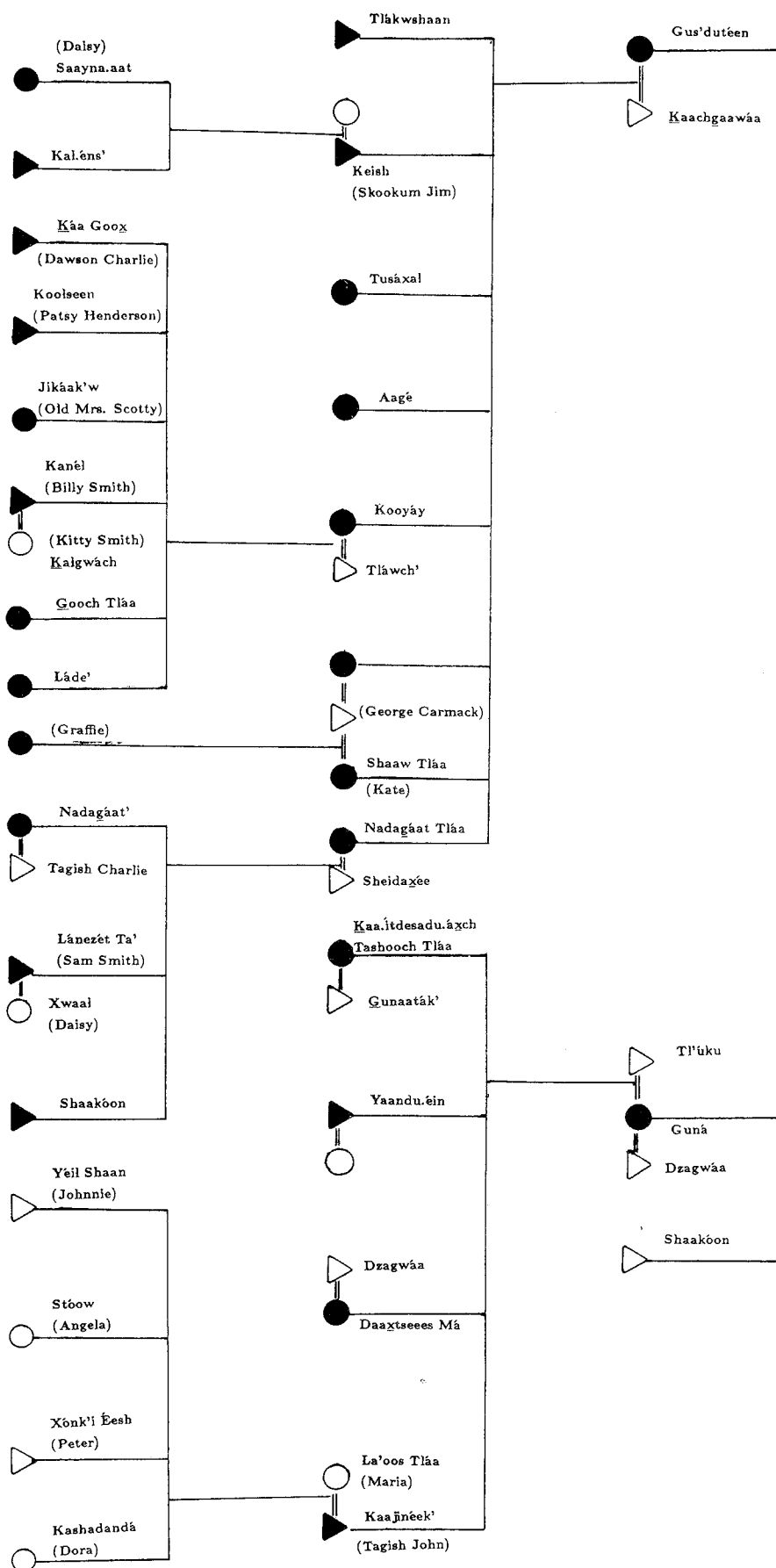


FIG. 2. PARTIAL FAMILY TREE OF DAKŪ'AWĒIDI ANCESTORS, MRS. ANGELA SIDNEY



What became clearer in our separate 'projects' was her view that we were gradually building the framework that would allow us to construct a comprehensive account of her life. Initially, recording stories or place names or family names might provide the theme of a particular session. But as she became confident that I was grasping the 'building blocks' she was providing, more and more of our discussions began turning to her own experience. When we returned in summer 1985 to the task of seriously reviewing events in her life, I understood how very much I was relying on the scaffolding of stories, place names and personal names she had already provided.

As our acquaintance deepened over the years we spent long periods of time together, sometimes working and sometimes just visiting, and that distinction was always clear. We travelled within the Yukon but also to a conference in Vancouver, and another time to a storytelling festival in Toronto where she was an invited speaker (A: 494). During sessions when we were 'not working' we had long conversations about aspects of her life which are not included here: the topics which are included are ones she identified as important to write down.

Some of my editing may be more problematic. Because length of an appendix poses problems in a thesis, I have shortened it by including only 26 narratives Mrs. Sidney told from a much longer corpus. This was done both to try to make the link between 'life' and 'narrative' as unambiguous as possible, and to keep the appendix from being considerably longer than it already is. But it is a specific intervention on my part

determined more by the need to define page limits than by any criteria Mrs. Sidney would use. Fortunately the stories excluded here have been published in her other booklets (Sidney 1977, 1982).

### The 'Bifocal' Account: Narrative as Explanation

Odd-numbered sections of Appendix A are more likely to fulfill our expectation of an anthropological 'life history' than are even-numbered ones. In order to discuss features that link them, I will outline some of the themes in the more conventional sections and then suggest how Mrs. Sidney uses the stories in the balancing sections to give her account a bifocal perspective.

In section I, she specifies the formula for using traditional narrative as explanation of a life. She begins by instructing the listener about the correct way to tell one's history, one's Shagóon: first, you tell your mother's history (which in a matrilineal society is the same as one's own) then your father's, then your husband's. By Shagóon or 'family history' she means clan histories, each with its own founding story, songs, traditions, names and crests. She has recorded this Shagóon on four separate occasions during the ten years we have worked together, sometimes emphasizing the songs, sometimes the stories, sometimes the names of deceased clan members. This

set of narratives underlies her definition of where her 'life' begins. Each time the clan histories are recounted, living members are named: in this way, the notion of 'self' is broadly established in time and place.

Descent is traced matrilineally in the southern Yukon, so it is not surprising that the presentation of her mother's Deisheetaan genealogy is more elaborate than her father's Dakl'aweidi genealogy. What is intriguing in this section and in section III is the way in which she actually manipulates those genealogies so that her father's Dakl'aweidi history is described almost as an extension of her mother's Deisheetaan clan. She describes her father's ancestors with reference to their Deisheetaan ties, showing that Sa.éek', her mother's maternal grandmother was also her father's paternal aunt, the sister of Tl'úku (A: 345). We also learn that her parents were double cross-cousins: Angela's mother's father, Shaakóon, was a brother to her father's mother Guná (A: 346). In other words, while she knows the names and relationships of her father's people, the details are repeated through the maternal linkages.

Her life story, then, begins broadly grounded in interrelationships of family members, specifying the ties which bind clans together. The examples in section III demonstrate patterns of marriage and remarriage - levirate, sororate and step-daughter marriage - which ensured that widows and widowers were not left without a spouse as they may be now. (See her comments A: 462). She describes her great-grandmother's

remarriages (A: 319), and tells how her mother's father and his deceased wife's sister were urged to marry (A: 344-45). Her father's sister was expected to marry her own stepfather, Dzagwáa, after his wife died according to a preferred marriage pattern for which there is a Tlingit expression Yakaagan yinatee(?) literally, 'on top of her mother' (A: 345).

If sections I and III account for a specific social order, Section II accounts for a general social order. The stories in this section are told widely throughout the southern Yukon. They explain how the world began - how Crow brought the sun, moon and stars to the world, and then created people and taught them social customs (A: 325-27). They explain how Animal Mother created animals at the beginning of time and gave them their present characteristics (A: 327-31). Two longer cycles of stories relate how Beaverman or Smart Beaver reduced to their present size the giant animals who terrorized people, thereby making the world safe for human beings (A: 331-38), and how the Two Brothers taught people social customs making them fit to live in the world (A: 338-42).

Consistent chronology is not a feature of these stories and they seem to work together as parallel texts rather than as sequential accounts (McClellan 1971a: 118). Sometimes they foreshadow events in other stories: a short story explains how, at the beginning of time, the sky met the earth at the horizon, creating a boundary which could be crossed in various ways (A: 342-43). In later narratives, protagonists gain access to this other world by going 'under' a point of land which lifts,

or possibly by crossing under a log: the other side always contrasts dramatically with familiar reality.

While section III presents her mother's family according to formal genealogical ties, the reflecting stories in section IV show an inclination to discuss her father's people through stories, particularly to explain unprecedented changes which were occurring during her parents' lives. While the idiom is unfamiliar (women who defecate golden balls, frogs who appear as beautiful women, shamans who dress in women's clothing and fly through the air, and witches who willingly submit to torture so they can be purified) these particular narratives all describe events which occurred in approximately 1900 and were probably composed by individuals a generation older than Mrs. Sidney.

The first story in section IV concerns her father's stepfather, Dzagwaá, and an occasion during her own father's childhood when this shaman used all his powers to divert a monster who was terrorizing the camp (A: 348-52). A second reports an incident, witnessed by her father, when a man was confined by the Tlingit community at Haines, Alaska to extract his confession that he was a witch: this is possibly an incident noted in an Annual Report of Northwest Mounted Police activities in 1902 (A: 352-54). [2] A third story concerns a man falling into a crevasse while returning to the coast from a trading trip to the interior: this story is told by each of the narrators, but Mrs. Sidney's is the only account which actually connects it with an individual she knew personally (A: 355-56). The final four stories concern events associated with the Klondike goldrush (pp. 356-65): they

are analysed in chapter 10 which looks at interrelationships between our notions of 'oral tradition' and 'oral history'.

Mrs. Sidney enters her own account only after the overriding importance of kinship and stories have been established (A: 347, 366). Her description of her birth pays particular attention to how she acquired her three names - in Tlingit, in Tagish and in English. Each clan has its own pool of names, and the two Indian names given to her were identical to those of her maternal step-grandmother, Stóow or Ch'óonehte Má. When she talks about her childhood, it is often in the third person, presenting a normative account as, for example, "when she's a kid, they train girls that way..." She interjects her own reflections about how she used to listen to adults talking and how she puzzled about the meaning:

"...I always listen to what they're talking about;  
I always know it.  
After company goes, I ask her (Mother) questions,  
And that's how come she tells me all that."

A theme of matching old styles with new styles of learning begins in her childhood account. She expresses ambivalence about school: initially she and her friends were excited about going to school until they learned that they would be punished for speaking Tlingit. However once her father decided to withdraw her from school after less than two years, she was distressed because she had not quite learned to read. She continued to teach herself by studying storybooks, and remembers her sense of triumph the first time she sounded out a long word, 'superintendent', on her own (A: 372).



She frequently refers to stories she was taught as a child (Section VI). One is a Crow story which is both amusing and reminiscent of Aesop's 'Boy Who Cried Wolf' (A: 375). Another tells about the old woman who holds up the world (A: 377): her brother and father used to evaluate this story, her father insisting that the story proved the world was flat and her brother demonstrating centrifugal force with a bucket of water to prove that it was round, like a ball (A: 371). Two longer stories from childhood are prototypes illustrating the folly of human arrogance: Mouldy Head (A: 378), and the Man Who Stayed with Groundhog (A: 381). Her reference to these particular stories as appropriate for children implies that they contain straightforward lessons; in fact, when I have asked her on different occasions what it is that children specifically learn from these stories, she usually repeats the story for me, as though the message were self-evident.

If personal and clan names provide a framework for talking about the distant past, place names seem to provide a similar function for remembering and talking about more recent events. Mrs. Sidney twice recounted her childhood travels in 1912 at the age of ten - once in 1975 before we had begun place name work, and then again in 1985, several years after we had mapped those names. The noticeable difference in the two versions is her inclusion of the Tagish and Tlingit names the second time. But the naming of specific places also means that some of the anecdotes she previously told about her childhood can now be associated with definite locations and hence with particular years and put in chronological sequence. (See chapter 9).

Narratives begin to play a different role in her descriptions of later childhood (A: 384-400). Quotations from the earliest stories she told turn up in her accounts of specific events and conversations; for example, on the occasion when her mother and father were separated in the bush and later found each other, her father's words of relief are the same as those in a story about how people lost immortality: "I wish dead people would come back like you" (A: 376-77, 384).

Other stories become attached to specific landscape features. The travels of Game Mother or Animal Mother (A: 327) can be traced from the four mountains near Carcross where she strung her trampoline, down Tagish Lake to another mountain, and finally to a mountain near Teslin (A: 393). Still other stories explain the origins of particular places named by Fox or by Wolf (A: 394, 396). Other locations remind Mrs. Sidney of events she heard about - the stealing of a woman by otter people (A: 398), or an encounter with a snake by a woman hunting gophers (A: 399). In other words, stories she told earlier as disconnected texts, become attached to and explain aspects of landscape. (See Map 3, p. 216).

In 1912 and 1914, Angela remembers the last large potlatches being held (A: 401). She repeatedly emphasizes that her account reflects the perspective of a child who did not fully understand how she fit into a social context, interjecting, "I'm only a kid, too, myself," and "I'm only a child, me too" (A: 402), and "I was just a child, six or seven, I was just beginning to realize things" (A: 403). Personal names provide the

framework for describing the events, just as place names provided the mnemonic for childhood travels. Potlatching declined early in the century, partly because it was discouraged by the Anglican church, and partly because so many other changes were occurring and "the old people were dying off." The formal description of the invitations, the official welcome, the dancing, songs, and ceremony, the placing of gravestones and her childhood speculations about the meaning of all this contrast sharply with her account a few pages later of playing in the creek with her friends (A: 372) making mud pie wedding cakes (A: 373), or helping her brother construct a family Christmas from ideas they had acquired at residential school (A: 385-86). Her deeply disappointing memory of the last Deisheetaan potlatch (possibly 1906 or 1907) was that there was no elder from the appropriate clan to give her a potlatch name. "I took it hard," she says when another child was given a name and she was not (A: 403).

At the 1912 potlatch, she heard for the first time a song which belongs to her clan. After naming the singer, she explains it by telling the story of how the song was made by a Tukyeidi woman (the old word for Deisheetaan), whose adopted 'son' (a giant worm) was killed by her brothers (A: 405). [3] This reminds her of her Deisheetaan beaver song, told in Section I and also retold here to put the Tukyeidi song in context: both refer to an adopted 'animal' son.

Angela's intellectual struggle to strike a balance between the old ways and the new becomes an increasing preoccupation in her life as she gets older. Her puberty

seclusion was not taken as seriously as it would have been a few years earlier. The 'bonnet' or 'long hat' which had been prepared for her had been given away at the 1912 potlatch she just described. While people certainly had time to prepare another one, no one did so: instead they gave her a flannel one. All the necessary observances were carried out, but her mother was ill and finally one of her aunts insisted that Angela be removed from seclusion to help:

"People don't believe in that nowadays.  
Times are going ahead. What foolishness!  
Why are you keeping her in jail when you're not well.  
You need help!"

So they took the 'bonnet' off, but Angela always felt somehow cheated by the minimizing of the ritual. [4] The tent in which she was secluded should have been given to her father's sister to cut up and distribute, but instead it was given to more distant relatives simply because they happened to pass by and needed a tent.

The four stories in the 'explanatory' section XII all have as their central character a young woman who is just reaching marriageable age. In three, the girl's seclusion prior to marriage is an important part of the plot. The stories explore some of the implications of a woman's changing status and changing powers at puberty and are analysed further in Chapter 8.

Section XIII discusses her marriage (A: 427-30): the lengthy formality of the negotiations, the expectations of various older relatives, her appropriate behavior to her suitor: "I have to talk respectable to him, not crazy like nowadays," and

his statement of intentions to her father, "My father sent me to you people to help out." ("Well," she comments, "the old people understood"). The tension between being old-fashioned and modern persists. Her husband was older: she was fourteen and he was twenty-eight. They addressed each other by 'old-fashioned' terms of address: he called her the appropriate Tlingit kin term which translates 'my father's sister (of the opposite moiety)', and while she recognized that this term was respectful, it embarrassed her because,

"...he used to say that even amongst white people.  
Gee I don't like that!  
I get shamed. It's old fashioned!  
I used to say, 'Why do you say that in front of people.  
You know they are going to think she married her nephew.  
White people don't understand!'"

After all the appropriate negotiations were completed, the families held a feast to celebrate the marriage. Her father spoke to the couple, and again it is his comments about old and new ways which she recalls:

"I don't want you fellows to have a hard time.  
Maybe you came to stay with us for your aunt.  
So you fellows stay together.  
Don't be too old-fashioned:  
I'm not old fashioned.  
A long time ago, people worked for their wife a long time,  
But I'm not like that. I don't believe in it."

Shortly after that, a staunch member of the Anglican Church Woman's Auxilliary who had taught Angela briefly in school paid her a visit and told her,

"You're not supposed to be like that.  
You've got to get married in church!"

Angela protested that her husband wouldn't like the idea, but the matron, undeterred, accosted George on his way home from work with threats that,

"You've got to marry her whiteman way.  
I raised that kid!"

The church wedding seems a drier affair than the original marriage with attention focussing on whether the bride and groom had the 'correct' clothing: her parents did not attend, so the minister, the bride, groom, Angela's cousin Sophie and 'the white ladies' were the only ones present (A: 430-32).

Meanwhile there is an ongoing sense that little changed in her life after her marriage: she and her husband lived with her parents, she played with her younger brother and she cooked and kept house as she always had since her childhood:

"I still felt like a child even though I was living  
with Old Man...  
When he was gone during the day, I played...  
I was a kid yet!"

The reflecting 'stolen woman' stories (A: 435-47) dramatize the relatively broad range of appropriate options open to a woman in her new role as wife, and these are discussed further in Chapter 8.

The following section (A: 448-63) contains the greatest amount of social history in her account. We learn how the missionaries directed their attention to altering practices associated with birth and death, possibly the most important

aspects of women's lives in a small Yukon community early in the century. She describes the horror of the influenza epidemics in 1920 (coinciding with a worldwide epidemic) and again in 1943 (coinciding with the construction of the Alaska highway). The increasing medicalization of birth and death also becomes an issue, as does her enormous sense of loss when the doctor consulted her husband, not her, about her health and she underwent surgery without even knowing that it would mean she would be unable to bear more children (A: 457).

Possibly the most poignant use of a traditional story links sections XV and XVI (A: 459-60). When her son Pete went overseas to serve in World War II, she bought a radio and listened daily to the news to follow "where they're moving the troops, so we would know where he is." When the war ended, he sent a telegram announcing his return, and she describes in detail her plans for his homecoming. She estimated the number of days it would take for him to travel across the Atlantic by boat, across Canada by train, up the west coast of the country by boat, and inland to the Yukon on the narrow gauge railway. For his return, she arranged a party, and to welcome him home she gave him the song of Kaakaasgóok, a Tlingit song which had been given to her Deisheetaan clan by complicated means to rectify a clan dispute. The story tells how a man became lost at sea and through careful calculation and foresight was able to return home a year later. Her husband's admiration and praise of her ingenuity at devising such a gift particularly pleased her (A: 460). His respect for her abilities grew, and after he became

chief of the Carcross village, he sometimes sent her to meetings as his representative (A: 461).

The final two sections XVII and XVIII (A: 470-95) show how she explicitly uses stories to think about current events in her life. Section XVII describes her first visit to Angoon, Alaska, at the age of 82 to the village where her Shagóon began. This was a tremendously exciting opportunity for her, and she reports it with the ethnographic detail of an anthropologist returning from the field. Her account of the visit, recorded casually a month after she returned, is a splendid piece of narrative which can best be appreciated if it is read together with Section I. The trip provided her with a chance to discuss her Shagóon with people who shared her context for understanding the details and who could contribute a different (coastal) perspective. Several days were spent comparing versions of stories and discussing their implications. Coastal people were able to answer a question which she says has always puzzled her, by explaining why Raven had two heads. She, in turn, was able to explain to them why she has Split Tail Beaver on her drum, because they didn't know that story (A: 474-75). There was some discussion about whether those Deisheetaan who moved inland did so because of 'trouble', and she notes (but disregards) her daughter's suggestion that any reference to conflict should be omitted from her account (A: 472, 474). The narratives, in other words, continue to be as important as ever to her understanding of who she is.

A second account documents a potlatch she recently



arranged in order to place a stone marking the graves of her brothers and sisters who died in 1898 (A: 476-81). She describes her research, which began in earnest after her trip to Angoon. She formulated her plan by consulting with an appropriate Tlingit elder who responded by telling her a story about a similar incident from the past. Combining this story with her own knowledge of family history (A: 344-47), she reviews how the children died, how the original graves were washed away, and the events leading up to the present potlatch in fall, 1984.

The final section (A: 482-95) shows her continuing intellectual struggle to integrate traditional understandings with modern ideas. In this case she is explaining her increasing interest in the Baha'i religion by suggesting that it was actually predicted in old stories of shamanism. She also introduces evidence from her own dreams consistent with the old stories. She insists that her involvement with Baha'i does not eliminate her other religious affiliations, citing her respect for shamanism, the Anglican Church, Easter Sunday, World Day of Prayer, the Presbyterian Church, the Salvation Army, Oral Roberts and Father Divine (A: 482). She is able to pull all these disparate elements together in a masterful narrative which resulted casually one evening while we were talking and she said it was time for her to record her 'teaching tape'. [5]

Angela Sidney is also fully aware of her role as an elder in contemporary land claims discussions. She returns to a theme from her Shagoon to explain why it is important for her to attend meetings as a Tagish elder. Just as the Deisheetaan

daughters of the coastal chief married inland in the past (A: 317), forging alliances with other regions, Tagish women married throughout the Yukon. She names them, and where they went (A: 346), illustrating their high status by the parallel. This raises the question of whether she is simply using a recognizable motif or whether such female exogamy might account for the rapid demise of Tagish language after 1900.

A brief reflective narrative is included here as a 'conclusion' to her account (A: 492-95). Her work as a midwife was very important in the community of Carcross and was cited as one of the many reasons she was awarded the Order of Canada. Several times she has recorded the names of babies she delivered (now adults) and on one occasion we had the list printed in a local newspaper, the Yukon Indian News. [6] She associates midwifery with community service, and when she thinks of community service, she regularly talks about her teaching. When she lists the babies she has delivered, she also lists the anthropologists and linguists she has taught over the years and her narrative sounds very much like the genealogical accounts which introduced her Shagóon. Here, then, we see her genealogical metaphor creatively applied to an unlikely, but possibly appropriate, range of activities.

## The Workings of the Text

The way in which Mrs. Sidney uses culturally embedded metaphor to reflect on her own experience suggests that her account is bifocal in more than one way. First, because she is a keen observer, she tends to reflect on the differences between the way things 'should be' and the way things are. Sometimes her ideal point of reference is 'modern' and other times it is 'old-fashioned', but she is always evaluating the balance. She consciously uses stories as part of this process, trying to resolve the contradictions she sees by making reference to narratives.

But because our effort to record her life is also a collaboration, her responses to my questions led me to understand her presentation as bifocal in another way, as a pedagogic strategy. She responds to my questions with one eye on events and another on how she can best explain those events using stories, genealogies, toponyms. This ability to identify and juxtapose contrasts seems central to her remarkable skills as a storyteller. In her account, she is using narrative forms both to describe her life and as a style of explanation.

In conclusion, while anthropologists sometimes present life history by alternating narrated chapters with explanatory chapters by the anthropologist-editor, this text is both bifocal

and collaborative in a different way. Mrs. Sidney provides her own culturally grounded explanation of her own account. She does this first, by providing the context, the necessary building blocks to make her account accessible to outsiders, and secondly, by drawing contrasts between normative expectations and actual events in life, using narratives to explore those contradictions. She repeatedly comments on the importance of traditional stories in her own life and her hope that they will continue to be important to her descendants. "Well," she said one afternoon after we had finished recording, "I have no money to leave to my grandchildren. My stories are my wealth."

## Chapter 6: Mrs. Kitty Smith: My Roots Grow in Jackpine Roots

This chapter examines Kitty Smith's account, following the same format used in the previous chapter. It begins with a brief summary of events framed as a biographical sketch. Then it discusses the ways in which the account reflects our collaboration and the process that collaboration has taken. It makes a section by section analysis of the way Mrs. Smith uses oral narrative to talk about her life, and evaluates the extent to which the text seems to work as a reflexive document. In this way, it entirely parallels Chapters 5 and 7; some narrative features which appear in more than one account are examined in greater detail in chapters 8, 9, 10, and 11. All page references in this chapter, unless otherwise specified, refer to Appendix B; Roman numerals refer to the twelve sections in which her account is presented.

### Background

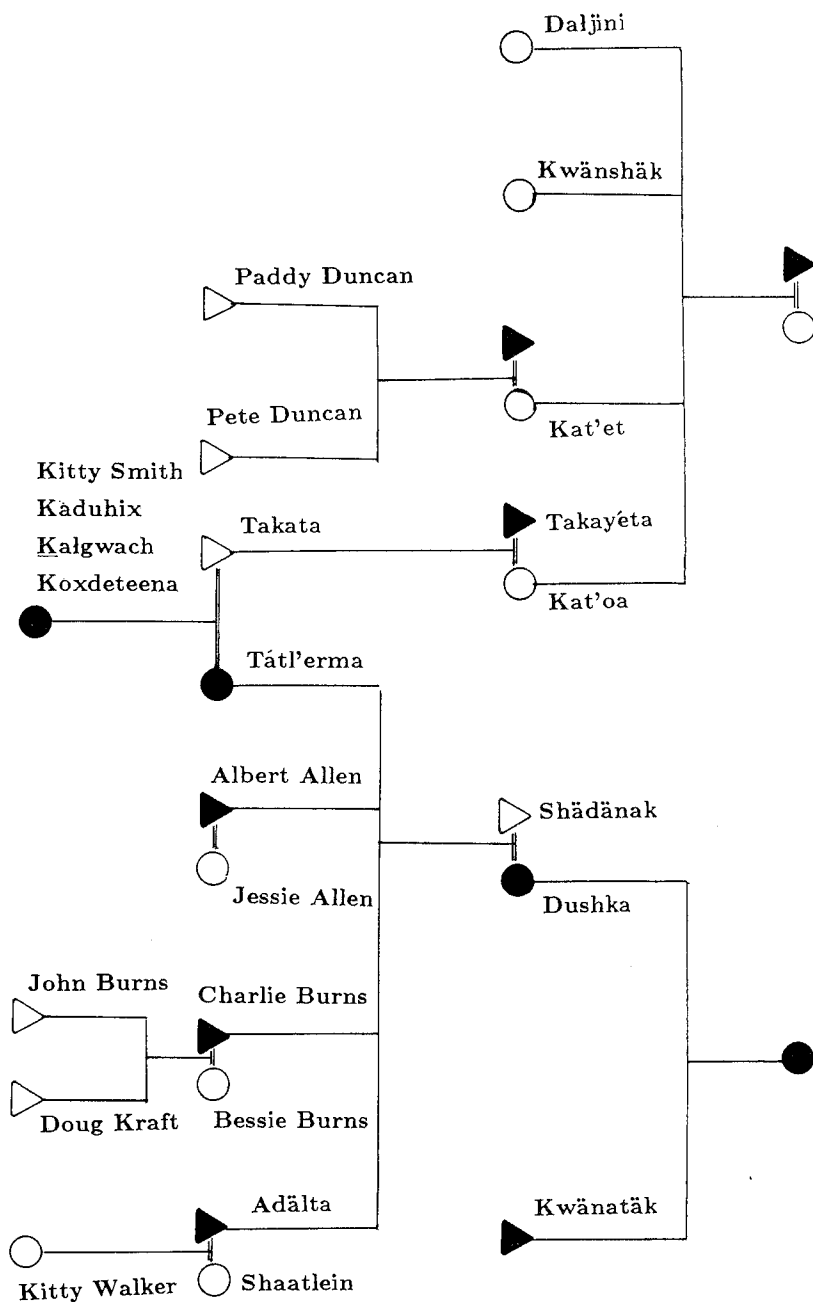
Mrs. Smith was born in approximately 1890 somewhere near the mouth of the Alsek River at a Tlingit fishcamp she calls Gaak Aaye Da Dunéiyí. Her father, Pardon, whose Athapaskan

name is Takata was a well-travelled and literate man of Tlingit ancestry who had attended school in Juneau, Alaska. He and his family were making their headquarters on the upper Alsek River by the time Kitty was born (see De Laguna 1972:85-90; McClellan 1975:504-09). His Dakl'aweidí ancestry made him a member of the Wolf moiety. Her mother, Tátl'erma, was a Tagish woman of the Crow moiety from Marsh Lake, in the interior. Her parents had met in the course of Tlingit-Athapaskan trade; instead of moving to Marsh Lake to look after his wife's parents, Takata brought Tátl'erma and her father Shädänaak to live with his people at Dalton Post (B: 526).

Kitty never knew her real father, because he died when she was only a few months old, but his brother, Pete, took the customary responsibility of marrying the young widow. Shortly after that, Pete died too, and a third brother, Paddy, married Tátl'erma. Kitty's only childhood recollections of her mother were of picking berries with her, "a nice girl, she was." (See Figure 3).

A tragic event occurred in the spring of 1898 which had enormous repercussions for lives of people of the Marsh Lake Crow clan. Four Athapaskan men were accused of killing a prospector, one of them Kitty's mother's brother. They were quickly arrested, taken to Dawson City and tried for murder: two died in hospital and two others were hanged the following year. Northwest Mounted Police Reports treat it as an example of 'Indian unrest' which was quickly subdued. (See Chapter 10 for discussion of various accounts).

FIG. 3. PARTIAL FAMILY TREE OF ANCESTORS, MRS. KITTY SMITH



Kitty's mother was 'called home' along with all the other Marsh Lake members of the Crow moiety: two of her uncles (her mother's brothers) came to get her with the news that her own mother was in deep despair because of her son's arrest and no longer wanted to live. Tátl'erma's husband's family refused to let her take the child, possibly because Kitty was the only offspring of their three sons' marriages, so she had to leave Kitty behind. Tátl'erma arrived back at Marsh Lake at the height of an influenza epidemic, became ill and died without ever seeing her daughter again.

During her childhood, Kitty's father's family focussed considerable attention on affirming her high status. They held a potlatch at which she was given special names (B: 544-45). She was taken on trips down the Alsek River to the coast as a child when her father's family went to see the 'big doctor' there: this may have been the famous Dry Bay shaman, Wolf Weasel, who died approximately 1914 (De Laguna 1972:90). She was given a lengthy puberty seclusion (B: 567-69) and her first marriage was formally arranged by her grandmother (B: 580). Her entire account of her childhood is based in the Dalton Post region and emphasizes her Tlingit ancestry.

A pivotal point in her life occurred when she and her first husband separated. While she does not discuss the implications of her decision to leave, such an act must have flown in the face of clan arrangements which backed up the alliance. When she left, she also made the decision to move to stay with her 'mother's people' - her mother's mother,



Dúshka, and her mother's brother, Albert Allen - entering the extended network of relationships based at Marsh Lake and Fish Lake (B: 582). From that time on, her account is exclusively located in this region and she identifies herself with her inland Athapaskan ancestors around the southern Yukon Lakes.

Her stunning success as an independent trapper must have set her somewhat apart from other women of her generation in approximately 1915, yet she insists that she was essentially 'old fashioned' in her deference to her Marsh Lake grandmother. Her second marriage was a satisfying one, a solid partnership where her contribution to family income, food production, economic ventures and childrearing was substantial; in fact, she initiated economic undertakings which supported other family members. She never talks about those years as an extension of a life as wife and mother, but rather discusses husband and children as an extension of her already active and busy life.

Storytelling has always been an important part of Mrs. Smith's life. Since childhood, she has been pre-occupied with learning and telling stories and her skills are widely acknowledged. She grew up absorbing coastal traditions, learned inland stories when she came to live with her mother's family as a mature woman, and has taken an interest in 'Whiteman' stories during her adult life. She treats storytelling as absolutely central to conversation, and has been interested in stories I could tell her, prompting me with stories she has heard about 'Paul Bunny' (Paul Bunyan) to whom she gives an Athapaskan name meaning 'he hits the sky', and a variation of Grimm's 'Salt Mill' which she recasts as an

Athapaskan narrative. To a large extent, her evaluation of other people (including myself) is based on their storytelling abilities.

Mrs. Smith knows that she is one of the oldest living people in the Yukon: some members of her family estimate that she is already more than than one hundred years old, although her accounts of events in the 1890's suggest that she is probably now approaching a century of experience. She considers her accounts about the past increasingly important to record for young people. Her own statement about what constitutes ethnographic authority sums this up:

"My roots grow in jackpine roots...  
I'm the oldest one.  
I grow here. I branch here.  
If I don't remember more, then no one does.  
So other people shouldn't talk about what they don't know."

#### The Arrangement of the Text as Collaboration

By arranging the three appended life histories in sections where life accounts alternate with traditional narratives, my objective is to show how each woman seems to be using stories to discuss her life experiences. While the application of a parallel structure to each appendix may initially seem somewhat formulaic, the arrangement actually emphasizes the unique narrative skills each woman brings to her account.

Mrs. Smith's account is divided into twelve sections with

odd-numbered sections containing materials we conventionally associate with life history (family history, childhood, puberty, marriage and so on) and even-numbered chapters presenting her narratives which reflect back on those accounts.

The life story she tells has several distinguishing features. When Mrs. Smith talks about her own life, she relies heavily on a shared sense of context; to make her point she uses metaphor grounded in traditional stories. She rarely talks about her own experience for more than a few minutes without telling an 'explanatory' story. Then, when she refers back to incidents in her own experience, her composition of that account is often remarkably parallel to a story which she has just told me.

Talking about her life experience, Mrs. Smith marshals a range of stories with female protagonists to explore a limited number of specific, complex issues in women's lives, and to explore them over and over again from different perspectives. There are stories of conflicting loyalties a woman experiences between affines and consanguineal kin (B: 534-43), stories about the choices women make at the age of marriage (B: 570-79), stories about resourceful, quick-thinking and talented women whose cleverness saves others' lives (B: 588-606), and stories in which the primary relationship is between a clever grandmother and a loyal grandchild (B: 617-31).

The challenge in our collaboration has been to pull those fragments together in a way reflecting minimal western expectations about a life account while simultaneously showing that in her view her stories present precisely such a

reflective account of a life well lived. While the challenge in organizing Angela Sidney's account was to demonstrate how she was building cultural scaffolding with the stories for an understanding of her life, the sense one has with Mrs. Smith is that she uses specific events from her own life as the framework for presenting the philosophical relevance of her stories. If organizational arrangement in Mrs. Sidney's account involves juxtaposing 'stories' and 'life' in a way which provides a culturally grounded account, the arrangement of Mrs. Smith's account involves extricating 'life' from 'stories' while still showing how each reflects the other.

#### The Process of Collaboration: Negotiating Narrative Traditions

When I first met Mrs. Kitty Smith in the winter of 1974, she was some years past her eightieth birthday and was living in a canvas wall tent fifteen miles north of the town of Whitehorse, just off the Alaska Highway. "The government" had built her a house in town, she said, but it was cold and draughty and altogether unsuitable for her needs. She was much more comfortable living independently here with her wood stove and her hides for sewing and her things arranged as she liked them; her granddaughter lived in a house nearby if she needed any assistance.

Our habitual afternoon visits that winter occurred in

temperatures which regularly plunged to minus 35 degrees celsius, and I soon came to agree that she was right about the comfort of her tent. The limit to our visits was determined by the amount of time my aging vehicle would stand, unplugged, before refusing to start. Mrs. Smith was much amused by this and took every occasion to remind me that dogs were better than cars for winter travel in the subarctic.

Our acquaintance began when her granddaughter suggested that I might usefully write down her grandmother's history so that the family could have their own history book. Mrs. Smith agreed that this was a fine idea, but rather like Mrs. Sidney, she began by responding patiently to my questions about her early life and then shifted the focus of our visits to record a seemingly endless number of lengthy traditional stories.

Initially I was disoriented by the complexity of her stories in which characters seemed to me to behave randomly. When we first began this work, Mrs. Smith would often interject some context for me, to make sure that I was not adrift, explaining stories in which women were taken away by animals with the comment "...they married sometimes lynx, sometimes wolverine, everything" (B: 570), or describing characteristics of particular animals to me so that I might understand the context of the plot: "...when Wolf hunts, he's a good hunter, I guess, just like a person. Used to be lots of stories like that, you know, just like a person" (B: 578). Things became more complicated because of her masterful use of dialogue: multiple unidentified characters often carry on conversations to which they all contribute. Furthermore,

much of their dialogue may involve reporting conversations with other people, and characters' individual thoughts as well as their words are often rendered as dialogue (for example, B: 557-58, 575-79). Her particular skill shines through in the way she uses dialogue to simultaneously explore conflicting points of view. She is as likely to do this in accounts of her own life as in traditional narratives (B: 585-86).

For several years, most of our time together was spent telling stories, and under her expert instruction I developed an enormous appreciation for the subtlety of her narrative skills, and particularly her ability successively to take parts of several characters when she was telling a story. During the early years of our acquaintance, we prepared two booklets of her stories (Sidney et. al 1977, Smith 1982).

A few years later Mrs. Smith reluctantly moved to town to live in a house in the Kwänlin Dän village within the city limits of Whitehorse, the Territorial capital. By now almost ninety, she expressed an interest in teaching me Southern Tutchone names of places she knew near Whitehorse. My bringing maps to her house was inadequate for us to accomplish this task: she couldn't remember the names unless she could see the places, she said, much less explain their location to me. So we began our travels to the places where she had travelled and trapped with her second husband, Billy Smith.

As we drove, talked and recorded names, it became apparent that what she was recording was not just a list of names. Rather the names were a window on memory and a way for her

to continue talking about her life. Until this point, she had talked almost exclusively about her childhood history around Dalton Post, but now she began to discuss a range of events associated with her life as a mature woman living in this region.

An interesting problem arose in my attempts to check transcripts with Mrs. Smith, and this became clearest once we were recording place names. Whenever we worked together, I tried to transcribe the tape within twenty-four hours, and then return as soon as possible to go over it with her. Because I was far from confident about my linguistic abilities, I asked her to repeat a list of the names I had extracted and mapped, so that I could then take this list to a linguist for assistance in transcription. Despite our best efforts, this proved impossible, but the reason was because the names were so embedded in context. If I asked her to repeat a name, she would sometimes recite a bewildering array of other names associated with it, enjoying the fact that I could now recognize the places she named in Tlingit or Southern Tutchone. Alternatively, she would again tell stories associated with a particular place I named; in other words, she talked about the name rather than merely repeating it. The names were rooted in context, just as were the stories.

Mrs. Smith's account of her life, then, did not proceed in any direct way from birth to old age. The various perspectives on her experience came from traditional stories, from accounts of events which occurred during her childhood, from place names. But when she recounts experiences from her own life, she is building

a foundation for understanding what in her view is really important - the stories. The stories provide the metaphor in which a life can be grounded. My editing in Appendix B tries to interweave her sense of the importance of narrative with my own understanding of a chronology encompassing almost a century.

### The 'Bifocal' Account: Narrative as Explanation

Mrs. Smith does not present a formal Shagóon but rather tells her family history and her husband's family history as a series of narratives about events which occurred at the beginning of her own lifetime. She begins by noting her father's high status as a literate man of the Dakl'aweidi' Wolf clan. Through him, she traces her ancestry back to four high status Tlingit sisters who married inland from the coast. Each of these women does this: in Mrs. Sidney's case, the four sisters were Deisheetaan Crow women, but although Mrs. Smith is also Crow, the sisters she names were Dakl'aweidi' and one of them, Kat'oa was her father's mother, the woman who raised her (B: 508).

She has a clear sense of her bi-cultural ancestry. A recurring theme in her account of her early life is that she was raised with her father's Tlingit traditions ("...they can't let me go") and that the coastal Tlingit names she was given are "heavy." She sets out three ethnic categories here which occur throughout her account: she uses 'Coast Indians' to refer to



Tlingits, 'Indians' to refer to Athapaskans and 'Whitemen' to refer to everyone else (including American Blacks whom she later categorizes as "some kind of Whitemen") (B: 612). Her explicit comparisons of 'Coast Indians' and 'Whitemen' are based on their economic control of Athapaskans .

Overshadowing all other aspects of her Shagóon is the story of the deaths at Marsh Lake which so greatly influenced her mother's family. However, it is significant that she discussed this in detail only after we had begun our place name work in the Marsh Lake region. Characteristically, she uses narrative to explore conflicting versions of the story. (See chapter 10 for discussion of this incident). Briefly, two Indian people died by poisoning because they used arsenic they found in a can to bake bread. Mrs. Smith knows that there are two versions of what happened. A number of people believed that the arsenic was deliberately put in a baking powder can to poison Indians:

"Well, they're just bad friends for Indians, I guess.  
They try to do things, I guess."

But others say that Indians found the can at an empty prospectors' camp and took it, and that their deaths were accidental. She also articulates that view:

"Somebody found that can,  
Some Whiteman place  
A little baking powder can  
Some whiteman place.  
An old lady found it - an old lady just like me."

She doesn't offer a judgment but uses the narrative (which she

has told on more than one occasion) to reflect on the incident from both perspectives.

Customary Indian law dictated that members of the victims' clan (Crow) take steps to avenge the deaths, if not against the individuals actually responsible, at least against representatives of their moiety. Hence a white prospector was shot and another wounded; it is unclear whether the two were actually linked with the incident or whether they were seen as appropriate substitutes. In addition to the dramatic conflict in legal codes, the incident had a profound demographic impact. The Marsh Lake Crows were 'called home,' but Marsh Lake was directly on the Yukon River corridor to the goldrush, and they arrived just as the first waves of influenza were reaching the southern Yukon. Kitty Smith's mother was one of the victims.

If section I outlines the various forces setting the stage for her own life experience, section II provides the larger parameters for understanding that experience by outlining the origins and transformations of the physical world where her Shagóon occurs. Crow, for example, created the first people and taught them how to behave: her account is full of good-humoured reconstructions of Crow's dialogues with others in which he easily out-talks them (B: 513-18). But she also explicitly compares him to Jesus, "My grandson reads the Bible for me; it's pretty near the same, I think," (B: 517). Similarly Asuya (B: 523) 'cleans up' the world, ridding it of giant monsters; only a couple of episodes from her longer cycle of stories are included here (see Sidney, et. al. 1977). McClellan has noted that the

Game Mother story (B: 518) seems to be told by Tagish, Inland Tlingit and Tahltan people, but not by any Southern Tutchone she knew, and it is possible that Mrs. Smith first heard this story from her mother's and her second husband's Tagish families after she moved to their country as an adult. Her persistence in learning new stories even in her nineties suggests that she has always used this method of acquiring knowledge.

Again, the distinctive feature of her versions of these stories is her use of dialogue - between Crow and his 'grandfather' as they negotiate whether he should be allowed to play with the sun, moon and stars (B: 515), between Animal mother and the animals she creates (B: 520-21), between Asuya and the various giant animals he meets (B: 524-28).

When Mrs. Smith talks about her husband's people, she is referring to her second husband, Billy Smith. She discusses his family much as she does her own, with reference to a singular event, telling it as a story. Billy Smith, a child at the time of the Klondike goldrush, was a nephew of Skookum Jim and a brother of Dawson Charlie, two of the men who were involved in the initial discovery which triggered that rush. Like other women from the southern Yukon who tell this story, she focusses on the role of Skookum Jim's sister, Kate, wife of a white prospector, George Carmack. According to Mrs. Smith, Kate made the whole expedition possible because of her skills as a competent and efficient woman (B: 529-31 and see chapter 10).

After a whole winter with no news from the couple, Kate's family became concerned. She was the second of Skookum Jim's

sisters to vanish downriver with a white prospector, and Jim did the responsible thing (particularly in a matrilineal society) by setting out to find his two sisters. The rest of the story unfolds the steps by which they accidentally made the discovery leading to the Klondike rush. Like the story of the deaths at Marsh Lake, this account is told and retold because the events so profoundly influenced the lives of Tagish people. Versions of both stories as they are told by Mrs. Smith in Appendix B and by Mrs. Sidney in Appendix A are analysed further in chapter 10.

When I began working with Mrs. Smith, I hoped to draw on her century of experience to get some perspective on how women's lives had changed in her lifetime. She responded by redirecting our discussion back in time to the changes experienced by women a generation older than herself, particularly her mother and Kate Carmack. Both were probably born between 1870 and 1880, and both were faced with clear but difficult choices about conflicting loyalties. Their own extended kin group had certain expectations about their responsibilities. These conflicted with expectations their husbands had of them. Tátl'erma had to leave behind a husband and child when she returned to be with her mother. Kate was abandoned by her husband George who then abducted their daughter and took her to Seattle.

From these stories, Kitty learned about contradictions and conflicting expectations women faced; as an adult, she experienced similar conflicts with her own decision to leave a husband and shift her residence to her mother's people. Her preoccupation with examining this theme even allows her to invent

a culturally appropriate episode in the Kate Carmack story, giving the white prospector, Carmack, a sister living in Carcross who offered to take in the abandoned wife (B: 533).

Her exploration of this theme in traditional narrative (B: 534-43) dramatizes extreme examples of the dangers confronted by women removed from the protection of kinsmen. In narrative, contradictions can be made clear by exaggerating examples of life, death and treachery in order to explore the less dramatic but equally complicated issues arising in real life. Put simply, marriage poses an inevitable conflict for women. On one hand, it is important to retain strong links with one's own parents, brothers and sisters after marriage. On the other hand, marriage demands new loyalties to a husband and his people. The women in the two stories are forced to make clear choices about whether to ally themselves with their husbands or their brothers.

The first story (B: 534) presents a dramatic account of the potential dangers of marrying to a distant group where one is removed from the protection of brothers and kinsmen. A woman discovers to her horror that her husband has raided her brother's camp, killing and mutilating them. Using her own abilities to outwit her husband and his family, and enlisting the help of her grandfather Do', a shaman, she is able to avenge their deaths. The second story (B: 537) explores the opposite possibility: a man who has moved to his wife's camp is abandoned on an island by his brothers-in-law who hope that he will starve. Help comes from an unexpected supernatural source, Nakw or Devilfish, and the husband is able to convince his wife of her brothers'

treachery and enlist her help in punishing them. In this case, loyalty to her husband outweighs loyalty to her brothers.

In section V, she introduces her own birth, emphasizing the high status she inherited from her father's family. She quotes her stepfather's words to her as a child:

"You're not cheap, my daughter.  
You come from a high place.  
I don't want anybody to laugh you down.  
No! High name we got it.  
That's our daughter, you!"

When she was ten years old, her family held a potlatch to validate her status: she was placed on top of the pile of guns and blankets to be given away, and was given a new name: Téena. Then the gifts were 'thrown away' including a beaten copper purchased from Yakutat (B: 545).

After her mother died, she remembers her sense of loss that she had no siblings: "Pretty hard when I was a little kid, no brother, no sisters" (B: 545). She was raised by her father's mother at Dalton Post where her grandfather 'Scottie' was made a constable by the Northwest Mounted Police (Jarvis 1900:58). The trader Jack Dalton established his post in 1894, and Mrs. Smith is the only surviving person from this time who can give a personal account of Dalton's activities, a point she makes regularly to emphasize that her account is authoritative. She remembers Dalton's arrival first with horses, and later with cows he proposed to drive to Dawson City to feed the miners. People were initially terrified by the 'big dogs' (McClellan 1970a) but her grandfather had seen horses in Juneau and her grandmother

had seen cows and they were able to explain what they were. She recalls snatches of conversation from those days. One of the traders insisted that she should drink milk, a suggestion which annoyed her (B: 546). She describes the system of tokens Dalton used at the post, the buildings he constructed, his own brief marriage to a Southern Tutchone woman.

But she also 'travelled lots' as a child. At least once she made the dangerous trip by boat down the Alsek River to Yakutat with her grandparents and others (B: 547) and learned the stories about the surging glaciers which animate that landscape. It is those stories which appear in section VI as a significant part of her childhood legacy (B: 550-59).

These stories most fully illustrate the idea that the landscape is active, changing and alive, rather than inert. Glaciers are seen as dens of giant animals which emerge if human beings are so foolish as to cook with grease in this region. The Lowell glacier, known as Naludi or 'fish stop' in Southern Tutchone first surged when a Tlingit boy insulted an Athapaskan shaman (B: 550); to punish this hubris, the shaman caused the glacier to surge, building a huge lake behind the wall of ice and ultimately breaking the dam to wipe out villages downstream (see also McClellan 1975:71-2; De Laguna 1972: 276). These glacier stories pose an interesting contrast to scientific research on surging glaciers in the same area (Cruikshank 1981) but their value in the context of her life is the way they use nature to reflect on culture, enmeshing human activities and behavioral taboos in a living and active landscape.

Like Mrs. Sidney, she also tells versions of 'Mouldy Head' and 'Groundhog Woman' which illustrate consequences of human arrogance (see chapter 8) but again her use of dialogue to create a 'bifocal' perspective is exemplary. As the boy taken by Fish Spirit swims back upstream with his companions the following year in the form of a fish, the dialogue and perspective shifts back and forth between fish in the water and the human beings on land, re-enforcing the importance of being able to maintain the dual perspective in one's dealings with animals (B:559-63).

Kitty Smith was secluded for four months as befit a young woman of high status (B: 567-69) and she attributes her long life to the fact that everything was done just as it should be. In her view, because young women no longer undergo seclusion, they are not sufficiently prepared for adulthood and their health deteriorates more quickly:

"Schoolgirls, I could fix them!...  
Lots of young people are like old ladies.  
Schoolgirls get old!"

Her description of the customs associated with seclusion is presented almost entirely in the third person, a normative account rather than one phrased in terms of her experience. After her seclusion was over, her 'long hat' was cut up and given to members of the opposite moiety. Then her grandmother held a potlatch for her, distributing blankets, food and calico to the same people in order to validate the young woman's new status. Then they planted a tree for her "so (I) would grow straight," and the following month a second tree.



She contrasts this idea of training with that received by 'schoolgirls' both in her own day and now. She attended school briefly but as soon as her stepfather saw her acquiring habits he considered rude, he withdrew her. She repeats his words:

"We lived before.  
We didn't read.  
We didn't go to school.  
We're living!"

She didn't send her own children to school either, and her regular comments about 'schoolgirls' in her account indicate that she is disinclined to change her opinion of this kind of education.

The two stories in section VIII (B: 570-79) shift the emphasis to a woman's changing status after puberty when she is "ready for marriage," in her words, and has to face choices about shifting loyalties. The drama in each story concerns ways in which marriage should re-enforce, rather than sever, ties between a marriageable woman and her mother or grandmother. The Star Husband story is widely told throughout North America (Thompson 1965:414-74). In Mrs. Smith's version, the star husbands are exemplary sons-in-law, bringing provisions for their wives' parents. But the girls miss their parents and their lives of travel so much that they devise a way to escape, making mitts, pants and babiche, and digging a hole in the sky, climbing down to earth and returning home.

"You think we're going to stay here when we don't see  
our daddy?  
When we don't see our mamma?  
When we don't see our sister or brother?  
It's pretty hard. You people up there stay just one place."

And they gleefully report their escape to their mother:

"We got husbands  
We married that star!  
That's where we've been.  
But we came down on a string."

There is less dramatic action in the second story about Wolf Helper (B:575) but it portrays from the mother's perspective the ideal behavior she expects from her daughter and from a potential son-in-law:

"Well, he's going to marry you, that man,  
We're safe now. No more hard times!  
...They don't eat fish no more.  
Just like woodpile, grub!"

The pivotal section of her entire account, section IX, discusses her marriages. The first was arranged by her grandmother: her description of that union emphasizes her own extraordinary skill as a trapper and her husband's general incompetence as well as his philandering ways. She purchased the things he wanted, like a horse and buggy, but his negligence led to an accident when the buggy turned over on her, resulting in a serious injury that required surgery. According to her account, just before she was to go to hospital, he abandoned her. Her mother's brothers came to her assistance, 'signed' for her at the hospital and she made the decisive choice to leave her Dalton Post people and move to her mother's Marsh Lake family. This was the beginning of a deep attachment to her other grandma, her mother's mother, Dúshka, and from then on she says she deferred completely to her, telling her uncles,

"I'm going to sleep at my grandma's back.  
Grandma is my boss now!"

She continued to show unusual skill as a trapper, earning \$1800 that first winter with her grandma, and sending her mother's brother a bottle of rum as a gesture of her economic self sufficiency. [1] This caused quite a stir, and by Christmas her reputation had spread and suitors were beginning to appear.

Despite her spirited independence, she stoutly maintains that she was conservative in her deference to her grandmother. Her grandmother shared the view advanced in some of the stories that a daughter's (or granddaughter's) marriage should reinforce, not sever, ties between matrilineally related women, and she put her foot down when the question of a 'Whiteman' husband arose. The dialogue Mrs. Smith uses to recount these discussions suggests that that a potential alliance was seen as a contract between her grandmother and a suitor:

"Grandma, she don't want no Whiteman husband!  
'I don't like my grandchild to marry a Whiteman.  
No sir, not me...I've got enough Whitemen!  
She's the same as my wind, the air I breathe...'"

The marriage negotiations between Billy Smith, Kitty's mother's brother's wife, and Kitty's grandmother provide a masterful example of her skills at reconstructing dialogue (B: 585-86). Her own account maintains an air of detached disinterest in the proceedings. Her grandmother agreed. Her mother's brothers agreed. Billy Smith made arrangements to build and provision a house. And when everything was ready, Kitty and her grandmother moved in.

Mrs. Smith described her second marriage as a solid and productive partnership, but her views about marriage as an ideal are more ambiguous and are expressed in the ways she tells the stories in section X. Each of these has a resourceful, independent woman as a protagonist. Characteristically, such a woman is placed in a situation where independence is forced on her and she must think her way out of a difficult situation. Frequently, the plot revolves around a woman who is 'stolen' away from her human community and taken to an unfamiliar world where she manages either to escape or to send help to her human relatives. In other cases, she is abandoned because of some real or perceived misdemeanor and is forced to provide her own living. Usually such a protagonist is able to turn the tables by not only surviving but also providing for the economic well being of other people. Her comment about one of these women is indicative:

"This is a story about a woman alone.  
She's so smart, she didn't even need a husband!"

She persistently and methodically explores various perspectives on the 'woman alone'. The first story about Mountain Man (B: 588) is most directly patterned on her own experience of being 'thrown away' (though for entirely different reasons) and then coming to take complete responsibility for looking after and deferring to a grandmother. The second (B: 593) is an account of a woman who was abandoned by one group, survived on her own and was taken into another community. A third (B: 595) is a recognizable story of 'the stolen woman' who is taken to another

world and then helps her human relatives fight her captors. A fourth (B: 600) tells of a woman stolen by lynx and the fifth (B: 603) of a woman stolen by otter who benefits her human community even after she has left it by sending her otter son back to help his uncle. Because these stories also occur in other women's accounts, they are discussed further in chapter 8.

Section XI is possibly the part of her account which contains the most vivid picture of life in the southern Yukon in the 1930's and 1940's. She discusses her years at Robinson with Billy Smith, the births and sometimes deaths of her children, and the coming of the Alaska Highway. Her husband acted as a guide for highway construction crews and she talks about how well they both knew the trail he blazed. People were surprised to meet American Blacks, but she defined them as "just some kind of Whiteman" (B: 612) and was particularly impressed by their religiosity. She discusses her own entrepreneurial success when she enlisted her daughter to sew and her husband and son-in-law to sell warm mitts and mukluks they made. One time her son-in-law went to the airport wearing Kitty's gopher coat: departing soldiers offered him eighty dollars for it so he sold it. The next time this happened, her husband was wearing a caribou coat she had made him. "How much?" asked a soldier. "Five hundred dollars," replied Kitty's son-in-law, and was amazed when the soldier produced five one hundred dollar bills. So Mrs. Smith bought a truck for her second family just as she had bought a horse and buggy for the first.

The construction period was an exciting time but the

aftermath was more painful. First influenza, measles and other diseases caused deaths (Marchand 1943), and then tuberculosis forced people, including her daughter, into hospitals in Edmonton for years and their lives changed in their absence. Some women were abandoned by soldiers and reared their children alone.

Mrs. Smith never remarried after her husband died, although she talks about how her remarriage would have occurred in earlier days. Her husband urged her to remarry when he was dying but she said no, she preferred her independence now that she was older:

"I tell him, no.  
'I can't take men no more.  
I can make my own living.'  
Should be you're on your own.  
Nobody can boss you around then.  
You do what you want.  
My grandchild can look after me."

Mrs. Smith's most recent reflections have to do with her own close and affectionate relationship with her many grandsons and granddaughters, and in many of her stories the major bond is between a grandmother and grandchild (Section XII). In the first story (B: 617-21) she explicitly compares the protagonist and his grandmother with one of her own grandsons and herself: the boy in the story was the first one to receive a message that Whitemen, K'óch'en, would one day come to the country. The second is a story she actually told to a favourite grandson one day when he was leaving to look for work in Edmonton: it relates how a man who seemed never to have good luck obtained a fortune (B: 621-23). On different occasions when we have been working and

one of her grandsons has visited she has told him a story which she thinks pertains directly to his current situation. A third story continues the theme of the woman 'thrown away,' but in this case the protagonist is an old woman whose loyal grandchild insists that if she is left he will remain with her. Together they kill an owl who lives in a glacier and has been emerging to terrorize people (B: 623-27). The final story is about a man Kach'atí who is 'thrown away' but is saved by "an old lady, old lady like me" and becomes her loyal grandchild (B: 627-31).

Recently Mrs. Smith has talked about how difficult it is to outlive all one's friends, and discusses reincarnation: her husband promised to visit her after his death and she and women friends have speculated about how this might occur (B: 616). She also talks about how very much she misses her women friends and names them, all Athapaskan friends she made after her second marriage. She sings a song she made for them, for women of the Wolf moiety, her classificatory 'sisters-in-law':

"Where are they all gone?  
How tough to sing (alone).  
They all left me.  
Where are they gone now, all?  
How much power do you people think I have?  
You left me.  
You don't think about me back this way.  
All my friends where are they gone?  
I'm going to be there some day."

## The Workings of the Text

Anthropologists have tended to treat life histories of women as a way of presenting the 'woman's point of view'; by this they often mean her description of relationships with spouse and children. Mrs. Smith's account certainly does not do this, at least not in a conventional way. Despite her assertion that she was conservative, or 'old-fashioned', she barely discusses her first husband and tended to dismiss my questions about him as trivial. She focusses on her travels, her observations, her remarkable success as a trapper, her economic independence, and her friendships with other women. The way in which she does present a woman's view is more complex, and relates to her use of stories to explore women's roles.

Mrs. Smith is universally regarded as one of the best Yukon storytellers by peers who share a context for understanding the stories she tells and the metaphors she uses. She uses narratives to reflect on her own experience, and the experience of other women she has known. But the relationship between stories and social life is not a simple one. Narratives dramatize issues which are troubling - the relationship of a protagonist to her social group, the dangers of marrying to a distance, efforts to remain with a family group. Stories with a range of dramatic outcomes provide a way to use the traditional dimension of



culture to think about issues women face in less extreme forms in their own lives. Her stories do provide a bifocal perspective on life, weighing alternative approaches to issues which confront women as young wives, as mature adults, as grandmothers.

A further way Mrs. Smith uses stories to reflect on life is in her superb re-creation of dialogue between the characters in a story or in accounts of incidents in her own life. These conversations not only animate the stories, they allow her to explore, simultaneously, conflicting points of view. Sometimes this is a philosophical difference between the perspectives of animal and human characters; for example, when Mouldy Head is swimming back upriver in the form of a fish, the dialogue literally alternates between conversations of human beings on shore and conversations between fish 'paddling' their 'canoes' toward the 'war house' (in human terms, the fish trap). Other times it allows her to explore two views of a historical account, for example that of the deaths at Marsh Lake.

Her account also is reflexive in a third way, exploring the ethnic boundary separating Tlingit and Athapaskans. This is an important issue in her own life, because she was raised with Tlingit traditions but her adult life has been spent in the Athapaskan interior. She regularly jokes about situations in which Tlingits came inland, spoke in their own language, and she was able both to answer them and to impress them with her Tlingit ancestry. However, her account raises questions about defining one's ethnic identity on cultural boundaries.

## Chapter 7: Mrs. Annie Ned: Old Style Words are Just Like School

Mrs. Annie Ned's account is easily the most opaque of the three, the one least likely to approximate western notions of a life history. She insists that it is important for her to record an account of her life, but once again her culturally distinctive view of that life is in no way circumscribed by boundaries of personal experience. Furthermore, the narrative conventions she selects to tell her story are grounded in her optimistic assumption that listeners share her context for understanding what she is saying. While that would undoubtedly be true for an audience of her contemporaries, her speeches are relatively obscure for a western audience and even for younger Native people who have been educated in the conventions of a classroom. The complexity of her account is most apparent when one listens to her oral unedited tapes.

Her expectation that her listeners share a common context for understanding her words has two consequences for a written account. First, it is necessary to present more explicit background with her words than with the other two accounts, so in this chapter I regularly interweave her words with my own commentary. Second, I have chosen to edit her account more than the others - not by changing her words, but sometimes by

rearranging those words where such reorganization seems to clarify her meaning.

While Mrs. Sidney and Mrs. Smith rely heavily on metaphors from stories to explain their sense of their lives, the metaphor informing Mrs. Ned's account is that spoken words are infused with power which increases in value with repetition. She considers herself a teacher, and devotes considerable intellectual energy to experimenting with pedagogic styles. For years she instructed a group of young people who performed traditional dance throughout the Yukon. She has long considered it her duty to appear at conferences on land claims where she regularly rises to speak. Recently she has focussed her energies on the task of recording her words in written form, explaining:

"Long time, what they know, what they see,  
That's the ones they talk about, I guess.  
Tell stories -  
Which way to learn things.  
You've got to think about what your grandma tells you.  
You've got to believe it, what grandma says.  
That's why we got it.  
It's true, too, I guess.  
Which way they work at moccasins,  
Which way they make sinew,  
Which way they fix that fishnet...  
...Old style words are just like school!"

Again, this chapter begins with a brief biographical sketch of the narrator, even though in this case we find very little information we would normally associate with biography. As in the previous two chapters, the analysis then goes on to look at how our collaboration has generated this particular arrangement of the text, and at the process by which our collaboration, our negotiation of narrative traditions,

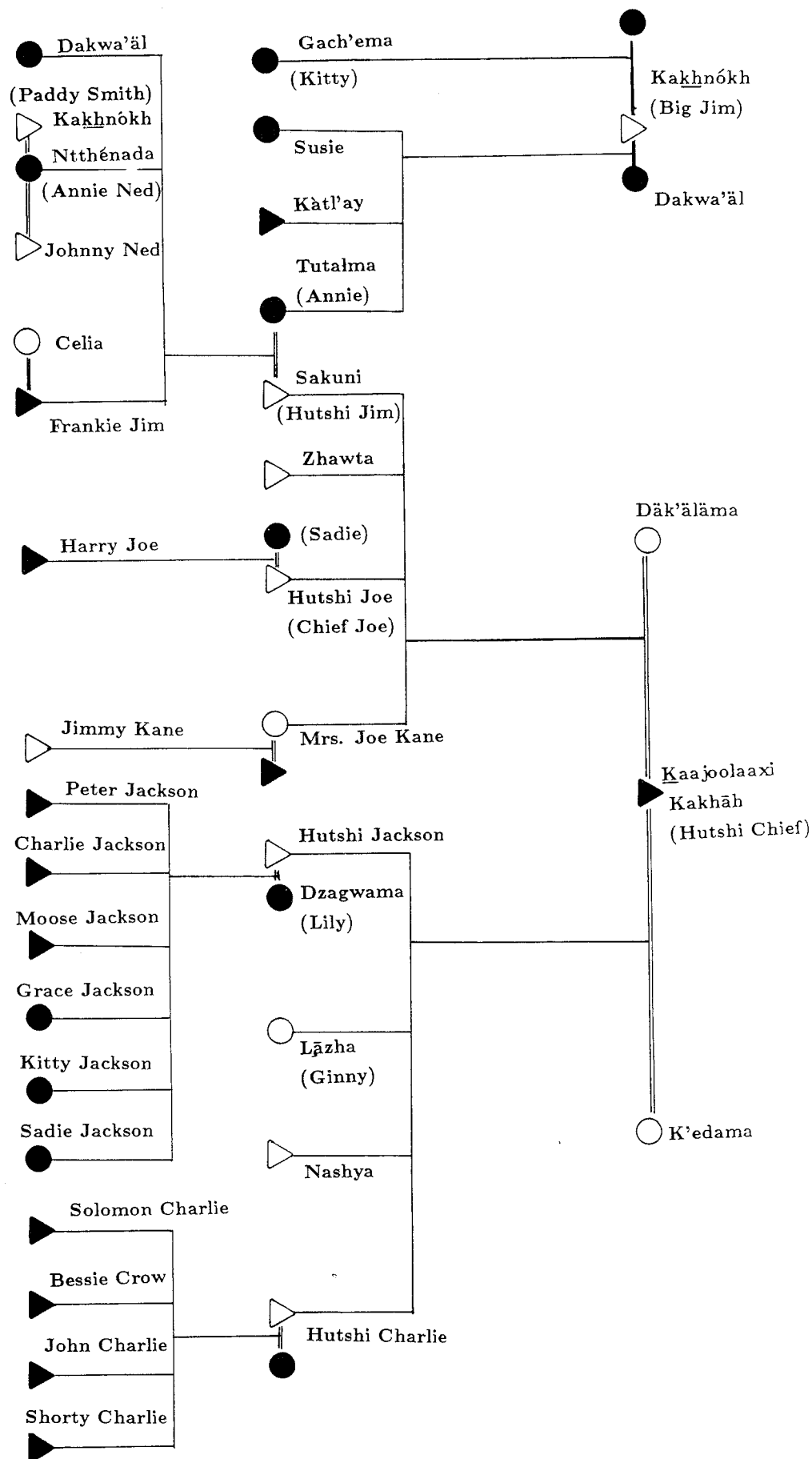
proceeded. Then it undertakes a section by section discussion of the account. Finally, it discusses the way she is using her account to reflect on her life.

### Background

Mrs. Ned was born sometime during the 1890's near the old settlement of Hutshi in the southern Yukon Territory. Her mother, Tutałma was a woman of the Crow moiety from the Dalton Post area, and her mother's parents, were Kakhnokh (Big Jim) and his wife Dakwa'äl. Mrs. Ned's father was Sakuni; he was one of six sons of the man known as Hutshi Chief who had both an Athapaskan name, Kakhäh and a Tlingit name Kaajoolaaxi. Hutshi Chief was very much involved in trade with the coastal Tlingit and he had two wives, a Tlingit wife, Däk'äläma who was Mrs. Ned's paternal grandmother, and an Athapaskan wife, K'edama (see Figure 4).

The child was given the name Ntthenada and the English name Annie. She had a younger brother, Frankie Jim, and a younger sister. Their mother died when Annie was five or six years old, and her father followed the custom of taking his wife's half-sister Gach'ema, as his second wife. But while Gach'ema was also the daughter of Big Jim or Kakhnokh, she had a different mother, and Annie's 'true' grandmother on her mother's side, Dakwa'äl, insisted on raising the little girl.

Fig. 4. PARTIAL FAMILY TREE OF ANCESTORS, MRS. ANNIE NED



Periodically, the child also lived with her other grandmother, Däk'äläma. Raised by women who were probably born in the 1850's or even earlier, it is not surprising that she developed a conservative understanding of the 'old ways.'

Mrs. Ned gives the clear impression that to talk about herself or her own experience contravenes appropriate narrative traditions. She insists that she wants to talk about 'important things', rejecting her memories of the time she was almost blinded when a gun backfired, the time her leg was broken in an accident or the time her home burned with all her belongings inside as unworthy of recording. Consequently her discussions of her own experiences focus on what she learned as a child and what she can teach as an elder, both topics firmly grounded in metaphor.

She spent her earliest years around Hutshi, and remembers both her first potlatch and her emotional reactions to that event. Her child's eye account of the potlatch comes from a time when Tlingit trade items were still an important part of exchange (C: 675-78). As a young woman, she was secluded for a respectable three months, and attributes her long life to the care with which her grandmother attended to the details (C: 679). She was courted by Skookum Jim, who had recently participated in the discovery setting off the Klondike goldrush, but rejected him because his life was already taking a path generated by unexpected wealth and attention. Instead, she married Paddy Smith, and during their life together, they had eight children, three of whom are still living. Much of her early account of her marriage makes reference

to her father-in-law's country at Kusawa Lake and on the upper Takhini River. For several years, Paddy worked for big game guides in the western Yukon, and during those years, Mrs. Ned provisioned the family with sufficient fish and small game to last the winter. Paddy's younger brother came to live with them at one point and later, appropriately, became Mrs. Ned's second husband.

Mrs. Ned was an extremely competent woman who hunted both with her husbands and on her own. She has also sewed some of the very finest moosehide clothing decorated with exquisite beadwork from the oldest patterns. Her father, and her second husband were both well known shamans or 'doctors', and Mrs. Ned has long been recognized as a woman having powers herself. However, as she takes pains to point out, anyone so foolish as to discuss one's power publicly could lose it (C: 675, 693); hence her references to her own powers are all circumscribed by indirection.

She has always been a fine singer and even in her mid-nineties her voice is full and rich. Tape recordings of her singing made during the summer of 1986 as part of a film about her work provide a stunning testimony to her continuing talents as a singer [1]. Ways in which she uses songs as points of reference are discussed later in this chapter.

Now in her mid-nineties, she is a remarkably independent woman with a wry sense of humour. She has never been ill a day in her life, she maintains, until January 1984 when she underwent major abdominal surgery. Some members of her family and her doctor expected her to be hospitalized for some time, and

possibly for the rest of her life. She, in turn, referred to her doctor in the third person as 'the little guy' and made it clear to him and to everyone else that she had no intention of languishing in a hospital bed or in Whitehorse when she could be at home. By spring, she was back in her cabin on the Takhini River, thirty miles from town. Although her daughter, a son, a son-in-law and grandchildren live in nearby cabins, she remains resolutely self-sufficient in 1986.

### The Arrangement of the Text as Collaboration

Mrs. Ned's life story appears in her words and I have attempted to combine her sense of organization and presentation with some overall chronological order. In her oral presentations, she interweaves accounts of her own life, traditional stories, songs and place names with a virtuosity often bewildering to listeners unfamiliar with the idiom and with the context from which she speaks. In the overall arrangement of her written text, I have tried to maintain her sense of how these elements should be combined and at the same time respect her expectation that people outside her community should be able to understand her.

As in the other two accounts, family history and secular personal accounts are presented in odd-numbered sections (I, III, V, VII) and the stories, songs and oratory which constitute her 'explanations' for these events appear in even-numbered sections



(II, IV, VI, VIII). Despite some editorial juxtaposition, the bifocal arrangement of her presentation seems to both clarify and remain sensitive to her own intention of how the components are related. Chapter IX shows how she more typically interweaves them herself.

Mrs. Ned's account is shorter than the others, but it has a compelling density. The length is less a reflection of the amount of time we have spent working on her account than of her sense that repetition confers value on words, and my editorial decision to combine her accounts rather than present several similar versions of each idea or event. The fundamental principle underlying her view of narrative is that 'words have power' and that it is important to 'get the words right'. She is careful to distinguish material she wants written down from material she defines as 'unimportant' and is very sensitive to the role of the tape recorder in this process. She regularly advises me when it should be turned on, and when our discussion should remain unrecorded. Frequently, after she has advised me to turn it on, she proceeds to deliver a speech, as to an assembled audience: these are the tapes she expects me to transcribe for her 'book'. We have also had much longer informal conversations which she explicitly does not want included in her account, so those materials are omitted.

Sections of this text, then, appear to be formal speeches, delivered to a tacit audience. While they contain very little information we would recognize as personal, they are entirely consistent with her view of what constitutes an

authoritative account of a life well lived. Repetition of personal names, place names, songs and stories provides the scaffolding for her account and emphasizes its claims to authority. The arrangement of her account reflects her determination to speak from "old Grandpa words, old Grandma words," and my editorial efforts to make that account more accessible.

### The Process of Collaboration: Negotiating Narrative Traditions

I first met Mrs. Ned in 1970, when one of her sons took me to meet her at her home in Takhini Crossing. She impressed me as a forthright and perceptive woman who took some time out of her busy day to sit and visit with me before returning to her work. My recollection of that visit is that she was the one asking the questions, most of them amused queries about my limited contributions as a potential daughter-in-law.

We began working together recording oral history ten years later in 1981 with funding from the Yukon Native Languages Project, and in the years since then our collaboration has been a continuing source of delight for both of us. She takes our work extremely seriously but, never able to resist an opportunity to make a joke at my expense about our comparative life experience, she now speculates about potential collaboration we could have as

co-wives for some unsuspecting man, she being the senior knowledgeable partner, and me being younger, stronger and trainable.

Right now, though, most of her training is directed at ensuring that I learn to 'get the words right'. Her view of her role, in fact, seems to parallel my view of my own: she is trying to convey an accurate account of the past by acting as an intermediary between the elders who taught her and a specific audience to whom she wants to convey those words. We agree that my role is to record those words accurately for her and to expedite the process of making those words available. In each case, there is more than exotic stenography involved because each intermediary adds a layer of interpretation. Her own words best describe her view of our work:

"You are looking for words,  
So I'll teach you the words, and you can write it down.  
I do this with just one person, to keep it straight.  
Maybe we get mixed up, other way."

Mrs. Ned sees herself as one of the last elders, and therefore as a particularly important teacher. She knows that in her own childhood, instruction came directly from elders who taught with stories. Her primary concern is that now "school kids learn from paper," and so her continuing objective has been to prepare a booklet they can read.

"Kids used to do jobs for old people - get wood, water.  
They pay us with stories!  
We bring wood:  
Now! Time like school. We stay there. We listen."

In all her teaching, she insists on quoting the authority of her source. She differentiates between two kinds of authority. First and most important is the received wisdom from elders, wisdom widely shared and widely acknowledged:

"I know what I tell.  
This is not just my story -  
Lots of people tell that story.  
Just like now they go to school.  
Old time we come to our grandpa.  
Whoever is old tells the same way.  
That's why we put this on paper."

The second kind of authority comes from direct experience - from having witnessed a particular event. She makes this distinction carefully when she is about to talk about something she has witnessed:

"That one story my grandpa tells me.  
But this time, myself.  
This time I tell you the story."

She is careful not to speculate when I ask her questions outside her experience:

"I don't know that one.  
That's what they say, but I don't see it.  
Whoever tells you this, ask him."

And she challenges the authority of anyone younger than herself. Referring to someone ten years her junior:

"(That person) is too young.  
(That person) didn't see it. Just a kid.  
Old people, that's the ones I tell you."

In 1984, with funding from the Council for Yukon Indians through

the Yukon Native Languages Project, we were able to compile, print and distribute a booklet of her stories and history which we had recorded during the previous three years: 'Old People In Those Days, They Told Their Story All the Time' (Ned 1984).

During the summer of 1985 and 1986, much of our work involved travelling by car to visit places she remembers. Our travels in the summer of 1985 had a particularly evocative quality because the Alaska Highway was undergoing massive reconstruction cross-cutting an area Mrs. Ned knew intimately as a young woman. Using her cane to hoist herself into my car (which she refers to as a 'Whiteman rig') on a typical day in summer, 1985, she smiled cheerily and announced, "Chicago, here we come!" At which point we launched ourselves into a particularly crater-like zone of construction along the Alaska Highway.

Flanked by enormous equipment, we passed the hill Sánkala where she lived with her second husband; she explains that it was owned by Ajängakh her second husband's paternal grandfather who belonged to the Wolf moiety. Then she points out Níchala where she and her second husband used to hunt on horseback, and another hill where she went as a child with an old woman hunting 'gophers' (ground squirrels). As we drive, she sings several old songs made by people at Sankala; when we reach an open valley, Kosändaga, she abruptly switches to a particular song she made long ago when she and her classificatory sister came here to hunt gophers.

"I feel bad, I think about it.  
That's why I sing."

As we travel through the bright, dusty afternoon, she comments on changes in poplar growth, on periods when people noticed either a rise or a decline in the caribou population, on specific lakes where people hunted caribou during the years before 1910 when they were plentiful in the southern Yukon, and on other changes. The tape recordings from each of these drives are marred by motor noise from the car and from nearby machines, but they are densely packed with context. Dodging construction equipment, some of it piloted by her grandsons who wave cheerily at us as we pass, lends a particular irony to our conversation.

When I ask her how people learned from the stories and names, she replies:

"You know old people, long time,  
They call this country where they (the places) are.  
That's from this man, he tells it,  
Next one he tells it.  
That's the way we got it.  
Just like you read.  
Just like when we go to school for that old man.  
We bring some wood, bring some water to old people  
To tell us this story.  
We don't pick it up for nothing!"

While we have recorded some stories on tape in Mrs. Ned's own language, Southern Tutchone, she prefers to use English for our work because it is now the first language learned by all Yukon children. Hence, Southern Tutchone and sometimes Tlingit words appear frequently in this text - as words, as songs, as place names or personal names - but the narratives are written here in English.

The recurring theme which characterizes all her accounts is that authority to speak about the past comes not from

originality, but from accurate repetition, and from 'getting the words right':

"This story what I tell it,  
Lots of people tell it.  
Same story, same story  
That's the one I use it.  
That's the one I know."

### The 'Bifocal' Account: Narrative as Explanation

Because Mrs. Ned's account of her life is so clearly structured by narrative conventions, this section will focus on how she uses oral tradition to talk about her life.

Section I locates her Shagóon at Hutshi. She begins by establishing her undisputed authority to speak about the past, identifying the time when she first 'got smart' at the age of ten and started to understand and think about the narratives she heard from old people who "told their story all the time" (C: 640). She insists that the correct way to tell stories involves reliable repetition: "you don't put it yourself and tell a little more," because you aren't actually the person telling the story, only a conduit from the original narrator (C: 640). From the outset, then, it becomes apparent that this set of rules for recounting oral tradition inhibits any possibility of a highly personal narrative.

The lineage she dictates is very much based on her 'father's people', unusual in the southern Yukon where descent is traced through one's mother's line. However, her own mother died

when she was six years old, and none of her mother's brothers or sisters seems to have had any children, or at least none who survived, whereas her father's family was a large and important one where she grew up at Hutshi. Hutshi Chief had two wives, one Tlingit and one Athapaskan, ensuring his position in the Tlingit-Athapaskan trade network. He was the respected trading partner of the Tlingit Gasłéeni, and she and her brother have maintained Gasłéeni's grave as a sign of esteem for that partnership (C: 644).

She goes on to establish the significance of moiety affiliations and control of particular salmon streams by particular moieties. Kájit refers to the Crow clan or moiety. The clan name is different from Ts'erk'í, the name for crow the bird and Crow the character in origin stories, although the two are sometimes used interchangeably. In the same way, the name of the Wolf moiety or clan is Agúmndá, while wolf, the animal, is ägay (C: 642).

But while the rules she has established work directly against innovations in narrative content, the way she goes on to interpret Tlingit-Athapaskan trade is quite unorthodox and may reflect her present views of her own ethnicity. Many southern Yukon elders attribute particular weight to any Tlingit ancestry they may have, but Mrs. Ned identifies exclusively with her interior Athapaskan origins. According to her interpretation, when Athapaskans and Tlingits first met, Athapaskans had both rich resources and ingenious technology whereas Tlingits were relatively impoverished and



ineffectual. This theme underlies much of her discussion and she later unhesitatingly makes parallels between the dependence of first Tlingits and later Whitemen on Athapaskans, especially Athapaskan women:

"When Coast Indians came, they want Indian woman.  
Whiteman, too, they want Indian woman.  
Without it, they can't survive.  
Me, I'm Yukon woman!"

Standard sources on trade between coastal and interior Indians in the area suggest that Tlingits initiated and dominated trading encounters at least during the era of European trade. While McClellan notes that aboriginal trade may well have preceded the arrival of Russians and British on the Pacific Northwest coast, the implication remains that the rich marine resources of the Chilkat tribe of Tlingits assured their control of the interaction (McClellan 1950, 1964). Further west, at the mouth of the Alsek River, De Laguna learned from Yakutat Tlingit how much they admired the moosehide clothing made by inland Athapaskans (De Laguna 1972:214).

Mrs. Ned goes much further. According to her grandfather, Hutshi Chief, Tlingits at Noogaayeek on the Alsek River first discovered that there were upriver people when they saw chips floating down the Alsek (C: 643). (See Map 2). They followed the river to its source that winter and encountered Athapaskans dressed in beautifully decorated clothing. The impoverished Tlingit, she says, greatly admired the Athapaskans they met:

"They've got nothing, those Tlingit people,  
Just cloth clothes, groundhog clothes.

Nothing!"

By contrast, Athapaskans had

"..ready-made moccasins, buckskin parky,  
Silverfox, red fox, caribou skin parky  
Sewed up (and decorated) with porcupine quills."

The Tlingits, she says were eager to have these things, so

"These Yukon people told Coast Indians  
To come back in summertime."

All this happened before her time, when her grandmother was young; she indicates the antiquity of this trade using the common convention "about one thousand years ago, about two thousand years ago" to mean simply, 'long ago' (C: 645). Eventually, she says, Tlingits did get the upper hand because they had direct access to trade goods - sugar, tea, tobacco, guns, knives, axes and the Yukon people "got crazy for it" (C: 644). By the time she was born, she says, all this was changing, the real watershed coming "when Skookum Jim found gold."

If section I provides the rules by which family history should be told, section II complements this by telling one of her grandfather's stories about "how first this Yukon came to be" (C: 640, 646-59). We recorded this story on April 22, 1981 at her home in Takhini Crossing and again on February 9, 1983, while she was visiting me in Whitehorse. While the two versions are very similar, this account incorporates all the episodes she tells. She adds her own commentary to the story as she tells it, reiterating the rules for telling stories and her own authority as one of the last persons to tell it authentically, and I have included that commentary in indented passages:

"Well, I know lots of people, old people, long time.  
They tell the same stories, old people,  
That's the ones I know" (C: 648).

I said that old people tell me this story.  
Not one man told me, but ten people, old people..." (C: 647).

"Long time, first this land is mud, I guess, that time.  
Then from there, this story comes...  
They tell it next man, next man, next man.  
Now it comes to the last.  
These school kids don't know, this time, this story,  
see? (C: 648).

The story tells how Beaverman (Asuya) and Crow  
(Ts'erk'i) rid the world of giant man-eating animals at the  
beginning of time and made it safe for human beings. This is  
essentially the same origin story as the one told by both Mrs.  
Sidney and Mrs. Smith (see also Teit 1917:429-41; McClellan  
1975:73-4). However, Mrs. Ned's version is distinctive because  
Crow and Beaverman worked together, rather than independently.  
When they finished their work, she says, Crow went to the Coast  
and Beaverman remained in the Yukon.

In telling the story, she continues to make confident  
assumptions about her audience's knowledge. To follow the  
dialogue, one must understand that at the beginning of the world  
when the sky came down to the earth at the horizon, it was  
possible for people to be stolen away to the 'far side' (C: 649)  
where everything was perpetual darkness and perpetual winter.

"When the people went from home  
All the far side they go.  
All got eaten by Wolverine  
That's what the old people tell..."

One must also recognize the signs which immediately

identify a stranger as a non-human masquerading as a human being, signs which guide Asuya in his task of 'cleaning up' the Yukon River. First, such an individual will inevitably refuse human food, but if he can be tricked into eating it, he will become human. Secondly a non-human pretender will distinguish himself by sleeping on the opposite side of the fire from human beings. Other conversational points are even more obscure: in one section, Beaver (the man) and beaver (the animal) negotiate concerns jointly shared by human beings and beavers (C: 655-56).

She also speculates about what motivated Asuya and Crow to undertake this journey, stressing the complementarity of their talents; for example, Crow can fly around to provide Asuya with the perspective necessary for his task. Crow is also verbally adroit: "Talk, talk, talk...you know that Crow..."(C: 657).

"I don't know who put it (caused it),  
That Smart Man to go round,  
To clean up that kind of people.  
Just like somebody tells him who's no good.  
That's why Asuya they call him.  
Ts'erk'i (Crow) helps too" (C: 651).

"...They understand anything, those two!  
That's how they're built, I guess." (C: 652)

The final episode of this story concerns Crow and a puzzle which has preoccupied people in the southwest Yukon. Klukshu is the only lake in this area which drains to the nearby Pacific and therefore gets sockeye salmon. The surrounding lakes of Dezadeash and Kusawa each drain north to the Yukon River and then some three thousand kilometres to the Bering Sea, so the salmon are not nearly so rich. Her narrative credits Crow with

establishing these drainages as he moved to the coast after he and Beaverman had completed their task.

Section III presents her two husbands' Shagóon, as a direct continuation of her own family history, listing personal names and place names associated with her married life. Her account is complicated somewhat by her interchangeable use of the Tlingit name Koosooaak (now officially Kusawa Lake) and the original English name, Lake Arkell. Her first husband's family made their headquarters at Kusawa Lake, one of the earliest trade routes between the coast and interior. Paddy Smith's paternal grandfather, Nułáta, made his headquarters at the Narrows on Kusawa lake, at a place called Nakhú meaning 'raft crossing'. In fact the narrows was so important to the lake fishery that the entire lake was given the Athapaskan name Nakhú.

At the narrows, this long lake was also very shallow, making it possible to run a fishnet across its entire width and thereby harvest large quantities of fish (C: 661). Furthermore, just east of the narrows was a mountain close to the edge of the lake which provided an ideal location for a caribou corral. Prior to 1910 when large herds of porcupine caribou were still plentiful in the southern Yukon (Murie 1935), they could be herded through the slot between the mountain and the lake and trapped in a corral. Nułáta's control of the corral and the narrows on behalf of the Wolf moiety made him a significant figure in this region.

Section IV presents formal narratives associated with Kusawa Lake and relies heavily on context presented in the

previous chapter. The first story (C: 665) concerns Nułáta, himself. In order to illustrate his high status, she recounts a story very much like the one given by Mrs. Ned and Mrs. Sidney about an important man who arranged to have his daughters marry to different villages, validating their marriages by having them ceremonially walk across moosehides, bone beads and dentalium shells to their husbands. While this narrative occurs in each woman's genealogy, it is unclear whether it is a purely narrative convention indicating high status or whether it reflects actual social customs (C: 665-66).

The protagonist of the second narrative (C: 666) is a Tlingit man, married to a Tutchone woman. The couple is travelling from Dalton Post to Lake Laberge via Kusawa Lake with her family. When he decides to hunt sheep on a mountain above Kusawa Lake, they go on without him. He becomes trapped on the mountain, and realizing that he has been abandoned, he prepares to die. To his surprise he receives supernatural assistance which saves his life. However, he leaves the affines who have abandoned him and goes to another community.

A third story which she sets at Kusawa Lake (C: 671) is also told by the other narrators and concerns the near death of a Tlingit man who fell into a glacial crevasse on his return home from an Athapaskan trading trip and survived until he was rescued much later. She has repeated this story on four separate occasions, each telling separated by approximately one year: her retellings suggest that it explores an unresolved issue, possibly concerning uncertain ethnic boundaries between Athapaskan and

Tlingit territory. The overriding question in the second and third stories seems to be whether people risk abandonment when they travel in unfamiliar territory.

In section V her own childhood becomes part of the narrative for the first time, but the personal content remains shrouded. She begins by giving her name, her clan, and a genealogy of her immediate consanguineal family. In discussing her own life, she seems to have a clear agenda. She is less concerned with giving a personal account than with documenting an ideal. Frequently, she shifts from the personal, "I did this..." to the impersonal, "girls should do this..." juxtaposing how things should be with descriptions of actual events.

Her most emotional description is that of the potlatch she witnessed as a child (C: 675-78). It was held by her grandfather for her deceased mother, and she remembers the white crow they put on the grave, a Crow which 'looks like a seagull' representing Crow before he was blackened trying to escape through a smokehole. She describes the activities - the invitations, the arrivals, the clothing, the coloured blankets, the dances. Through the eyes of a child, she describes her own alternating terror and laughter when her grandfather, dressed in a 'gunny sack', blackened his face and held her while he sang his song and people began to dance. "I thought, 'what for he's doing that?'" A canvas was hung in front of the dancers, and when it was taken down, each group began to dance in turn.

She interweaves comments about how she learned as a child. Children performed errands for old people who repaid them

with stories. She repeatedly notes the age of ten both as the age of awareness when "kids got smart" (C: 674, 681), and the age when they could be relatively self-sufficient: "By ten years old, they can go by themselves, help their mothers." (C: 678).

She discusses her own puberty seclusion impersonally, suggesting that it was of suitable length and her instruction of suitable quality to bring her to her present age. She lists the preparations which were made for a young woman, concluding,

"All those things I did.  
That's why I'm an old woman and still I'm good yet!"

But most of my questions about her childhood are met with formal oratory, with speeches she offers as a demonstration of how she actually learned as a child, and how she feels young people should still learn. Whenever possible, in fact, she shifts the ground from discussion of her own life to a speech, a powerful creation of 'life' from 'words'. Mrs. Ned is far more inclined to use this form of oratory than stories to discuss 'what kids should know.'

Three examples of speeches are included in Section VI and they reaffirm themes which are now becoming familiar. She stresses the 'age of awareness', for example:

"When I'm a baby, I don't know it.  
But since I know (became aware)  
I want to say something for you to hear me."

She alludes once again to the power of words, the skills needed to survive, the importance of learning from one's



grandmother. She follows this with a discussion of the correct way to tan hides, but its rhetorical value comes from the ways she uses the words rather than from any clear set of steps about how to perform this task. Once again, she talks about trade. Prior to Athapaskan/Tlingit trade, she says, people hunted furs for their use value. Then they began trapping furs for their exchange value. And eventually whites came and they began negotiating directly with traders. She stresses that Athapaskans treated first Tlingits and later Whitemen as equals, but that in each case the tables eventually turned as the visitors took control of the economy, of women, of land. She interweaves her account with references to her genealogy, often simply repeating names that stand for a whole set of associations specified earlier.

Section VII describes her two marriages and some of her activities as a mature woman. She points out that traditional marriage bonds were essentially contracts between groups; now that marriage is viewed as an alliance between individuals those bonds are much more fluid. Her account of her marriage to her first husband, Paddy Smith, is centred in the Kusawa Lake/Takhini river region. She talks of this part of her life mainly in terms of the work she did while he was away hunting or working as a big game guide. She stayed with her grandmother, raised her eight children, sewed skin clothing which she sold in Whitehorse. She hunted moose with her uncles, cut and dried the winter's supply of meat, then went fishing at Klukshu to put up the winter's supply of fish, "maybe five hundred fish so we won't go short"

by the time he arrived back in October, she had put up the best part of their winter's food supply. Then he went out to get moose: "He hunts for me, I fish for him" (C: 691).

She contrasts her own hard work and abilities with her observations about young women today, applying the metaphor of 'words' to 'behavior': "It's true, I think, what old people did!" (C: 691). If words can be true or false, then behavior, too, can be true or false.

She gave birth to her children 'Indian way' but as with puberty seclusion, her account is phrased in terms of what 'Grandma says' rather than in terms of her own experience (C: 692). When I questioned her more specifically, she remarked that this was not one of the subjects she wanted to discuss on tape; it comes too close to issues surrounding women's power. She describes the sickness which came with the 1920's worldwide influenza epidemic, particularly the deaths of old people. Indian people lacked immunities, there were no antibiotics, and traditional shamans remained helpless. The police tried unsuccessfully to quarantine Hutshi, but she insisted on going back to help look after people. Police brought in soup so people could be fed, but still many died.

Her view of what should be recorded about her life is very clear, having to do with the value she attaches to words. She identifies two kinds of topics which should be excluded: first, 'trivial' accounts of personal life and secondly, 'important' issues like details of how she or her father or her husband obtained spiritual powers (C: 675, 694).

One of the most important rules about spiritual power is that it should not be discussed casually; in fact, the best way to talk about it is indirectly, through stories. The most direct reference she makes to her own power is her regret that she did not yet have it when her daughter became ill: "I got no doctor power that time. That came later. You know when you get it: game teaches man" (C: 692). Speaking openly about sources of power on tape would be quite inappropriate because the words, once captured on tape might sometime be used out of context. Such indiscretion could certainly result in one losing one's powers. Again, the guiding principle here is that words have power simply by being spoken, and they must be used carefully.

Discussing her marriage to her second husband, Johnny Ned, she reiterates moiety rules:

"Later they gave me Johnny Ned.  
That's how they do it, old days.  
We don't let it go.  
Just have to take it...  
Indians are like that. You can't let it go.  
That's why my husbands' people keep me company now  
I'm alone."

They made their headquarters in another location, near what is now called Stoney Creek, near the Mendenhall River. While place names she discusses around 'Steamboat Landing' on the Takhini River, Duúchuga, tend to be associated with her first marriage, references to place names around Stoney Creek tend to be associated with her second marriage. The hills around Steamboat Landing were owned by her first husband's father; the hills around Stoney Creek were owned by her second husband's

father's father. In other words, her account of her lineage and her marriages is very much attached to particular landscape features. After talking about her second husband for a while, she concludes, "That's all Stoney Creek, what I said." [2]

Mrs. Ned's husband, Johnny Ned became a very powerful shaman in the southern Yukon, much to the consternation of local missionaries. While Mrs. Ned is willing to discuss his powers indirectly, she demonstrates her thorough understanding of power in her explanation of why she cannot talk directly about his source of power:

"I can't talk about Johnny.  
Might be we make mistake.  
I can't speak for other people.  
I can't show my husband's song (on tape).  
I can tell you what happened though.  
To start with, he got Indian song.  
That man doesn't know anything (about English) doesn't talk.  
How come he talks that time? (He began speaking and  
reading English)....  
...My husband took control all over.  
Carmacks, Dawson, all over.  
He took it around, that control.

She refers in her account to a 'Mr. Young' who was a missionary in 1917. An unsigned letter on file in the Anglican Church records, possibly written by Mr. Young, advised an incoming missionary about the delicacy of the situation:

"There is a cult in existence in the Champagne district under the leadership of Johnny Ned. For the most part, his teaching is alright. However, he has some fantastic ideas and has mixed on (sic) some native superstition to Christianity. I think that it is better to recognize everything that is good in his teaching than to attempt to antagonize him. After a while when you get to know him you may be able to steer him along the right lines. A great many Indians throughout the country have been more or less worked up over his teachings and some

of them believe his story regarding visions that he has had. Mr. Swanson and I talked over the subject and agreed that it was better to approve of his teachings so far as they agreed with Christian and to emphasize the fact that what he is teaching is the religion of Christ as practised and taught for hundreds of years." [3]

Mrs. Ned and I have discussed the letter, and she explicitly rejects this interpretation:

"It didn't come from God! He got it himself!" (C: 694)

While 'old style words' embody power, sung words have particular value. Section VIII presents transcriptions of five of the many songs she learned as a woman; they are humorous, affectionate songs which reflect themes of adult human relationships. Songs form a significant part of Mrs. Ned's discussions of her adult life. She is one of the very finest singers in the southern Yukon. Her repertoire is large and she is careful to explain who made each one, the occasion when each one was composed and why it was sung. Despite her ninety some years, her voice remains deep and powerful.

Our drives around the southern Yukon frequently prompt Mrs. Ned to sing songs associated with specific places. For example, as we approach a place where she used to travel or trap, she will begin, "You don't know this place. Now I'll sing to you..." Then her song provides a formal introduction to her continuing discussion of place names, stories and reminiscences associated with those places. Another time when we drove to Kusawa Lake with an elderly friend of Mrs. Ned's, she explained,

"I sing this song to you to tell you where you're going.  
Big Jim's song.  
It's just like he cries with this song."

The final section presents two accounts by Mrs. Ned about land and landscape which interweave her own observations with traditions passed on from grandparents. The first account discusses glaciers and is particularly interesting because it refers to a glacier in the southwest Yukon (Lowell Glacier) which has actually surged in historic time. The second is equally significant because it provides oral testimony about questions still puzzling biologists, particularly about the major shifts in the caribou population that occurred in the southern Yukon sometime during the first decade of this century.

### The Workings of the Text

At first glance, Mrs. Ned's text seems less reflexive than the other two. She is not inclined to focus on her own experience. Instead, she may begin an account by alluding to an event in her life, then provide a conceptual framework for understanding the particular event or issue. She then gives an authoritative account she learned as a child from the old people, asserting that "lots of people tell this story." Having provided the framework, she then proceeds to speak about whatever topic she has selected. She defines her role, then, as a faithful

intermediary between 'old people' and the present generation of 'young people'. In a sense, hers is a dual collaboration - partly with the old people whose words she wants to represent, and partly with me to ensure that both content and context are recorded.

Her account actually works by deriving its meaning from the inter-relationship of all the elements. In any piece of oratory, she is apt to incorporate songs, place names, personal names, personal experience and traditional narrative and each provides a necessary part of the context for the full 'story'. Any individual 'speech' may plunge an unfamiliar listener into a dense, incomprehensible world without the leavening of context, but once those pieces are assembled, they infuse her 'old time words' with enormous power.

Her speeches sometimes do have a personal interpretive ring to them, particularly now that she is elderly. She often reflects on important issues of land claims, ethnicity, education of young people. Increasingly, these days, she makes reference to the two grandmothers who raised her and how she thinks about their words now that she is old herself:

"When somebody is going to be old, they're going to feel it. That time I'm young. Go anyplace... Now that I'm old lady, I think about how those people feel. Even when my grandma is blind, she still taught us How to snare, how to make spring trap. I wish she were here now...I'd give her tea. My grandma is the one who raised me."

## Chapter 8: The Stolen Woman [1]

### Traditional Narratives as Components of Life History

A feature distinguishing these orally narrated life histories from many others in the anthropological literature is their inclusion of recognizable, formulaic stories as essential components. Narrators speak in imagery which seems archaic at times, yet they appear to be using this traditional dimension of cultural life as a resource to translate and make sense of their own experiences. The question addressed in this chapter is why these women tell such stories as part of their 'personal' history. How are the connections between personal accounts and traditional narratives culturally constituted for the narrators?

Some of the stories are familiar from broad areal surveys, for example the Star Husband (Thompson 1965) and the Dog Husband (Sheppard 1983). Others incorporate characteristic sequences and patterns like the Magic Flight (or Transformation Flight) (Thompson 1955:D671) or Animal Husbands (Thompson 1929). But individual versions of stories make us aware that superficial similarities may be misleading: stories that appear to be the



'same' may be interpreted very differently in different geographical or cultural contexts, and may have different messages for adults, for children, for women, for men.

More interesting than spatial distribution of stories is their persistence over time. Virtually every aspect of Yukon society has changed dramatically since 1898, yet stories are told in the mid 1980's much as they were recorded around the turn of the century - in 1883 by Aurel Krause at Sitka, Alaska (1956), in 1904 by John Swanton at Sitka and Wrangell (1909) and at Dease Lake, British Columbia, by James Teit in 1915 (1917). Each of these ethnographers considered that he was doing salvage ethnology, recording these stories from the last living narrators near the end of their lives. The semantic framework may have changed, but the idiom persists. [2]

The way narrators juxtapose topics that outsiders might categorize quite separately raises questions about contrasting models of explanation. Anthropological studies of hunter-gatherer societies have given critical attention to external forces impinging on small scale societies - ecological constraints, material necessities, world political forces - but often these approaches fail to account for cultural diversity and individual responses within similar ecological zones. Furthermore, explanations focussing on broad external factors are often inconsistent with local ideas when they treat the individual as a victim of circumstance. McDonnell, for example, argues that Kasini people living in the eastern Yukon Territory believe that "...individuals possessed institutions, talents, and impulses

which were ultimately derived from sources quite independent of social and material existence" (McDonnell 1975:122). Can exploration of narrative models contribute to our understanding of how people use resources of their culture, such as stories, to explain their lives?

### Exploring a Root Metaphor

Before turning directly to the stories to see whether they can clarify these questions for us, it is worth identifying a root metaphor which appears to underly virtually every narrative discussed in this chapter. McClellan, McDonnell and Ridington have repeatedly pointed to Athapaskan pre-occupation with questions of power in the western subarctic and its implications for stresses within social organization. The obvious dilemma faced by northern hunters is that they are simultaneously dependent on the good will of animals and compelled to kill and eat them in order to survive; hence, an encounter with an animal who offers both formal permission to hunt its species and instruction about how to do so goes some direction toward reducing such conflict. Power is acquired in such individual encounters with animal helpers, and one's personal power is believed to directly influence one's success or failure in all other aspects of life.

Conceptually, this appears in narrative as exploration of

two mutually exclusive domains - a historical, material, secular, human domain, and a transcendental, timeless domain corresponding to 'myth time'. On one hand, people locked into the human world are pre-occupied with the question of how to acquire contact with the supernatural world; on the other, they are faced with the knowledge that contact is inevitable because supernatural power infuses all living things (except newborn babies) and even some inanimate objects and geographical features. A person is likely at any time to be accosted by a stranger - an animal in human guise or a human being disguised as an animal - and he or she must know how to deal with it appropriately when it manifests itself in order to ward off harmful powers and take advantage of helpful ones (McDonnell 1975:123, 140-3; Ridington 1982, 1986). In this case, men have a clear advantage over women because women are forbidden to have contact with the most powerful animals (McClellan 1975:575).

The remainder of this chapter focuses on what appears to be a stable genre of narrative elaborating this metaphor. A protagonist passes from the secular, material world of 'ordinary reality' to a supernatural, transcendent domain where he/she undergoes a unique experience and then returns to the human community somehow transformed by the event and (ideally) able to bring new knowledge to the human community. Specifically, a woman or man meets a being with supernatural characteristics (usually an animal disguised as a person) who guides the protagonist on a symbolic journey to a supernatural domain. In the course of the story, the protagonist either learns or fails to learn about the

abductor's culture and eventually returns by complicated means to the world of ordinary reality.

The actual passage from one dimension to another is usually marked by a physical transition; for example, land which lifts up, a den entered, descent to an underwater world, ascent to the sky. Frequently the unfamiliar dimension is described as a colourless 'winter' world where even animals are white (for example, A:440, B:595, C:712-14). One of the striking characteristics of the 'other' dimension is the reversal of ordinary reality found there. When a boy insults fish and is taken to the fish world, he finds that fish refer to swimming as 'paddling a canoe' and that they call his family's fishcamp their 'war house'. He learns that fish eggs, which he considers food, are excrement in their eyes and he is ridiculed for eating them (A:378 B:559). The symbolic opposition of the two domains is graphically illustrated in one short story which attributes physical duality to the world. In myth time, the sky came down to salt water vertically at the horizon, forming a physical boundary between the co-existing but mutually exclusive domains. One story tells how the animals poked a hole in the barrier, transforming the world so that summer and winter could alternate (A:342).

At an initial hearing, stories with male and female protagonists appear to be rather similar. What becomes intriguing as one hears more and more of the stories is that journeys taken by women do not seem to be the same as those taken by men.

Journeys by male protagonists conform closely to the classical model described by Joseph Campbell (1949). If I use

this as the prototype here, it is because male protagonists do occur most frequently, both in these women's repertoire and in the literature (Boas 1916, Swanton 1909; Teit 1917; Cruikshank 1979, 1983) Usually, the narrative begins with a man demonstrating human arrogance and offending an animal species; he subsequently meets an animal in human guise who guides him on a journey to another order of reality where he is spiritually educated. His eventual return to society is complex and difficult. A shaman is called in to assist the hero, and the human community must participate in his return by fasting. He returns as the 'power bringer' with new knowledge and the permanent assistance of a spirit helper.

Women's journeys initially appear to follow the same pattern; however, the actual course of the journey is somewhat different. A woman is accosted by a stranger (always male in stories recorded), and is stolen and taken to an unfamiliar world. Instead of acquiring an animal helper as a man would, she usually focuses her mental energies on actively escaping to the human community. In most stories, she manages to out-think her captors and escape on her own, often actually assisting her rescuers. Inevitably, she relies on what she has been taught about dealing with supernatural power to think her way out of her dilemma. Men rely on supernatural intervention to acquire knowledge and on the efforts of the community to socialize that knowledge. Women rely on their own efforts which, in turn, depend on shared, collective, transferable knowledge. For both women and men, knowledge deals with this issue of power: what knowledge

should be shared, what should remain private, and how the special abilities of women should be balanced with those of men. In stories, the 'stolen woman' seems to demonstrate the qualities of an ideal woman, just as the 'power bringer' does for men.

Chapter 2 of this thesis suggested that the literature analysing oral tradition is too diverse to provide us with much guidance unless we approach it with a specific problem. We can return to that literature with a question about why this particular motif is included as a component of individual life histories.

#### Contradiction, Sequence, and Symbol

Despite a current tendency to dismiss Boas as classifier rather than analyst, one can only be impressed that his instructions about approaching oral literature still have value. Seventy years ago, he published versions of some of the same stories these women tell, suggesting that they should be studied both from the perspective of literary characteristics and from that of the social life of the people (1916:874).

On the subject of literature, he was pessimistic about the possibility that even the best translations could retain original literary form and urged recording narratives in original languages (Boas 1914:452). Such rigorous philological examination of Native American texts has been pioneered by Del Hymes (1965, 1977) whose central argument is that if we are not willing to be

surprised by the complexity of Native American texts, that whole tradition will have been maintained 'in vain' (Hymes 1981). Hymes's direction, in turn, has motivated scholars like Toelken (Toelken 1969, Toelken and Scott 1981), Tedlock (1971, 1983) and Kroeber (1981) to consider first, how to bring sophisticated critical procedures to bear on analysis of American Indian literatures and secondly, how to present written texts in a way which reproduces the flavour of the oral presentation.

When Boas turned to the subject of the relationship of myth to social life, he was not proposing that one could find in narrative a simple reflection of social life; rather, he explicitly notes that narratives "are not directly taken from everyday experience...they are rather contradictory to it"... (and that) "elements of folk-lore represent ideas contrary to daily experience" (1916:880). While it is Levi-Strauss's work which ultimately provided convincing illustrations of this thesis, Boas's own view of how to discover contradictions in narrative was closer to that of Propp, because he looked for 'adventures that form a fixed sequence' (1916: 875) comparable to Propp's thirty-one 'functions' which occur in predictable order (Propp 1968). Boas would probably have applauded Levi-Strauss' formulation that "the purpose of myth is to provide a logical model capable of overcoming a contradiction" (1963:226), that "...mythical thought always progresses from an awareness of oppositions to their eventual resolution" (ibid:221) even if he would have disagreed with Levi-Strauss' contention that "the mythical value of the myth is preserved even through the worst translation" (ibid:206).

But it is Boas's comment about the search for origins of tales which is particularly relevant to our question. Looking for origins, he said, heads us in the wrong direction. What is really important is the contemporary process of myth-making which we can observe directly with our own eyes. Human beings tend to operate with a fairly fixed stock of symbols rather than invent new ones, and what becomes significant is this very question of how they continue to use the symbols provided by nature to describe culture and social life (ibid: 879-81).

These three inter-related issues of contradiction, regular sequence, and persistence of symbols underly the present analysis. First, the influence of Levi-Strauss's structuralism in anthropology parallels that of Marx in economics or Freud in psychotherapy: all three had as their goal the exposure of underlying contradictions in society. Convincing demonstrations followed that storytelling, like other creative activity, is more likely to explore areas of problem and strain than to provide direct behavioral models. In a masterful analysis of eleven (English) versions of a southern Yukon story, 'The Girl Who Married the Bear', McClellan argued that the story had the same gripping power for tellers and audience that a psychological drama has in our own society. She further demonstrated that individual narrators each elaborated episodes which in some way reflected personal conflicts they had faced, drawing out relevant episodes in ways indicating the creative abilities of each storyteller (1970). Elsewhere, Sheppard (1983) analysed eleven versions of the Dog Husband story, one of them Mrs. Sidney's



version in Appendix A (A: 415). She suggested that the story achieves its power by identifying 'dog' as a symbol for being outside the human social context, and using that symbol to explore and manipulate culturally central relationships between husband and wife, mother and daughter, brother and sister.

Second, one can only agree with Boas that studies of literary form suffer in translation, [3] but the repeated reworking of the root metaphor outlined at the beginning of the chapter suggests that sequence may also be an important component of literary form. The 'journey' metaphor moves us from one point to another in each story, directing us to look for approaches which take relational sequence into consideration. Van Gennep's classic analysis of rites of passage did this by identifying that same set of activities - separation, initiation, and return - as an ordered sequence (1909). His innovation was to treat this sequence as an elementary social act structuring activity. Turner has built on Van Gennep's work, applying the notion of temporal form to such varied activities as conflict, drama and pilgrimage (1967, 1974) and particularly exploring the state of liminality experienced during initiation. Vladimir Propp had a similar idea about the morphology of folktales and insisted that it was important to maintain sequential order in their analysis (1968). Different though their work may be, Van Gennep, Turner and Propp all emphasize temporal, relational, and sequential form in ways contrasting with the methodology of Levi-Strauss who argued that rearrangement of parts of a story into 'bundles' or relationships is the only way to fully probe

structural relationships.

Third, Boas's view about durability of symbols continues to be relevant, particularly since the root metaphor we are discussing seems both ancient and persistent. The narrators' insistence that the stories explain certain aspects of their lives suggests that symbols that are 'good to think with', in Levi-Strauss's terms, (see also Ginsberg 1976, Darnton 1984) may take on expanded meaning in changing social circumstances. We should recognize the root metaphor for what it is: it is based on shared knowledge that makes the strange familiar and helps to keep it familiar so that it can continue to be used, even when the context changes. If we human beings are essentially conservative in our use of symbols, we may continue to invest new meanings in old symbols which are comfortably familiar. If this proves to be the case, we may indeed expect to find a single principle underlying both traditional narrative and contemporary life history accounts.

In summary, then, my approach to these stories is influenced by the structuralist thesis that if we want to find behavioral models in narrative, we should at least begin by exploring contradictions in social structure rather than by looking for ideal projections. It also shares the views of Van Gennep, Turner, Propp about the value of retaining the sequential form in which rituals are enacted or stories told. Finally, it reflects the perspective that while human symbolization is essentially conservative, the meanings attached to familiar symbol and metaphor can change as the social context changes.

## Story Summaries

We turn now to summaries of ten stories told by Mrs. Sidney and nine by Mrs. Smith, each exploring the metaphor discussed above. While the metaphor appears in various forms in virtually every story they tell, these ones are selected because the narrators used stories with female protagonists when they described their own coming of age and marriage. Six of these stories were included by both women in their life stories and the other seven were told by only one narrator. While Mrs. Ned did not formally record any of these stories, she does tell stories with male protagonists (C: 712) and takes it quite for granted that her listeners are familiar with the idiom. [4] The first two stories summarized here were told by Mrs. Sidney and Mrs. Smith very early on in our work when they were discussing what they had learned as children: while 'Mouldy Head' and 'The Man Who Stayed with Groundhog' both have male protagonists, they are presented here because they illustrate the prototype for this particular kind of 'journey'. The remaining stories were told when the narrators were discussing their lives as adult women.

In the story of Mouldy Head (A:378, B:559), a boy demonstrates hubris by insulting salmon, calling it mouldy. As a consequence, he is taken away to an unfamiliar (underwater) world inhabited by salmon. Here, he undergoes an initiation which leads

to a whole new way of seeing. Ordinary reality becomes reversed: human 'fish traps' become the fishes' 'war house'; fish eggs are considered excrement rather than food; swimming is called 'canoeing', and the boy is nicknamed 'Mouldy Head'. He is made to see how limited was his former perspective. His return to social reality is typically difficult. The boy's mother recognizes him by a copper neckband he still wears even in his fish form. It takes a shaman and several days fasting by the whole community to revive the boy. After a successful return, Mouldy Head is able to bring back valuable new knowledge about proper ritual for killing salmon; it becomes a guiding principle and thereby benefits everyone. Versions of this story were recorded in Sitka and Wrangell in 1904 (Swanton 1909: Tales 99 and 100). Henry Tate recorded a long version of this story on the Skeena River which Boas published and compared with thirteen other versions (Boas 1916:192-201, 770-79). [5]

Two versions of 'The Man Who Stayed with Groundhog' (A:381, B:563) show a similar pattern. A man mistreats groundhog carcasses and is enticed away to the den of Groundhog people. His family can see him, and in one version they call and call, but he is unable or unwilling to hear them. While the previous story concentrates on the boy's initiation to the fish world and the new states of knowledge he acquires there, the action in this story focusses on the efforts of the protagonist's family to bring him back to the human community. Again, this gradual staging of the return to community life is slow, involving eight days of singing and fasting. Ultimately, the man is able to

return to teach people proper ritual for killing groundhogs.

At first hearing, stories with a female protagonist seem to be similar, with women confronting power in its various manifestations just as men do. But further analysis shows that the actual course of a journey taken by a woman is different. The dramatic setting for the first five stories is puberty, the time a young girl was secluded and instructed.

In the Dog Husband story (A:415), a young woman insults a dog and is enticed away by a dog in human guise. While male protagonists typically acquiesce in such a situation, this girl rebels and kills her dog husband when she discovers his identity. She manages to return to her mother, but her return is complicated because she bears eight puppies, remaining separate from normal life. When she discovers that her children periodically take on human form, she catches them one day and 'fixes' them in human form. They continue to grow up and at puberty the 'dog' daughter is secluded; however, she breaks a fundamental taboo by lifting her puberty hood to look at her brother while she is secluded. Her violation causes first her mother, then her brothers, then herself to turn to stone. This story is widely told in other parts of North America (Teit 1917: 463-4; Swanton 1909:22-24, 297-98; Habgood 1970; Sheppard 1983).

'Star Husband' (A:418; B:570), is also widely told throughout North America (Thompson 1965). Two girls contemplate two stars and speculate about their possibilities of marrying them. To their surprise, their wish is granted; however, once in the sky world they become lonely for their parents even though

their new husbands appropriately send back food and furs to their in-laws. The young women plot their escape and manage it by manufacturing lengths of babiche and pairs of protective mittens and pants. They puncture a hole in the sky, and climb down to earth where they are reunited with their parents.

Another story of a 'stolen woman' (A:420) follows a similar pattern. A man and woman are killed in a war or feud. Their two sons escape, but their daughter, secluded in her puberty hut is captured by two brothers. Using her wits to deceive her captors, she rubs cranberry juice on her legs to feign menstruation (reminding them of women's power to spoil men's hunting). When they reach a bridge, she refuses to cross, knowing that this could remove her to a different dimension. By the time her brothers find her, she has escaped. One of her brothers uses his supernatural powers to kill the captors and bring their parents back to life, suggesting a marked contrast between the powers of men and women.

In still another story, a young woman is accosted by a being called Tehcha (A:422). Again, the setting is puberty confinement: the secluded young woman has been left at home alone while her brothers go off hunting. Late at night, the creature approaches the hut and enters through the smokehole. Instead of taking her away, he swallows her; however, before he does so he asks her about the procedure he should follow when her brothers return. She invents an elaborate ritual for him to follow, and he consumes her and dons her clothing. The brothers return, recognize the deception, kill the creature and use their power to

revive their sister and their parents. Again, the girl's cleverness and the brothers' shamanistic abilities appear in clear and complementary distinction.

A final story about a marriageable young woman (B:575) does not revolve around being stolen even though the suitor, Wolf, remains an ambivalent character until his intentions become clear. He courts the daughter, bringing meat to her mother. She, in turn, fixes his snowshoes, sews him a shirt, makes a blanket out of furs he brings. While the dramatic action in this narrative is slow, it underscores appropriate behavior women should learn at puberty.

Six other stories deal more generally with themes related to mature women.

Two versions of 'The Woman Stolen by Lynx' begin with a man and his wife collecting eagle feathers to make snares (A:435; B:600). The wife is suspending her husband over the edge of a cliff with a rope when a "nice young man, all pink-faced" comes along and demands that she go with him. When she refuses, he drags her away, but not before she securely ties the rope to a rock. The rest of the story tells how she pieces together clues and discovers the identity of her new husband, and how she then facilitates her own rescue by her old husband. In one version of this story, Lynx dies, and in another, her husband dies; she survives in both tellings. It is perhaps noteworthy that a version of this story told by a Kaska man to Teit in 1915 focussed on the husband's pursuit of his wife and the supernatural assistance he received from eagle (Teit

1917:464).

Land otters were much feared in the southern Yukon (McClellan 1975:142-45) partly because of their reputation for stealing people, especially women. In two stories, the narrative begins long after a woman has been permanently stolen by otter people (A: 437; B:603). From her position in the otter world, she is able to send her otter son to help her human brother (his maternal uncle). But human beings do not pay sufficient heed to the instructions she gives about how to care for her son, so anxious are they to integrate him into the world of human culture, so eventually they lose him.

Another 'stolen woman' story told by both Mrs. Sidney and Mrs. Smith begins when the husband goes hunting, leaving his wife alone. (A:440; B:595). Two men kidnap her and taunt her husband who returns home just as they are leaving. They take her by boat to a point of land which lifts. Here, they enter a world where ordinary reality is reversed, a white world where everything is winter and even the animals are white. Her husband and brothers follow and ultimately rescue her, but initially it is she who saves them from starvation by stealing dry meat and smuggling it to them. When they finally attack the camp, she is able to divert her captors until her husband and brothers are assured victory. The duality of the world is reflected throughout: the symbolism of opposing summer and winter worlds, the interdependence of husband and wife, the antipathy to strangers who may come and steal human beings away.

Mrs. Smith tends to enjoy telling stories which explore



the ambiguity of marriage to a distance. In one (B:534), a woman marries a stranger and goes to live with his people. He comes home one night and warns her not to go near his canoe. Her curiosity aroused, she does exactly what has been forbidden and finds her brother's head in the canoe. She goes on to learn that her husband has killed all her brothers, but she does not divulge the terrible secret. With the assistance of her own quick wits and her grandfather's shamanistic abilities, she escapes. She slashes the men's canoes, throws rocks in the water to suggest a passing herd of caribou. Then she watches while her affines jump into their canoes and drown. Those who try to escape and swim to shore are destroyed by her grandfather.

Another of Mrs. Smith's stories tells of a young woman abandoned by her people and left to fend for herself with only a piece of flint and a knife (B:588). By using all the skills and knowledge she has acquired in her short lifespan, she manages to support not only herself but also an elderly couple whom she meets. They give her their deceased son's bow and she takes his place, killing sheep high in the mountains. Mountain Man appears and brings her sheep, but only after it is clear that she could live independently, doing both men's work and women's work, and even supporting others. He stays with her and provides for the older couple as a son-in-law should.

Two final stories are both given historical locations and named protagonists (A:446; B:593). They follow a relatively common theme, that of the abandoned person (in each of these cases a woman). Each of these women married to a distant social

group where she found herself without allies. In one case, the protagonist fled from cruel treatment; in another she was abandoned. Both used all their ingenuity and training to survive until they were incorporated into another group.

### The Stolen Woman in Narrative

The objective of summarizing these fourteen stories is to explore the question of how each narrator makes use of them to interpret or explain her individual life experiences.

Traditional Athapaskan narratives derive their power from the fact that they are constructions rooted in general social concerns, even though they are refracted through individual tellers by the time we hear them. If we are to understand the continuing appeal of the stories, we have to examine some of the social issues they address. Setting aside for Chapter 11 discussion of how they may continue to do this, even in the 1980's, we restrict ourselves here to social issues which were of concern at the beginning of the century when these women were learning the stories.

#### 1. Dramatizing Contradictions: Art Imitating Life

Structuralists have argued convincingly that myth arises in contradiction, not as a straightforward projection of some cultural ideal, and they advise us to look for explanation in

areas of social life which seem problematic. A major area of uncertainty for nineteenth century Athapaskan societies must surely have been that of balancing requirements for individual autonomy with those of group cohesion. Individual self-sufficiency was a pre-requisite for survival, and nearly every ethnographic description of Athapaskan society stresses the thorough training children received in this regard. Each of these women maintains that by the time a child was ten, he or she could be expected to carry out a range of tasks associated with basic provision of food, clothing and shelter (A:370, B:545, C:689). A more problematic issue was that of maintaining the integrity of the social group, because there was ongoing ecological pressure to continually reconstitute economic units in different seasons and in times of scarcity. Each hunting group needed a certain number of 'providers' - some male, some female - and could sustain a certain number of 'dependents' - elderly people and children (McDonnell 1975:216). But as children became adults, and as adults grew elderly, the actual composition of groups had to change, often through marital exogamy.

For women, this must have become focussed in issues surrounding matrilineal descent and the corresponding ideal of initial matrilocal post-marital residence. Various scholars have concluded that matriliney has a long history in the western subarctic (Dyen and Aberle 1974, De Laguna 1975). While the rule in the southern Yukon seems to be that a woman ultimately moved to her husband's family, these women each discuss at some length a preference for the idea of the husband joining his wife's

family (B:584-85; C:690) though Angela Sidney says that her father identified such a preference as 'old-fashioned'. But preferences notwithstanding, this was not always possible. Sometimes women were expected to move to their husband's family at marriage, possibly to stabilize trading relationships or to balance the number of able-bodied adults in a group. In fact, each of these women is more likely to elaborate incidents in her own family where women married away from the family group: each includes in her Shagóon the story of a high status family who arranged for daughters to marry inland foreigners and move there (A:317; B:508; C:665-66); each follows this with examples of female exogamy she saw in her own childhood, either to Tlingits or to 'Whitemen' (A:344-45; B:509, 584-85; C:640-41). Mrs. Smith points to the case of her own mother, whose affines made her leave her child behind when she went to comfort her own mother during a family crisis (B:511-12). Mrs. Sidney lists the Tagish women who 'married everywhere' and her own mother's view that this was fundamentally wrong (A:346).

Furthermore, women always faced the possibility of being 'stolen' in warfare. McClellan cites this as a major reason for raiding camps in the nineteenth century (1975a); in the northern Yukon, Slobodin argues that feuding underlies the Prize Woman motif in narrative (1975). Similar accounts by these narrators of wars they heard about when they were children are usually told from the perspective of women who might be taken by strangers (Smith 1982:84-86; fieldnotes with Sidney January 26, 1981).

Then there was always the possibility of being abandoned

for anti-social activity or for other reasons. Stories Mrs. Smith chooses to tell pay particular attention to this theme, and to the characteristic resourcefulness these women exhibit (See especially B:588-93; B:593). In doing so, she tends to juxtapose these stories with the unhappy ending to her own first marriage and to her extraordinary resilience as she became an independent trapper after that marriage.

The narrative responses to a matrilocal preference which conflicts with the probability of a patrilocal outcome are varied. An important part of the plot of some stories summarized above is the almost inevitable goal of the heroine to escape and return home to her consanguineal family. The 'Star Husband', 'Dog Husband' and 'Stolen Women' stories described above dramatize this theme. Mrs. Sidney follows this with the story of an actual person who left an unhappy marital situation to walk several hundred miles alone to her home (A:446).

Other stories explore the issue of how a woman might behave if she does become caught between affines and consanguineal kin. Mrs. Smith's two stories illustrating the dangers of distant marriage pose two diametrically opposed possibilities. In one, the woman clearly sides with her maternal kin against her husband (B:534). In the other she understands that her brothers are the treacherous ones and sides with her husband (B:537).

The stories, then, do explore certain social contradictions. But an explanation rooted exclusively in contradiction ignores the domain of individual talents and does not fully account for the way these narrators are actually

using the symbol of the stolen woman as a model.

## 2. Dramatizing the Ideal: Life Imitating Art

A complementary interpretation of these stories is that they actually do reflect a cultural ideal where acquisition of superhuman power was largely the domain of men while women must depend more heavily on their ingenuity in their daily lives. Boas's views about the human tendency to rework (and transform, if necessary) old familiar symbols in the ongoing process of myth-making are again relevant here.

Ideally, men engaged in solitary hunting activity and women in more collective activities - gathering roots and berries, child rearing, domestic tasks. Boys approached adulthood individually, acquiring power in solitary encounters with the spirit world. Girls were secluded at the onset of menstruation and were instructed by specific older women, and the content of that instruction was broadly similar throughout the southern Yukon (Cruikshank 1975). Men's power, then, was based on individual access to a supernatural domain which ultimately translated itself into hunting capability; women's status was more dependent on empirically based knowledge and competence as a hard worker and on her discretion in discussing power. Men's and women's abilities and spheres of activity were seen as distinct but complementary in ways reflected by examples of teamwork in the stories.

To a large extent, it is these differences that are reflected in narratives. Men cross to the supernatural domain,

often identify with a captor to the extent of taking on his physical characteristics, acquire supernatural assistance and a new name to symbolize new status, and they usually retain a spirit helper. Their return to the social world is assisted by a supernatural helper. Women seem more often to perfect their ability to live by their wits and return to the human (matrilocal) community because of their everyday ingenuity and practical abilities and by being able to outwit or escape from their captors.

While the metaphor of the stolen woman may be rooted in power, there is something distinct about the way in which female protagonists confront power. In each of these stories, the protagonist takes great personal risk and goes to extreme lengths to be reunited with the social, material world she has left: matrilineal links are usually stressed, so that even if a husband leads the rescue party, it is composed of the woman's brothers. The techniques the protagonist uses to escape include exacting performances of skills she learned at puberty; for example, the young women married to stars make babiche, skin pants and mittens in preparation for their escape. Their return indirectly mirrors the socialization of young women, the acquisition and demonstration of particular knowledge. An underlying dramatic theme in all these stories is self-sufficiency and independence. Mrs. Smith's story of the woman helped by Mountain Man is a classic example of such an account (B:588). Angela Sidney's female protagonists demonstrate their ingenious ways of tricking their captors, who then pay for their gullibility with their

lives (A:420, 422).

In telling the stories, each of the narrators tends to emphasize skills of her own which parallel those of the narrator, both tangible technical skills and less tangible knowledge about women's powers. Their ongoing comments about the protagonists have to be taken seriously. Mrs. Smith, for example, refers to the woman stolen by other people (B:603) in this way:

"When she was young, she used to be a smart girl.  
Sometimes when people are starving, she's got grease.  
'Look at that', people would say...  
When she's single, she's always got grub, grease,  
Anything like that.  
Sometimes, used to be she had fish, king salmon, dry fish,  
grease.  
Just like she's got husband, used to be, that girl...  
She's so smart she didn't even need a husband!"  
(fieldnotes Nov 14, 1978).

In the same way, Mrs. Sidney expresses admiration for the stolen woman who had the presence of mind to spread cranberry juice on her legs (A:421): "My goodness, isn't she smart to think like that!" The unstated implication is that she reminded her captors of women's ultimate power to spoil men's hunting. And Angela Sidney refers with admiration to her own mother-in-law who left her first husband as a young wife when she was mistreated by her co-wife, announcing:

"There's lots of men in the world,  
Lots of men in the country;  
No use making trouble over one man" (A:450).

'Stolen woman' stories, then, seem rooted equally in an understanding of power and in the practical, empirical domain of



observable, transferrable knowledge which all women are expected to master by the time they have reached adulthood. In other words, transactions with transcendent beings and demonstration of basic survival skills are each symbolically constituted activities which can be satisfied through essentially the same sets of abilities. In this way, 'practical' and 'spiritual' knowledge are inextricably enmeshed for women.

### Applying the Stolen Woman to Life History

We return from these summaries to the question of how each narrator uses stories to interpret or 'explain' her own life experiences. Each woman describes her life as a process of accumulating awareness and knowledge, beginning with her Shagoon and her parents' history, moving to her own birth, then progressing from childhood to puberty and from puberty through the various crises of adult life to a retrospective view of 'life lived like a story'.

When these women were children, the process of acquiring knowledge was understood to be gradual and additive. Mrs. Ned talks of the time when she was old enough to 'know' (be aware of what was happening), but too young to 'know' (understand) and identifies the age of about ten as the time 'when I got smart', that is, when she could begin to understand the context of events (C:677). Mrs. Sidney talks about the age when she was 'beginning

to realize things' (A:403), again at about ten years of age. When they give detailed descriptions of a first potlatch, Mrs. Sidney and Mrs. Ned each make repeated reference to how little they really understood what they were seeing, and how they reflected on it and ultimately came to understand it retrospectively (A:401-04, 675-78). Early education was socially based: children learned everything either from direct observation or through stories which slowly and repeatedly introduced them to essential shared metaphors.

As one approached puberty, there was a dramatic change in the style of education, particularly for women who were hustled into seclusion at the onset of first menses. This may, indeed, have been one of the few times in a woman's entire life when she spent extended periods of time alone. In that setting, she received intense instruction about special powers of women, animals to avoid, taboos that must be honoured. It seems significant that the dramatic setting for many of the 'stolen woman' stories is the puberty hut, and that the recurring form of dramatic action focusses on the learning experience which follows when a woman is snatched away from that setting by a stranger. From puberty onward, access to knowledge and power became more individual, depending in part on one's ability to act on the shared body of knowledge about how to behave. A person might benefit from the patronage of someone with power, but ultimately she must make certain decisions on her own.

In narrating one's life experiences, though, the problem becomes how to talk about this individually acquired knowledge.

To discuss power indiscriminately is to risk losing it; it is more appropriate, particularly for women, to resort to standard metaphorical formulae. [6] Mrs. Ned, for example, has the most direct experience with power, yet talks about it least, thereby affirming the point all three women make repeatedly about the importance of discretion in discussing power. [7]

In describing her life, each woman emphasizes her particular spheres of autonomy, areas where she demonstrated self-sufficiency. At the same time, each woman goes to considerable lengths to emphasize her simultaneous deference to tradition, her circumspection around authority, her understanding of the complementarity of men's and women's skills. Like the stolen woman she can take care of herself, but recognizes overwhelming benefits of linking her own skills with those of others in the group.

By her own account, we see Mrs. Sidney as a widely travelled woman whose creative abilities and original solutions to problems were early recognized by many people (including her husband, who praised her intelligence and sometimes asked her to represent him at meetings because she spoke so well [A: 460-62]). Her tendency to use stories to think about daily issues is demonstrated repeatedly in her account, for example her gift to her son of the Kaakaasgook story (A:464-69), her linking of traditional stories with contemporary religious questions (A:482-91). She is pleased when her husband praises such use of metaphor, with the words, "Gee, I didn't know you were so smart to think like that" (A:460). But she also describes her marital

negotiations in detailed dialogue, emphasizing her own deference to and 'respect' for the wishes of her elders (A:427-29). We see her lifelong intellectual and social efforts to come to grips with the question of how to think about and strike an appropriate balance between 'old fashioned ways' and 'new ways', already described in chapter 5. She is sometimes dismissive of 'old-fashioned ways' (for example, A:427) and other times insistent about the importance of maintaining them.

In Mrs. Smith's account, we see a woman raised with Tlingit traditions who left as an adult woman to return to her 'mother's (Athapaskan) country'. Her success as an independent trapper during this period, and her keen entrepreneurial skills seem remarkably parallel to those of the resourceful women she describes in her stories. Yet at the time when she had the clearest sense of economic independence, she proudly emphasizes her total deference to her maternal grandmother ("Grandma is boss of me") and to her maternal uncles. Much of her discussion in recent years reflects her close and affectionate relationships with grandsons and granddaughters, and many of her stories have a resourceful grandmother as the protagonist or at least as a central figure (B:617-31).

Mrs. Ned's account shows us why there is such widespread respect for her technical skills, her spiritual knowledge and her power as an orator. Her view of her marriages stresses strict complementarity: "he hunts for me; I fish for him," (C:691) and an understanding of how men's and women's spiritual powers should be balanced. Much of her account is less a factual account of a

'life' than her explanation of how to use words, the power of those words, the importance of discretion in using words. She discusses her own experience primarily from the perspective of a child accumulating knowledge from stories, and of an elder dispensing knowledge through stories she tells.

In each case, the stolen woman provides a complex but acknowledged prototype for simultaneous autonomy and social cohesion. The following two chapters examine the journey metaphor from a slightly different perspective and chapter 11 returns to look at how it continues to be a resource for women in the contemporary Yukon.

## Chapter 9: Getting the Words Right: A Perspective

### on Naming and Places in Life History

This chapter views the relationship between oral tradition and life history from another perspective, examining a project which initially seemed to head in a direction quite different from life history. My objective was to map Athapaskan place names on topographic maps, and to document how names present ideas about landscape. Superficially, life history accounts and maps of named lakes, mountains, glaciers, points of land, eddies and sloughs may seem to deal with quite distinct subject matter. One seems to explore ideas about time, the other focuses on conceptions of space. This is not a distinction the narrators seem to make, however, and again I have followed their lead in examining how people use oral tradition to talk about the past. Like the previous chapter, this approach returns us to the oral history literature introduced in Chapter 2.

### The Conventional Stand-off in Oral History Debates

There is a longstanding debate in anthropology about the

historical value of oral tradition. Since early in the history of the discipline, anthropologists have taken the position that they understand oral tradition better than do folklorists, literary critics or historians because they have theories that account for such traditions. Those theories have not always accorded much value to oral narrative. In the views of Malinowski or Radcliffe-Brown, for example, what people said about their past was largely irrelevant. The appropriate model for anthropology, they argued, was biology: human societies were composed of functionally related institutions and could be abstractly understood as living organisms. Narrative accounts had little extrinsic value and served primarily as charters to justify the present social order; old traditions were frequently modified to meet such ends (Malinowski 1955).

The value of oral traditions was controversial in America too, but in different ways. Margaret Mead points out that two models for the study of culture developed very differently in Europe and in North America. The 'community model' was pioneered by British social anthropologists who studied small-scale cultures which were still relatively intact. In North America, where cultures were undergoing enormous changes by the time anthropological research began, the 'single informant model' was more common. The latter approach inevitably gave more weight to informant testimony (Mead 1953:46) although there was still considerable disagreement about how such testimony should be interpreted (Swanton 1914). There is some irony in the fact that the theoretical debate about oral tradition remained largely

centred in Europe even though the process of recording oral history was far more energetic in North America.

When Evans-Pritchard delivered the Marett lecture in 1950 he provoked vigorous protest from his colleagues by declaring that anthropology was more closely related to history than to science (Evans-Pritchard 1962). But his remarks gave encouragement to those historians who were concerned about distortions in documents traditionally used to reconstruct history of European colonies. Jan Vansina's seminal study of oral tradition urged historians to attend to sources other than colonial records in trying to reconstruct African history (Vansina 1965). He set out to evaluate oral traditions as historical documents, laid out his criteria for evaluation, identified typologies and began systematic examination of particular cases.

Vansina anticipated doubts from historians but, ironically, his strongest critics have been anthropologists. They objected most to his categories and criteria which stressed objective 'truth' or 'falsity' in traditions, to his search for 'distortions,' 'original versions' and 'initial informants.' What about sociological truth? they asked, as they took him to task for his incomplete understanding of fundamental anthropological concepts - genealogies and kinship studies, symbolism, alternative notions of time and space (Beidelman 1965; Miller 1980).

Vansina's work soon became embedded in both functionalist and structuralist controversy. While functionalists maintained that history in societies without written records could never be more than conjectural, structuralists maintained that those same



narratives were statements about the human mind rather than commentaries on history. Rather than being clear-cut reflections of past or present society, they might very well invert actual social behavior, because the purpose of symbolic narratives was to resolve social issues that could not be worked out in the sphere of human activities. In other words, statements Vansina might interpret as 'distortions' of the past could be central intellectual devices for thinking about real dilemmas in the present.

The issue dividing historians and anthropologists has been and continues to be methodological. It has to do with whether 'historical' narratives are about the present or about the past. It also reflects fixed views each discipline has of the other: historians react against the most extreme anti-historical positions taken by anthropologists; anthropologists react against what they see as tendencies to extreme positivism in history. Phrased in these terms, the debate leads to a cul de sac and provides no ethnographic instruction about how to deal with questions raised by oral traditions from northern Canada.

### Recent Contributions to Oral History Debates

Structuralism and functionalism no longer exhaust the theoretical possibilities for explanation of oral narrative. As they lose their status as charter myths, more reflexive approaches are being taken to oral history; they pay greater

attention to the actual story and to what outsiders can learn from those stories. Some recent students of oral tradition like Renato Rosaldo and Keith Basso argue that informants' statements about themselves, their environment, their history have to be taken seriously and evaluated on their own terms rather than as illustrations of some other process.

Renato Rosaldo (1980, 1980a) has done research with Ilongots in the Philippines. His critique of Vansina differs from that of functionalists and structuralists. Vansina, he says, was too interested in demonstrating authenticity and truth value of oral testimonies. He mistakenly elevated them to the status of written archival records. For Rosaldo, oral history has only one purpose - reconstitution of the past, not collection for its own sake. Oral traditions are texts to be read, not documents to be stored. They are cultural documents that organize perceptions about the past, not "containers of brute facts" because all facts are culturally mediated. In his words "doing oral history involves telling stories about the stories people tell about themselves" and historians using oral sources must be aware of both the genres they hear and the genres in which they write. He sees the interpretive part of the exercise as critical.

Rosaldo finds the structural-functional critique of oral history equally misguided: "Despite the assertions of such eminent thinkers (as Levi-Strauss)... Ilongots have experienced change through time and are conscious of having done so" (1980: 91). Oral traditions, he argues, are more than simply attempts to rationalize the present. The inability of anthropologists to see

this has to do with both their peculiar convention of synchronic studies and their blindness to non-western forms of historical consciousness. Anthropologists accord universal status to institutions like kinship, marriage, family, rites of passage, and so on. Why not to history? he asks. The job of anthropology is surely to provide an account of how non-literate people conceive of their past, not to deny their version of how their lives have changed over the years.

Rosaldo's ethnographic instruction is straightforward: study the text. Don't try to look through or around or behind it. What people say is intimately involved with how they say it. To plunder other people's narratives for 'veracity' seriously risks misunderstanding their meanings (1980:92). His most intriguing advice for me concerns place names. In the course of his own work he was initially bewildered when people offered to tell him stories and then, visibly moved, recited long lists of place names:

"While people were moved to tears as they recited place name after place name - every rock, hill and stream where they ate, rested or slept - my usual response was to continue transcribing in uncomprehending boredom. Unmoved by the endless, evidently aimless episodes of death and hunger, I failed to see the culturally distinct sense of history that these tales embodied" (1980a:16).

He came to see the names for landscape features as mnemonic pegs, used much as westerners use a calendar:

"...excursions into the past are meticulously marked onto the landscape, not onto the calendar. A reader without detailed knowledge of the local landscape and its myriad place names would surely infer that Ilongot narrative lacks a historical dimension" (ibid:48).

Keith Basso's point of entry into another culture is not so very different from Rosaldo's (Basso 1984). His extensive work with the Western Apache began with similar questions. How can we come to understand the claims which people make about themselves? What is the cultural context in which they are seen as valid statements? Anthropologists would generally agree that such claims arise from experiences in a culturally constituted world of objects and events; however, some branches of theory would begin with the premise that such claims are of little consequence.

The claims with which Basso concerns himself are about landscape in general and about place names in particular. Like Rosaldo, he began with specific questions quite unrelated to place names. When he approached an older Apache friend asking for some assistance in understanding comments he had heard, he was interrupted with the unexpected instruction "learn the names." His initiation into place name research suggests the interpretive framework he explores in this paper. He is particularly concerned with the ways in which people constitute their land in relation to themselves: "With words, a massive physical presence is fashioned into a meaningful human universe" (1984:22). There is, he argues, an unformalized model of western Apache storytelling which holds that oral narratives have the power to establish enduring bonds between human beings and features of landscape, and that as a direct consequence of these bonds, people who behave improperly will be moved to think about their behavior. How people think about the land, then, is intimately related to how they think about themselves. In other words, two

symbolic resources, language and land, are manipulated to promote compliance with standards of behavior.

Basso's concern is with broadening ecological anthropology, so his argument is not with structural functionalists or with Vansina; however, the outlines of his commentary suggest that if he were to make such a critique it would be very similar to Rosaldo's. Cultural ecologists, he says, are far too inclined to look at man/land relationships in exclusively materialist terms and to make the a priori assumption that how people perceive the environment is irrelevant to an understanding of those relationships.

"Such models ignore the fact that American Indians, like groups of people everywhere, maintain a complex array of symbolic relationships with their physical surroundings, and that those relationships, which may have little to do with the serious business of making a living, play a fundamental role in shaping other forms of social activity" (ibid:49).

We have to learn to sit down and listen to Native consultants talk about landscape, and we have to listen to how they talk about landscape, says Basso. Like Rosaldo, he is struck with the ways spatial and temporal conceptions are embedded in place names, and with the ways place names are used as situating devices, "as conventionalized instruments for locating narrated events in the physical setting where they occur." He is impressed with the intricacy of Athapaskan languages and the ways in which "a name is like a picture" encompassing and expressing precise and accurate information about observable features of the landscape. His ethnographic

instruction is as clear as Rosaldo's: find passages of speech where people make their cultural presuppositions explicit and try to get at the meaning, using the tools of both linguistics and ethnography. Place names may provide a particularly appropriate starting point.

A third student of oral tradition, Frances Harwood, has written a similar paper based not on direct fieldwork but on a reanalysis of Malinowski's Trobriand data (Harwood 1976). Like Rosaldo and Basso, her focus is on place names. Her concern is primarily theoretical rather than methodological in that she uses toponyms to suggest a link between perspectives of functionalism and structuralism. Her rereading of Malinowski suggests that on the Trobriand Islands the important myths are attached to specific geographical features. Mapping them, she comes to two conclusions. First, the association of particular narratives with particular locations may serve a mnemonic or cognitive function, locating them "like beads on a rosary." Second, attachment of myth to place may indirectly serve a social function: dividing the corpus by structural markers means that a change in one institution and its 'charter myth' may not necessarily provoke a change in the entire corpus as Malinowski might have predicted.

She identifies a major anthropological issue as the need to account for the tremendous resistance of myths and institutions to change. Her conclusions pay particular attention to place names and are remarkably similar to those of Basso and Rosaldo (though it is noteworthy that none of these three authors cites either of the others as a reference). It is difficult if not

impossible to map Trobriand narratives in chronological time, she says, but very straightforward to do so in space. She contends that the mnemonic function of place names may reflect universal cognitive processes. There are two possible axes for ordering events she suggests, a temporal one for literate societies and a spatial one for non-literate societies. Place names, then, are not decorative embellishments but structural markers, dividing the corpus into cognitive units and spatially anchoring stories so that they can be recalled by remembering the land.

Basso, Rosaldo and Harwood have each approached oral traditions with a view to learning about landscape, history and myth. Their observations do provide ethnographic instruction for thinking about oral history, specifically, 'learn the names'. The foray into place name research made with each of these women began with precisely that objective, and resulted in the documentation and mapping of a body of densely named places within restricted areas (Sidney 1980, Cruikshank 1984). However, just as plucking traditional narratives out of context has uncertain value, detaching names from the context in which they are presented as though they can be objectively isolated and filed on a map gives too little sense of how they are actually used. Restricting one's mapping exclusively to native toponyms is also limiting, because sometimes these women use original English names they learned when they first visited a new area. [1] With this in mind, I have reviewed tape recordings and notes made over the years, paying particular attention to the context in which my instruction in place names occurred.

## The Yukon Context

The common feature in these accounts is their attention to travel, suggesting an interesting parallel with Chapter 8. If the stories summarized there share the metaphor of a journey to an unfamiliar world, accounts of the recent past suggest a focus on travel in this world. In them, women use named locations to articulate segments of life history. McClellan has recently begun to reanalyse her own data to look at southern Yukon ideas about travel and has raised provocative questions about the central importance of travel in Northern Athapaskan culture (McClellan 1985).

### Mrs. Angela Sidney

Of the three women, Mrs. Sidney has been the most eager to document her knowledge of named places on maps, because she is aware that she is one of the last living people to remember them in the Tagish language as well as in Tlingit and English. Even before we made this a formal project, during the summer of 1980, she was paying particular attention to identifying the 'old names' of places in her account of her life.

Each of the clan histories she recounts is a travel account, tracing its origin at a specific place, a journey to other named places and an eventual fresh beginning in new territory. While the chronology may be ambiguous, the named



locations are not. Her own Deisheetaan clan traces its history to the coast, to Angoon. [2] Sometime in the past, the Deisheetaan daughter of an Angoon chief married and brought home a Chilkat husband. They had three, possibly four, daughters: when the girls reached marriageable age, the parents arranged for them to marry inland - one to Tagish, one to Teslin, one to Telegraph Creek, and one to Ross River. But despite this dispersal, clan members share a common origin story, songs, crests, and have a common claim to the land. "One nation owns it, not one person alone. We all own it," she points out, indicating examples of Deisheetaan lands by naming them in English, in Tagish and in Tlingit. Carcross, for example, belongs to her Deisheetaan clan and it is called Naataase Héen (in Tlingit), and Todezáané (in Tagish) (A:320)

Her father's Dakl'aweidi history, by contrast, begins inland, at Taktan (near Telegraph Creek, British Columbia), and involves travel down the Stikine River toward the coast, including a terrifying trip under a glacier, where they made a song after surviving. When they reached Wrangell safely, "...that's when they got their name, Dakl'aweidi," (A:321) so that even selection of a clan name is linked with a particular location: a second song was made there. Then they split into three groups, two remaining on the coast and one heading back to the interior via the Chilkat River; from there, they travelled up to Kusawa Lake and east along the Watson River via Bear Creek Pass to Tagish, where they remained (A:322). Some intermarried with other inland people, like the Dakl'aweidi woman who married

the Lake Laberge chief (A:322); others went overland to Ross River.

The third Shagóon she tells is that of her husband's Yanyeidi' clan (A:323). These ancestors separated from others on the Taku River, travelled down that river until they came to a place called Kaaxnookoot Ta' Xaa [3] where their leader made a commemorative song. Then they travelled to the mouth of the river where they built a little cabin or Yan, and at that place they chose a new name: "We're going to change that name. We're going to be Yanyeidi' from now on." Then this group travelled on and inland to Teslin.

Clan histories, then, seem to be told as a travelogue: following their content is like following a map where songs and stories become an intrinsic part of each toponym. Her later description of her own trip to Angoon in spring, 1984, at the age of eight-two (A:470-76) is a continuation of this travel narrative, told in a style we come to recognize in her life account and emphasizing the continuing relationship between clan, land, stories, names and crests.

As she moves closer to a time period that is recognizeably historical, place names seem to take on a clear mnemonic function. Although she never met her grandparents, her references to them are linked with named places, specifically details about where they were born and where they were travelling when they died. Her mother's mother, for example, was born at Log Cabin (A:319) and died not far away on a mountain pass:

"She died when my mother was six or seven...  
Going through through that pass from Millhaven ...  
Through to West arm.

There's a little creek comes down, they call it Rosebud Creek. That's where they climb right up on top of the mountain. She was carrying her baby, my mother's sister. Here, that baby died five days after her mother. That baby must have starved herself, my mother said.... Well, of course, they burned people that time I'm talking about. And they brought her ashes back to Carcross..."(A: 344).

She refers to her mother's stepmother in much the same way:

"Stoow is the one that died at Indian Point, Ta Tigi."

Likewise, she notes that her father's father Tl'úku died at Quiet Lake (A:345), as did her father's brother (A:449), and her father's mother Guná died at Bennett (A:346). When she discusses her parents' childhood experiences, the emphasis is on where they travelled, Maria going down the Taku River as a child (A:344), Tagish John to Quiet Lake as a child (A:345-46, 348), and regularly to the coast as when he was older (A:352-56).

But it is when she talks about her own life that we see segments of life experience clearly articulated by named places associated with specific years. Identifying 1910, when she was eight years old, as the first year she remembers clearly, she begins by affirming the location where an incident occurred:

"The earliest time I'm talking about is 1910.  
I can't remember when I was much younger.  
I remember when we were staying across Ten Mile on that island.  
They used to call that island Tagish John Island.  
It's straight across Ten Mile.  
I remember that time: that's year 1910" (A:373).

A few minutes later, she again punctuates her account with a sense of location:

"We were staying at Scotty Island - across from Ten Mile. I was just a little girl. I must be smart..."(A:374)

By 1912, she is even more specific.

"This is 1912 I'm talking about, when we went to Black Lake, T'ooch Aayi" (A:384).

Her travels with her family from 1912 at the age of 10 can be mapped so that bracketed numbers prefaced with {# } refer to locations on Map 3 (p. 216). Table 1 (pp. 217-19) gives Tagish and Tlingit names from each of these locations, with translations where possible. That year, she describes moving from Tagish {#1} and Carcross {#2} to Taaghahi {#3}, then on to Millhaven Bay {#4}, then to Black Lake, T'ooch Áayi {#5}, then back to Carcross and Tagish with her parents and her older brother (A:384). This was the same year that a potlatch was held to put a stone on the graves of Dawson Charlie and on his sister (A:401).

The following year, 1913, was the first time she met her Marsh Lake cousins. After spending the summer with them at the foot of Marsh Lake, at the point where the McClintock River enters that lake {#6}, they went to Judas Creek {#7}, then hunting up the mountain behind there, then back and across Marsh Lake to Otter Beach, Kooshdaa Xágu {#8} where they stayed with her uncle Whitehorse Billy's family, then back to Carcross. They stayed in Carcross all that winter because her aunt, her father's sister, was ill (A:388-87).

In 1914, they went to Whitehorse {#9} in March or April, then in summer they travelled back to Marsh Lake and stayed with Slim Jim's family again, with her favourite cousins. "People used to live together, those days, no trouble, nothing. Kids mixed up together" (A:388). By then, Angela was twelve, old enough to look

after children, so she was sent to Ten Mile, Tsuxx'aayí (#10), near Carcross, to care for her two small cousins while her uncle Patsy Henderson and his wife worked full time on their fox ranch. Then, at the end of the summer she went back to Marsh Lake until her father came, and they all went up the McClintock River (#11) to fish camp. "I remember I felt just like I was home while I was there" (A:390). That fall, they went to Whitehorse, and then to the area where her sixteen year old brother Johnnie was trapping with Whitehorse Billy at Fish Lake (#12). After a brief visit at Fish Lake, Angela and her mother took the younger children and moved back to stay with friends in the valley, in Whitehorse (A:390). In 1915 they returned to Carcross, and in springtime Angela was 'put away' in seclusion (A:392, 409).

Her account of her courtship, when she emerged, is also embedded in discussions of travel: in this case, her family remained in one place and her prospective husband came to visit them. George Sidney's parents were staying at Johnson's Crossing (#13) in 1916 (A:427). He was actually in Whitehorse at the time, working as a longshoreman. Her father sent word that George should stop at Marsh Lake if he planned to travel past there on a visit to his parents and the invitation was formally delivered in Whitehorse by "my father's niece, my aunt, Mrs. Whitehorse Billy." Everyone understood that this was more than just a casual invitation: George's father told him,

"Maybe he wants to give you his daughter or something  
like that....

Go. Whatever he wants you to do, just do it.  
It's okay."

So George made arrangements to leave immediately, catching a ride by boat with Pelly Jim (A:428). Understanding his obligations, he built a meat cache at Chookanshaa {#14} shortly after he arrived, and spent that winter drying meat for Tagish John's family. After some time, the union was formalized, with a "nice big dinner up on the mountain...Tl'ó K'aa Dzéł̓a" (the Tlingit name for Chookanshaa {#14} above).

During 1917, the year following their marriage, she stayed at Carcross while her husband worked on the White Pass Railway for the summer (A:432). That fall, he hunted in the mountains and at Skwaan Taasléyi, Skwaan Lake, {#15} while she took care of her ill mother and played with her little brother: "I was still a kid yet" (A:433). Their first son, Peter, was born at Tagish, and hence, "he put a claim on that Tagish John Rock," Kaajineek' Teiyí {#16}, so named because Kaajineek' once gave away at that rock all the fish he caught" (A:448). Four months later, they went a hundred kilometers south to Teslin, walking from Carcross to Johnson's Crossing, then building a boat to go to Teslin where they spent a year living with his family (A:449-50). Her account mentions nothing of the events of that year, focussing instead on the travels to Teslin and back.

On the return trip, in 1919, George left Angela and their children in his brother's care at the head of Teslin River and went prospecting considerably further southeast, near Liard River. But he became ill and was forced to abandon this venture, returning instead to Carcross. There they encountered the

debilitating illness associated with a worldwide influenza epidemic a year earlier: Angela's father, her aunt and one of her own children, a little boy, died that year, in 1920 (A:452).

Later that year, her husband went back to Teslin, then trapping up the Nisutlin River while she stayed caring for her mother and other survivors of the epidemic in Carcross. When he came back, he got a job with Whitepass again, and from then on her annual travel pattern included summers in Carcross while George worked at his job, and fall trips to Desgwaanga Lake {#17} or Little Atlin Lake {#18} (A:453). In 1923, he added a summer job working on construction of the Marsh Lake dam (A:454). He also got a license to hunt and sell meat to the residential school and butcher shops (A:454), and became a mail carrier taking mail from Carcross to Atlin by dog team.

And so her account continues, incorporating most of the 230 named places she has mapped (Sidney 1980). She described her first miscarriage as a detailed travel narrative outlining precise locations where she became ill, and her husband's struggle to get her home safely along the Tagish Lake system (A:456-57). Travel was a critical issue when her adopted daughter became ill and had to be taken to Whitehorse by train in the 1940's (A:458). Her determination to obtain a radio when her son went to war was to follow his travels, "to hear where they're moving the troops" (A:459), and in the same way, she followed his return in detail in her imagination through places she had never seen, across the Atlantic, across North America, north up the B.C. Alaska Coast, and in on the Whitepass Railway, planning her

welcome party to coincide with his arrival (A:459-60).

But if a sense of place is significant in Mrs. Sidney's life account, it is equally important in the traditional stories she tells. While the stories of Beaverman and Smart Brothers (A: 331, 338) are not linked with specific locations, she has remarked that when she tells the longer versions of these stories (Sidney et al. 1977) she thinks of each of them "like a map," a comment I have also heard from other storytellers. When Game Mother (A:327) made animals at the beginning of time, she hung her trampoline to four named mountains surrounding Carcross {#3, #19, #20, #21}. Fox Helper travelled down the Tagish Lake system bestowing names on particular points - {#22, #23, #24} (A:394). Wolf's help to man can be linked to specific places {#25}. The story of how land otter actually stole an elderly Carcross woman is firmly set at the place where it happened, Kooshdaa Xágu {#8}, as is the account of the time Mrs. Shakoon saw a snake at T'ooch Lutú {#26}.

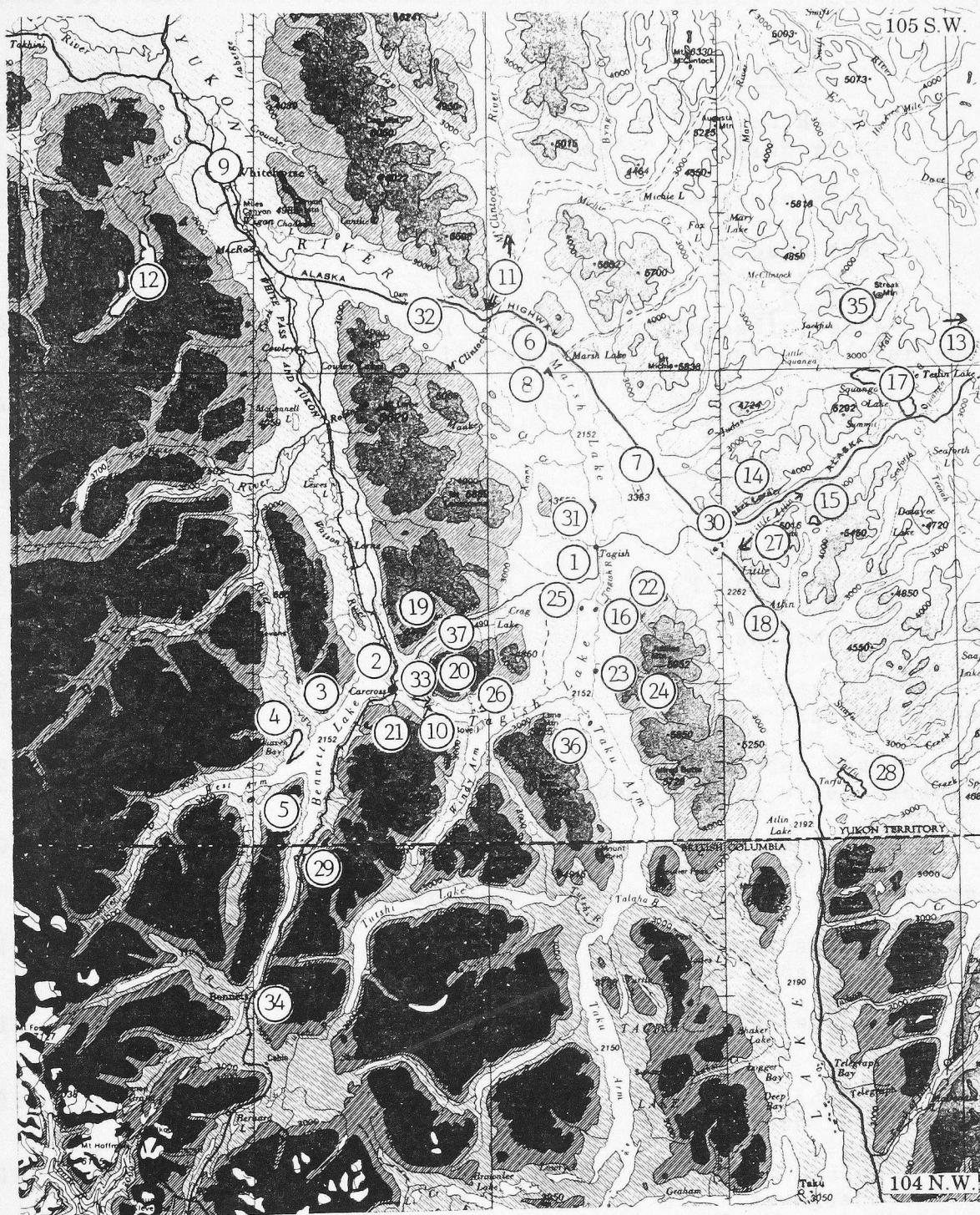
While places named above provide a sense of both secular and mythological attachment to landscape, it is also possible to isolate names which have quite pragmatic information embedded in them. There are names, for example, which encode information about fauna or faunal activities: Óonáa Too'e' {#27} identifies a creek where a particular species of whitefish spawns. Nústséhé Mene' "fox lake" {#28} identifies a spot where foxes came to get spawning fish. Éleish Tóo'e' "moose lick creek" {#29} identifies a good location for hunting. Other names provide information about changing vegetation: Tséi Chó Desdéł Ní "big red rock" {#30}, was once a navigational beacon



visible from Tagish lake but is now completely obliterated by poplar; K'ayé Desdé1 Ní "red willow point" (#31) has been submerged since the power dam was built in the 1960's. Still other names are associated with material culture - "big fishnet place" (#32), "moose corral point" (#33), "place for packing skin boats over" (#34). Metaphoric names like "grandmother's ling cod's skull" (#35) play on the fact that the words for grandmother and ling cod are similar in Tagish. "Mouldy Head" (#36) names a particularly dangerous rock in a nearby lake. A windy mountain pass is called "bear windpipe" (#37).

During the last ten years, Mrs. Sidney has travelled much more extensively - to the Philippines, to Vancouver, to Toronto where she was a major performer at a Storytelling festival in 1983, to Ottawa where she received the Governor General's award in 1986, to Fairbanks and to Angoon, Alaska. Her account of her trip to Angoon in 1984, is perhaps the richest of her many travel narratives, because it so clearly emphasizes the importance of linking her Shagóon to place (A: 470-76).

The following map and table show locations and the Tlingit and Tagish names of places Mrs. Sidney identified in the preceding account, in the order they appear there.



Map 3. Angela Sidney's Travels on the Southern Lakes, 1912-1922.

TABLE 1:  
Some Southern Yukon Place Names from Angela Sidney's Account [4]

<u>English Name</u>	<u>Tagish</u>	<u>Tlingit</u>
1. Tagish	Taagish Tóo'e' 'water breaks up'	Taagish Héeni 'Tagish river'
2. Carcross	Todezáané 'blowing all the time'	Naataase Héen 'water running through the narrows'
3. Grey Ridge	Taaghahi 'facing the water'	Takaadi T'ooch' 'rockslide/charcoal'
4. point near Millhaven Bay	Shásh Laa' 'bear paw'	S'ikjiini 'bear paw'
5. Munroe Lake	Táhchíje (?)	T'ooch Áayi 'black lake'
6. Marsh Lake (north end)	Sáa Tl'ah Ní 'sandy beach'	T'ahéeni Wat 'mouth of king salmon river'
7. Judas Creek	-	Kuk'ahéeni Tlein 'big fish tail creek'
8. (no English)	Téhzáa Cho Sáye' 'big otter sandbar'	Koshdaa Xágu 'big otter sandbar'
9. Whitehorse	Kóogháa Néliní 'place where river runs through'	A X'áanáx Naadaayi Ye 'place where river runs through'
10. Ten Mile Point	-	Tsuxx'aayí 'moose corral point'
11. McClintock River	Géis Tóo'e' 'king salmon river'	T'ahéeni 'king salmon river'
12. Fish Lake		At Sheidí Áayi 'horn lake'
13. Johnson's Crossing	T'ásé Gháa Ch'íche'i 'place where they cried for grayling'	T'ase Daade Aawagaaxi Ye 'place where they cried for grayling'

English Name	Tagish	Tlingit
14. (no English)	Tl'á' K'aa' Dzéle' 'grass blade mountain'	Chookanshaa 'grass mountain'
15. Squan Lake	Skwáan Taasléyi 'Skwaan's pikefish'	Skwáan Áayi 'Skwaan's lake'
16. (no English)		Kaajinéek' Teiyí 'Kajineek's rock'
17. Squanga Lake	Desgwááge Méne' 'whitefish lake'	Dasgwaanga Áayi 'whitefish lake'
18. Little Atlin Lake	Lúu Choo Méne' 'big fish lake'	Xáat Tlein Áayi 'big fish lake'
19. Caribou Mountain	Métáatl'e Shéch'éé 'wind blowing on the forehead'	Yaadéwduwanúk 'wind blowing against the face'
20. Nares Mountain	Médzíh Dzéle' 'caribou mountain'	Watsíx Shaayí 'caribou mountain'
21. Montana Mountain	Chílih Dzéle 'gopher mountain'	Tsálgi Shaayí 'gopher mountain'
22. Jubilee Mountain	Nútséhé Dzéle 'fox mountain'	Naagas'éí Shaayí 'fox mountain'
23. (no English)	K'aa' Deitl'óoní 'where arrows are tied in a bundle'	Chooneit Wusi.áxu Yé 'where arrows are tied in a bundle'
24. Jubilee Mountain (west side)	K'aa' Deitl'óoní Dzéle' 'arrows tied in a bundle mountain'	Choonei Shaayí 'arrow mountain'
25. (no English)	Tsós Tséi'e' 'sawbill duck rock'	Kaax Teiyí 'sawbill duck rock'
26. Coal Creek	T'eish Núuláa 'charcoal point'	T'ooch' Lutú 'charcoal point'
27. Little Atlin Creek	Óonáa Too'e' 'round whitefish creek'	Óon Héeni 'round whitefish creek'
28. Tarfu Lake	Nútséhé Méne' 'fox lake'	Naagas'éí Áayi 'fox lake'

<u>English Name</u>	<u>Tagish</u>	<u>Tlingit</u>
29. (no English)	Éleish Tóo'e' 'moose lick creek'	At L'éiwu Héeni 'moose lick creek'
30. (no English)	Tséi Chó Desdéł Ní 'big red rock'	
31. (no English)	K'ayé Desdéł Ní 'red willow point'	Sheix'w X'aayi 'red alder point'
32. (head of Yukon River)	Témil Shó 'big fishnet'	Geiwú Tlein Eeti 'big fishnet place'
33. Ten Mile Point		Tsuxx'aayi 'moose corral point'
34. (portage, no English)		Ch'akúx Anax Dul.adi Yé 'place for packing skin boats over'
35. Streak Mountain	Kwáchoo Tsits'éne' 'ling cod skull'	Kaa Léelk'u Shakanóox'u 'one's grandmother's skull'
36. (submerged rock, no English)		Shaltlaax 'mouldy head'
37. (no English)	Shásh Zéitígí 'bear throat'	Xoots Leitoox 'bear windpipe'

Mrs. Kitty Smith

While travel accounts provided by Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Ned are reported in less detail than Mrs. Sidney's in this chapter, [5] each of these women is as clear as Mrs. Sidney about the linkage of her past with named places. Mrs. Smith frequently emphasizes this in her introductory comments:

(or) "I'm going to tell you what way Indians live  
and what way this ground we call it" (B:508).  
"These stories are true stories,  
How this ground came to be" (B:513).

The way her own personal history is rooted in a sense of place and travel seems obvious enough when she begins her account of childhood - naming the place where she was born, Gaak Aaye Da Dunéiyí (B:544), describing her travels down the Tatshenshini and Alsek River as a child from her family's headquarters near Neskatahéen, past Noogaayéek and Tinx Kayáni and on to Yok'dát (B:547-48). At the same time, she names and tells stories associated with specific glaciers like Nałudí (Lowell Glacier) Tanshí, Dadzik, (B:547-48, 550-59). Like Mrs. Sidney, she emphasizes clan ownership of specific places, noting the ownership of Neskatahéen near Dalton Post by members of the Wolf moiety and Crow ownership of Klukshu.

Glaciers, though recognizably of this world, also seem to symbolize that nether region described in chapter 8, where the world is perpetually winter and ordinary reality is inverted. In

stories, glaciers are dens of giant animals which emerge to terrorize human beings when they smell burning grease. But just as Mrs. Sidney's names for places incorporate historical observations into names about changes in landscape, some of Mrs. Smith's accounts about glaciers are of interest to scientists studying surging glaciers in the southwest Yukon. Her account of the historical surging of Naludí, for example, (translated as 'fish stop' but known on official maps as the Lowell Glacier) corresponds with scientific studies recently completed in this region (Cruikshank 1981).

At the same time, her narratives pay great attention to the importance of travel. When the husband and sister of Game Mother leave her, the reasons are self-evident:

"They've got to move on, can't stay one place.  
That younger sister and her husband move on" (B:520).

Likewise, when the two sisters leave their Star Husbands one of the reasons they give involves travel:

"It's pretty hard.  
You people up there just stay one place" (574-76).

The extent to which Mrs. Smith's account of the past is embedded in named places and accounts of travel became clearer when we began recording place names fifty kilometers east of Whitehorse, where she now lives. Until that point, the life history she wanted to record was almost exclusively concerned with her childhood around Dalton Post on the Tatshenshini River. As she began identifying names around Marsh Lake, the focus of

her life account shifted to the area where she moved after her marriage ended. The names which began to figure in were Fish Lake, Robinson, Carcross, Laberge as well as Ddhál Náddada, a mountain near Robinson, and Kóoch'atán a pass east of Grey Mountain (B:608).

She travelled widely in her new country, and describes a trip she made with a woman friend from Teslin east as far as the Liard River (B:612). When her husband was hired as a guide during the construction of the Alaska Highway, she describes how she mentally followed his route because she had already made the trip herself.

As I transcribe her tapes later, it becomes apparent that what she has recorded is not just a list of names. Rather the names are a window on memory and a technique for Mrs. Smith to continue recounting her life history. Our conversation includes discussions of the nature of land ownership by particular members of moieties, how they made their claim to the land, and the Southern Tutchone and Tlingit names for all the people involved. There is the painful account of deaths in her mother's family. She points out the place where she and her husband Billy Smith made their headquarters and the area where they hunted after their marriage. This leads her to comment on changes in salmon migrations since the construction of a nearby dam in the early 1960's. Recalling names of glaciers in the area where she grew up, she tells about surges and catastrophic emptying of glacier lakes. As we drive, she sings the songs associated with certain places we pass and tells why and how the songs were 'made'.



The names clearly act as triggers to remind her of a range of events. They also remind her of songs, of people and of the puzzling dilemma that all this is "getting weaker since Whitemen came." She indicates that perhaps some of the 'power' can be restored to the names if they are written because otherwise they seem to fall into disuse. The theme of the power of writing comes up in other conversations (see Chapter 12).

Mrs. Annie Ned

In Mrs. Ned's account, names are often embedded so deeply in context that it is not always easy to understand whether the travel described is occurring in the world of familiar reality or in a transcendent sphere. She asserts the importance of travel early and regularly in her account, expressing a sense of disappointment that people no longer understand its value:

"Long-ago-people, any place they go round...  
Go see everybody from next country...  
This time, just where they stay, they stay, looks to me...  
This time we can't do it now (travel around).  
People stay where they stay" (C:642, 645).

"That time, I'm young, I go anyplace.  
Go any place. Hunt..." (but now)  
"No more snowshoes, me.  
When I go, I get on Whiteman rig. Car, I go." (C:682).

While she insists that her Shagóon is centred at Hutshi, in the central Yukon, her actual account begins as a narrative about the travel involved in trade between coast and interior, beginning with Tlingit curiosity about the origins of wood chips drifting down river to Noogaayéek, and culminating in their eventual meeting with upriver Athapaskans.

Tlingits began making annual trading trips to Hutshi, or Hooch Ee Aaye which she says means 'last time lake' in Tlingit: "that's when they go back." The name for Hutshi in her own Southern Tutchone is Chu ínághá (B:641).

Her husband's Shagóon is centred some miles south at Kusawa Lake, which she calls by its old English name, Lake Arkell. His Shagóon, too, is a travel narrative, centred sometimes at the confluence of the Takhini River, Duú Chú and the Mendenhall River, Chenk'ala, at a place called Duúchugha, 'Driftwood Creek' and further up the lake at the narrows, Nakhú. Kusawa Lake takes its present name from the Tlingit Koosooaak, which she says means 'long way', and refers to the lengthy lake trip to the interior: the lake provided one route by which the earliest Tlingit traders came to the interior, though it was all but abandoned by historic times (Dawson 1898:160). If the Tlingit orientation to this lake was longitudinal, the Southern Tutchone interest was focussed on a particular spot. Nakhú Chú, the Southern Tutchone name of the lake, means 'raft crossing' and specifically identifies the narrows where Athapaskans converged from Dalton Post, Carcross, Hutshi both because for the excellent winter fishing, and because caribou could be driven to and trapped in the narrow passage between the lake and the adjoining mountain.

Like Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Ned makes a distinction between her first and second husband's hunting territories. While they were classificatory brothers (because their mothers were sisters) (C:673), she discusses the land where each made his headquarters in

terms of the territory controlled by their different paternal grandfathers, that is, the grandfather of the same moiety. Paddy's Smith's real or classificatory grandfather was Nulata, the headman who controlled the narrows. After her first marriage she and Paddy Smith stayed sometimes at Kusawa Lake and sometimes at Lúshóá, but they also returned regularly to Hutshi to make sure that her grandparents were well, and to bring them meat (C:690). Later, when Paddy Smith spent summers guiding white hunters to earn money, she hunted with her uncles, carrying her baby on her back (C:682, 683), and went on to Klukshu to put up fish (C:691). When he returned after the hunts, they would resume travelling together (C: 691).

Her second husband, Johnny Ned, had a paternal grandfather named Ajängakh, and he, too was Wolf. He owned the hills Sánkala and Níchala which now stand just north of the Alaska Highway at Stony Creek (C:693) and they made this area their headquarters.

When Mrs. Ned actually visits one of these sites (for example, C:686) her account is particularly rich with names of locations. But the effect is most striking when she sings. As we drive north on the Alaska Highway, she sings old songs made by people at Sánkala; when we reach an open meadow, she switches to a specific song made for this valley, Kosandagaa. Included in her appended account are three songs which she sang when we visited specific places - one made at Dezadeash Lake (Song # 2, C:699-700), one made at Aishihik (#4, C:703-04) and one made at Dalton Post to ensure safe travel over the summit in the days

when people walked down to Haines Alaska (# 5, C:705-06). Two other songs included are associated more with specific people than with place. These are only five songs of her much larger repertoire, many of them associated with named places.

Her stories are equally embedded in travel. Her version of Crow and Beaver Man treats their adventures entirely as a travel narrative which begins "when this ground is fixed" (C:646) and ends when they go their separate ways after completing their work, Crow to the coast and Beaver to the interior. The stories told about Kusawa Lake are built on travel motifs, as well. Kwánshálda (C:666) was a stranger travelling to the interior and was forgotten (or abandoned, her interpretation is ambiguous) on the mountain Gah Dhāl. Suddenly, this account which seems to be a straightforward travel narrative takes an unexpected turn as the protagonist receives supernatural help which saves his life. A Tlingit man who fell into a crevasse when he was returning to the coast after a trading trip was also left in a liminal state, surviving until rescuers came much later to collect his body and discovered that he was still living (C:671; see also A:355, B:556).

Mrs. Ned's travel narratives have a special quality to them because they explore the boundary between travels in this and other worlds. At one time when I thought she was telling me a 'stolen woman' story similar to those discussed in chapter 8, I realized that it was an account of a trip she made on her own between JoJo Lake and Hutshi [6]. Like Mrs. Smith, her stories of glaciers straddle the same boundary between this world and other

worlds. The account of the glacier dammed lake at Bear Creek (C: 707) has historical roots: the Lowell Glacier did surge around the turn of the century and Bear Creek was flooded, not for the first time. Other glacier stories, like the one set at the head of Kusawa Lake (her 'Lake Arkell') offer a metaphorical explanation of an ever-white transcendent realm where a different kind of causality operates.

### Conclusion

The toponyms these women include in their narratives do much more than just identify places. They are metaphors bringing together varieties of information in one small word (see Lakoff and Johnson 1980). If doing oral history is really a process of translating between 'our stories' and 'their stories', then perhaps these connections are most clearly made in the metaphor of named places. When Annie Ned instructs me, as she does all the time, "we've got to get the words right," she is absolutely correct. Through words the landscape is fashioned into a world of manageable, human proportions.

Basso's observations are once again appropriate here:

"American Indian place-names are intricate little creations and...studying their internal structure, together with functions they serve in spoken conversation can lead the ethnographer to any number of useful discoveries. All that is required is sound instruction from able native consultants, a fondness for mapping

extensive areas of territory, and a modest capacity for wonder and delight at the tasks that small words can be made to perform" (1984:25-6).

In summary, there are several ways in which place names help these women think about the past:

1. Names recreate the experience of travel. The previous chapter suggested that stories exploring metaphorical journeys to an unfamiliar world lend a certain shape to narrative accounts of a life. This chapter suggests that accounts of travel from named place to named place have a parallel effect in structuring those accounts. Life experiences were acquired in the course of travelling, and recounting these events inevitably becomes a travelogue linking personal circumstance with landscape.

2. Names are mnemonic. They glue history together. Historical events and landscape can be combined in a single term for a single geographical feature. In each instance described above, life history accounts took on substantially different perspectives when we were able to get out and travel around, not always the easiest activity for someone in her eighties or nineties. Visiting familiar places provides a context for a range of memories about the past.

3. Names can persist. Place names provide a way to continue to use Athapaskan languages even when English becomes the dominant working language as it is in much of the Yukon. If Native elders tell traditional stories in English, it is because they want them to be heard and understood by young people who only speak that language. Place names are different. They are words that can be isolated, recorded, understood and learned by

a non-speaker of the language and they can remain in English versions of the stories. Their use, even by outsiders, enhances their value. In a situation where few of the young people speak their Native languages and where older people consider it crucial that stories be passed on, even in English, the focus on names is a critical language compromise ensuring that names remain the frame on which the rest of the narrative can be hung.

4. Names provide a unique way of encoding information.

Many of the names reflect changes in landscape or in movements of plants and animals. Given the short time depth of records in the north, these names may be of interest to scientists. Nałudí "fish stop", for example, suggests that when the Lowell surged in 1852 damming the Alsek River, it may have stopped an existing salmon run. Salmon no longer ascend the Alsek, but there are land-locked salmon further upstream. Desgwáage Mene' "Squanga Lake" names a rare pygmy whitefish that puzzles biologists because of its discontinuous distribution throughout North America. Its presence in the Yukon was only recently discovered and it appears in only two lakes in the southern Yukon, this being one of them. Médzíh E'ox "place where caribou swim across in groups" refers to a point where large numbers of caribou used to cross Nares Lake when the Porcupine herd still came to the southern Yukon; this has not happened since the beginning of this century and biologists are still trying to reconstruct the history of herd movements.

5. Names describe a rich 'mythscape'. Narratives anchored to specific features of landscape give depth and richness to

locations which can be described precisely but only minimally by such scientific terms as latitude and longitude. Near Carcross, Mrs. Sidney points to and names the four mountains where Animal Mother hung her trampoline at the beginning of time when she created the first animals. On Tagish Lake, she can point out the route taken by Fox when he first gave names to all the points of land extending into the lake. The surging glaciers in Kluane Park come alive in very different ways when Mrs. Smith tells stories about copper-clawed owls living in glacier dens. The orientation of different drainage systems in the Yukon takes on a new perspective when Mrs. Ned explains how they were established by Crow at the beginning of time: one to the Arctic Ocean, one to the Bering Sea, one to the Pacific northwest coast. A drive along the Alaska Highway is never the same again after one has heard the names, the songs, the stories about how the land was made.

6.       Names are indicators of land use. Interest in Indian and Inuit toponymy in northern Canada has increased considerably during the recent decade of land claims research. Most of this work has had as its practical objective the documentation of occupancy and use of lands by successive generations of Native people. Their names for a broad range of landscape features also illustrate ways hunters describe their relationships to the land. As this kind of research becomes more thorough, the results yield a wide variety of information useful to other disciplines.

7.       Names are a kind of language play. Athapaskan languages are amazing in their ability to encode complex ideas in



a single word. An elaborate system of verb stems, for instance, means that a range of directionals can be indicated by different stems. If the speaker is orienting himself to a river, one verb stem will be used to indicate going upriver, another for going downriver, another for going across the river (away from a point of reference), another for coming across the river (toward a point of reference), another for going across and coming back, another for going down the slope toward the river, another for crossing the river and coming up the slope and so on. Even more complex, separate stems appear for singular, dual and plural. These features constitute an aspect of language which people thoroughly enjoy, and mere repetition of the names is a pleasure for older people.

A recent book analysing the tradition of North American Indian life histories (Bataille and Sands, 1984) identifies a distinguishing feature of this genre as the tendency to include themes of landscape and mythology in accounts of individual lives. What I am suggesting here is that for Athapaskan people landscape may be more than just an included theme: narrators seem to be using what we call 'space' (in the form of place names and travel accounts) to talk about and possibly to think about 'time'. Familiar landscape features become symbols allowing people to use 'nature' to talk about 'culture'. If doing oral history really is a process of translating between alternative stories, perhaps place names can provide both a point of entry to the past and insight about how people whose traditions are oral

manipulate such symbolic resources as narrative, landscape and language, to speak about the past.

## Chapter 10: Oral Tradition as Oral history: Another

### View of the Klondike Goldrush

The preceding chapters have focussed on ways individual Athapaskan/Tlingit women integrate oral tradition into their accounts of growing up and growing older in the southern Yukon Territory. But life history has been embedded in a broader controversy in northern Canada during the last decade, specifically, how researchers can draw on Native oral traditions to reconstruct a more balanced picture of the past. Northwestern Canada seems to offer attractive opportunities for research into oral history for a number of reasons. Reliable records are rarely available before the twentieth century. Journals and reports invariably reflect perspectives of short-term visitors, even when they are available. Many historians and scientists involved in northern research would welcome perspectives of indigenous people on questions they are examining. Perhaps the most important reason at the present time is the commitment of aboriginal people to documenting their own past in their own voice using their own oral records.

All these factors give oral history rather elastic promise; however, well-intended but uncritical equation of oral tradition with historical evidence can lead to misinterpretation of more complex messages in narrative. Attempts to sift oral

accounts for 'facts' may, ironically, minimize rather than elevate the value of oral accounts by asserting positivistic standards for assessing 'truth value' or 'distortions'. Similarly, the idea of recording oral accounts to store in archives for future analysis seems to ignore the way their social meaning is linked to how they are told in the present.

In order to interpret any account, be it written or oral, a student of the past makes some evaluation of the context in which the document was made. Researchers working with archival documents share at least a general framework for interpreting the conditions under which government records, log books, diaries, personal papers, newspapers were produced. But these same criteria may become quite inappropriate when applied to cultural documents from an unfamiliar tradition. Oral storytellers seem well equipped to correlate seemingly unrelated ideas and show their connections; researchers who try to winnow 'facts' from oral accounts and relate them to documented 'facts' may be less successful.

An alternative approach is to look at oral tradition not as evidence but as a window on the ways the past is culturally constituted and discussed in different cultural contexts. This is not meant to echo the well-worn assertion that societies with written tradition have history while societies with oral tradition have myth; rather, it can be argued that all societies, including our own, have characteristic narrative structures which help us construct and maintain our knowledge of the world (Lakoff and Johnson 1980). While such a perspective may be almost

axiomatic in anthropology, it has particular power in the hands of historians (Ginsberg 1976, Darnton 1984) adding cultural depth to historian Edward Carr's thesis that all works of history are essentially interpretive (1962).

Chapter 9 has already outlined the general anthropological debate about the value of oral history. The remainder of this chapter examines alternative accounts of two specific events that have become footnotes in the history of the Klondike goldrush. These examples are selected because they are included in two of the life histories recorded. The events they describe occurred four years before Mrs. Sidney was born, and when Mrs. Smith was a child of five or six; consequently, they hover on the periphery of Vansina's definition of 'oral history' which excludes events occurring before the lifetime of an individual (1985:12-13). Again, we are confronted with differing definitions of 'lifetime' and since both Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Sidney include these events within their definition, I follow their usage.

In each case, written accounts of these events have been preserved. Over the years, those versions have been incorporated into historical accounts, sometimes in a sentence, sometimes as a minor footnote. The exercise here is less one of straightening out facts than of recognizing how different cognitive models may generate different interpretations of events.

## Skookum Jim and the Discovery of Gold

Events surrounding successive goldrushes in western North America have continued to exert a peculiar fascination during the century since they occurred. This is particularly true of the Klondike rush, perhaps because its circumstances draw together so many elements essential to folklore. A singular glamour is associated with gold in any period of history, but its discovery in the Yukon in 1896 coincided with a world depression and gave hope to thousands of unemployed men. It was a 'poor man's goldrush' requiring relatively little capitalization and offering the possibility of riches to anyone willing to take the risks involved in travelling to this tributary of the Yukon River.

The paradox, of course, is that the Klondike goldrush was part of a much larger, less glamorous process - the expansion of the new Canadian state into the margins of northwestern North America. Very few goldseekers even found claims to stake by the time they completed the strenuous trip over the Chilkoot Pass and down the Yukon River. The most long-term effect of the goldrush was provision of a new regional infrastructure - forms of legal and political organization, economic enterprises, social institutions and attitudes which have persisted to the present day.

Names of individuals associated with the almost accidental discovery of gold appear repeatedly in written

accounts of the goldrush - Skookum Jim, his sister Kate, his nephew Dawson Charlie (sometimes called Tagish Charlie in written accounts, though Tagish Indians consider this a misnomer), and Kate's husband George Carmack (Ogilvie 1913: 125-30; Berton 1958:42-3; Zaslow 1971:101-3; Wright 1976:287-90; Coates 1984:61). Despite the conventional view that modern societies do not have myth in the form of popular stories that serve to locate and interpret social experience, the stories about Skookum Jim which appear repeatedly in written accounts of the goldrush seem to do precisely this. His activities are often described and interpreted symbolically as evidence that even the most unlikely individual can find riches and thereby transform his own life and the society around him.

Athapaskan traditions about the goldrush describe these men - and particularly Skookum Jim - from a rather different perspective and give us a rare opportunity to compare standard accounts in goldrush literature with oral accounts by individuals who knew the principal actors. A comparison of such accounts shows how significant cultural context is in bringing the lens of interpretation to 'facts'.

#### The Written Account:

Skookum Jim's name appears early in historical records and popular accounts of the goldrush. In 1887, he helped William Moore survey the White Pass route between the Pacific coast and the interior for a possible railway. The same year, surveyor William Ogilvie employed him as a packer to carry

supplies over the Chilkoot Pass and marvelled at the heavy loads he carried; thus the attribute 'Skookum' or 'strong' adhered to his English name (Ogilvie 1913:133).

The best known account of Skookum Jim's adventures describes his association with the white prospector George Carmack. Carmack was the husband of Jim's sister Kate and in 1896 Jim, Kate, Carmack and Jim's cousin Charlie apparently went down the Yukon River prospecting. Pierre Berton paints a rather one dimensional picture of Skookum Jim which makes him comprehensible - and attractive - to readers of goldrush folklore, a truly cross-cultural 'man's man':

(He was) a giant of a man, supremely handsome with his high cheekbones, his eagle's nose, and his fiery black eyes - straight as a gun barrel, powerfully built and known as the best hunter and trapper on the river... Just as Carmack wished to be an Indian, Jim longed to be a white man - in other words, a prospector. He differed from the others in his tribe in that he displayed the white man's kind of ambition...(Berton 1958:42,43).

Near the Klondike River, they met another prospector, Robert Henderson, who advised Carmack that he knew a good place to look for gold and was willing to share the information with him, but not with his Indian friends. Incensed, Jim, Charlie and Carmack went on their way, and when they accidentally found gold a few days later very close to the place Henderson had identified, they neglected to go back and tell him. So rapid was the staking rush following their discovery that Henderson missed out and became the tragic figure in the drama, defeated by his own arrogance (Ogilvie 1913: 127-9; Zaslow 1971:101-3; Wright 1976: 287-9, 295).



Jim, Carmack, Kate and Charlie went briefly to Seattle with their newfound wealth, and their escapades there were reported with some glee by newspapers - stories that may be apocryphal about Kate blazing her way to her hotel room with a hatchet, stories of Kate and Jim and Carmack throwing nuggets from their hotel room window, goldrush stories which may as easily have been invented as true because they are so typical of the genre (Berton 1958:400).

Then life began to sour. Carmack married a white woman and sent Kate back to Carcross. Charlie drowned in 1908 after falling off the Carcross bridge. Jim continued prospecting, making lengthy trips along the Teslin, Pelly, Macmillan, Stewart and Upper Liard Rivers, but he failed to make another major strike and his health began to deteriorate. He died in 1916. [1]

#### The Oral Perspective:

Mrs. Sidney, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Ned all make reference to Skookum Jim in their accounts. He was Mrs. Sidney's father's cousin: their mothers were sisters making the two men brothers by the Tagish system of kinship reckoning, and consequently he was her uncle. She knew him from the time she was a child until his death in 1916 and helped to nurse him during his final illness (A:359-65, 413-14). Mrs. Smith's second husband was Skookum Jim's maternal nephew and later his 'bodyguard'; after she married Billy Smith, she came to know Kate Carmack well and heard the story of the discovery many times from her (B:529-33). Mrs. Ned very nearly married Skookum Jim after his first wife left in the

early 1900's, but either she or her family decided against it because, she says, alcohol had begun to play too large a part in his life by then (C:690).

Skookum Jim's real name was Keish, a Tlingit name affirming his father's Tlingit ancestry. At the time of his birth, sometime in the mid 1800's, Tlingit economic hegemony in the southern Yukon was possibly at its height (McClellan 1950). Wherever possible Tlingits formalized trading partnerships with their interior neighbours by forging marital alliances, particularly arranging for Tlingit women to marry and move inland. Tagish people formally adopted Tlingit clans and sibs, clan names, personal names, traditions and even Tlingit language as these marriages became common. Keish was born of such a union.

Mrs. Sidney's account emphasizes not the exceptional man, but his social context: his acquisition of a Frog spirit helper, his encounter with Wealth Woman or Tlenahéedak, his exemplary assumption of responsibility for his sisters. She minimizes his personal biography and interprets his behavior from these perspectives rather than as any desire to be a prospector or to discover gold. As a young man, he once saved the life of a frog trapped in a deep hole. Later the same frog returned to him on two different occasions, once in its animal form when it healed a wound he had sustained, and again in the form of a woman, showing him a golden-tipped walking cane which would direct him toward his fortune downriver. People credit this animal helper with a significant role in the eventual discovery of gold. His encounter

with 'Wealth Woman' or 'Good Luck Lady' (Tlenahéedak) was equally significant. A complex figure exhibiting many of the features of the resourceful, independent 'stolen woman' in Tagish mythology, she rewards anyone who hears her, catches her, and follows a prescribed ritual. Both Jim and Charlie heard her, but run though they might, they were unable to overtake her, says Mrs. Sidney. Consequently, the money which came their way after the discovery of gold did not last.

Both these stories have had a prominent place in Tagish explanations of financial success or failure, not only of Skookum Jim but of other individuals (A:363). McClellan compared eight accounts of the Frog Helper story and numerous references to 'Wealth Woman', and showed how these narratives provided a conventional explanation for unprecedented events, making those events comprehensible by putting them into a familiar context. She suggests that they illustrate the particular interest of Tagish people in achieving consistency in their world of reality (McClellan 1963). In other words, the intellectual struggle to resolve dramatic contradictions accompanying the goldrush was addressed using a customary cognitive model which made strange events seem somehow familiar.

While supernatural explanations may have helped Tagish people explain the discovery, Mrs. Sidney and Mrs. Smith also give considerable weight to Keish's assumption of social responsibility. Information provided by Mrs. Sidney when she was preparing her family history (1983) puts this in context.

Skookum Jim's father, Kaachgaawáa, was a Tlingit man of the Deisheetaan clan who married a Tagish woman named Gus'dutéen, of the Dakl'aweidi clan. Kaachgaawaa made his headquarters at the juncture of Bennett and Nares Lakes at the site of the present village of Carcross. As local head of his clan, he claimed authority over all the land from there to the summit of the Chilkoot on the inland side of the pass. He and his wife had a large family and eight of their children survived to adulthood by the 1890's - two brothers and six sisters (See Fig. 2, p. 88).

Although pressure from prospectors and traders was breaking down the Tlingit blockade by the time Skookum Jim was an adult, marriages between coast and interior continued to be important. Skookum Jim and his brother each married coastal Tlingit women during the time they worked as packers for prospectors entering the Yukon. But a few years later the elder brother died in one of the influenza epidemics sweeping the coast during the 1890's.

Three of Keish's sisters also married coastal men, but in each case illness and death took a toll. The first sister contracted influenza and died shortly after her marriage. Since marriages were essentially contracts between kin groups rather than individuals, her husband's clan requested that one of her sisters be sent to replace her and the Tagish family complied, sending Aagé. But even before this marriage could take place, the groom fell ill and died. His maternal nephew (who was his sociological equivalent) was selected to replace him as the

new husband. Aagé and her new husband had a daughter, but a few years later and just before the birth of their second child, he was killed in a fight about which clan had the right to pack prospectors' goods over the pass. The young widow requested that she be allowed to return to Tagish, and her husband's family agreed, but only on the condition that she leave her child with them, to be raised by her co-wife. The marriages, the deaths, the loss of her first child had taken a toll, and for a variety of reasons, Aagé left her second baby with her own mother and ran off with a prospector, 'Mr. Wilson'. In this way, she became the first of Skookum Jim's sisters to go downriver with a white prospector.

A third sister, Kate or Shaaw Tláa also married a coastal Tlingit man, her mother's brother's son, in a traditional alliance. They had one baby daughter, but both father and child died of influenza. As in her sister's case, Kate's husband's Tlingit clan wanted to keep her and give her an appropriate husband. But by now, her mother back in Tagish was so deeply distressed by the loss of her daughters, that she insisted Kate return. The startling number of deaths were forcing people to improvise in cases where remarriage of widows was concerned: a fourth daughter had recently married a white prospector/trader named George Carmack but she, too, had died of the influenza which was working its way into the interior by now. Kate's mother insisted that it was more appropriate for her daughter to return to Tagish and marry her deceased sister's husband than to remain on the coast. Partnerships between brothers-in-law were very

important, and with Carmack's second marriage into the family, he and Skookum Jim became strong allies. But shortly after this, Carmack and Kate followed her sister downriver where rumours of gold were attracting prospectors.

Still another of Skookum Jim's sisters died a tragic death when she and her daughter were caught in an unexpected winter storm on a mountain pass as they returned from a funeral potlatch. Only one sister, Kooyáy, remained at Tagish, married in a customary alliance to her father's brother. She raised a large family, including the nephews who later accompanied Keish on his travels.

In a very few years, then, Keish lost one brother and three sisters: of the surviving three sisters two had gone 'down the river' with white men, leaving only one sister still in Tagish. Local people insist that Skookum Jim was not prospecting with Carmack in 1896, that he was instead living on the southern lakes pre-occupied with the whereabouts of his two sisters.

Angela Sidney begins her account (A:364):

In the first place, he wasn't looking for gold.  
Skookum Jim went downriver to look for his two sisters  
Because they missed them.  
They were gone two years already -  
No telegram, nothing.  
He doesn't know if his two sisters are alive or not.  
That's why he thought he'd go down the river too,  
To see if he can find his sisters, Aagé and Kate.  
They were strict about that kind of thing, old people.

She goes on to describe how a party was selected to go, who was chosen, who stayed behind and why. Her own parents went part way, as far as Lake Laberge, but turned back when they

considered how difficult it would be for their elderly parents to survive the winter if they were delayed.

Mrs. Smith's husband, Billy, was one of the young men who was left behind to look after his mother. She heard the story many times after her marriage, from the perspective of Kate who was living in Carcross by then (B:529-33):

Skookum Jim worries about his sister, you know.  
"Oh my. (They're) going to get lost  
Don't want to get lost my sister," he says that.  
Talks about it all winter.  
Dawson Charlie tells him:  
"I guess we go down to look for her.  
We're going to bring her back," he tells his uncle.

"Kate Carmack tells me all that.  
They just go looking for her.  
They're not looking for gold!"

Her account attributes the overall success of the party to Kate's skills and to those of other women they met:

"...they live one winter, Kate Carmack and him, her husband.  
He's got wife. He's alright!  
She does everything, that woman, you know -  
Hunts just like nothing..."

...one lady, Dawson people gave them fish.  
She cut it, Kate Carmack.

When Skookum Jim and his nephews reached them, George explained why they had survived so well:

"...One man killed us moose.  
That way we're pretty good."  
("His wife is kind woman.  
Dawson Indian, I guess," adds Mrs. Smith, referring to a woman's right to distribute meat)

In each case, the description of the actual discovery of

gold is almost incidental to the point of the main story - Skookum Jim's journey down the river to find his missing sisters. The pattern of a protagonist who uses his supernatural powers to undertake a journey to find his wife or sisters is familiar from narratives in chapter 8. Oral traditions use familiar metaphor to explain Skookum Jim's actions just as written records do, but the metaphors in each case come from a different understanding of society.

There is, however, one issue of fact which is troubling to people. Káa Goox was Skookum Jim's sister's son and was with Jim when the discovery was made near the later site of Dawson City, earning him the nickname 'Dawson Charlie'. In written accounts he is invariably referred to as 'Tagish Charlie' because whites identified him as coming from Tagish Lake. The misnomer causes confusion because Káa Goox had an important contemporary at Tagish, Yéił Saagí, who was known locally as 'Tagish Charlie'. Like Skookum Jim, he was also a guide for early survey parties, but he was never involved in the discovery. To emphasize this point, Mrs. Sidney and others point to the two graves of the men in the Carcross cemetery, Tagish Charlie (Yéił Saagí) with his Deisheetaan beaver crest on his stone, and Dawson Charlie (Káa Goox) with his Dakl'aweidí wolf crest on his.

Stories of the aftermath focus on the interplay between wealth and tragedy. After their discovery, the men became caught up in a lifestyle which cost each of them his family. Skookum Jim's wife left him and returned to the coast. Her parents were



disturbed by their daughter's violation of custom and they brought her back to Carcross, but Skookum Jim no longer seemed to care. She left with their son, and Jim kept their daughter Daisy. Dawson Charlie's wife left, too; alcohol played a part in his accidental death a few years later. Kate returned to Carcross alone, abandoned by George who took their daughter south with him.

Skookum Jim's daughter Daisy studied acting briefly in California and made periodic trips back to Carcross, particularly when her father was ill, but she was ambivalent about her place, or lack of it, in Carcross. She once told Mrs. Sidney that she would like to marry and stay in Carcross, but it seemed that no man of the appropriate clan would have her: "She's too much white lady. Who wants to marry white lady?" one prospective candidate said. After her father's death in 1916, Daisy left, married, divorced and remarried, but her life was not a happy one and she died in 1938. [2]

Goldrush stories persist in the Yukon because they appeal to popular imagination. Standardized accounts portray Skookum Jim in a frontier genre as a rather flat and one dimensional character, 'an Indian who wanted to be a white man', the lone prospector/trapper whose efforts are ultimately rewarded. Oral accounts from his own community describe him as a man impelled by social and cultural motives, with a strong sense of responsibility for his sisters and ability to communicate with and be guided by supernatural helpers. In both versions he exhibits qualities of an 'ideal man', but those ideals are dramatically different. The

issue of how such stories reflect contrasting views of society and contrasting narrative genres will be set aside for the moment while we consider another example.

### The Deaths at Marsh Lake

#### The Written Record

The second event described here is also associated with the goldrush, but it is less prominent in historical accounts. It is the kind of item more likely to be included as a sentence or a footnote in contemporary historical writing, cited as an inexplicable anomaly. In his doctoral dissertation on Native-white relations in the Yukon between 1940 and 1950, Coates notes:

Natives were seldom implicated in serious crimes against whites...A notable exception occurred in 1899 when two prospectors were attacked, apparently without provocation. One died while the other, feigning death, escaped to the Tagish detachment of the North West Mounted Police (Coates 1984:310).

This event occurred on McClintock River at the north end of Marsh Lake. Most of the thousands of prospectors going to Dawson in 1897 and 1898 made the laborious climb with food and equipment over the Chilkoot Pass, then built boats or rafts and travelled through the southern lake system past Tagish (where a police post was established), along Marsh Lake to the Yukon

River and then downriver to Dawson City. The two prospectors involved had unsuccessfully attempted to take a short cut by turning up the McClintock hoping that they could portage their goods across the divide and rejoin the Yukon River at Hootelinqua [Klondike Nugget July 27, 1898, p. 1].

Coates cites a police report by Inspector Z.T. Wood who was in charge of the police post at Tagish when the incident occurred. On May 10th, 1898, a wounded prospector stumbled into a cabin at the foot of the McClintock River reporting that he had been wounded and his partner killed when their boat was fired on by Indians (Wood 1899:42). Two of the suspects were apprehended within three days and the other two shortly after. They were taken to Tagish and kept there until they were removed to Dawson City for trial. In a photograph of the four taken at Tagish Post, two of them look self-assured, though in chains; a third looks less certain, while the fourth - a boy of perhaps fourteen - seems bewildered and frightened. [3] Their names are recorded in written records as Joe, Jim, Dawson and Frank Nantuck. The inscription beneath the photo reads 'Indians at Tagish Post that shot Meehan and Fox on the McClintock.'

If the police report is brief, the newspaper accounts of the ensuing trial in Dawson are not, and they tell us much about the interpretive genre of the day. Headlines in the 1898 issues of the Klondike Nugget confidently pre-date the trial:

'Indians Shoot White Men to Rob them of their Supplies' (June 16), 'Deliberately Tried to Kill their Benefactors for the Outfits' (July 27) and 'The Treacherous Instincts of the

Aborigines Will Get their Necks Stretched with Hemp' (July 27).

Even before the accused are brought to trial, the newspaper notes:

"One of the most cold-blooded crimes committed since the rush to the gold fields began occurred on the McClintock River during the latter part of last April..."(June 16).

The 'facts' seem to vary slightly from telling to telling, though no one denies that the Indian men shot the prospectors, least of all the accused. In Wood's police account, Fox 'with rare presence of mind pretended he was dead until the boat drifted out of sight of the Indians' (1899:42). In the newspaper account he paddled to shore, climbed out of the boat and then pushed it into the current and watched the Indians intercept the boat and remove his companion's body. In the police report, the implication is that the attack was totally random; in the newspaper account of the trial it seems that the Indian men had visited the prospectors' camp several times, and that arrangements had been made a day prior to the shooting for the accused men to catch a ride down the river with the two prospectors.

But as the trial gets underway, what incenses the spectators - newspaper reporters, police, and ultimately the judge - is refusal of the accused either to provide an elaborate explanation or to show remorse. Their silence is taken to mean that the 'facts' speak for themselves. The newspaper goes on to confidently interpret those facts in a genre familiar wherever western colonial law is unabashedly asserting itself. The men

come to symbolize an unfamiliar 'other' dimension of life associated with treachery, robbery, and savage insensitivity. The very act of displaying this symbolic opposition between 'savagery' and 'order' affirms the appropriateness of the newly installed British judiciary. Not only do the accused fail on the grounds that they don't respond in institutionally 'appropriate' ways in the courtroom, they also fail to conform to the stereotype of noble savages, as we see below.

When they arrived in Dawson for their trial in mid July, the paper noted:

"They are villainous looking Indians, and from the evidence at hand there is not much doubt but the four murderers will stretch hemp either here in Dawson or back at Tagish" (July 27).

And in court:

"The Indians understand little or no English and at the trial were given two interpreters to translate for them... The questions put to the murderers by the judge through the interpreters showed them to be wholly deficient in the most ordinary morals. Their cunning, also, was of a low order. They could plot to destroy the two men in the boat and steal their goods but appeared to be stolidly indifferent to the results of the admissions they were making, though it was repeatedly impressed on them. Questioned about their knowledge of God or a future state, everyone was surprised to find that they knew nothing about either one. Even the 'Great Spirit' and the 'Happy Hunting Grounds' of the North American Indians were unknown to them.

Mr. Lisle, a barrister, of London, did what could be done in defense of the prisoners, and Mr. Wade, crown prosecuting attorney, acted for the Crown. The jury consumed half an hour in deliberation and then returned a verdict of guilty against the four, with a strong recommendation of mercy for Frank Nantuck" (August 3).

When the prisoners failed to play their expected part in the pageant, the focus of attention shifts to the judge. As he

sentences each of the accused to death, the record notes:

It is seldom that a judge can repeat that formula without being much affected, and yet it had to be gone over to each of the four prisoners. Not one in the courtroom but was sympathetically affected by the venerable judge's suppressed emotions at sentencing those intellectual children to death...(August 3, 1898).

The sentence was to be carried out on November 1, 1898; the judge recommended clemency for Frank, the youngest. But the appeal dragged on and Frank apparently did not live long enough for it to be either granted or denied. He and Joe Nantuck died in the Dawson hospital of 'pulmonary troubles'. The police officer in charge noted in his annual report that "...the suspense of a long reprieve had very much disheartened these Indians." 'Jim' and 'Dawson' Nantuck were executed on August 4, 1899 (Primrose 1900:44).

#### The Oral Accounts

Mrs. Kitty Smith's version of this same event has already been discussed in chapter 6 but it can be reviewed here from this new perspective. Sometime early in 1898, she says, an old lady from Marsh Lake either found or was given a can containing some white powder which she mistakenly identified as baking powder. In fact, the powder was probably arsenic, used in the refining of gold [4]. The powder was used to bake bread and people even tested it first by feeding it to a dog, but the poison did not take effect immediately. An elderly man and a boy, both members of the Crow moiety, ate the bread and died.

Mrs. Sidney heard the story from her mother who was at Tagish when it happened and knew the actors personally. Her

understanding is that the can was found by the boy who died. He took it home to his aunt, Tagish Jim's first wife: the strain she alludes to in their relationship is a conventional way of discussing the alliance between a woman and her husband's nephew who may be sent to live with them (A:356). He made the bread, fed it to a dog and then to his 'grandpa'. By the time they realized the dog was dying, it was too late to save the men.

By custom, the responsibility for avenging the deaths fell to clan members. Mrs. Sidney states that explicitly:

"They were all Crow, all one nation.  
Brothers, cousins, like that."

McClellan explains the customary settlements arranged in such a case. When a victim was a member of one moiety and the attacker a member of another, formal negotiations were necessary to arrange fair compensation for the death. The social group of the killer had the responsibility for opening negotiations. Either the death of a social equivalent of the victim or payment in goods equivalent to his worth would be satisfactory compensation (McClellan 1975:497).

It is unclear from oral accounts told now whether the can of powder actually came from the camp of these two prospectors or whether they were simply seen as representing the 'clan' of responsible white men. The visits reported in the press by the Indian men to the prospectors' camp may have been intended to give the men 'responsible' for the deaths their opportunity to open negotiations. Mrs. Sidney's account, on the other hand,





The event so greatly disrupted the Marsh Lake people that they 'called the Crows back' from wherever they might be. [5] Crow men came to Dalton post to tell Kitty Smith's mother that she must return home at once to comfort her own mother, distraught because her son was to hang.

When her son was hanged, my grandma said,  
"I don't know if I can forget it, that Whitehorse River way.  
I wish they'd throw me in the water when I die  
so I could follow down.  
My son got lost that way."

If stories about Skookum Jim present two dramatically different pictures of an individual with characteristics of a hero, accounts of the Marsh Lake tragedy certainly reflect conflicting visions of society, and conflicting notions about authority and social justice. The perspectives are so starkly opposed because they occur in a context where a new institutional order has dramatically replaced the old in the matter of a few years. The first Northwest Mounted Police inspector, Constantine, reached the area which is now the Yukon Territory in 1894. Four years later we have a full force of the British judiciary (complete with a defense lawyer from London) imposing the death sentence on Indians for upholding their traditional justice system. And yet the 'facts' are essentially unaltered by these contrasting perspectives: what changes is the context in which they are interpreted.

## Contrasting Views of Society

The contrasting interpretations in written records and oral accounts reflect concerns quite specific to the social atmosphere in which the events occurred. Between the discovery of gold in August 1896 and the arrest and trial of the Nantuck brothers in summer of 1898, tens of thousands of would-be prospectors and miners converged on one small area of the Klondike River. Their prototypes were Horatio Alger, and the virtues they extolled were individualism and plucky self-reliance. But their autonomy was restrained from the beginning by the determination of the Canadian state to launch massive logistical efforts establishing sovereignty in the region and ensuring that this goldrush would be conducted in a manner more sedate than American goldrushes. Unfamiliar 'others', the Indians, readily become symbols for imaging these sometimes contradictory values. 'Good Indians' must seem to share some of the values of newcomers, and Skookum Jim's accidental discovery earned him such dubious compliments such as 'an exception to his race', 'an Indian who wanted to be a white man'. Such an interpretation has less to do with any inherent qualities Skookum Jim may have had than with the newcomers' desire to identify an example confirming the advantages of an emerging social order.

But Indians were already dealing with unprecedented changes in 1890: the history of Skookum Jim's own family during the 1890's is a case in point. Oral accounts of the discovery struggle to achieve consistency between old values and changing circumstances. Skookum Jim's personal success is attributed not to individualism but to his continuity with longstanding values - his acquisition of an animal helper, his successful encounter with 'Good Luck Lady', his resolute transaction of his responsibilities to his sisters and his sister's sons.

In this way, two interpretations of society, two models of behavior both converge in the actions of one individual. He becomes a particularly good symbol 'to think with' in structuralist terms.

Accounts of the deaths at Marsh Lake show a parallel pattern. An attack on two prospectors bound for the gold fields was both disconcerting and incomprehensible to the newcomers, who had probably been oblivious to the presence of aboriginal people until then. The shootings challenged their view of their enterprise and could only have been perpetrated by 'bad Indians'. Written accounts begin with self-righteous indignation, continue by denigrating the accused, and conclude by wallowing in tristesse about the enormous responsibilities of the white man's burden.

Oral accounts of this same incident reflect the human misery which results when two totally conflicting views of justice come face to face in unequal contest. From the Indian perspective, their categorization of the newcomers as members of

a cohesive group and their attempt to impress upon them the rules of the country met with an incomprehensible reaction. There is never any sense in oral accounts that the accused want to deny what they had done.

### Oral History as Collaboration

If the oral accounts described above make a contribution to our understanding of the past, they do so by showing how differently the past may be constituted from different cultural perspectives. The 'facts' seem uncontroversial: Skookum Jim was one of several men involved in the accidental discovery that triggered North America's largest and last major goldrush. One of those prospectors was shot by Indians for reasons inscrutable to outsiders. But comparing oral and written accounts gives us a perspective on contrasting social categories and reminds us of the potential of collaborative research raised in chapter 4.

Oral history's chief contribution comes from providing contrasting 'windows' on events and contrasting ways of describing those events, and this underscores the potential of collaborative research in social science. One of the criteria of research, be it scientific or historical, seems surely to be that the researcher be open to the possibility of being surprised by the results which emerge. In a relatively young territory, where there are still people living who remember seeing the first whitemen in the 1890's, the potential for surprise seems greatest in historical research which takes both written and oral sources as a point of departure.

Talcott Parsons once called science 'a selective system of cognitive orientations to reality' and Edward Carr has defined history as 'a continuous process of interaction between the historian and the facts, an unending dialogue between the past and the present' (Carr 1961: 6, 24). Both these definitions emphasize the relativity which underlies the forms of knowledge granted highest authority in the western tradition. A viable oral tradition offers a set of different cognitive orientations from that of western investigator, and consequently suggests the possibility of a dialogue between those perspectives building upon, rather than eliminating, their different assumptions. Such an approach treats storytelling as central to social history rather than as providing peripheral illustrations, and characterizes much contemporary historical writing (for example Helias 1978, Martin 1987). By confronting us with information we may have to struggle to comprehend, oral tradition underscores the multiplicity of ways human beings understand the past.

## Chapter 11: Life Told Like a Story: Educational Strategies in Oral Narrative

"Well my grandchild is six years old now.  
She's going to start school, now.  
Pretty soon paper's going to talk to her" (Mrs. Kitty Smith).

Storytelling may well be the oldest of the arts, one of the universal forms of human behavior. It has always provided a vehicle for the expression of ideas and for performance of cultural themes, particularly in societies relying on oral tradition. Yet investigation of what contemporary storytellers communicate to their listeners occupies a restricted place in anthropology. Levi-Strauss may have directed attention to the structural study of myth, but he was dismissive of narrative content. The growing literature on small-scale hunting societies pays careful attention to their subsistence strategies, but less to ideas which seem peripheral to economic activities. A gap remains in our knowledge about the contribution of expressive forms like storytelling to strategies for adapting to social, cultural and economic change.

In part, this is an artifact of the history of anthropology: from the outset 'symbolic forms' and 'economic activity' have been categorized separately. Malinowski, for example, took myth and ritual as his special province while Radcliffe-Brown focussed on social organization. More recently,

Marxist anthropologists have explored the economic underpinnings of societies, relegating narrative to 'superstructure' and leaving it to folklorists and to more symbolically oriented anthropologists. Native oral traditions are often regarded as fanciful cultural creations of people instrumentally unable to control their environment, or as seriously eroded artifacts that no longer have any place in modern nation states.

The enduring tradition of storytelling among Athapaskan/Tlingit women living in the southern Yukon Territory and their careful inclusion of traditional stories in their life histories suggests that narratives continue to address important questions during a period of industrial and government expansion and social upheaval. Virtually every aspect of the Native economy, social organization and style of life has altered during this century. The Klondike goldrush of 1896-98 brought thousands of men to the region for a brief but turbulent period. The Church of England and Roman Catholicism launched their competition for bodies and souls early in the century, establishing residential schools for the care and instruction of Native children. The establishment of trading posts and the involvement of Indians in international fur markets gradually undermined the native subsistence economy. Construction of the Alaska Highway brought a flurry of activity comparable in magnitude to the Klondike goldrush, and left behind a corridor that became the administrative axis of the territory. More recently, the development of an unstable economy based on resource extraction, an expanding government infrastructure centred in Whitehorse, and

ongoing land claims negotiations have brought additional disruptions. Yet it has already been pointed out above (Chapter 8) that stories told by these women in the 1970's and 1980's were recorded in some form in Alaska in 1883 and 1904, and at Dease Lake, British Columbia, in 1915 (Krause 1956, Swanton 1909, Teit 1917). Why do stories persist when so much else has changed?

Chapters 5, 6, and 7 have shown how individual women integrate traditional narrative with personal experience, treating stories as a kind of explanation. This explanatory function of narrative has been noted elsewhere: Bruce Shaw found that Australian aboriginal men narrating their life histories consistently included myth as an explanatory device, a way of clarifying points (Shaw 1980, 1981). Renato Rosaldo found that at each attempt to document history in the Philippines he encountered traditional narrative; ultimately, he restructured his study of Ilongot social history making traditional stories central (Rosaldo 1980). Will Wright, discussing contemporary American mythology, takes a close look at why narratives seem to provide such useful models for thinking about changing life experiences. Events in life history, he says, must be interpreted as significant because they otherwise seem random; events in narrative are inherently significant because all details eventually become relevant to the plot (Wright 1975:192). Stories become touchstones useful for editing a life.

But women who include narratives as part of their life history also express a second reason for doing so: stories are not simply explanatory, they are instructive, though never in any



simple or didactic way. Older storytellers repeatedly state that young girls should be learning from the stories they tell. The definition of elders as teachers, historians, experts in tradition and custom is widely shared in the southern Yukon. Elders characteristically demonstrate their authority by talking about their experiences and by telling their stories. This conventional genre is affirmed, for example, by Mrs. Ned's pronouncement that "old style words are just like school," by Mrs. Smith's regular punctuation of accounts with the comment, "young girls, I could teach them!" and by Mrs. Sidney's powerful statement that she has tried to live her life "just like a story." As Keith Basso has pointed out in his discussion of Apache stories, it is extremely important to attend to claims that people make about themselves and to try to understand why they make those claims.

The durability of stories and persistence of storytelling suggests that oral narrative is central to an indigenous intellectual tradition, that it provides the core of an educational model. Examining components of such a model should at least clarify aspects of non-western learning styles and may even alert us to potential significance of narrative in cultures faced with rapid and dislocating social change.

Why do women regard stories that appear both archaic and formulaic as 'curriculum' for young women in the 1980's? Three things appear to be important to them. On one level, they are concerned about the content of stories, particularly the meaning which can be derived from recurring patterns. Secondly,

they point to the context which stories provide for instruction, the ways lessons are embedded in a cultural milieu. At a third level they have concerns about instructional techniques. These three conceptual planes are levels of abstraction rather than separate topics. If we examine each separately, and then look at whether there are indications that stories actually provide models for contemporary behavior, however indirect, we perhaps come closer to understanding what it is that stories may actually teach.

### Story Content

The genre of transformation story women most frequently tell when talking about what they would like to 'teach young girls' has been outlined in chapter 8. To recapitulate, the protagonist in such a story characteristically encounters a being with supernatural characteristics (often an animal disguised as a person) who guides him/her on a symbolic journey to a transcendent, timeless domain. The gender differences in story content are particularly significant: female protagonists in the stories have different experiences from male protagonists, and they respond differently.

Stories with male protagonists begin with the hero demonstrating human arrogance by offending an animal species. On his journey, he either learns or fails to learn about his abductor's

culture. If successful, he returns to ordinary reality as the power bringer with new knowledge and permanent assistance of a spirit helper. Male protagonists rely on supernatural intervention to acquire knowledge and the efforts of the community to socialize that knowledge.

Puberty seclusion often provides the setting for stories with a female protagonist. A woman is accosted by a stranger (always male in stories recorded), then taken to an unfamiliar world. Instead of acquiring an animal helper as a man would, she usually focuses her mental energies on actively escaping back to the human community. In most stories, she manages to out-think her captors and to escape on her own, often actually assisting would-be rescuers. Inevitably, her powers of 'practical reasoning' save her; in fact, she relies on what she has been taught at puberty about dealing with supernatural power to think her way out of her dilemma.

What is it in these stories that narrators feel young women should learn? What possible curriculum or view of social reality can they communicate? Responding to this kind of question requires a fairly culture-bound analytical model, one that fits with the narrator's sense of plot and metaphor.

Wright's study (1975) is exemplary in this regard because he gives particular weight to the issue of sequence in narrative. He explicitly contrasts his syntagmatic approach with the paradigmatic approach of Levi-Strauss. It is fascinating to look at how myth reflects the structure of the human mind, he agrees, but his objective is to uncover social meanings of myth. If myth

is interpreted as communication with other people, it must in some sense be an allegory of social interaction, and that interaction takes place in the story of a myth, not in its structural oppositions. Myth creates a conceptual model of human types, characters who are then located in specific social situations and take specific social action. Such a model becomes particularly valuable during times of change, he says, when dilemmas about social interaction arise. Narratives contribute to resolution of conflicts because they follow a culturally specific sequence and employ binary images to move from a beginning, through a series of conflicts to some resolution.

It is this narrative sequence Wright considers central to the storytelling impulse, particularly when conventional routines are disrupted. A basic tenet of anthropology is that interaction between individuals is structured by the institutions of society. In 'traditional' societies, there is usually a fairly close fit between values and institutions, a shared body of mutual understandings about how to behave. In 'modern' societies, longstanding values regularly come into conflict with institutional changes. Because narratives have a sequence that deals specifically with a change from one situation to another they are structurally equipped to address such dilemmas. Moreover, they can do this without necessarily altering the social types they portray. This, says Wright, is what makes myths conceptual models for social action in every-day life, yet structuralists ignore and even deny their value as social models.

If regular sequence is apparent in the stories outlined in chapter 8 and summarized above, it accomplishes its objectives within a framework of binary oppositions. The two dramatic settings are marked off in some physical way: the protagonist may pass under a log, into a cave, beyond the horizon, or may be 'slapped' and experience temporary amnesia. The physical characteristics of the new domain are the reverse of those found in the more familiar world: it may be a 'winter world' where everything is white, including people and animals. In such a world, wet logs make the best fires, and food habits of human beings are offensive to the inhabitants. Often, the central organizing principle is a view of the human world from the perspective of animals. This view of the human social order is no mirror image, but one that simultaneously unbalances and reorients the protagonist, making him/her see the 'ordinary' in a new way.

The story content may deal with excursions to unfamiliar worlds, but success is demonstrated with reference to familiar skills. An important sequence in 'stolen woman' stories is the heroine's inevitable goal to escape and return home. She accomplishes this in two ways, initially by demonstrating her discretion in dealings with power, and secondly by engineering her escape using a range of skills taught to women at puberty - skills demonstrating and dramatizing her sewing abilities, her food gathering abilities, or her ability to think quickly and outwit her captors. Male protagonists seem more likely to submit to and learn from the spiritual, supernatural

aspects of their voyage and their success is demonstrated when they return with an animal helper.

For both male and female protagonists, the sequence involves separation, initiation and eventual return to normal life. The gender differences define the way the sequence is accomplished. Women who confront power individually suffer tragic consequences, usually death. Women who rely on learned, shared 'practical' knowledge to achieve their ends eventually succeed. In stories, the stolen woman seems to demonstrate qualities of an ideal woman just as the power bringer does for men.

### Story Context

The instructional context in societies relying on oral narrative contrasts sharply with western pedagogic strategies. Basil Bernstein has approached the sociology of communication with a definition that may be useful here: he distinguishes between 'restricted' (or context-dependent) and 'elaborated' (or context-independent) speech acts (Bernstein 1966, 1971).[1] He became fascinated with speech forms where much was implicit, where comprehension depended on how well the listener could understand the total context from which the speaker was talking. An 'elaborated' code is one where the speaker takes nothing for granted from the audience and sets out the context and the

dramatis personae in a journalistic mode. This approach essentially provides context for listener or reader as though context were essential for understanding the facts. A 'restricted' code is one where the narrator takes it for granted that speaker and audience share a common set of understandings, and begins the account without providing any background. If an elaborated code directs the audience how to think, a restricted code savors the ambiguity in the presentation.

Oral traditions are inevitably cultural documents in which much is implicit, making them context-dependent in Bernstein's terms. They are developed in a culture where there is considerable consensus about what knowledge is important. Kinship terms, place names, metaphor and symbol play a major role in how the account is presented. In oral tradition, explanation is metaphoric rather than purposefully factual. Robin Ridington (1986: 23, 24, 28) has suggested that when applied to the metaphoric language of small-scale Subarctic societies, Bernstein's 'restricted' code may more properly be called a 'reflexive' code:

Communication on a day to day basis in the small, kin-based communities of Subarctic hunting people is continually referenced to a large body of mutually understood information. This information is coded in a metaphoric language that is understood without the need of formal explanation..... An outside observer is likely to miss the metaphors implicit in such communication, because many references are not part of his or her world of information. They are not shared (Ridington 1986:23, 24).

In telling a story, a narrator usually makes implicit reference to setting and circumstances, including references to

subsistence activities, features of landscape, inter-relationships between family members, moiety and clan affiliations - a whole range of details which seem at best extraneous and at worst confusing to a listener not familiar with idiomatic nuances. While any sophisticated listener or reader of these stories would expect them to be culturally specific, he might also find it difficult to grasp the way the story is 'organized'.

This is at least partly because narrators take it for granted that their listeners come equipped with a certain minimal context for understanding what they are being told. This assumed context is often frustrating for an unfamiliar listener. A case in point concerns the range of phenomena described in stories that are potentially of interest to scientists - descriptions of changes in vegetation, animal migrations patterns, surging glaciers, of unusually severe winters (Cruikshank 1981). This kind of information is often inaccessible to scientists because it is so thoroughly embedded in cultural context. An apparently simple question to an elder may lead to a complex answer or 'story' including mythical, historical and other references. The point being made is this: "anyone can tell you a simple fact; I am teaching you the total context in which that fact must be understood."

An Athapaskan man in his forties explained this in another way. He said that although he had spent relatively little of his life in the bush, he would be able to do so when necessary. He would, he said, remember the story of the culture hero Asuya who made the world safe for human beings by



killing the giant animals living in 'myth time' (A:331, B:523). By recalling the details of Asuya's journey he would have at his disposal all the information necessary for survival. Such details are indeed in the story, but they are enfolded in a much broader context. This particular story contains messages at a range of levels of abstraction - about the origins of various animal species, about appropriate behavior toward animals, about the development of social and cultural conventions among human beings. It also contains detailed instrumental knowledge about how to survive on one's own in unfamiliar country. Whether these stories can still contribute to physical survival is an open question, but certainly this was one of their functions in the past (see also Ridington 1982).

We are left with some real educational questions here. Our educational system regularly extracts 'facts' from context and presents them as items to be added incrementally to other 'facts' and learned. Jack Goody, in his studies of oral tradition and literacy has actually described this educational strategy as decontextualization, involving as it does a process of repetition, copying, memorization (Goody 1977). We create new contexts for facts, and we call this science. Oral narratives, on the other hand, contain multiple messages, not simple conclusions; the meaning is in the pattern, not in the individual events or items. The insistence of older Athapaskan narrators on continually referencing facts to a larger context must figure into any evaluation of oral tradition as 'curriculum'.

## Instructional Technique

At a third level, narrators are concerned about how learning occurs. Until recently, every Athapaskan Indian learned either directly through her/his own experience or from verbal descriptions or instruction from others (see McClellan 1975:66-7 for a discussion of this). An ultimate value of oral tradition, then, was the ability to recreate a situation for someone who had not experienced it so that the listener could benefit directly from the narrator's experience (Ridington 1982).

Bernstein identifies the question of how learning occurs as a particularly important pedagogic issue. Children are taught how to learn as well as what to learn, he says. In certain social contexts, children learn to receive and give information in universalistic, explicit, elaborated forms. In others, they learn to respond to information which is delivered in 'context-dependent', 'reflexive' forms. This complicates the entire issue of what instructional techniques are best, because the real question is how students have already learned to learn. Schools are characteristically concerned with transmission and development of universalistic orders of meaning; however, one set of students arrives already sensitive to the symbolic order of the schools while other groups arrive with very different sensitivities (Bernstein 1971:196-98).

Athapaskan/Tlingit women's faith in oral tradition has to do both with their own experience of its effectiveness and with the direct relationship of teacher and listener. This form of instruction generates messages in the listener rather than providing him or her with a single straightforward answer. In my discussions with Yukon women in their twenties and thirties about what they learned from stories as children, they inevitably remark that lessons continue to unfold, that a lesson understood at one stage of life will be enhanced by another learned later, making story comprehension a continuing process. What the story is 'about' differs depending on the age and circumstances of the listener.

From the perspective of older storytellers, the impersonality of classroom instruction limits the intimacy of the relationship between teacher and student and, hence, the value of what has been learned. Referring to a young granddaughter soon to start school, one woman remarked, with some skepticism:

"Well, she's six years old now.  
She's going to start school now.  
Pretty soon paper's going to talk to her."

The main reason they give for wanting their stories recorded and printed has been to legitimize the content of narratives in the eyes of their grandchildren and for use in schools. Schools teach things totally outside the experience of elders. Stories, on the other hand, recreate the life cycle and women see their books of stories as a connection between the world of tradition and the school's 'paper world' and feel that, thus legitimized,

the stories should be part of school curriculum. The implication is that the stories have reproduced the culture in the past and should continue to do so, if not in the same way. Consequently, women look to new forms of power in society and for new ways of distributing that knowledge through schools, radio and newspapers.

### Storytelling as a Behavioral Model

The stories raise intriguing questions about gender models in narrative, the association of men with one kind of knowledge and of women with another kind. In stories, successful male protagonists return with what appears to an outsider to be 'spiritual knowledge', whereas successful female protagonists seem more often to return by demonstrating their learned, shared, 'practical' abilities and knowledge. But this distinction may be largely a western one: there is no evidence that an Athapaskan storyteller would distinguish between these two kinds of knowledge. A narrator would see nothing inherently more 'practical' in such a woman's behavior than in the entirely 'practical' male vision quest of a man which, if successful, could result in a mutually supportive relationship between hunters and game.

Here we come to the issue of cross-cultural interpretations of gender and possible connections between story models and behavioral models. Athapaskan stories come from a

cultural tradition very different from contemporary western society. Yet from an outsider's perspective, behavior of female protagonists is guided by demonstrably 'practical' skills. In other words, female protagonists seem to make choices and act in ways congruent with contemporary western expectations about 'responsible women'; behavior of male protagonists sometimes seems rather ethereal, as they search for a kind of knowledge particularly devalued in the industrial north.

How does this relate to behavior? Yukon Indians account for only one third of the Territory's population; consequently they have to contend not only with objective changes in their world caused by western institutions but also with western interpretations of behavior. In this particular cross-cultural setting, there is greater consistency between narrative models and normative expectations for women's roles than there is for men's roles. Those younger women who behave today in ways their elders approve are precisely those rewarded by western institutions and particularly by social agencies active in the North who perceive women as being more practical, more adaptable, more flexible in coping with change than men. During the years I have lived in the Yukon, individuals from government agencies have repeatedly stated that they prefer to deal directly with women on family issues because women are 'more reliable' than men. Usually western economic and social explanations are offered to account for this perceived 'adaptability of women': the greater number of service jobs available for women, the tendency of girls to remain in school longer than boys, greater continuity

women experience in their role as child-bearer, and so on. But weight should also be given to indigenous models of explanation embedded in stories. The story models 'work' today as in the past, though in an entirely different context. They also seem to work better for most women than for most men since today women are more likely to be rewarded by western institutions for behavior consistent with their traditional roles, whereas men are expected to make greater behavioral adaptations. Women who are influential in political organizations, for example, have usually been able to achieve this without leaving the community while they simultaneously raise families and enter the labour force outside the home.

But the patterns might apply equally to men. Visibly 'successful' Native men in the Yukon, defined in terms of economic and political influence in the Indian organizations, have almost invariably left the community to study at universities or colleges or to receive technical training in southern Canada. In other words, they have made the physical equivalent of the 'journey', have returned to the Yukon with new knowledge and have moved directly into careers or political positions of influence. This seems to convert the quest for spiritual knowledge into a quest for the kind of practical knowledge which will help them to cope with westerners, knowledge that is in part about the larger world and in part about the immediate world of culture contact.

## Conclusion:

Any investigation of the cultural importance of storytelling among hunter/gatherers raises two broad questions for anthropology. First, are the categories used by anthropologists to discuss 'expressive forms' and 'adaptive strategies' adequate to deal with the problems raised? In other words, can an analysis which separates 'myth' from 'economy' (or for that matter 'literature' from 'social science') ever really provide an explanation of how these stories work for people who see storytelling as a central part of their culture?

Despite his disinterest in narrative content or social meaning of narrative, one of Levi-Strauss's major contributions was to unite the two categories 'myth' and 'social organization', showing that they could be analysed by the same method, and thus could possibly be seen as phenomena of the same order. More recently, historians with an interest in cultural history have tried to show how sixteenth and seventeenth century European peasants and artisans used stories to think about and interpret the changing social and economic order (Ginzberg 1976; Darnton 1984).

Anthropologists, psychologists and historians working from this position argue that social structure and literature do share a common ground. They are asking both how to write about other societies and other time periods and also about how to read other societies (Clifford and Marcus 1986). The metaphor they use is more likely to be 'text' than 'laboratory' and they are more likely to draw their behavioral models from literary

criticism than from physical sciences. This perspective is one shared by some Athapaskan women living in the southern Yukon who believe that their stories still contain important lessons for young people, particularly for young women. They are concerned about how or whether these lessons will be transmitted in the future. Their concerns are partly about philosophical and social lessons conveyed in the stories and partly about the technique by which these lessons are taught. Even though the stories are very old, they still provide a framework for understanding how to come to terms with changing conditions.



## Chapter 12: The Individual Construction of Cultural

### Experience

The life history has an eccentric and unstable role in anthropology. Originally, it was viewed as a methodological tool or technique for studying the workings of culture or social structure; the usual strategy was to identify a 'typical' individual, record his or her account and extrapolate a culturally specific life cycle. As the limitations of this approach were recognized, interest shifted to individuality, and to the study of narrative genre. The present thesis has proposed that the process of bi-cultural collaboration involved in recording, editing and writing a life history is more than a technique, that it is an approach to both contemporary ethnographic method and ethnographic writing. It has explored this issue by analysing three separate life histories of women from the same cultural and geographical area.

The presentation of multiple accounts rather than a single account dispels any notion about recording the life history of a 'typical' Athapaskan/Tlingit elder. The premise that a gender-specific life cycle could be abstracted from individual life histories presupposes a certain homogeneity in accounts which is simply not born out. Yet this technique of moving from the particular to the general case is pervasive in North American

ethnography: entire ethnographies have been constructed from the combined imaginations of a few informants and an ethnographer (Mead 1953). This is only a problem when the extent and nature of the collaboration goes unacknowledged.

Recording multiple independent accounts helps us to differentiate the unique from the determining, individual experiences from those shared. Life history, in fact, seems to provide a particularly appropriate focus for looking at the individual (including the anthropologist), and at how individuals use culture as a resource to talk about their experience. It provides the opportunity to examine critically a product created by the reflexive interaction of individuals from two different cultures who jointly produce a documentary statement about the life of one of them.

Categories Reviewed: Individual, Culture, Society and Gender:

This thesis began by raising questions about conventional categories anthropologists use to approach their subject, categories like 'individual', 'culture' and 'society'. It concludes by summarizing why they seem less clearly bounded than we often acknowledge. Because these particular accounts are all of women's lives and the collaboration is between women, the additional category of 'gender' becomes significant as well as

the question of how gender intersects with concepts of individual, society and culture. This is an interesting commentary on both anthropology and our own society because gender would not be considered so significant if the accounts were narrated by men to a male anthropologist.

In recent surveys of North American Indian biographies, Krupat (1981) and Bataille and Sands (1984) suggest that a western tradition of autobiography is almost a contradiction in terms when applied to most Native American cultures where very different boundaries between self and society are drawn (see also Weintraub 1975). Yet a reading of classic accounts indicates that there are differences in the ways Native American men and women handle notions of individuality, culture, society and gender and that personal accounts provide a point of departure for identifying these differences. The majority of Native American biographies document men's lives, some of the best known including Geronimo (Barrett 1906), Crashing Thunder (Radin 1926), Black Elk (Neihardt 1932), Nowell (Ford 1941), Talayesva (Simmons 1942), Gregorio (Leighton and Leighton 1949), Left Handed (Dyk 1947, 1980), Ishi (Kroeber 1961), Two Leggings (Nabakov 1967), Sewid (Spradley 1969), and Handsome Lake (Wallace 1970). Such accounts tend to focus on historical events and on particular crises - discontinuities either in the life of the individual or the life of the tribe.

Life histories of Native American women (including the three appended here) share certain characteristics which distinguish them from both Native men's accounts and from those

of non-Native women. While the classics are fewer, some of the best examples include life accounts of Dezba (Reichard 1939), Maria Martinez (Marriott 1948), Mountain Wolf Woman (Lurie 1961), Lowry (Scott 1966), Campbell (1973), and accounts recorded by Michelson (1925, 1932, 1933), Underhill (1936), and Kelly (1978). Bataille and Sands identify recurring themes in Native American women's accounts and consider them sufficiently distinctive to qualify as a separate genre. They point out the repeated emphasis in women's accounts on defining a consistent relationship between the self and the outside world (1984:16). In fact, these themes of connection - to other people and to nature - are used to affirm cultural values. Connections to people are explored through ties of kinship; connections to land emphasize a sense of place. Landscape becomes more than just the setting for an account, actually framing and shaping the story. Yet so central is the metaphor of connection to the notion of 'self' that it is often left implied and unspecified, in the 'restricted' sense suggested by Bernstein, or the 'reflexive' sense described by Ridington. [1]

Lurie (1961) has cautioned against viewing life histories of women as simply providing a female perspective on male spheres of cultural activity. Just as the life cycle approach aims for typicalness, this strategy is inclined to overgeneralize and underanalyse women's lives:

In early monographs that aimed to map and relate the patterns of American Indian life, women often appeared merely as links in the kinship system. The ceremonial spotlight caught them briefly at their high points of puberty, childbirth and widowhood and the economic

spotlight when their marriages were arranged and paid for. Otherwise they formed, in most cases, an undifferentiated mass of workers, excluded from council and often from ceremonies (1961:vii).

The picture that actually emerges from a woman's account, she says, is one of women whose work is apart from men, who form separate groups at gatherings, whose work and play is mostly with other women and children; that is, women's spheres of activity are separate but equal and fully her own. Contrasting her own collaboration with Mountain Wolf Woman with Radin's work with Crashing Thunder (brother of Mountain Wolf Woman) she points out differences: the brother's account was pre-occupied with crises and conflict, while his sister's reflected greater self-confidence in a culture undergoing rapid and destructive change. Mountain Wolf Woman stressed continuity with older female relatives at the beginning of her life, with women of many ages during her adult life, and with children at the end of her life.

These same themes surface in accounts by Mrs. Sidney, Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Ned. While their experiences differ and they describe those differences in distinctive ways, their descriptions rely on specific shared metaphors. Gender models discussed in chapter 8 stress qualities they believe young women should learn, qualities that appear in clear and complementary distinction to those of men. The tricky combination of individual resourcefulness plus connection to others, for example, characterizes women's spheres of activity. Landscape and named geographical locations provide a sense of place for both personal and traditional narratives. Place names permeate stories about

lives of ancestors as well as reminiscences about the storytellers' own lives. Their dual function as mnemonic markers and situating devices has been discussed in chapter 9. Chapter 10 shows how narrators live within the lives and stories of others with whom they are connected. The overwhelming theme of connection to others is also clear in the narrators' insistence on the importance of their role as teachers in chapter 11. The use of personal experience to instruct is a conventional cultural genre in southern Yukon communities and my role as a younger woman working with older women in a relationship of student to teachers has been a complementary one making it easy for them to place me.

The appended accounts seem to work well in providing a focus for the study of individuality in the subarctic where notions of autonomy, flexibility and individualism are widely reported in the literature. In these life histories, that autonomy seems firmly grounded in shared knowledge, experience and metaphor. Individuals are responsible for acquiring common knowledge (and particularly knowledge about power) encoded in stories, names, kinship and this, in turn, gives both men and women considerable autonomy. Ecological pressures may have required the physical division, dispersion and regrouping of households in the past, but fundamental connections were maintained through common understandings of how human society works. Ridington's analysis suggests that this linkage of individual autonomy with shared knowledge is widespread in northern hunting societies, even though the necessary bodies of

knowledge may differ for men and women (1986). The cultures of northern peoples, he argues, are systems of information that guide and sustain individual thought and behavior, the 'scaffolding' allowing individuals to make autonomous choices which nevertheless keep them connected to place and to other people.

### Collaborative Models in Research and Ethnographic Writing

Some concluding remarks are necessary about how strategies of collaboration negotiated in the course of constructing a life history may contribute to broad issues of ethnographic method and writing. The collaborative nature of the research method occurs on at least three levels. First, life history recording and writing involves two distinct intellectual traditions, one oral, one written. The oral tradition is based on shared metaphor (myths, songs, place names, personal narrative, and oratory) and contrasts sharply with a written western tradition of autobiography emphasizing individuality and uniqueness of the writer/narrator. Secondly, research is based on specific collaboration between each of the narrators and myself. Theirs is a dual collaboration, both with their elders, the 'long-ago-people' they learned from as children who remain their sources of ethnographic authority, and with me, their student.

They define my role as both 'getting the words right' and conveying those words in written form to a larger audience. Our day-to-day relationship unites us as intermediaries between authoritative ancestors and a contemporary audience, the readers of their texts. Thirdly (and particularly during the period I am writing) our work involves collaboration between two contexts, the 'field' and the 'academy': while the evolution has been unconventional, starting from the community as the point of reference rather than from the university, the methodological issues outlined in Chapter 4 are important for all academic fieldwork in contemporary small-scale communities.

Collaboration is ultimately an approach to data: the value comes in praxis which forces the researcher to constantly review data from another level, another perspective. This is the same issue raised by Sapir early in the century and currently re-emphasized (with acknowledgement to Sapir) in contemporary European anthropological life histories (Morin 1982). The essential issue of praxis is that informant and ethnographer interview each other: when I ask Mrs. Kitty Smith to talk about her life, and she asks me to tell her a story, we are each using the language we understand best and negotiating fundamental narrative genres. Collaboration makes the ethnographer aware on a daily basis of her/his subjectivity in approaching data.

The most promising contribution of collaboration seems to come in the way it reinforces the element fundamental to real research - the possibility that one will be surprised by the results, that the unexpected may emerge. In this ethnography,



research initiated with the objective of documenting changes in cultural patterns and social structure ended up documenting persistence of systems of information and communication. Unexpected responses to questions about personal experience made oral tradition and storytelling central to interpretation and analysis. Attention to narrative conventions showed how ideas of society and culture become refracted through individual understandings.

If the research method reflects the influence of collaboration, so does the writing. Until recently, anthropological life histories have been treated as cultural documents rather than as literature, even though their impact inevitably depends on their literary quality. The explicit emphasis these women give to narrative in their accounts underscores the idea that the literary conventions of those whose lives are being documented are as important as those of the anthropologist. Shifting from questions about validity, distortion and accuracy of oral tradition to notions of literary genre and bi-cultural discourse redirects attention from social structure to communication, to how narrators use traditional dimensions of culture to talk about their experience. When faced with an audience (or a microphone) and asked to talk about their lives, narrators will do so in a genre which is familiar. In this case, the genre is retrospective rather than introspective.

The issue then becomes one of the literary genre in which the text is to be written: ethnographic genres stress objectivity

while narrative genres emphasize association, inference, metaphor. Bertaux and Kohli point out that a trend to scientism and objectivity in European anthropology has resulted in diminishing interest in life history (though they point to increasing attraction of European sociologists to life accounts) (1984). In North American, though, the trend to experimental writing using blended genres gives life histories a fresh role.

Life writing involves taking an oral presentation delivered in associative rather than sequential order and restructuring the same material into a pattern which appears to have logical structure while still remaining true to the narrator's words. Yet if it is to be an accurate reflection of each narrator's performance, it must retain the associative links made in the oral presentation; hence the alternating sections in the following accounts. Such texts inevitably retain narrators' assumptions that their audience shares their context for understanding; consequently, the analysis tries to provide something of that context. Specifically, the analysis attempts to build on a storytelling genre, looking at a recurring story pattern in chapter 8, at the importance of place in chapter 9, at the ways narrators incorporate the stories of others' lives into their own lives in chapter 10, and at how they try to transmit essential truths through stories in chapter 11.

Just as life history research seems to share features with all field research, so life writing shares features with ethnographic writing. In both ethnographic accounts and autobiographical accounts, meaning emerges with pattern

recognition. Incidents are never retold exactly as they occurred, but are shaped in terms of questions which led to the specific telling. Autobiography (like ethnography) imposes a pattern on life, it constructs from life a coherent story - within a recognizeable cultural tradition - establishing stages in life, making linkages between them.

### Conclusion

The theoretical question underlying this entire discussion is whether it is possible for anthropologists to write ethnography grounded in ideas, perceptions and experiences of the community described, and if so whether life history research provides an appropriate model for collaborative fieldwork and writing. This volume demonstrates both prospects and limits to achieving this goal. Collaboration is not unproblematic, but it makes other voices part of the final interpretation; it ensures a bi-focal perspective. Without that balance, we may be able to root our questions in the cultural context we are trying to study, but we will inevitably interpret the answers in terms of our own concepts, our own 'stories'. The praxis of collaboration may bring us as close as we can get to providing explanations comprehensible to both cultural insiders and cultural outsiders.

A concluding comment on ethnographic authority by Mrs. Annie Ned emphasizes parallels between narrative explanation and

academic storytelling. Of the elders I know, Mrs. Ned is the one most interested in what scientists are doing in the southwest Yukon. In 1982, the Yukon Historical and Museums Association sponsored a small conference in the community of Haines Junction, in the southern Yukon. The laudable aim of the conference was to have archeologists from across Canada and local elders exchange ideas about Yukon prehistory in a relatively informal setting. Not surprisingly, the archeologists did most of the talking. Mrs. Ned, already in her nineties sat all day listening patiently while one archeologist after another presented papers describing current research. Finally, late in the day, she stood up and asked,

"Where do these people come from, Outside?  
You tell different stories from us people.  
You people talk from paper.  
Me, I want to talk from Grandpa."

In a very real sense she has identified the core of the problem, for social science is a form of storytelling like any other, and the way we learn to tell those stories very much determines who will listen to them.

## NOTES:

### Chapter 1

1. Each of these women has both Tlingit and Athapaskan ancestors. Two of them identify sometimes with their coastal Tlingit heritage, and sometimes with their interior Athapaskan roots; a third remains steadfastly committed to her interior Athapaskan identity. When I use Athapaskan/Tlingit as a generic term, it is as a reminder that these women all grew up on cultural boundaries and are aware of their bi-cultural ancestry.

### Chapter 3

1. This account is adapted from my paper 'The Gravel Magnet: Some Social Impacts of the Alaska Highway on Yukon Indians' in Ken Coates. ed. The Alaska Highway. Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press. It owes much to discussions with Dr. Catharine McClellan, and particularly to a paper we prepared and presented together to the Mackenzie Valley Pipeline Inquiry on 5 May 1976.

2. Anthropologists working in the subarctic seem to use the idea of 'cultural persistence' in much the same ways that anthropologists working with Sami in Scandinavia use 'ethnicity'. (see Pelto 1978, 1979 and Svenssen 1976, 1978).

3. A full page article in a major Canadian newspaper, the Globe and Mail, August 23, 1986, featured an attack by people from Snowdrift, N.W.T., on an anthropological study done in their community during the mid 1960's; this book was considered a classic when I was an undergraduate 20 years ago. Resentment of anthropologists is not uncommon in the north, but this article was singular for the outrage expressed by local people and for the rather simple way in which it was reported in the newspaper.

### Chapter 4

1. It has now been renamed the Yukon Native Language Centre.

2. Louise Profeit-LeBlanc, for example, is a younger woman widely acknowledged as an extremely talented storyteller, both within and beyond the Yukon. During the last few years, she has paid particular attention to ways stories can be used to help people resolve social issues in their communities.

### Chapter 5

1. In the 1940's she began working as a translator for Catharine McClellan, an association which has continued during four decades. More recently, linguists Victor Golla, Jeff Leer and John Ritter have all worked with her.

2. In 1902, a Northwest Mounted Police officer stationed at

Dalton Post, A. E. C. McDonell, described an incident that took place at Haines Alaska. A young Tlingit man was accused of being a witch and was 'treated' in much the same way Mrs. Sidney describes. Canadian police intervened, even though they had no jurisdiction in Alaska, but their interference met hostility from the Tlingit people living in Haines.

3. While the two clan names Deisheetaan and Tukyeidí now seem to be used almost interchangeably with a preference for Deisheetaan, the preferred name was Tukyeidí when Catharine McClellan did her fieldwork in the 1940's (Catharine McClellan, personal communication).

4. The prevailing western view that menstrual seclusion is in some way associated with 'pollution' is in no way part of the accounts of any of these three narrators who all suggest that lengthy seclusion is highly valued by women and name women who were secluded for up to a year.

5. McClellan has documented a similar blending of shamanistic and Christian ideas throughout the Yukon (McClellan 1956).

6. This newspaper has recently been renamed Dan Sha.

#### Chapter 6

1. While it is difficult to date this, she says that her second marriage occurred just just before Skookum Jim died (1916) so the year she earned \$1800 trapping was probably 1914.

#### Chapter 7

1. The filming was directed by Carol Geddes, a woman of Tutchone and Tlingit ancestry with support from the National Film Board, the Council for Yukon Indians and the Yukon Territorial Government.

2. Both areas are part of the same river system draining to the Takhini, but the emphasis on her headquarters definitely shifts.

3. This letter is on file in the Anglican Church Records, Yukon Territorial Archives and is dated April 25, 1917.

#### Chapter 8

1. This chapter is a considerably revised version of my paper, 'The Stolen Woman: Female Journeys in Tagish and Tutchone Narrative' published as paper No. 87, Canadian Ethnology Service, National Museum of Man Mercury Series, 1983.

2. Comparative references are included in each of the three appendices as footnotes to individual stories.

3. Criticism, though, is not just limited to English translations of Native American texts. Hymes (1981), Toelken and Scott (1981),

and Tedlock (1983) also re-evaluate their own transcriptions made in original languages.

4. See for example her comments on pages C: 649 and C: 653, each referring to the 'far side' where it was always dark, and where ordinary reality is reversed.

5. A striking feature of Mrs. Smith's narration of this story, already noted in Chapter 6, is the constantly shifting perspective from fish to human worlds and back. The action takes place simultaneously on both fronts, especially just before the boy is 'rescued' by his mother: each sentence shifts point of view, from human beings to fish, back and forth, the dialectic between familiar and unfamiliar worlds.

6. This was brought home to me forcefully one time when I was camping in the bush with a woman and her grandchildren. When I began to question her more closely than was appropriate about her knowledge of power, her response was to scold her grandchild for expressing interest in such questions and to make it clear to me, in her speech to him, that the subject was not one for general discussion.

7. One would expect that Mrs. Ned, who is widely acknowledged to have spiritual powers, would be the best person with whom to discuss this; yet she persists in enumerating the 'practical' skills young girls should know. This is completely consistent with the metaphor: practical and spiritual skills are inseparable, but it is inappropriate to discuss power directly.

## Chapter 9

1. Mrs. Sidney sometimes uses English names for place which she has not visited herself but heard about during her lifetime. Mrs. Ned knows both the Southern Tutchone and Tlingit names for Kusawa Lake, but regularly uses the original English toponym, Lake Arkell.

2. Angoon is located on the Alaska panhandle, on Admiralty Island, west of Juneau (See Map 1, p. 43).

3. Spellings of Yanyeidi clan names have not been confirmed by a linguist.

4. Many of these names are the same as those recorded by Catharine McClellan, though the orthography differs because of recent linguistic standardization (see McClellan 1975:43-45).

5. This is partly because Mrs. Sidney has been the one most interested in such documentation and partly because her transcriptions are the only ones I have been fortunate enough to transcribe with the help of a linguist, Jeff Leer from the Alaska Native Language Centre. The additional problem, also discussed in Chapter 4, is that both Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Ned find it difficult to make the repetitious lists of the names required for

reliable linguistic checking.

6. This story is not transcribed in the appendix because it was interrupted part way through by visitors, and she did not tell it again.

## Chapter 10

1. Skookum Jim's lawyer, W.L. Phelps, kept detailed notes and copies of correspondence between himself, Skookum Jim, Jim's daughter Daisy, and Daisy's guardian, Percy R. Peele. Because Phelps was Skookum Jim's solicitor, most of the correspondence deals with the latter's last will and testament. However it contains comments on the changes which occurred in their lives and provides the basis for much of the account in this section. Copies of the papers and an inventory of contents (prepared in April, 1974) are stored in the Yukon Archives Manuscript collection.

2. Again, this information comes from the Phelps papers, cited above.

3. Yukon Archives, Photo # 807.

4. A similar incident was recorded on the Yukon River at Fort Reliance in 1877. In his memoirs, trader Leroy McQuesten noted that his partner, Mayo, had prepared a mixture of arsenic and grease to kill mice in his store. Some women mistook the arsenic for flour and used it for cooking: three elderly women died and a sixteen year old girl was blinded (McQuesten n.d.:7).

5. These would be members of the Crow moiety from Marsh Lake who had moved (usually through marriage) to other parts of the Yukon.

## Chapter 11

1. Bernstein's work is considered problematic because his 'codes' were developed by comparing speech patterns of working class adults with those of middle class adults in Britain and were used to advance controversial theories about education.

## Chapter 12.

1. See Chapter 11, page 269.



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## APPENDIX A

### MY STORIES ARE MY WEALTH: MRS. ANGELA SIDNEY

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## Section I: Our Shagoon, Our Family History

Now I'll tell you our Shágoon.  
This is for our family to know.

The way you should tell your history is this way:  
First, my own history -  
That's the same as my mother's in Indian way.  
Then my Dad's.  
Then my husband's.  
I'll start with Deisheetaan history. [1]  
That's my own people.

### Deisheetaan History

One time, long ago, a chief of the Deisheetaan nation -  
That's us -  
Came in from Angoon. [2].  
They sail up Chilkat River.  
They stay there and dry fish for the summer,  
For maybe two months.

When they go to head back,  
The Chilkat chief's son has fallen in love  
With that Deisheetaan girl.  
They got married, Indian way.  
Her father and mother are from Angoon.  
Her father is a chief.  
She is Deisheetaan sháa, a Deisheetaan woman.

Her children grew up around Taku River.  
Her three girls married into Tagish, Teslin, Telegraph Creek.  
One married to Dakl'aweidi here, in Tagish;  
One married to Yanyeidi in Teslin;  
One married to Telegraph Creek.  
They call themselves Kaach.ádi instead of Deisheetaan at  
Telegraph Creek.  
So we've got relatives there too.  
Some people say there is another daughter married into Ross River;  
They use our names up there (at Ross River) so they must be.

That's how we came to this country.  
Now hardly any of us are left here.

When those daughters married,  
They put out moose skins for them to walk over to their husbands.  
How many moose there must have been in those days!  
Then they potlatch those skins off to Wolf people.  
Those girls are all Crow.  
Then they killed three slaves.

Our grandma was the oldest of those girls,  
Then David Hammond's grandma,  
Then Grandma Annie, then one more. [3]

There were only six boys left around here.  
Now four of them are gone, just in the last few years:  
David Hammond, Willy Hammond, Billy Hall,  
Tommy Smarch, Johnny Johns and Peter Johns.  
The last two, my brothers, are still living. [4]  
They are all Deisheetaan, all Crow.  
All their children are Wolf, all but Billy's. [5]

There's Deisheetaan people in Teslin, too.  
No women now.  
Daisy Sheldon and Gladys Jim are, but they are in Whitehorse.  
But there's Tom Peters, Mrs. Smarch's boys, Charlie Bob,  
Ned Sidney, in that order.  
But no girls; they all die off.

Deisheetaan owns beaver. [6]  
Just like the British have flag, we have Beaver  
And we have our own songs.  
They belong to us.

They say there was a little lake behind Angoon.  
Beaver owned that place, a beaver lake.  
Here, one time, somebody saved a little beaver.  
Deisheetaan people raised it.  
When it got big that chief said to let it go.

So Beaver dammed it up, they say, he dammed up the creek.  
When he does that, it raises the lake.  
He made tunnels all over the place, under the town.  
And when he slaps his tail and when he dives,  
The wave from that goes into the tunnel.  
And one time the town sank...caved in...too many holes.  
He made a great wave which drowned most people.  
That wave just about washed out Angoon.

So those who survived made a song about Beaver.  
The words of it are:

'Who was smart enough to stop this city at the sandy beach  
You're going to save your Crow  
Is that why you're crying for it Wolf, dear Wolf?'



We own that song: it's like our flag.

I want to talk about my mother's family.  
My great grandmother is named Sa.éek'.  
She was born at Klukwan.  
Sa.éek' had daughters from three different husbands.  
My mother's mother Kashadandá was the first child.  
She was born at Log Cabin, Men Ch'ike' Tah. [7]

Before the second child was born,  
Sa.éek's husband Kaatulak'é was dying,  
So he called the men together  
And he asked for one of them to look after his wife.  
Grandma Hammond was the second child -  
Sometimes they call her Mrs. Dyea John, or Mary John -  
Her Indian name is Aandaax'w.

The third child had the third father.  
That father's name was Haandeyéik;  
That's the same name as my father.  
That child was called Sakinyáa.  
Later they made a potlatch for that child,  
And they gave her the second name Sa.éek' like her mother.

Then Tagish Charlie was the next child.  
His Indian name was Xóonk'i Éesh.  
Later, they gave him a second name Yéik Doogú.  
Tagish Charlie guided Whitepass builders.  
He's my mother's uncle.  
He's Deisheetaan.  
The one who found gold with Skookum Jim is Skookum Jim's nephew,  
Dawson Charlie,  
Brother of Billy Smith and Patsy Henderson.  
He's Dakl'aweidi.

They always make that mistake!  
They say that Dawson Charlie and Tagish Charlie are the same person.  
They are not!  
They are not even the same nation! [8]

The last child of Sa.éek' was a boy named Skwáan.  
He died when he's young and never had a whiteman name.

Those people I tell you about, they are all Deisheetaan.  
Deisheetaan owns Beaver and is Crow.  
Deisheetaan owns Carcross.  
Tukyeidi is part of Deisheetaan. [9]

Those Deisheetaan who married in this way,  
After a while they got children.  
That's the time they claimed this country.  
It was the women who came up, but it has to be a man who claims it.  
I never heard of a woman claiming it.

It's always in a man's name, but it's still our land.  
 One nation owns it, not one person alone.  
 We all own it.  
 And we've got song like that, too, just like National Anthem.  
 All nations have got their own songs.  
 You should not sing songs that belong to other nations.  
 But stories are different: you tell what you know.  
 I tell them, and the way I tell is what I know.

In my time, Skookum Jim's father is the one that owns Carcross.  
Kaachgaawaa is his name and he is Deisheetaan nation.  
Naataase Heen is the Tlingit name for Carcross,  
Den k'e is Todezáané. [10]  
 The oldest Deisheetaan should claim Carcross now.  
 That's my brother, Johnny Johns.

To tell the truth of it,  
 I met someone last summer (1980) from Coast people.  
 I told him that I'm Deisheetaan sháa, from Angoon. [11]  
 "Oh my," he said,  
 "My great grandmother told me,  
 'Two women went that way, Inland.  
 Two or three. They got married Inland!'  
 Now I'm glad to meet you."  
 He shakes hands with me.  
 I know now the truth that it is our relations.

### Dakl'aweidi History

Now I'll tell my Dad's side.  
 My Dad is Dakl'aweidi.  
Dakl'aweidi owns Killer Whale and is Wolf.  
Tagish Dakl'aweidi came from Telegraph Creek.  
 That's where they were staying - at Taítan.  
Taí means a platter, Indian way, Den k'e  
Tan means 'it's laying there'.  
Taítan - 'tal' laying there - 'it's all flat'.  
 That's where my father's people were.  
 That's their Shagóon, they call it, their history.

They had some trouble down there over a woman.  
 That's why they parted.  
 They float down the Stikine River to Wrangell.  
 They were close to salt water when they saw a glacier coming down,  
 Just touching the Creek like this.  
 You can't go across in front of it.  
 That glacier always falls down, makes a noise.

So they landed above it and started to talk about it.  
"How are we going to get further down?  
That glacier might fall down and get us all killed!"  
So they don't know what to do.

They didn't want to go back to Taġtan because they made trouble  
with each other.

That's why they're moving out.  
Finally, two old men decided to go - to try it.  
Two little old men, ready to die, I guess.

"Send us through it.  
We're old now.  
We're no good to you people.  
If we die, you won't miss us much anyhow."

That's what they told the rest of the younger people,  
the rest of the people.  
Those two little men had a boat of their own,  
So they must go under the glacier.  
I wish I could get up that way and find it!

When they're going to take off, they made a song:

"Shove it out now!"

This is the song they pushed them out with.  
They remember it.  
That's the song they separated on.  
My father's people used to sing it if they're going to make a  
potlatch.  
I remember they sang it in 1912 when I was a little girl.  
I was ten years old that time.  
They sang it just before they're going to spend money. [12]

They were going to make a sign if they got through safely.  
Here, they make it through!  
So they made a sign - what kind of sign I don't know -  
They made a sign and the rest of the people landed safely on the  
other side of the glacier.  
So the rest went through too.

When they reached Wrangell they camped on a gravel beach.  
That's where they got their name, Dakl'aweidi.  
That's what they call themselves now.  
I don't know what their name was before.

Before they started out again, they made another song.

"Way out to the sky I aim my boat."

Then that group split three ways.  
Some went out to deep water.

Some went to Yakutat.

Some of them came up the coast and went up went up Chilkat River.  
They landed up there, and they cut across country by Bear Creek

Pass [13]

And they landed in Tagish.

That's where they make their home.

That's how my father's people landed in Tagish.

Therefore they have got people in Telegraph Creek too.

Those people, Dakl'aweidi, own Tagish.

They're the first to make their village here.

That name passes through women,

But woman stays in the husband's ground.

My aunt, Mrs. Bert Dennis, told me about this.

Skookum Jim and Patsy (Henderson) were Dakl'aweidi.

The only Dakl'aweidi left are Bill Johnston, Jack Good,

George Dawson and Johnny Baker. [14]

There's more in their families, but those are the oldest.

George Dawson is born at Laberge.

He's Dakl'aweidi because one Dakl'ushaa married Mandasaa,  
his grandfather.

That Mandasaa is the father of Chief Jim Boss, George's uncle.

Jim Boss's mother and Tagish Jim's mother are sisters.

They're Dakl'aweidi.

Some Dakl'aweidi went overland,

Over the mountain to Pelly (River) or Ross River or someplace.

Those people tied a string around their belt.

That's supposed to be people's life;

It keeps them safe.

Here their leader was walking ahead and he saw big feathers.

They say they were just like loon feathers;

Loon feathers are always green.

Pretty, they say.

He should have known better!

They were lying right in front of him.

And here he just kicked it out of sight.

Kicked it away.

When he kicked those feathers,

A big thunderstorm came on top of them.

Some of them were hurt badly.

A lot of them were killed.

That was thunder feathers he kicked.

Then their boss made a song for the people who survived.

My father and his people used to sing that when they made a potlatch.

Old Man Dickson from Ross River - he's from those people.

In 1942, I met Old Man Dickson in hospital.

He told me his name.

"You people use our names," I tell him  
"You must be our people." [15]

"Yes, I'm your people," he said.

### Yanyeidí

Now this is my husband's story.  
My husband's people are Yanyeidí.  
They separated, too, from, Taku River, them.  
That's what Kitty calls 'New Yanyeidí', split from 'Old Yanyeidí' [16]  
They went down Taku (River).

They came to that place named Kaaxnookoot Ta' Xaa. [17]  
Kaax means 'sawbill duck eggs': Noot means 'egg shell'.  
That little hill looked just like Kaax eggs -  
Nothing growing on it, just bare.  
That's why they called it that way.

When he went down the river (the leader) landed there: Taloo'e.  
And his slave is named Kaa.

So he told his slave,  
"Pack my drum up on top of the hill."  
And his slave did that, took his drum up there.  
It's square, that one.

And then he came, that big shot chief.  
And the rest of his nephews and their wives came too.  
And he told that Kaa,  
"Drum it. Hit it."  
So he started hitting it.

That Kaa was scared to pack that drum up.  
"Oh, he's going to kill me now"t. That's what he thought.  
But he had to do what his master told him.  
Here, instead of that, his master told him to drum.  
So he started to drum, and here he made this song:

"My good country, I'll never see it again."

And when they got to Taku harbour, they're going to camp.  
That's the time he told his nephews,  
"Pull those young cedars and make a cabin."  
So they made a little cabin, Yan, little house.  
That's why he called those nephews Yanyeidí

Because they camped under that cedar Yan cabin.

The chief - big shot - says,  
"We're going to change that name.  
We're Yanyeidí from now on," he said.  
I don't know what kind of name they had before.  
They gave themselves that name when they separated.

That bunch went to Teslin.  
I don't know how they came up.  
They came up lately, not so long ago.  
They made a song too. I know those songs.

My husband, George Sidney, is Yanyeidí.  
His mother is Yanyeidí sháa,  
That means Yanyeidí woman.  
His father is from Taku, from Juneau. [18]  
George is Jimmy Jackson's first cousin.

George Sidney's grandmother, La.oos ,  
Was married to a rich man with fourteen slaves.  
He was so rich that he had a big boat  
Which you needed a stepladder to get into.

Jimmy Jackson's mother was the second wife of that man.  
That Jimmy Jackson, Captain Jackson, was from salt water people,  
But he lived in Whitehorse, worked on riverboats.

That's all three nations I know that separated from different  
places. [19]

## Section II : How the World Began

"You tell what you know.  
The way I tell stories is what I know."

The stories in this section all come from much longer 'cycles' which would fill a separate appendix. Fuller versions of Mrs. Sidney's narratives appear elsewhere (Sidney et al. 1977, 1982; and Cruikshank 1979, 1983), and selections here illustrate some of the better known accounts of how the world originated and was transformed to its present form.

### The Story of Crow [20]

One time there was a girl whose daddy is a very high man.  
They kept her in her bedroom all the time.  
Men tried to marry her all the time, but they say no,  
she's too good.

Crow wanted to be born.  
He wants to make the world.  
So he made himself into a pine needle.  
A slave always brings water to that girl.  
One time he gets water with a pine needle in it.  
She turned it down, made him get fresh water.  
Again, he brings it. Again a pine needle is there.  
Four times he brings water and each time it's there.  
Finally she gave up.  
She spit that pine needle out and drank the water.  
But it blew in her mouth and she swallowed it.  
Soon that girl is pregnant.

Her mother and daddy are mad.  
Her mother asks, "Who's that father?"

"No, I never know a man," she told her mother.

That baby starts to grow fast.  
That girl's father had the sun, moon, stars, daylight hanging in  
his house.  
He's the only one that has them.  
The world was all dark, all the time.  
The child begged for them to play with.

Finally, the father gives his grandchild the sun to play with.  
He rolls it around, plays with it, laughs, has lots of fun.  
Then he rolls it to the door and out it goes!  
"Oh!" he cries. He just pretends.  
He cries because that sun is lost.

"Give me the moon to play with."  
They say no, at first.  
Like now, if a baby asks for the sun or moon you say,  
'That's your grandfather's fire'.

Finally they gave it to him.

One by one they gave him the sun, moon, stars, daylight.  
He loses them all.

"Where does she get that child from? He loses everything!"  
That's what her father says.

Then Crow disappears.  
He has those things with him in a box.  
He walks around, comes to a river.  
Lots of animals there - fox, wolf, wolverine, mink, rabbit.  
Everybody's fishing.  
That time animals all talk like people talk now.  
The world is dark.

"Give me fish," Crow says.  
No one pays any attention.  
"Give me fish or I'll bring daylight."  
They laugh at him.

He's holding a box..starts to open it and lets one ray out.  
Then they pay attention!  
He opens that box a bit more.  
They're scared!  
Finally he opens that daylight box and threw it out.  
Those animals scatter!  
They hide in the bush and turn into animals like now.  
Then the sun, moon, stars and daylight come out.

"Go to the skies," Crow says.  
"Now no one man owns it.  
It will be for everybody."

He's right, what he says, that Crow.

After Crow made the world,  
He sees that sea lion owned the only island in the world.  
The rest was water.  
He's the only one with land.  
The whole place was ocean!



Crow rests on a piece of log.  
He's tired.  
He sees sea lion with that little island just for himself.  
He wants some land too.  
So he stole that sea lion's kid.

"Give me back that kid!" said sea lion.

"Give me beach, some sand," says Crow.

So sea lion gave him sand.  
Crow threw that sand around the world.  
"Be world," he told it.  
And it became the world.

After that, he walks around, flies around all alone.  
He's tired.  
He's lonely.  
He needs people.  
He took poplar tree bark. You know how it's thick?  
He carved it. Then he breathed into it.

"Live!" he said, and he made a person.  
He made Crow and Wolf too. [21]  
At first they can't talk with each other.  
Crow man and woman are shy with each other - look away.  
Wolf is same way too.

"This is no good," he said. So he changed that.  
He made Crow man sit with Wolf woman.  
And he made Wolf man sit with Crow woman.  
So Crow must marry Wolf and Wolf must marry Crow.

That's how the world began.

### Game Mother [22]

This is the story of how game animals used to be.

This Game Mother, she's just an ordinary woman, like us.  
She got married to two young brothers.  
She had two husbands. Brothers.  
They stayed together I don't know how many years.  
And they never have a baby.  
They never travel.  
She doesn't want to travel around.  
Just stay one place all the time.

When fall starts to come  
Her husbands always make snowshoes for her.  
The oldest one gets his snowshoes done first,  
Then the youngest one.  
She wouldn't work on it either.  
Every time they finish,  
They wrap that snowshoe up in nice cloth and give it to her.  
Here she always put it in back of her pillow and said to it,  
"You undo yourself."  
She didn't want to travel with it.  
Here in the morning, it would be all undone.  
So next day they'd start another one always.  
And then the youngest one made snowshoes for her...same thing.  
She always put it in back of her pillow:  
"You undo yourself".  
And in the morning it would be undone.

I don't know how many years they were like that,  
Just stay in one place.  
Oh, they get tired, I guess, those boys,  
But she never got tired.

And here she started to grow, bigger and bigger and bigger  
like that.  
And she wouldn't go anyplace, wouldn't travel around.  
She was just so big.

Springtime, that's the time when animals are born.  
She told her husbands,  
"It's no use because I'm no good to you people.  
You'd better go on your own.  
Just leave me right here.  
But make a better housecamp for me."  
That's what she told them.  
"If you want to, you can watch me from a long ways away,  
From on top of the mountain."

Anyway, they left.  
They hated to go, but they had to go anyway.  
They watched, I guess, all the time.  
I wonder what kind of fieldglasses they got, eh?

The first thing they know, moose was born.  
As soon as those husbands go, they (animals) came out.  
Moose had grizzly teeth too, they say.  
She called it back and she took the teeth out.  
She showed moose what to eat: willow.  
Bull moose came with a horn.  
"Leave your horn once in a while," she told him.  
Don't use it all the time, just in running season."  
Then she told moose to lick salt in her ashes.  
That's why they lick mud all the time, looking for salt.  
They call it moose lick.

Caribou came next, first bull and then cow.  
Bull caribou came with horns too,  
So she told him the same thing.  
"Leave your horns once in a while.  
Don't use them all the time, just in running season.  
Just then you use it," she told them.  
And she taught them to eat moss.

Next sheep came, and she taught him to eat grass.

Then came grizzly.  
She tried to call him back to take his teeth out, but he wouldn't  
come.  
She couldn't get it!  
"I'm going to use these teeth to get even," he told her.  
"You're taking everything from us."

"Well, don't be mean to people," she told him.  
"Remember that you came from people."

After grizzly came wolf.  
And after wolf came goat.  
Everything came from her.  
She gave them a meal right away, as soon as they come,  
Teaches them what to eat.

Finally, rabbit came out last.  
And he started eating branches off her campfire.  
That's why in wintertime rabbits eat pine tree branches.

Those animals started staying around her place, just around her.  
They don't know what she eats, what she lives on.  
She stayed for one whole year.  
Finally, the next year, she got tired of them.  
They make too much noise, eat up everything,  
All the grass around her place.

So she made a big swing for them, a trampoline.  
She called it Akeyi, that's Den k'e, Tagish language.  
She made big sport day for them because she's going to leave them.  
Fall time, she made it from bull moose skin.  
There's no moose before that! Where she got that, I don't know!  
Anyway, that's the story.  
It was bull moose skin.  
She put it up right in the middle of Bennett Lake.  
It had four strings:  
One went to Grey Mountain, Takaadi T'ooch'.  
That means 'Charcoal Mountain' in Tlingit.  
One went to the mountain behind Choooutla School, Métaatl'e Shéch'ée.  
That means 'Wind on the forehead' in Tagish language.  
One went to Fourth of July Mountain: Médzih Dzéle.  
That means 'Caribou Mountain'.

And one went to that mountain we call Chílih Dzéle'.  
It means Gopher Mountain. [23]

They walked out on that line that ties the swing.  
The first one to come is moose.  
Even that narrow, they walk on it!

Bull moose sings his song first:  
"What is this they put out for me?  
I'm walking on it, look at me."  
They say he stepped through the skin he's so heavy.  
Then the cow comes.  
Then the calf.  
Each one has its song.  
That calf can hardly stand up!

Then the caribou came with its young one.  
By that time, they had young ones.

Then came sheep.  
All that were born, they sit on the swing.

Then wolf came and sang his song.

Then came the rabbit song. He says,  
"My brothers always do that for me.  
They chop down trees and give me food  
And I always play around with it."

After she got through with that skin,  
She told them she's going to part with them now.  
"You go all into different countries.  
Go!" she said.

Somebody was watching all this from way back there.  
His name is Toodech'ade.  
That means 'Duck head feathers' in Tagish language.  
He saw when she parted with them.

She didn't go very far.  
Right to that Chílih Dzéle' at Carcross.  
She camped there. That's where she slept.  
They call it 'Grizzly bear mother's camp' - Xóots Tláa Ta.eetí.

Next day, she went to another mountain.  
On top of the mountain, you see there's two big dips.  
The first camp she wasn't comfortable in that bed so she moved a  
little way from there.  
That's that Lanning mountain, Kwákah Dzéle'.

From there she went to Teslin.  
Three Aces, they call that mountain.  
Right there they said there's a little bridge leads to a little

mountain.

At that mountain they say there's a dip there too.  
Green grass grows around it.

From there, I don't know.  
That's as far as I remember.

My father died in 1920, but he told me all these stories  
before that.

### Smart Beaver [24]

This is a story about Beaver Man.  
Sometimes he's called Smart Beaver, because he's smart.  
Sometimes he's called Little Beaver, because he's the youngest of  
five brothers.  
Sometimes he's called Beaver Brother.

This Beaver is a person,  
But he can turn into Beaver when he's in a tight spot.  
Most times he looks like a man.  
He's got lots of clothes piled on top of each other.  
He's got all those shirts because he will be away so long.  
When they wear out, he takes them off, throws them away.  
By then, he's a long time gone.  
Those shirts help him in a tight spot, too.  
You'll see.  
That's why he's smart.

This is about how Beaver cleaned up the River, maybe Yukon River.  
That happened after people all left the river.  
They all leave one way, go out hunting and never come back.  
All his brothers were killed that time.  
He's trying to get even for them and for others.  
He wants to find why all the people left that River and where  
they went.  
They moved away and never came back.

### I

Little Beaver Man starts out.  
By now, it's winter.  
Beaver Man has his little boat.  
He pulls up at the head of the trail, starts walking again.

He goes along.  
They still have to clean up the river.  
He follows a trail, comes to a hill.

Here he sees a spear sticking up.  
It's just like someone is sliding downhill onto that spear.  
There's fresh blood.

This looks like trouble.  
Little Beaver took off one shirt, stuffed it with willow  
branches, made padding.  
Then he rolled that shirt downhill.  
It gets stuck on the spear.  
Then he makes his nose bleed, puts blood on that spear.  
He put his shirt back on, pretends he crawled out of that sharp  
spear,  
Pretends he's dead.  
Beaver Man is smart.

He pretended to die. Lay there.  
Pretty soon along comes Giant Wolverine.  
Wolverine runs that trapline every day.

"Ha! Got somebody, he says.  
"I thought I wasn't going to catch you."  
He ties that Beaver's hands together, feet together."

"I wish he would pack me backwards," thinks Beaver.  
Here it comes true.  
Wolverine packs him backwards.  
Packs him to under a leaning tree: Beaver gets caught on a limb.  
"Pfff." He farts. Wolverine drops him.

Then Wolverine packed him home.  
He lay him outside.

"My daddy killed something. There's game this time!"  
Those kids sure are happy.  
Wolverine sharpens his knife.  
Those kids lick Beaver.

"Stop licking off that fat. That's for your Mamma," Wolverine say.

Those kids see Beaver open one eye.  
"Hey! He's alive, this one," they say.

"Are you crazy?  
Do you think he can live when a knife goes through his body?  
I saw blood on that spear!"

There's a special kind of knife to cut beaver  
But that knife is under him.  
His doctor, his power, brings that to him,  
So it's under him.

All of a sudden, he jumps up, grabs a stick.  
He clubs that daddy, that mother.

"I'm going to look after you kids."

He cut open that mother.

She's Giant, too.

How big wolverine is now - that's the size of those baby pups  
inside her.

Those older kids cry.

He built fire.

"Blow on it," he told those two older kids, the ones that lick him.

They do that,

And while they blow he drops a log on their heads. Kills them.

Those two little ones inside that mother, he lets live.

He tells them,

"I don't want you to eat people."

"Ha, Ha," they laugh at him.

"When we're big, we'll steal cache from you."

Then they run up a tree.

He tries to smoke them down, but those kids pee on the fire, mess  
it up.

He tries to shoot them,

But they tell those arrows:

"Go different way. Go other way."

So he never kills them.

"Don't grow any bigger," he tells them.

"Eat rabbits, gophers.

Don't eat what your mother and father eat."

That's the time he gave them rabbits, gophers.

"We'll steal your food, mess your cache,"

They still laugh at him.

.....

Next Beaver follows along, comes to giant Bear on a hill.

He sees bear skin hanging on that hill.

"What's that?" he asks.

"Oh, that's just my daughter.

She's just become a young lady.

I'm hiding her.

She's sewing now."

"Me, I've got a hole in my moccasins," Beaver said.

"Give it to me. I'll take it to my daughter," Bear said.

Beaver sneaked after Bear to see what he does with it.

Bear ran over to that place and here he stitched it up himself  
with his left hand.

Big stitches.

"My daughter can't sew good today.  
She has a headache."  
That's what he told Beaver.  
He's trying to slow Beaver down,  
Trying to keep him from killing giant animals.

Beaver looked at moccasins.  
"I could do better myself," he said.  
He rips up those moccasins, sews them up himself.

Beaver knows something is wrong.  
He knows those bears kill people.  
He wants to see that daughter.

"You can marry my daughter," Bear tells him,  
"But you can't see her until you kill the animals that bother us."  
He wants those animals to kill Beaver Man. [25]

"I need bow and arrow fixed," Beaver says.  
"First I need a bow."

Bear tells him, "Go and chop tree down."

(i)

Beaver sized it up, that tree.  
He sees that tree would splinter and fall on him if he chopped it.  
He sees that tree is set up to fall on him.  
It's a giant tree and his power tells him that it's set up.  
So his power helps him poke that tree somehow.  
He gets his bow, comes back.

Bear sees him coming.  
"He's coming again!"  
They're surprised, that bear and his wife.  
Bear thought he killed him!

Beaver shows his bow to Bear.  
"I've got bow but no sinew," he tells him.

"Lots of sinew up on that hill," Bear tells him.  
"Find Grizzly for sinew."

(ii)

Beaver goes up there.  
Giant Grizzly is lying in the meadow.  
He knows Grizzly will see him:  
First he finds mice.

"Grandma," he says, "Help me."  
So those mice help him.



"Dig a hole - a tunnel - to where grizzly is sleeping.  
Take his fur off so I can poke him with a spear."  
He has two copper arrows for his spear.  
He hides those arrow heads in his hair and pulls them out when he  
needs them.

Those mice come up under that Grizzly arm.  
Mice pull away at that hair, clean the hair off under that arm.

"What are you doing that for?" Grizzly asks.

"I need hair for my little ones.  
They're cold," that mouse tells Grizzly.  
"They're all dying off."

"Then take it from my tail," he tells them,  
"Not from under my arm."

Mice runs back and tells Beaver, "Now!"

Then Beaver Man shoots Grizzly with his spear through that hole  
mouse digs.

Grizzly is mad!  
Walks around mad. Shakes. Falls down.  
Those mice crawl back out of that hole.  
Sure enough Grizzly is laying there.

"I want fat and meat for my kids," mouse says to Beaver

"Okay, but don't waste any," says Beaver Man.  
"Live on it for a long time."

Beaver took that sinew.  
When he brought it back, Bear sure was surprised.  
"He's coming again," Bear says, surprised.  
He expected Grizzly to kill Beaver Man.  
He wants that to happen.

Next, Beaver wanted paint for his arrow.

"Get it from Frog," Bear tells him.  
"Giant Frog lives in a hole in the middle of the mountain."

(iii)

That Frog lives near a swampy place.  
Spring water there.  
Where that spring runs down, there's blue mud.  
When they burn that mud, the ashes make blue;  
You can use that for paint.

"Son-in-law," that Bear tells him,  
"That hole in there has blue mud. Get it."

When Beaver got to that hole, spring water is coming out.  
It's like that spring half way between Tagish and Carcross.  
Beaver Man took his top shirt off.  
He threw it right in front of the mud hole.  
Sure enough, out came Giant Frog.  
He killed that one too; I don't remember how though.  
He comes home.  
Got that paint, too.

"He's coming again," that wife tells the Bear.

"Now I need feather for my arrow," says Beaver.

Bear thinks.  
Then he tells him, "Look up there.  
Eagles are up high.  
Get feather there!"  
He thinks Eagle will finish off Beaver.

(iv)

Two little Eagles are in the nest when Beaver comes.  
Beaver goes to them.

"Which of you two is a tattletale?"

The littlest one says, "Her".  
She points to her sister.  
So Beaver kills that sister.  
And then he gave her the little one gopher to eat.

"How do you know when your mother is going to come, your father  
going to come?"

"When my mother comes, there's warm and sunshine.  
When my father comes, there's hailstorm."

That little one helps him - helps him dig a hole in the nest.  
Little Beaver tells her,  
"It's no good what your mother and father eat."  
He sees people's bones around.  
"You shouldn't eat people."

"My mother is coming, my mother is coming," that little  
Eagle said.  
It's warm and sunny.  
Beaver man hides, holds that spear ready under his nest.

That mother comes.  
"I smell fresh meat."  
She brings back the front part of a person's body, just half  
a body.

"Ooo, Ooo, it makes my head ache," says that little one.

"Where's your sister?" her mother asks.

"She flew down to the creek because she had a headache."

Then through that hole underneath, Little Beaver poked her with  
his spear.

He killed her.

Little Beaver threw that body away.

Next came a hailstorm.

"My daddy is coming, my daddy is coming," the little one said.

Beaver hid.

Eagle brings the hind part of a man's body.

"Where's your Mom, your sister?" he asked her.

"They've got a headache, went down to the water," she tells him.

He stepped over a hole and Little Beaver speared him.  
He threw that body down.

You know the size Eagle is now?

That's the same size that baby Eagle was.

Beaver looked for a louse in the baby's head.

He scratches, finds that louse.

He put that louse in the baby's ear.

"Stay the same size," he said.

That's how he medicined that little Eagle, with that louse.

Beaver brings gopher, ptarmigan, rabbit only for that one.

"Don't eat people.

What are you going to say when you cry?" he asks her.

"Gluk, gluk, gluk."

"Good," Little Beaver told her.

"I don't want to leave you before you can get along by yourself,"  
he told her."

"Get grouse."

She does.

So he knows she's okay and he leaves.

Before he goes, he burns those bodies up.

He brings back a feather.

"He's coming again!" that Bear says.

When he sees him coming back, Bear gets mad.

"He makes me sick! He kills off all my animals," Bear says.

Bear decides to kill Beaver himself.  
"You kill him too," he tells his wife.

Before he comes back to camp, Beaver spotted Bear.  
He knows Bear is mad.  
Beaver goes up that hill first, to see if he had a daughter.  
Sure enough, he killed that daughter, that bear daughter.

"He killed our daughter," Bear said.  
"Let's kill him ourselves."  
He starts chasing him, chases him to a little lake.  
Bear runs to the narrows - that lake has narrows just like  
Tagish Lake.

Beaver Man turns into Beaver.  
He does that when he's in a tight spot.  
Beaver dives and goes through the narrows.  
Bear turns to his wife:  
"Run! Get your shirt. Let's fix it for Beaver net."  
She went home to get her shirt for a net.  
But Beaver hears them.

Anyway, he got ashore.  
He takes a big green stump, went in the water again.  
By that time, net is ready.  
Beaver put that stump in the net.  
They pull and pull.  
The riverbank is hanging over.  
Beaver pulls and pulls.  
Then all of a sudden, he let go!  
Those Bears fall in the water.  
Beaver slits their throats.  
That's how he got rid of the giant Bears.  
No more do bears eat people.

### The Two Smart Brothers [26]

I think this happened on the Mackenzie River.

Two kids - two brothers - were playing on the ice.  
It's springtime.  
They fall asleep.  
When they wake up, that ice is broken off.  
They float down river.  
Pretty soon, they don't know what to do.  
They kill their little dog.  
Then they put blood around the edge of the ice:

"Just stay this big," they tell that block of ice.  
"We'll go close to shore."  
Way in the middle of the river they float down.  
One brother, he watches all the time.  
I don't know how many days they float - long ways.

He sees a willow, grabs it, pulls to shore.  
"Jump out," he tells his brother.  
They both jump.

That's the time they start back.  
They're hungry.  
They hear somebody.  
"Come on, come on," that voice says.

I

First, they saw a porcupine wearing a pack on his back.  
They kill him and eat him.  
They cook, make a big fire.  
It's the first time they eat in days.

After they finish, they come to an empty camp.  
That's the time that lady met them.

They hear, "Tche, tche, come on, come on.  
I lost my dog.  
He's wearing a pack. Did you see him?"

"No, we saw no dog.  
But we ate a porcupine with a pack.  
We kill him, cook him, eat him."

"Why didn't you look inside the pack?" she said.  
"Dry meat inside.  
Wait for me at the camp."

They went down to the camp, sat down, talked with people.

"Did you see a little grandma going back?" one man asked.

"Yes, we saw her. She's looking for porcupine.  
We see lots of porcupine. We ate one too!"

"We own them. That's our dog," one man said.  
"We don't eat them."

That grandma catches up.  
"Those boys ate my dog."

"What do you people live on?" those boys ask.  
"We'll show you what to eat.  
Grandpa, we eat porcupine."

In our country, we eat it.  
Porcupine is food!"

People are glad to learn that.  
People unload their packs and give food to those kids.  
Lots of people give them things.

## II

Pretty soon, they went again. Went upstream.  
They try to get back home.  
That's the time they come to people with small mouth.  
Just a little hole for a mouth.  
There's lots of meat hanging around - maggots on it. All covered.  
People try to give them boiled maggots to eat.  
But no, they don't eat that kind.

"Why do you waste meat?" those boys tell those people.  
"That's because our mouth is so little.  
We live on maggots.  
We suck them through that hole."

One of those kids is smart.  
Maybe he's twelve years old.  
That other kid, the younger one, is crazy.  
They went out playing.  
The younger boy, the crazy one, gets a kid from that camp.  
He sticks his finger in that kid's mouth and pulls it apart.  
That kid laughs and laughs.  
It's the first time he can ever laugh.  
His mouth is bleeding, though.

Then that kid runs amongst people, laughing.

"How did that happen?" people ask him, look at him.

"That kid pulled it. You try to. Pull your mouth apart!"

So they all do that.  
All pull their mouths apart.  
Then they sing that song:  
    'I learn something,'  
They run around.  
Everybody pulls their mouth open.  
They can't eat good before.  
They just eat maggots before.

"Now cook that meat," those boys tell them.  
"You can't live on maggots. That's dirty. Eat meat!"

Then those boys get paid because they help out people.

## III

From there on, they travel quite a distance.  
They get lunch, dry meat, dry fish.  
They use iron arrow heads.

Next place they come to, pregnant woman is there, crying.  
"It hurts to open that scar," she cried.  
They used to do that.

"What's that woman crying about?" asks the young boy.

"She's going to have a baby and her husband won't cut her open,"  
they tell him.

"We don't do that where we come from.  
We make a camp apart from the main camp,  
Camp for women and her mother.  
Other ladies help her, hold her.  
Pretty soon a baby is born.  
They just do that.  
Baby is born naturally.

They start to dance, start to sing.  
    'We learn something,'  
They sing that.  
Even that sick woman dances.  
They are so happy.  
So no more that kind of birth.  
Natural birth only.

(Their adventures continue until finally they are able to make  
their way back home)

...Somehow he meets his brother again.  
From there on, they come to home.  
He never sees things, animals, any more.  
They get home.  
It took three years to get home.

They're grown bigger.  
Other kids come down to the water hole in the evening.  
They meet their Mackenzie brothers.

"Send a message to our Mother.  
Tell her we're here."

One goes, tells that Mother,  
"We saw two boys.  
They say they are our brothers."

"Don't talk like that!" that Mamma says,

They're not alive.  
They've been gone three years.  
That must be someone else.  
Go get his mitts!"

That older kid has keepsake mitts and he wears them still.  
He gives them his mitts as a sign.  
Tells them how he floated down on the ice.

Gee, she cries, that Mother,  
"Tell them to come in, come home."

They went home with their Mackenzie brother, finally.  
That's the end of this story.  
That's why there are none of those animals here now.  
No Spiderman, no Buffalo.

### How Animals Broke Through the Sky [27]

One time the sky used to come right down to salt water.  
Here the animals lived on the winter side.  
Cold.  
Squirrel always came amongst other animals, crying all the time.

One time they asked her,  
"What are you crying for?"

"My kids all froze up again."  
Every now and then her children, her babies, all froze up.

So they went to a meeting, all the animals.  
They are going to try to poke a hole through the sky.  
They are on the winter side  
And they are going to poke a hole through the sky  
So they can have summertime too.  
Summer is on the other side.

So they gathered together with all kinds of people - they're  
animals though -  
Bloodsucker is the one they picked to go through that hole.  
He poked that hole.  
Then different animals went through.  
Wolverine is the one who made that hole bigger.  
He went through with a dry mooseskin,  
Made that hole bigger.  
That's how they all got through.

Now they are going to steal good weather.



They went to a high person.  
He's got all the weather -  
The hot air, cold air,  
He's got flowers and leaves.  
So they took all that.  
They stole it when people weren't home.  
Here there was one old man there.  
He went outside,  
Took his blanket outside and waved it around his head.

"Get winter-time over there and summer over here.  
Don't go away for good," he told them.  
He kept them from taking summer completely away.

That's how, when winter goes for good,  
That's the time we get summer.  
Then when summer goes back to the south side,  
That's the time we get winter.

He waved his blanket and said,  
"Don't go away for good," he told the weather.  
"Go back and forth."

Those two worlds were side by side -  
Winter on one side,  
Summer on the other.  
On one side were winter animals.  
On the other, summer animals.  
They broke the sky down, and after, it went up (horizontally).

After they got it across, they bust it, the summer bag.  
Pretty soon, snow melted.  
They got leaves,  
They had all the leaves tied up in a balloon.  
They bust the balloon.  
And all the summer things came out.

### Section III: My Parents

"We're pretty smart, we're doing this.  
This is long before my time and yet I know it."

Now I'll talk more about my mother's people, Deisheetaan.

That Deisheetaan shaa who came inland had daughters,  
And they had daughters.  
One of those daughters was Sa.éek'.  
She was my grandma on my mother's side, and also on my daddy's side  
Because her brother was my daddy's father, Tl'uku.  
I heard my Mother and my Daddy talk about their grandmother. [28]

I never saw Sa.éek', but I saw two of her daughters,  
Grandma Hammond, Aandaax'w and Annie Atlin, Sakinyáa. [29]  
I never saw mother's mother, either.  
Her Tagish name was Kashadandá; her Tlingit name Keikandagán.

She died when my mother was six or seven.  
My mother had no sisters after that.  
She died going through that pass from Millhaven going through to  
West Arm.

There's a little creek comes down, they call it Rosebud Creek. [30]  
That's where they climb up right on top of the mountain.  
She was carrying her baby, my mother's sister.  
Here that baby died five days after her mother.  
That baby must have starved herself, my mother said.

Well, of course, they burned people that time I'm talking about,  
And they brought her ashes back to Carcross.  
This is my mother's time I'm talking about.

That fall that her mother died  
My mother went down Taku River with her aunt, Mrs. Austin's  
mother, Sakinyáa.  
She went down in falltime.  
My mother was raised by her aunt one year.

In springtime they came back.  
Here, her father was staying with Stóow already.  
That Stóow was Tagish Charlie's sister, my mother's mother's  
half sister. [31]

Stoow, her husband had died too, and people said,  
"You fellows just go with each other  
Who's going to guide you fellows?  
You fellows just help yourself, enjoy yourself together."

Your husband died, and his wife died, and they're your people." [32]

And they talked to my Grandpa Shakoon:  
"This is your people's wife too.  
And you're her people's husband  
Might as well be you people stay together."

That's what they told them.  
That's why they stayed together.  
So Shakóon married a Tagish Lady, Deisheetaan.

So that's all my mother stayed with her aunt,  
Just that part of one year.  
My mother said she was only one year without a mother.  
From then on, she called Stóow 'Mother'.  
Stóow is the one that died at Indian Point, Ta Tígi.

My Daddy's daddy, Tl'úku, died at Quiet Lake.  
Tlúk'u was brother to Sa.éek', my mother's mother.  
That's why my father took the news to Sa.éek'  
When his father, her brother, died.

Those days people burned the body.  
They bring the ashes and bones back in a blanket or whatever  
they've got.  
Then they put them away in the spirit house,  
Then they have a party in the springtime.  
People come together to pay the people who've been handling him.  
Wolf people carried back my father's father because he is Crow.  
After that my daddy's mother married Dzagwáa.

My daddy had a twin sister, and they both grew up.  
His twin sister married Dzagwáa after their mother died. [33]  
She was Bill Bones's mother.

My daddy's other sister married Yéił Saagi  
When he died, and when Gunaaták''s wife died,  
She took over because it was their people.  
Gunaaták' was Marsh Lake Chief.  
They never had kids together, but Gunaaták' had a child.  
That's the one my auntie raised: Mrs. Whitehorse Billy.  
My aunt raised her since she was two years old.  
That auntie, Tashooch Tláa had a son, too. Tashooch. [34]  
They claim she was single too long after her husband died.  
That's why she never had another child.

Anndaax'w - Mary - was the daughter of Sa.éek' and was  
my daddy's cousin.  
When they were kids, they travelled around together all the time.  
When my daddy used to tell a story he always says  
"Aandaax'w was with us."  
They grew up together like partners because my daddy's daddy  
travelled with his sister Sa.éek' and her husband.

Those brothers-in-law were partners. [35]  
They were all together when that animal came to them. [36]

My daddy's mother, Guná died in 1898 or '99.  
They were in Skagway and my Daddy was freighting.  
That's the time his mother died at Bennett.  
The old people can't go over the mountain, so they stayed  
at Bennett.  
She was never well for six years, never walked for six years.  
In those days people lived in brush camp, and people packed her.  
In wintertime they used a sleigh.

Well, he was in Skagway when they brought the news his mother died.  
So Tagish John and Tagish Jim and other Dakl'aweidi went  
over to Bennett.  
They burned her - then days they burned people -  
And they had a cup of tea.  
They never really had a good party for her 'til they came back  
from Skagway, falltime.  
Then they brought the bones back to the spirit house in Tagish.  
They brought them back in a trunk.  
They gathered up the bones and ashes and brought them back  
to Tagish.  
That's all my mother told me about her.

Tagish women married to all parts of the Yukon.  
I think that's why now they want Tagish people at that  
Elder's meeting,  
Because we went everywhere. [37]

My father's father Shaakóon married Tagish Lady, Inland Deisheetaan.  
My father's sister Tashooch Tláa married Gunaatak', Marsh Lake Chief.  
Jimmy Kane's mother married to Champagne.  
Tatl'er Má, Kitty Smith's mother, married to Dalton Post.  
Jenny Dickson married to Ross River.  
Tagish Jim's mother's sister married to Mandasaa.  
Laberge Chief.  
That's how come those Laberge people -  
Frankie Jim's wife, Jim Boss -  
They're all Tagish cousins  
But they're raised up at Laberge.

I remember my mother said,  
"How come you people call yourselves like that (use Tagish names).  
Go back to your country, Marsh Lake!  
You just like to use our names  
But you don't want to go back to your country," she told them.  
But I guess that's why they want us at that meeting.

My daddy was maybe thirty when he married.  
My mother had just become woman. [38]  
Old timers got kids married right away.  
They tell them, "You're ready for marrying now."

You've got to get married".  
My mother's daddy, Shaakóon, was brother to Guná,  
my daddy's mother.

My mother got that 1898 sickness, measles, and it made her blind.  
The doctor and the Bishop told her not to sew because she would  
damage her eyes more. [39]

In 1898, mother was in Skagway.  
Mother lost four kids, all one time.  
One six year old, two girl twins, one other girl.  
They are buried at Dyea, under one house. [40]

After that, they came over the Summit and found Atlin.  
Johnny was born that year, 10th of July, 1898.  
After Johnny, there was one girl died between Johnny and me.  
Then me, Angela.

I was born in 1902.  
My mother was named Kaax'anshee; her whiteman's name is Maria.  
That means she is a woman of Deisheetaan Nation.

My father was Kaajinéek'.  
His name in English is Tagish John.  
Later they gave him his second name, Haandeyéił,  
"Come on crow" (or "hither, crow").  
He was a Dakl'aweidi, that is, Wolf,  
And Deisheetaan yeidi: that means 'child of Deisheetaan'. [41]

My Indian name is Stóow.  
After me, a girl named Dora, who died later.  
Then David, who died 1929.  
Then Dora, born July 29, 1916.  
Her real name is Alice Dora, but we call her Dora.

#### Section IV: Stories from my Parents' Time

"My father died in 1920,  
But he told me all these stories before he died."

#### Dzagwaa [42]

My father tells us this story.  
He said when they were kids - ten or twelve years old -  
He and my mother's aunt, Mrs. Dyea John, Aandaax'w,  
They were pals I guess.  
They used to run along and get water,  
Play around all the time like that.

And here, all of a sudden, dogs begin to bark in the night always.  
People never used to have a lot of dogs;  
Maybe one family got just one dog.  
They never used to have big bunch of dogs.  
They miss salmon, too, when dogs bark.

So finally, Tagish Jim's father, Yéił Shaan,  
He told my Daddy's step-father, Dzagwaa,  
"What's your doctor for?  
Go find out. Find out what's doing that.  
Is that a person, or what is it?  
Is it an animal stealing fish?"

He said, alright, he's going to try to find out.  
So he made doctor one night,  
And he sees that it's an animal doing that. He said,  
"It's not a human being".  
So he watched for it, watched for it.  
The next night he said,  
"It's going to come... huh,huh...  
It's mind comes here already...  
It's going to come again..."  
So he told those people exactly where to sit down and watch for it.

"It's going to come over there, right there.  
You fellows watch that all the time."  
And in the meantime, he made that arrow.  
The head of that arrow is bone.  
He put his paint on it and he told Yéił Shaan to watch for it.

He gave that bow and arrow to him for him to shoot it.

He knows just when it's going to come. He said,  
"His mind comes here already."

That's the time he told them to watch for it.

Him, he's at the camp.

He's sleeping all the time.

After those people went to watch he lay down again, he sleeps.

He put his blanket over his head.

"Kids have to keep still", he said.

My father said they put them to bed while the sun is still up yet.

Those kids got to go to bed.

Never run around.

Nobody runs around.

Just lay still one place.

But he's making doctor.

Pretty soon, all at once, it started to get dusty,

But you could still see good yet.

All of a sudden it just came out of where that Indian doctor is  
going to come out.

It was a kind of valley between the mountains where an old water  
bed came out.

Little creek down at the bottom,

But it's got shoulder on it; it's steep, too.

Here that thing just came out and he's just watching the camp,  
just looking at the camp.

All of a sudden that Yeil Shaan,

He took a shot at it with his bow and arrow.

And it's just gone, like that.

Just gone.

Disappeared.

Well, they watched for a while, I guess.

That Indian doctor said,

"He shot it alright, but it took off with the arrow.

Little arrow sticking into him yet."

Just the spear of the arrow, you know.

They put the arrow somehow on a stick.

When the arrow goes through, the stick just falls off.

But the bone stays inside.

He watched all the time, that Indian doctor, Dzagwáa.

Never eats; never eats anything.

They eat early in the morning and late in the evening.

But that Indian doctor is just sleeping all the time, watching.

Pretty soon... "Aha," he said.

"It comes back to its mother.

And oh, his mother feels sorry.

That animal died after it comes back to its mother.

Now his mother is going to come, starting to come."

It's going to come, so everybody keeps quiet, keeps still.  
Here, the next night, it's going to come.  
"You fellows watch between the mountains."  
I wonder what in the world that could be?  
Couldn't be that big...  
I would like to see that place at Quiet Lake where they looked at  
Big Salmon.  
They said it was between the valley, like that.  
Here it comes out.  
Something just like towards Tagish, I guess, between mountains.

Here all of a sudden in the evening he said,  
"Here it's coming, it's coming.  
Watch that place up there, you fellows,  
Watch up there. It's going to come out."

So people watch it.  
The kids are all in bed.  
The women are all in bed too, with the kids.

Just that Indian doctor, that Dzagwáa, his name -  
That's my father's stepfather -  
And her, that animal's mother.

Pretty soon, "I'm going to meet it,"  
He said that when it came out.  
There was a light just like a moon, they say.  
Just like the moon, her eyes between that mountain.  
Two lights there, it seemed just like two moons. [43]  
And he said he's going to meet it.  
So he went.  
He's gone.  
My father's stepfather, whole thing, gone!  
Just like he's flying.  
And he told those people,  
"When I'm coming back, you fellows stand like a V,  
Like a shał, like head of a shał (fishtrap)," he said.

And Yéił Shaan, oh he's the one!  
He don't believe in Indian doctor, don't believe him.  
He (Dzagwáa) said,  
"You stand right there and try to catch me."  
And his feet are that far off the ground!  
He's flying, they said.  
"If you don't catch me,  
I'm going to go round the camp and come back the same way again.  
Then you try a second time.  
You try with your bare hands first.  
He gave them willows and a little tree top and his mitts.  
He said, "You switch me with this one.  
Switch me with it if you can't catch me."  
That's what he told them.



The first time he went dressed just like he was,  
And that thing said to him:  
"Why are you coming to me with dirty clothes?"  
So he came back to camp and he wants clean clothes.  
And nobody had clean clothes, I guess.  
Only his wife, that's my father's mother.  
She had brand new dress.  
Well, they thought she (the animal mother) wouldn't mind it.

So he used that dress - it's homemade, you know - sewed by hand.  
He put that on and he went to meet it again.  
It just stayed there in one place right there.  
I guess his doctor tied him up there too.  
He went again.

You could hear, they said, from the camp.  
Just like something roaring.  
You know..."RRRRRRRRRR."  
That's when she's talking to him, I guess.  
And here he's coming with that dress.  
And again, she didn't like it.

"Why are you coming to me with a dress?" she said.  
I want a man, not a woman.  
So she did that to him:  
Here that dress just ripped right from the neck right down  
to the bottom.  
That's what happened to him the second time.

Well, he went right back again; he went home.  
"I'm going to lead him the other way," he said.  
And soon he's gone again.  
"Lead him past the camp.  
Lead him further on."

Well, he's coming back.  
It's just like he's flying in the air.  
And that Yéił Shaan couldn't catch him.  
He tried to grab him, I guess, but he couldn't catch him.  
And here he went around the camp.  
And he came back the same way, second time.  
That's the time he switched him with those willows,  
The little tree top and his gloves, that Indian doctor's gloves.  
And he just dropped right there.  
That's the way they catch him again.

And the third time he went.  
That's the time he led her down the other way.  
Everything quieted down after that,  
After he led her past the camp.  
She took off the other way.

This happened at Quiet Lake, head of the Big Salmon River.

That Indian doctor stayed in bed for pretty near a whole week  
To get straightened out again.  
His name was Dzagwáa, Billy Bones' father, my father's stepfather.

### Witch story [44]

This story was told by Jake Jackson.  
He was an Indian doctor, but he didn't sing or anything.  
He was able to tell the future.

White people always say of someone who has Indian doctor,  
They say he's got 'witch doctor'.  
But no! Witch doctor is different stuff altogether.  
Indian doctors show it off. They sing.  
But witch doctors don't show it off.  
They just do something to people who they want to kill.  
They kill people, that's all they do.  
They get hold of your hair, or your clothing,  
Or even your leftover scraps of food.  
They wind it up like a doll with your hair.  
When people die, they put those dolls with dead people and they  
rot away.  
That's why people have a hard time when witch doctor fixes them.  
They have cancer or T.B. or something.  
Slow dying, all the time.  
And the person a witch doctor does that to dreams bad dreams  
about himself.  
Sometimes, if he's lucky, he'll dream who is doing that to him.  
If you tell a witch doctor you dreamed he did it,  
Sometimes it helps and it backs out.  
But sometimes it doesn't.

This is Jake Jackson's story.  
This is another one my father saw.  
That's his cousin, Skookum Jim's older brother.  
Tlákwschaan is his Indian name.  
Also Hunyis.  
He was married to Coast Indians.

He was dying.  
He went to Indian doctor, and that doctor said,  
"That's witchcraft doing that to you."  
Whatever is doing that to you  
If you tell him face to face, you're going to get better.

So they got hold of that man who is witching him.

They called my father and Patsy (Henderson).  
They just called them for witnesses, but they had nothing to do  
with it.  
They just called them because it's their brother-in-law's people.

Here, they got hold of that man.  
They tied him up, tied his hands behind his back and tied his feet.  
And they threw him in a cellar.  
They took all his clothes off.  
Down in the cellar they had Devil's Club and those round leaves  
with thorns on it.  
That basement was full of those things.

I don't know how many days they came down to see him.  
They wanted him to tell. That's why they did it.  
I don't know how many days he was there.  
They asked him questions, asked him questions.  
Finally, he said,

"No, my inside is just like a pot with a cover on.  
It hasn't opened yet.  
Cut on the top of my head and at the end of my tail.  
Cut holes."  
They cut holes just like he said.  
Funny how he didn't get blood poisoning.

"Now, tie me backwards."  
They tied him up so his head is touching his tail,  
And they spanked him besides.

"Aha - one opened," he told them.  
One, two, three finally opened.  
"Yes. Okay. That's me. I did it. I'm going to tell now," he said.  
So he tells them all.  
"His stuff is not here, that stuff I used for witching.  
His stuff is on that island at the mouth of Chilkat River."  
Did you see that little island there?  
They say there's Indian doctor's grave there.  
It's got a house over it.  
"That's where I've got his stuff.  
I could go and get it."

They untied him.  
He's just like that with no clothes.  
He's going to get that stuff.  
North wind blowing in February, they said.  
In February it's cold, too.  
He went outside.  
Here he just dived in the snow.  
They've got a big string around him.  
My father and Patsy Henderson were there, just for witness.

Here, he dived down and came up way along under the snow.

He made a noise like an otter makes when it comes out of the water -

"Puh, puh.."

Looks around.

Acts just like Otter.

He went down again. Kept doing that, kept doing that.

All across the portage to where the Chilkat River comes out.

He went in the water.

North wind is coming.

He dove in, went across to that grave.

Here that string is too short.

They can't let it go.

He never got to that grave.

So they pulled him back with that string.

Then, as wet as he is, he started diving back again after they got him back on shore.

They told him the string is too short.

They've got to go back home.

So they tried again with a longer string.

He started doing that again until he got to that island.

When he got to that island, and he came out of the ground,

He made a sound just like groundhog.

Then...he went down again.

He went down in the grave.

Finally, he came back with that stuff.

They untied him and threw him in salt water.

"Okay," he said. "That man is going to get better."

So he came back.

When he came back, they untied him.

They said to him,

"Don't do that any more."

I guess the witch part lost its power when people found out what it was.

I guess that's how strong it is, witch power.

My father told us that story.

Later, all those people who were tending him died, they said.

And the man he was witching got better,

Just like he came out of the water.

He got better all of a sudden.

The difference between Indian doctors and witches is that Indian doctors heal people and predict the future.

## Falling Through a Glacier [45]

You know how people used to go down to sell their furs on  
the coast?

One time my father was going back home.  
And his trading partner,  
The one who buys furs from him all the time,  
Is going to come with him.

Here they started from Ekoot Lake, between Haines and Skagway.  
At the end of Ekoot, they started coming back that way.  
They came out at Robinson, or someplace like that. [46]  
And here there's a glacier they have to cross.  
My Daddy got across,  
But there was a crack in the glacier.  
And that man fell in!  
I don't know how he did it.

My Daddy didn't know what to do.  
If he dies there, he thought,  
They're going to blame him for it,  
Think he killed him or something.  
So he hollered at him,  
And here he answered.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm okay."

"I'm going to try to get you out.  
I'm going to untie my pack,  
And I'm going to send the string of my pack rope down to you.  
And you tie it around your waist and climb up."  
So he did.  
He untied his pack, my Daddy  
And he tied a string around a stick and let it down to him.

"You jerk it when you got it," he said.  
He felt a jerk.  
"Put your elbows against the glacier and try to pull yourself up.  
I'm going to keep pulling you too."  
He kept doing it,  
And finally he got himself out of the glacier.  
Finally, he came out.

Then they came out of the pass around Robinson or someplace

around there.  
And they went over the mountains this way to Tagish.  
That pass is between Robinson and Lkoot.  
There is a valley there - I heard them talking about it.

That man's wife said that her husband talked about it  
all the time.  
Kodéinaahaa is his name.  
That man stayed with my father quite a while and then he went  
to Dyea.

### The Marsh Lake Deaths [47]

There's four boys at Marsh Lake that got hanged, my mother said.  
They got hanged in Dawson.

First, how the story started.  
In Log Cabin, around there someplace,  
There was whiteman prospectors.  
Here, they threw some kind of powder in the can,  
In a baking powder can, I understand.

Here, that kid - he's a big boy now -  
He's about eighteen or nineteen years old.  
That boy, he picked it up and took it home and he asked his aunt.  
His aunt was Tagish Jim's first wife, Gokhaket. [48]  
Tagish Jim's first wife was looking after that boy.

And here, before that, he told his aunt, "I'm hungry."  
And she said to him,  
"You're always hungry all the time, anyway.  
You cook something for yourself.  
I'm tired of cooking all the time."

That's how come he went to get water.  
And here he found that baking powder can full of this powder.  
And he thought it was baking powder.  
Here it was supposed to be something to wash gold in or purify it.

When he came back, he said,  
"I found some baking powder. Can I cook bread now?"  
And she said, "Go ahead. Cook."

So he cooked in that frying pan, bannock.  
And he made tea, too, they say.  
And when that bannock was done, he cut it in half  
And he gave one to him.  
Eshchia, he called him. 'Grandpa'.

He gave some to his grandpa.  
Then he cut some more and gave some to a dog.  
They say that dog died before them.

And that eshchía, they gave him grease and milk and everything  
And he threw it all up.  
But that Keshk'et, he wouldn't take nothing.  
He wouldn't take milk.  
He wouldn't drink that grease.

And then he started acting funny.  
They say he started acting like an animal, getting killed, poison.  
He started to take convulsions, shaking everywhere,  
And they say his aunt started crying.

He said, "I'm tired. You're too mean to me.  
I want to see my mother."  
He wouldn't take that grease.  
He wouldn't take milk.  
He wouldn't take nothing.  
That's how come they couldn't save him.

And then next summer when salmon come up again,  
I guess that's the time, Marsh Lake.  
Those boys were hunting.  
There's four of them:  
John Joe's brother,  
Whitehorse Billy's brother,  
That boy whose brother got killed,  
And one more, the one they the call Sekweye, I think.  
Four of them, four boys,  
They all got hung.  
They took them down to Dawson.

That was because that boy shot that whiteman.  
They were coming down the McClintock River.  
They were up the river someplace.  
Here, they were coming down again  
And here these boys were at a place called Tl'adaake Tene  
Means 'on top the hill road'.  
That's what it means, Den k'e.  
They were resting there and here they saw this boat coming  
And that boy said:  
"That's the way they do.  
They go round in the bush all the time.  
That's their fault my brother died."  
And he pick up his gun.  
The rest of the boys tell him,  
"Don't, don't!"

Just the same, he started shooting them.  
And he shot one.  
And then the other one he fall down too and they both

float around.  
Just before their boat went down the point (at Marsh Lake)  
They see one man get up again.  
They said,  
"One man got up again! One man got up again! Anybody got shells?"  
Shells all gone.  
Nobody.  
They say Whitehorse Billy's brother had shells,  
Just the same, he didn't want to give them.

And I just know that part.

But I hear from other people that they drowned.  
And even that Sagwaaye, he wasn't with them, too.  
He was up the road camping someplace.  
They even took him too. He died for nothing!  
He was at the camp.  
They were all Crow, all one nation.  
Brothers, cousins, like that.

And when they came back to camp, their uncle tells them to  
take off.

And here they did take off.  
They got on the mountain and went down to Lake Laberge.  
No phone, no telegraph, nothing.  
But the story goes already to Laberge.  
And here Laberge, they know it, that boys did that.

It's only one boy did that,  
But they took that many boys just the same.  
They told him, "Don't!"  
Just the same he did that.  
That's because his brother died by poison.

And that Jim Boss was running roadhouse already.  
Jim Boss told them, "They make your uncle policeman.  
He's going to be policeman.  
Go back, you fellows. Go back!  
You're not going to get nothing," (no harm) he tells them.  
(i.e. Sagwaaye was their uncle and stayed behind)  
And that's why they went back.  
They came back to Marsh Lake themselves because that Sagwaaye  
was policeman.  
But he wasn't policeman: he was in jail!  
And that's how they gave themselves up.

Tagish was really police barracks, really big camp there,  
police barracks.  
And Marsh Lake was an outpost,  
Just one or two policemen there.  
So they took them to Tagish.

And when they got to Tagish, my mother said



- She was just a girl yet -  
She said they went to the post for tea or sugar or something.  
They had a little store there.

And here she saw those boys.  
They all got chains on their feet and a big ball on the end. [49]

And her mother just cried and lifted up her hands toward them.  
And nobody knew what year or how long after they got killed.

That's what I hear.  
That's the way I understand it.  
My mother told me.  
She said she was there too when Keshk'et died.

### Stories About Skookum Jim [50]

#### 1. Skookum Jim's Frog Helper

To start with, Skookum Jim's family built a house there in Dyea.  
People used to go there long time ago before Dyea was a city.  
They had only one store there.  
They stayed there all the time, Skookum Jim's family.  
In fall time, the ground is getting frozen already.  
But it's coast, you know, that different climate.

Here, he went to bathroom outside.  
When he's coming back, he hears something making a noise.  
"Whoo..."  
Just like sand pouring down.  
So he stopped and listened.  
Here there was a ditch alongside the house.  
That's where they dig up the sand and put it on the moss for roofing.  
That's what they used, long time ago.

So he went to the edge and he looked down.  
Sure enough there was a big frog.  
Coast frogs are bigger than these frogs, you know.  
Long way from water, too, they said.  
Here it was trying to jump up and trying to get back.  
But it fell down. Kept doing that, I don't know how long.  
Gravel fell down with him.  
That's what's making the noise.

Anyway, Skookum Jim saw it.  
So he looked around for a board.  
Here he found a board and he shoved it down that hole  
And then that frog crawled on that board.

So Uncle Skookum Jim lifted it up.  
He lifted it up and carried it and took it down to the creek.  
There must be a creek there: this is Dyea.  
So anyway, he left it there.  
He let it go.

And about a year or so after,  
Here he got kicked in the stomach by a drunkard man.  
And it got festered.  
Oh, he was sick, they say.  
It happened somewhere around wintertime.  
He was so sick he couldn't move anymore.  
And here that sickness broke open to the outside.

That's when my mother was looking after him.  
Well, he's my Daddy's cousin.  
Their mothers were sisters.  
My mother's got three kids - four altogether with my oldest  
brother.  
And she's got one baby and twin girls, four altogether.  
My mother was looking after them.

Skookum Jim's wife and my daddy,  
They go back, pack stuff.  
They're freighting over the summit toward Bennett.  
They get paid for packing stuff: flour, soap, everything like that.  
And that's what my father was doing.  
My mother stayed home and looked after the kids and my uncle,  
Skookum Jim.

Here one morning in June, his stomach broke out.  
Sun was way out already when my mother heard Skookum Jim  
calling her:  
"Mrs. John, Mrs. John, La.oos Tláa, La.oos Tláa.  
Wake up. Come on."

Well, she got up. She's a young person.  
She jumped up and went over there.  
"Look at this thing here!"  
Well, he was too hot. It was just burning, that sore place.  
So he had his blanket way up and his shirt way open  
And he pulled off those bandages because it was too hot.  
He wanted to air it, open place.

And here he feels something tickle there.  
That's why he looked down.  
Here it was a frog licking that sore place.  
That's what it was that woke him up.  
My mother saw it.  
Then she just got a board or something and put the frog on that.  
It never jumped too, nothing, just stayed like that.

Well, my mother used to have silk thread and beads and stuff too.  
She was good then.  
She wasn't blind then.  
They gave him silk thread and some beads.  
They put swan down feathers all around him too.  
Then she took it down to the creek and left it there.  
That's payment for Skookum Jim to that frog.  
They paid him.

And here two or three days after, he started feeling better  
And that started healing up, too.  
So it healed up good in no time, just in a week or so.  
He's all better and he's able to walk around good again.

I don't know how long after that he wants to see his mother.  
His mother lives at Carcross.  
Naataase Héén, they call it in Tlingit,  
"Water running through the narrows."  
Tagish language they call it Todezáané,  
"Blowing all the time."  
He wants to see if his mother is okay.  
It's getting to be fall time.  
The ground is frozen already, so no snow yet.

So he went through the pass here (route of Tagish road)  
Shásh Zéitígí, "grizzly bear throat," they call it.  
They call it that because north wind's always blowing through there.  
It's open there, too, just like down a throat.

Through there he went to see his mother, down in Carcross.  
And here he camped half way  
Around the first lake from here (Crag Lake),  
Just right in the middle.  
There's a camp place there all the time.  
Brush camp there all the time.  
And here he camped there.  
He slept there.

That's the time he dreamed nice looking lady came to him.  
Gee, she's just pure, just like you can see through her,  
Just like shining, gold shining.

He said that lady told him  
"I come for you,  
I want you to come with me.  
I come for you now.  
I want you to marry me," she said.

And my uncle said,  
"No, I can't marry you.  
I got wife already.  
My wife and children are in Tagish."  
That's what he dreamed he told this lady, he said.

"Well," she said,  
"If you can't go with me, I'll give you my walking stick."  
So he took it.  
He tells her, "Thank you."

"You saved me one time," she said.  
I was almost starving and I was just about going to die.  
And here you saved me one time.  
And I'm the one that saved you too when you were sick.  
When you were sick, I saved you.  
I helped you.  
I medicined you.  
That's why you got better."  
That's what that lady's supposed to tell him,  
because he dreamed that.

And that lady told him when she gave him that walking stick:  
"You're going to find the bottom of this walking stick.  
You're going to find it this way."  
So he looked at it, and gee, everything is shining, looks like gold.  
"Look this way," she said, pointing to Atlin, "Look this way."  
He looks and sees just like a search light coming up.

"That's not for you though; that's for somebody else.  
You go down this way and you're going to have your luck,  
Your walking stick," (indicating down the Yukon River).  
That's what that lady is supposed to tell him.

When he woke up in the morning,  
Here there was snow on top of him, about a foot deep, they say.  
It snowed that night.  
I guess he slept in an open place.  
He didn't sleep under anything.

After he ate breakfast, he went down to Carcross.  
He got to Carcross that night.  
And his mother and those people are all fine.  
It's all okay.  
That's after his father died, I suppose,  
They never mention his father when they tell this story.  
They just say his mother.  
Some of her grandchildren are staying with them.  
She was fine, nothing wrong, lots of wood, lots to eat.  
Everything.

So he just stayed one night, and he started back.  
He camped on the way back too.  
Then finally he got home.  
He thought he was gone four days.

When he got there they tell him,  
"What kept you so long?"

You're gone eleven days."

Well after that he forgot about his dream.  
About a year later, though,  
That's the time he went down Yukon River.  
He didn't think any more about it  
Until he went down the river and found gold.

## 2. Good Luck Lady

When people go to Skagway,  
They always camp at that little lake back of the section house  
at Bennett.  
Too little to have a name, that lake.

They were camping there in the lakeside when they heard that  
baby crying.  
Skookum Jim heard it.  
Then Dawson Charlie heard it.  
Here they got up to go after it.  
Patsy (Henderson) went with them.  
He went a little way, but he got scared, started crying.  
He was still a kid yet.

"Crazy me," he tells us later.  
"That's why I never get rich."

And they tried to chase it around. Around the lake.  
It kept disappearing.  
That's why their money didn't last after they found gold.  
They found money alright, but it didn't last.

The night was pitch dark.  
You know September, how dark it gets at nights?  
And you know how bushy that place is!

Grandma Hammond, Aandaax'w, said she heard that baby too.  
She heard it, but she never tried.  
She thought it was her sister coming, and here, No!  
Nobody showed up.  
So when it quit, she started to cry.  
She told us herself.  
That's around Bennett.  
But she used to make money like everything, sewing you know.

My mother said they went to Ptarmigan Mountain, back of Tagish.  
K'asmbaa Dzéle', in Tagish Language,  
X'eis'awaa Shaayi in Tlingit.

In the evening they went to bed.  
Fire started to go down a little bit.  
They didn't have tent or anything.  
It was just open.

They got a fly tent, though.  
They dried some meat.  
All of a sudden, at night time, baby started to cry.  
"Waa, Waa, Waa," and they hear that mother making a noise.  
They got up, sat up, told each other,  
"You hear that noise?"  
My brother Johnny heard it.  
That's why he's lucky all the time.

### 3. Discovery of Gold

In the first place, he wasn't looking for gold.  
Skookum Jim went downriver to look for his two sisters  
Because they missed them.  
They were gone two years already -  
No telegram, nothing.  
He doesn't know if his two sisters are alive or not.  
That's why he thought he'd go down the river too,  
To see if he can find his sisters, Aage and Kate.  
They were strict about that kind of thing, the old people. [51]

He took his wife and his two nephews,  
Dawson Charlie and Patsy Henderson.  
My father was going too, but they turned back at Lake Laberge.  
My father turned to my mother and he said (looking back)  
"See that Chílih Dzele'?" And she started to cry.

"Why are you crying?"  
"I'm just thinking about your poor crippled mother, and  
your sister and my mother.  
Who is going to cut wood for them?  
Who is going to help them get water?  
They're sick and crippled and helpless."

And so my father and mother turned around and went back.  
Otherwise they might have found the gold too.  
Bad luck, eh?  
But maybe it was just as well...  
All those men who found gold split up with their wives...

When they got to Klondike River,  
That's when they started to dry salmon.  
And that's when they came to George Carmack's camp.  
Well, they're drying salmon too.  
They just live on fish.  
They're starting to get hungry for meat.  
They decide to go hunt, go shoot the game.  
At the same time, they're prospecting too.  
When they got to Bob Henderson's place,  
He talked to George about it.  
But he said they couldn't stake,  
'Because you've got two Indians with you.'  
So they came right back, other side.

They made fire then.

Patsy's home, I guess, looking after the women and the camp.

Here, Skookum Jim just saw this shiny thing sitting on top of a rock.

So he picked it up and looked at it.

It was a nugget worth fifty cents.

He looked...looked...

"George, George, come down.

I'll show you something."

"That's gold!"

They pan in frying pan, find nuggets everywhere...

"We found our fortune now!" George said.

They started staking right away.

They say that after Dawson Charlie found that gold

He poured nuggets into the coffin.

And he said,

"My sons, I gave them hard time, trying to rustle for this gold,"

So he thought he'd put some gold away with them.

That's why he did that.

And Skookum Jim, too, he poured some gold

On his sister, Susie's mother.

One bag he poured, whole thing, into their coffin.

His sister died while she was travelling over the summit.

All of a sudden, I guess, north wind started to blow.

The girl fell down.

What's she going to do? Her mother can't leave her!

She fell down too.

They were still alive when somebody found them

But after they brought them into the house,

That's when they died.

## Section V: Childhood

"I know what I know because my mother taught me...  
After company goes, I ask her questions.  
That's how come she taught me all that."

I was born on January 4, 1902.  
My mother says it is four days after New Year's Eve,  
And we think it is 1902  
Because that's what it says on my baptism card.

This prospector, George Dale,  
He was mining down at Coal Creek, T'ooch' Łutú,  
Below Carcross town in wintertime.  
Here, New Year's Eve he wants to go to Carcross, I guess.

So after he got through working, he walked there on the ice.  
About two o'clock in the morning,  
He started to make Carcross.  
He saw lights.  
It was a cold, cold night, he said.  
And here the only light there was was in my father's house.  
My father's place, my father, Tagish John's place.  
And he knocked on the door, and here my father answered.

He turned to the heater and he got warmed up.  
And my father said,  
"Well, my wife got a little baby girl.  
That's why I was keeping the fire burning."  
Them days there were no houses yet.  
They were living in tent frame.  
He's got tent frame, boards on it, bed and everything.  
There is curtain between.  
One side they use kitchen, like that.  
Other side, they use bedroom.  
So he asked George Dale, "Would you like to see the baby?"  
And George said okay.  
So he brought me out - I guess it was me -  
And he showed me to George Dale.

George Dale looked at the baby.  
"Oh", he said, "That baby looks so sweet. Just like a little angel."  
And that's how come I got my name Angela.  
He told my father,  
"Call her Angela. She looks like a little angel.  
And when she is going to be baptised, let me know.  
I want to be her godfather because I'm the first person she saw."  
That's why he claimed me.



Year 1917, that's the time I was already living with my husband.  
Well, we just got married in July and this was in August.  
He was working on section.  
One time he was coming home from work  
And there was a party going on where that George Dale rented a house.  
The boys called him in.  
So he went in.  
And then they introduced him around and told him,  
"This is George Sidney, Angela's husband."  
And George inquired, "Angela who?"  
"Angela John, used to be."  
"Oh my", he said, "that's my godchild."  
So anyway, he shook hands with George,  
And he told George that he was supposed to be my godfather  
and everything.

After a while, George came back and I asked him,  
"How come you're so late?"  
"The boys up there invited me in for a drink.  
And you know what?  
I met your godfather."  
"My godfather? Who's that?"  
"George Dale," he said.  
"Aw, go on. How in the world you know he's my godfather?"  
"He told me himself."

I didn't believe it, so I asked my mother about it.  
And my mother said, "That's right, that's right.  
About two weeks later, we took you to the church.  
Somebody took you off my arm and held you.  
So it must have been George Dale.  
Whiteman, anyway."  
So he's the one that gave me this name, Angela.

When I was born  
My mother must have had a nurse,  
But she didn't tell me who was with her.  
I told you they partitioned that tent frame off,  
But my Dad wouldn't have been in the same room.  
Somebody must have been with her,  
But she didn't tell me who was her nurse.

You've got to give kids a name as soon as they're born.  
Otherwise they get lost.  
Their spirit gets lost. That's what they claim.  
I've got two names:  
Stóow for my grandmother, my mother's stepmother  
And Ch'oonhehte' Má.  
My mother gave me a little dog: Ch'oonhehte' they call it.  
That's how I got that name, Ch'oonhehte' Má, 'mother of  
Ch'oonhehte'.  
Ch'oonhehte' means 'deadfall' tree.

'Deadfall Mother', they say. [52]  
And Stóow, my grandmother, had the same name.  
And she had a dog named Ch'oonehte too.

Some women have two Indian names.  
They get one when they're a baby,  
And another one when they make a potlatch for her brother.  
When you give a child a name,  
You can only use a name of someone related to you,  
Every Nation has its own names,  
And you have to use the right name.  
Sometimes a baby is given the wrong name; that causes fights. [53]

My mother had lots of babies.  
Four died before Johnny; two of them were twins.  
Let's see...she had my oldest brother Willie.  
Then she had three girls, all buried at Dyea.  
Then she lost one at Dasgwaanga Áayi, Squanga Lake.  
That's after they came back, that's after Johnny.  
Johnny was born 1898, then one died at Dasgwaanga.  
They started burying people before that, I guess.  
They brought her back where the graveyard is at Tagish, anyway.  
Then me, I'm the next girl to this one they brought back  
from Dasgwaanga.

Then I had another sister.  
We lost her 1912, her.  
Then my brother David was born 1905 or '06.  
And Pete was 1908.  
I was in school then and one afternoon my aunt Mrs. Austin came.  
She got us out of school for the weekend.  
And she tells me, "You've got a new brother.  
You got another brother."  
Here it was Peter. I was really happy to see that baby anyway!

Then six years after Peter, she had another baby, a girl, Dora.  
She lost that one too when she was four months old.  
I've got a picture of that baby too.  
And then no babies after that until six years after, my sister Dora,  
The one that's living.  
Her first name is Alice and her second name is Dora,  
But I missed my sister - the one next to me that died in 1912.  
I missed her so much I started calling her Dora.  
Pretty soon here everyone started calling her Dora.  
That's her second name.  
Alice Dora is the way she was baptised.

I guess my mother took it hard to lose those babies.  
She must have taken it hard, but what can they do?  
They can't do nothing!  
She never talked about it, not in front of me.  
She just told me about it.

But I remember when my sister Dora died,

The first Dora, Kaneegwéik.

My mother used to cry every now and then, summertime.

And I missed my sister so much I used to cry myself.

I used to wander off some afternoon when I see two girls  
playing together,

Dolls and stuff like that,

And me I've got nobody to play with.

I used to cry quietly to myself.

When I came home, nobody knows when I cry, used to be.

Boy, when I found out my mother was going to have a baby,

I used to pray, "Let it be a girl, let it be a girl."

And here she happened to be a girl!

But I didn't play dolls with her anymore! I played babies with her!

In my mother's time, Indian way, they say,

If they put wolf droppings around your waist when you become woman:

Then you won't get babies.

But some people get babies just the same.

They say they did that to Nadagaat

But she had babies just the same.

They did that because her mother used to have hard time, they say.

They also throw a puppy down your dress

So you could have your babies quick like nothing.

I remember my auntie, my father's sister did that for me.

My mother's dog had puppies.

When those puppies were first born, their eyes closed yet,

She called me and my sister.

And she threw those puppies through our dress down to the bottom.

That's so I wouldn't have hard time when my babies started to come.

Year 1910 she did that.

They used to nurse babies all the time.

After a while they gave them rabbit's brain or gopher brain.

Anything soft.

They boil it and soften it and feed the babies.

They begin that even younger than one year old - until the  
next baby.

When a baby is born, he sleeps with his mother and father until  
the next one.

My mother sure used to get surprised when she sees baby sleeping  
alone in a crib.

She said "Tlagóo! Surprise!"

Claps her hands like that.

"Is that what they do?"

Nowadays people let their babies sleep alone?

My days never was like that.

People always sleep with their babies!"

My mother used to tell me that my aunt used to tease me

After the first Dora was born.

"Did you get kicked out?"

Did your sister kick you out?"  
And I was supposed to make a sad face and say, "Yes!"

They used to teach kids to behave themselves.  
Girls, they have little jobs to do too,  
They try to teach them to sew.  
I don't know how old I was when my mother told me to make moccasins,  
Tells me to sew my own moccasins.  
She gave me a new pair of moccasins and told me to sew it,  
Told me how to start it.  
And here I started gathering it.  
I guess I gathered too much, or not enough,  
And here my moccasin was just crooked, like that.  
And I showed it to my mother.  
"Look! It looks funny!" I told her.  
One side hardly any gathering.  
She told me to undo it, then starts all over.  
Then finally, I got it right.  
That's when I was eight or nine years old.

I don't remember ever getting spanked.  
Of course, she gets after me,  
Gets mad at me once in a while, my mother.  
But my father never did.

I know what I know because my mother taught me.  
I was alone with her, don't know how long.  
I was 10 years old that time my sister Dora died -  
She was eight years old.

When we're in the bush alone,  
Well, I'm alone with my mother  
Sometimes I hear them talking  
I listen to what they're talking about;  
I always know it.  
After company goes, I ask her questions  
And that's how come she tells me all that.

They spoke Tagish language all the time.  
Us kids, we talk Tlingit, don't know how come.  
Mom and Dad spoke Tagish lots of times, to each other.  
When I was really small, my mother said I used to talk like  
that too.

But as soon as we got a little older - 4 or 5 years old -  
We started talking Tlingit.  
Our cousins, David Hammond and them,  
They're Tlingit.  
They don't talk Tagish language.  
Every once in a while they come up to Carcross.  
We get all mixed up with them, and we talk Tlingit. [54]  
In the first place, we are Tlingit, you see:  
Our ancestors got married into Tagish.

They used to teach us with stories.  
They teach us what is good, what is bad, things like that,  
I remember they always told us this story:  
There's supposed to be an old lady sitting at the water hole  
Or an old man.  
And you tell the kids,  
"Go and knock the old lady down, or the old man down."  
Early in the morning, give them a bucket.  
If you knock that one over,  
Well then that's your money, your future. [55]

But there's no old lady or old man there, of course.  
Those kids go every morning to get water, look for it.  
It's never there.  
Gee, I sure laugh.  
"I run down to the water, never see no old lady," they say.  
Well, it's supposed to be like that, you see.

Knock that old lady down and your money comes in easy.  
If you're lazy, then your money is lazy too; you won't get it.  
That's why lazy people don't have money.

The old people thought the earth was all flat.  
My father used to argue with my brother about it.  
My brother used to tell him:  
"No! The earth is round. It's like a ball."  
"Nah!", he said, "It can't be."  
Those two ladies down below are supposed to be watching the world.  
They're the ones looking after the world.  
If it's round, going round,  
How come the water stays one place all the time?  
Shouldn't the water leak out some way?"

My brother said,  
"You fill a bucket of water and make it go round.  
See if it comes out!"

He won't believe it.  
They argue with each other.  
My brother put water in a bucket,  
Made it go round and found it never comes out.

"That's the way it is," he tells him.

When I was a kid, we travelled lots.  
I went to Chooutla school twice before I stayed there for good. [56]  
Even then, we didn't stay there for very long,  
Because my father took us out of school when I was ten.  
That was because my sister died there,  
So my father blamed the school because they didn't get help soon  
enough.

He took me and Johnny out of school.  
Johnny was in the fourth grade then and I was in the first.  
I was just going to pass that spring!  
After that, my father never allowed me to have pencil and paper.  
He thought I would write to boys, I guess.  
But I learned reading from books.

I used to babysit Lily Henderson, and she had a storybook.  
I used to just study and practise the words.  
The first word I learned myself was 'superintendent'.  
Here I just spelled it out, spelled it out,  
And finally I figured out what it meant.  
So I can read even big words.  
But I don't write.

I must be seven years old when we went to school first.  
I remember we used to go just to morning class,  
That's the time we only went to school four hours a day.  
Before grade 4, go to school in the morning.  
After grade 4, go to school in the afternoon.  
Me and Daisy (Smith) and one boy Tony, Ginny Thomas's son  
Used to go to school in the morning.  
We learned some little writing, some reading.  
I don't know that part of it much.  
All I know is we used to play in the yard in the afternoon, the  
three of us.  
The rest of the time, we pack wood, pack water, sew patches,  
darn socks.  
Things like that.

The school used to be in Bishop Bompas's house.  
They used half the house for classroom.  
Then, year 1911, that's the time they started building that school,  
Chooutla school,  
And they finished that fall.

When they were building it, we went there for a picnic one time.  
They were working there, and we went down to the river,  
Digging bear roots.  
And one girl called,  
"Oh, Dora fell in," they said.  
And here I started looking to see what happened  
And here they were following me.  
And me, I missed a step and I was the one that fell in.  
The kids grabbed me and pulled me out.  
And they said,  
"What did you see when you fell in the river?"  
"Well, I saw the heavens open."  
How quick I think!  
"I saw the heavens open but they pushed me back.  
You pulled me out, I guess!"

They laughed, those kids, thought it was lots of fun.

They knew I was joking, I guess, that's all.

And in the falltime when the school opened, we went over in October. Here, when we first went over to that Choooutla school, All those kids got off the cars, horse teams, We all started running around the Choooutla school first. Oh boy, lots of fun! We thought it was a good place we're going to stay. But that's the time we can't talk even to our brothers. We get punished if we do. And we're not supposed to talk Indian, Tlingit. There were three of us: My cousin Sophie and my sister Dora and me. And Daisy, she never went back to school again. One year was good enough for her. She never went back. She told them about the school, I guess, And her father and mother didn't want to take her back anyway. Anyway, this is about year 1911.

I just went to second reader. I came out in May. I that's when I remember my Daddy was building a house, And they were putting a roof on it. Daisy and I were down there, And we climbed up that house and lay on top of the roof. And we were singing songs there. That's the time Tagish Jim (Daisy's father) and my Daddy Went to West Arm, Millhaven, hunting, falltime, mid October.

The earliest time I'm talking about is 1910. I can't remember when I was much younger. I remember when we were staying across Ten Mile on that island. They used to call that island Tagish John Island. And later they started to call it Old Scotty Island. It's right straight across Ten Mile. I remember that time; that's year 1910. I remember my father was fishing and we were staying on that island. I remember we used to play getting married. I don't know how in the world we ever think of that! We made mud pie wedding cake. How in the world I knew those things I'll never know.

Brother David was there. Brother Peter was walking around. My auntie Mrs. Austin's two boys were there, Pete and Edward. We were fishing for my aunt Mrs. Austin's husband, Arthur was his name, but they used to call him Shorty. And I remember we got a visitor - That Billy Bone, my father's nephew and his wife. They came. They landed.

Well, I guess they knew that my father was living there.  
He wanted to see his uncle, I guess.  
They were coming back from Marsh Lake.

We were staying at Scotty Island - across from Ten Mile.  
I was just a little girl.  
I must be smart, ...  
Well, I hear my mother talking.  
And I remember her asking, "how is Mrs. Tagish Jim?"  
"She's okay".  
And I remember my mother asking,  
"She never get her baby yet?"  
And she (Mrs. Bill Bone) said,  
"Yes. she never get her baby yet."  
She's just about falling over backwards now, bent backwards."

I didn't even know what they were talking about.  
How could she be bent backwards and never get her baby yet?  
I used to wonder about it.  
After a while, I found out.  
Of course, when I got grown up, I knew.



## Section VI: Stories from Childhood

"They used to teach us with stories  
They teach us what is good, what is bad, things like that...  
Those days they told stories mouth to mouth.  
That's how they educate people."

### Crow Loses his Eye [57]

One time Crow is walking along the beach.  
He came to blueberry patch.  
He took out his eye and put it on a rock.

"Look for a boat. Watch out," he tells it.  
He goes off to eat blueberries.

That eye hollers at him,  
"Boat's coming. Boat's coming.  
Yawk is coming."

He runs out. He looks.  
No boat. He picks up that eye.

"Don't lie to me. That's bad luck."  
He tells him that.  
He throws that eye up and down to punish it.  
He sets it back on the rock again.  
"Don't lie", he tells it.  
He goes off again to pick blueberries.

That eye hollers again.  
"Boat coming...Yawk is coming...  
Boat coming...  
Somebody picked me up!"

Crow doesn't believe him.  
No more hollering.

"Maybe it's true," says Crow.  
He investigates. He checks.  
"Too bad my eye.  
Where's that boat gone?"  
He thinks...he knows...

He takes huckleberry and puts it in his eye.  
He comes to the people on that boat where they're camping.  
He comes up real sure of himself.

"Surprise! Surprise!  
We find a talking eye on a rock," they say.

"Let me see it," he says.  
They give it to him.  
"Boy, you sure look like Crow's eye!"  
Bang! He sticks it in his eye.  
He took it.  
He took off!

### How People Got Flint [58]

Bear was the only one that had flint one time.  
There was no flint, they say.  
People were having a hard time - sometimes fire would go out,  
you know.  
Mice are the ones that really got it.  
They say Bear tied it under his tail where he had long hair  
under there.  
So one time, mice tried to get fur from him.

"What are you doing?"

"My kids all froze up on me" Mouse said.  
"I want some of your fur."  
"Well, get it from under my tail. There's lots."

So he did. In the meantime, he chewed that flint off.  
The bear noticed it right away.  
But Mouse threw it to the animals.

Fox ran with it.  
Oh, he crossed two valleys and here Bear couldn't catch him.  
Finally, Bear gave up.  
Fox threw it down to a big rock  
And here that flint broke up.  
He threw the pieces around, and said,  
"Go all over the world.  
People need you.  
Make lots of flint for people."

And it did fly all over the world.

Oh, Fox waited to see if Bear would come.

No, he never came.

So fox started to backtrack.

Here he came to a little lake and he got dry rhubarb,  
Hollow in the middle.

Then he went down to the lake and shoved that rhubarb stick in  
the lake

And it came up.

"I wish that when people are dead, they come back like this,"  
Fox said. [59]

But that Bear was sleeping pretty close to him, and he heard it.  
Here he picked up a rock and threw it in the water.

"I wish that when people die they would be like that.  
Let them die like a stone," Bear said.

He was mad.

"Oh, Grandpa, I didn't know you were there.  
I guess you're right."

If he didn't do that, I guess people would come back.  
That's why when they die, they die for good.

### The Old Woman Under the World [60]

There are two old ladies down below who look after the world.  
One is supposed to be sleeping;  
The other one holds up the earth with a pole.  
When she shakes it, that's when there's supposed to be an earthquake.  
That old lady there with the pole is supposed to be Death.  
She always argues.  
She's the one who always says,  
"Let people sleep for good when they go to sleep.  
Let them die."

That Death Woman wants to kill people before their time.

But Sleep Woman says,

"No!

Can't you see how my boss put a good pillow for me to sleep on?  
And you want me to let her go to sleep for good?  
No. No - I won't do that."

Those two old ladies -

One is Sleep Woman, the other is Death Woman.

**Mouldy Head [61]**

One time there was a little boy who lived with his mother and father.

People dry fish - that's how they rustle for food.

That's why winter they don't have much hard time when it's hard to rustle for game.

And so this little boy always cried for food in the evening, Before he goes to bed.

His mother always gives him dry salmon, head part.

Here he tells his mother,

"How come it's always mouldy?"

He gets disappointed, throws it away.

"It's mouldy."

Anyway, his mother gave him another one again, always.

Every now and then, like that, it's mouldy.

But he said something wrong against the fish spirit.

So the next year, they go to the same place.

That's where they dry fish.

They were there again.

Here, his mother was cutting fish.

And you know how seagulls want fishguts all the time?

Here he set out a snare for that seagull.

Set out a snare to catch him.

Anyway, that toggle wasn't very strong or very big or very heavy.

And seagull started to drag it out.

That little boy started running after it.

He ran in the water to try to catch it.

Pretty soon, he fell in a hole.

He caught it, I guess, but they couldn't save him.

And here right away the fish spirit grabbed him.

They saved him.

And when the fish went back to the ocean, they took him.

But for that boy, it seemed like right away he was amongst people.

They got a big boat, and they took him with them down to the fish country.

They came to a big city, big town.

Oh, lots of people run around, kids playing around.

One time they're playing outside and the little boys see fish eggs.

He starts to eat some.

He doesn't know what those people eat.

He never sees them eat anything.

Here, he starts to eat fish eggs.

Here, someone called out Shaanatla, 'Mouldy Head'.  
They call him that because he used to call fish 'mouldy'.  
"Mouldy Head eats someone's poop," they said.  
Here it was fish eggs.  
Oh by gosh, right away he gets shamed.  
When the kids come home, they tell older people about it:  
"Mouldy Head eats people's poop."

Next morning, adults tell them,  
"Why don't you kids go play around that point, play ball.  
While you play, you catch fish.  
But when you eat it and when you cook it  
Don't let anything fall in the hole, that cooking stick hole,  
Where they put the stick in to roast fish."

So they make fire and she sees fish and clubs it and cooks it  
for him.  
Now and then when he gets hungry, they do that for him.  
In the evening when they come home,  
Here that boy never came home until last.

They told him,  
"Throw the bone and skin and everything into the water,  
But don't let anything fall in the cooking stick hole."  
They throw everything in the water except that one eye.  
It fell in the cooking stick hole.  
They didn't see it, the lost eye.  
So when they came home, that boy has got one eye missing.  
He came back to life again, and he's missing one eye.

The parents tell him to go back, look in that cooking stick hole,  
See if there's anything there.  
So they went to the playground,  
And sure enough there is fish eye there.  
They pick it up and they throw it in the water.  
And when they came back, all of a sudden  
That boy has got both of his eyes back.

Finally, springtime started to come.  
Everybody started to get ready to go up the river again.  
That boy stays with those people that adopted him first.  
They all go up the river again.

They come to that same place.  
"Hee hut, hee hut," they pole upriver.  
That's how come they know where to go.  
They say when the fish go up the river  
Their great-great-grandmother is at the head of the creek.  
And that's why they go up to visit the great-great-grandmother,  
that fish.  
They come to the same place.

Here he sees his mother.  
His mother is cutting fish.  
He goes close to his mother.  
Just the same, his mother never paid any attention to him.  
It was just a fish to her.  
I don't know how many times she tried to club that fish  
But it always takes off.

So finally, she tells her husband about it.  
"How come that one fish always comes to me  
And just stays right there all the time?  
But after when I go back to see him, that fish is always gone.  
Why is that?"

"I don't know why that is.  
Let's try to kill it," he said.  
"You know we lost our son last year.  
Could be something. Must be something.  
Let's try to catch it, okay?"  
So they did. Anyway, they got it.

And here she started to cut that fish.  
And here that fish had copper around his neck  
Just like the one that boy used to wear all the time.  
And that's the one when that lady started to cut his head off,  
She couldn't cut the head off.  
So she looked at it good.  
Here she saw this copper ring on his head.  
So she told her husband right away,  
"Look at that. What's this here?"

And her husband said,  
"Well you know, our son used to wear a copper ring all the time  
around his neck."  
Yes, they remembered that.

So they washed it good  
And then they took it home.  
There's an Indian doctor there, too.  
And the Indian doctor said,  
"Put it in a nice clean white skin."  
Old people used to have lots of that.  
They put it in a nice clean skin,  
Covered it with down feathers.

Then they tie it way up to where the smoke goes up,  
Smoke hole.  
That Indian doctor told them to go fast for eight days.

So people fasted for eight days.  
That Indian doctor said,  
"If you see feathers blow up,

Then you take it down quick.

So they put the body up there,  
Fasted for eight days.  
That Indian doctor sang all the time.  
They were singing too, I guess.  
Got to help the doctor sing.

Finally on the eighth day, here they see the feathers blow up.  
They take it down quick.  
Here that little boy comes to life again, in human's body.  
They brought him back to life.

That's how they know about fish.  
That's why kids are told not to insult fish.  
And kids are not to play with seagull because that happened.

### The Man Who Stayed with Groundhog [62]

One time there was a man who is a widower -  
His wife is dead.  
He had one little daughter with him.

He was trapping in the mountains.  
That's where his trapping grounds were.  
He's trying to trap groundhog.  
He works hard - goes out on his traps all the time.  
But he never catches much -  
Maybe two or three groundhogs, just enough to live on.  
He uses traps - what we call Tsaakwad -  
And he uses lots of deadfalls.  
I don't know how long he does that.

Every time he goes out to run his traps  
He always sees a big groundhog.  
She's a big dark grey one with pretty fur.  
Once he's close, she always goes back into her den.  
Then at night she springs his trap  
So that next morning, he finds it sprung.  
That girl always sits on that rock when her daddy runs trap.  
One afternoon a lady comes to her.  
It's a nice lady with a nice groundhog robe on her.

"Tell your daddy to clean his house - Shaashoohedi" -  
That's the name for mountain house.  
All people have that kind of house at their trapping ground.  
That lady says,  
"Clean it and put in leaves, groundhog food in that house."

Clean it up and clean yourself up."

Nobody looks after that girl, I guess.  
A man can't do much.

When he comes back, she told him to go down to the creek, bath.  
Then that woman shoved a feather down that man's throat.  
Four times she did that  
And the fourth time all the lice that man chews stick to the  
feather and came out.  
She washed that feather in the creek.  
Fifth time, it comes out clean.

Then she told him,  
"Clean that kid. Bath her in the creek."  
Gee, that must be cold.  
That's mountain water.  
Then she told him, same way, to clean up the house.  
Finally, she goes home with him, marries him.

Next morning, he goes trapping.  
That big black groundhog is gone.  
Then he's mad, so he swears at it.  
Why that's just like he swears at her!  
She went right in the den with that groundhog.  
Well, what's she going to do?

She said,  
"I felt sorry for you, came to look after you.  
Now you swear at me!  
I'm going home."

"Don't leave wife, please," he says.  
He follows her right into the den.  
He didn't catch her.  
When he goes in that den, that lady fogs his mind.

That winter, the daughter went down to the main camp  
And told her uncles her daddy went into that den.  
"My daddy's gone with groundhog.  
A lady stayed with us, then turned into groundhog."  
She stays with those uncles.  
Altogether, there were eight brothers.

Those brothers went up to the mountain.  
They all set traps.  
Two big groundhogs sat there now.  
They see those men and they run away.  
Groundhog lady sent her kids to look.  
She tells them to spring traps.  
All those eight brothers try, all of them.  
They see a big groundhog outside, but they can't catch it.



That winter, they all started fasting so they can catch  
their brother.  
Those eight boys have to sleep alone.  
Not supposed to sleep with their wives.  
But the seven oldest cheat!  
They sneak to their wives at night, think nobody knows.  
But Groundhog knows!  
The youngest one is different.  
He pretends he sleeps with his wife, but he puts a blanket  
between them.  
He's the only one that obeys the law.

Spring comes.  
All those older brothers try to catch him.  
All fail.  
Then the youngest says he wants to try.  
They laugh at him because they think he's sleeping with his wife.  
That groundhog lady sends her kid out each time to check.  
This time he says, "Nobody's here."  
Those groundhogs come out and he catches his brother.

Then they take him back to the main camp.  
When they come to the camp, they make a swing out of white skin.  
They tie it with four strings and hang him up at the smokehole.  
Then eight days they fast.

Someone makes Indian doctor under him.  
They have feathers down below.  
On the eighth day, the feathers blow up.  
He yawns just like he wakes up.  
He's healed then.  
He turned into human again.

He's the one who told the story -  
How his wife always sends kids out to trap.  
Those kids poke deadfall and it falls down.  
That's why they couldn't catch her.

## Section VII: Childhood Travels, 1912 - 1915

After our daddy took us out of school we travelled around all the time.

When I got back home, we go around in the bush with our family. The first year, we stayed at Black Lake and Millhaven Bay.

That's the winter of 1912.

My father used to go further away to trap.

But by now he's getting older;

Also, there's us kids.

Johnny's always with my father that time, helping him.

Me, I learn to make skin, set rabbit snares then.

Mother's a great hunter - put up gophers, rabbits.

Mostly women trap, men get big animals like moose, caribou.

This is 1912 I'm talking about, when we went up to Black Lake, T'ooch Aayi.

We travelled around the shore, hunting for moose.

From what I remember

We stayed under that grey mountain until Christmas, Taaghahi,

And then we moved to Millhaven.

And from Millhaven, we went up to Black Lake.

Then, almost at the end of March, we started coming back,

Back to Carcross or Tagish.

That summer we didn't go to Marsh Lake.

That's the time my daddy and mother almost lost each other:

Here one time my mother went through the short cut

And my daddy went round the point.

That's where half way down he looked back and couldn't see my mother.

So he went back, and when he was on the other side he couldn't

see her either.

And when he hollered, my mother finally answered.

And when he found her, that's the time my father just burst out crying.

When they got home in the evening, my mother said,

"Why were you crying?"

"Well," he said,

"I think about how I wish all the dead people would come back again like that. [63]

I never thought you were living.

I thought that you were drowned.

And when I saw you, I couldn't help but cry.

I think about how I wish all the dead people could come back.

That's what I think.

That's why I started crying."

And then they asked my brother, Johnny,  
"What would you do if we drowned?"  
And Johnny said,  
"First thing I would do if you fellows didn't come back  
Is take my sister and my brothers back to Carcross and put them  
in school."  
And here he was only fourteen!  
And my father said to him,  
"That's a good idea. It's okay. It's good.  
You're smart alright."  
"And then I would come back and look for you fellows then.  
I'd get a helper too," he said.

That's the time he got a hundred grouse...  
I forget how many it's supposed to be, seventy-five.  
And here it was a dollar a grouse.  
Mrs. Watson bought all that grouse for the school.  
And Johnny got all our Christmas outfit with that.

That's the year Johnny made Christmas, 1912.  
My dad and mother told him what groceries to get  
And then he bought Christmas presents.  
He got a little doll for me because Mr. Watson used to have toys,  
And some things, for the boys: I don't remember what.  
And he got a pair of stockings for my mother.  
Me, too, he got a pair of stockings.  
And my father he got big German socks, and tobacco, chewing tobacco.  
My mother doesn't smoke, so she doesn't bother about smoke or  
anything.

Then he hung that bedsheet over the ridgepole.  
And then he told us to go on the other side,  
And on his side he started hanging up our stockings.  
"Make sure your stockings are clean," he said.  
He told us before, so we washed our socks  
And they were dry by the time we're supposed to hang them up.  
And we watched him through that curtain he put up.  
It was a bedsheet he put up and we could see his shadow right  
through it!  
We laughed at him.  
Then after a while, we got to go to bed.

Well, they blow out the light.  
Here, early in the morning, we wake up quick.  
"Santa Claus been here last night!"  
Here we were watching him all the time!

We learned about Christmas in school.  
Johnny bought a chicken or something.  
He told me,  
"If you make a cake we could have Christmas dinner."  
Well, I didn't know how to make a cake!

All I could think of was molasses.  
"We could make molasses cake," I told him.  
And he said, "That sounds good:  
You bake the cake and I'll cook the dinner."  
Well, we cooked the dinner together.

The first time we stayed at Marsh Lake was year 1913.  
We had our cousins there:  
Johnny played with Frank Slim,  
I played with Annie Slim,  
Peter played with Susie Slim.

Here one time Peter and Susie stole our clothes while we  
were swimming  
And we sat in the water all afternoon because we got no clothes.  
Nobody around. Far off to camp, too.  
Those kids went home!  
Annie's father was the one that reminded them.

"Where's your sisters?  
I cooked some fish heads.  
It's going to get cold!  
Call them now!"

Here we saw Peter and Susie sneaking down the hill!  
"As soon as we get hold of you..." we hollered.

When we came home, they asked us where we've been.  
We weren't allowed to swim,  
So we didn't tell them.

They let Sophie (Hammond) stay with us  
Because our great aunt, Mrs. Dyea John, was going to go to  
Skagway.

Sophie used to tell me after we got friendly her mother used to say,  
'You're going to see your sister, nishemb'e'e' [64]  
"And I used to be curious to see you," she told me.  
Sophie was with us that time, 1913.

That fall, after salmon were dry, we went up the lake.  
We went on the mountain, back of Judas Creek.  
We killed some moose, dried some moose.  
Whitehorse Billy and my brother Johnny and Frank Slim  
Went to Whitehorse to sell meat.  
Us, we went across to Kooshdaa Káa, 'Otter Beach'. [65]  
We landed there, and we came to a mountain on the other side.  
Down at that sharp pointed mountain is where we dried meat.  
My father killed four or five moose there.

Well, there was lots of families:  
There was our family, Whitehorse Billy's family,  
Old Mrs. Sheldon was with Mrs Whitehorse Billy

Because her husband went down the river telegraph line.  
That's how he always spent the summer  
While Mrs. Whitehorse Billy dried meat, dried meat.  
She's got dogs of her own.  
When anybody takes dry meat ahead, well they take her dog too.

People used to help each other, those days.  
Not like now.

And when they take meat ahead, they pack it ahead in dog packs.  
That's how we always get meat down the lake always.  
Then we bring meat back to Tagish.

We came back to Carcross, 1913, falltime.  
When we got back to Carcross,  
My aunt, my father's sister, Mrs. Gunaaták, was sick.  
That's why we didn't go any place, just spent the winter  
in Carcross.  
1913 falltime she came to stay with us  
And that New Years Eve she died.

And my mother got sick again.  
She always used to catch cold in her eyes.  
That's the time I was supposed to be cooking supper.  
I cut up the meat and put it in the pot,  
And I started peeling potatoes.  
And I heard my father say,  
"Quick! Hurry up. The meat is almost done and  
you're fooling around with potatoes yet.  
And here I put the potatoes in, skins and all.  
They're washed, though,  
And my brother Johnny and the boys -  
David, Pete, Edward, and Jimmy Scotty -  
Called me 'Dirty cook' because I cook potatoes with skins on.  
They gave all us girls nicknames, and that was mine.

Then in springtime, 1914, we went to Whitehorse after my aunt died.  
In March or April we went to Whitehorse.  
We stayed in Whitehorse almost two years, til 1915.  
We hunted there.  
My brother hunted foxes and stuff like that.

That's when I used to sew undershirts.  
My mother used to get a big pile of calico, they call it,  
flanelette.  
She cuts out undershirts and underpants for the boys.  
And I sew them by hand all the time.  
Finally, I got used to sewing good.  
That's how come my father bought me a sewing machine.  
It's still in the family yet, still in Carcross.

Year 1914 he got the sewing machine for me.

I don't know how much he paid for it.

My father, and Big Salmon Jim, Tagish Jim and John Joe,  
They went down the river.  
Their nephew got killed at Little Salmon or Big Salmon  
And they wanted to see about it.  
On the way down, they say, a black fox takes its little ones  
to water.  
And here they landed!  
They chased the young foxes up on top of the mud bluffs.  
And my father and those men,  
They catch the young foxes, and the mother too, I suppose.  
They catch it.  
They stuck their heads through the mud bluff crack,  
And they catch them by the back of the neck  
And they throw them in a gunny sack.

And just when they got back to the boat,  
Here was the steamer Whitehorse coming up the river.  
They stopped the steamer,  
And John Joe went back to Whitehorse with it.  
He sold those black fox pups, their mother, all.  
Then John Joe divided that money four ways.

That's the time my father bought a sewing machine for me.  
Then he bought a gun for my brother Johnny out of that fox money.  
This was year 1914, sometime in July or August.

That's the time we went to Marsh Lake.  
We stayed with Slim Jim there.  
Slim Jim has got a great big house.  
Got bedroom, everything.  
They used to stay in the bedroom, and we'd stay in the front room.  
Great big house.  
People used to live together, those days, no trouble, nothing.  
Kids mixed up together.  
Slim Jim built that house himself.  
That springtime - May or something - we went downriver  
Down to Steamboat Bend, they call it,  
Down below Whitehorse.  
And Taylor and Drury gave Big Jim the wood contract for their boat,  
Kluane, the steamer boat.  
It took all their freight down the river,  
Down to their stores,  
Up to Teslin.

I remember my father and Big Jim were cutting wood.  
My father made a little wagon out of a tree.  
We hauled wood, us kids, me and my brother David.  
Brother Johnny helped them to cut wood.  
And we would run back and forth from where he's cutting wood,  
Down to that river bank.  
That's where they're going to pile the wood.

And when they finished, I don't know how many cords they put up.  
When we came back to Whitehorse,  
That's the time my father and Big Salmon Jim and Slim Jim and  
John Joe went down the river.

And me, they sent me to Patsy Henderson.  
He wanted somebody to babysit for them.  
So they sent me back to Carcross and I babysat for Irene and Lily.  
Lily was a year old then.  
I must have been twelve, that year, 1914.

They sent me back to Carcross on the train.  
Uncle Patsy paid my fare.  
And when I got to Carcross, I got on the Galena - [66]  
That's the second time I went on the Galena -  
And they let me off at Ten Mile, Tsuxx'aayi [67]  
That boat landed at Ten Mile.  
They put out what they call the gang plank,  
And I got off at Ten Mile.

Well, they had fox ranch at that New Ten Mile, they used to call  
that place.  
They had foxes; they had lynx, marten.  
I looked after those kids while they run the net, run the gopher  
traps.  
They had to rustle for their fox food,  
Fish and gophers for their foxes.  
So I babysit for Mrs. Patsy while she runs her nets  
And feeds the foxes and stuff like that.

Then after a while I came to Tagish with my great aunt, Annie Joe.  
So I went with them to Tagish and stayed with Daisy Smith's father  
and mother for a week or so, two weeks, I guess.  
Tagish Jim killed black foxes too.  
He caught black foxes and he sold them to Sam Chambers,  
the postmaster.  
He caught eight black foxes,  
And when he got the money for it, he bought a gas boat.  
That boat used to be called 'Caribou'.  
It's got its name on it.  
They went to town to get that boat,  
And here Sam Smith came back with him.  
Sam Smith was his engineer; he started the boat.  
'Coal oil boat', he used to call it, Tagish Jim.  
Tagish Jim had the first coal oil boat.  
Now they call it 'gas boat'.

Now they were going to take me in that boat to Marsh Lake,  
to my father.  
And when we got there...tuk, tuk, tuk...Boy, something great!  
Here, when we got to Marsh Lake, my uncle Slim Jim was there.  
We were ahead of my father; he was still in Whitehorse.  
Tagish Jim didn't want me to stay, but I stayed.

"Him too, he's my uncle too. Slim Jim is my uncle too."  
So I stayed.

They didn't want me to, but just the same I stayed.

"What's your father going to think if I let you go any place?  
Your father is going to get mad if I let you go?"

I want to stay and wait for my father".

I stayed at Marsh Lake.

Then two days after, my father came up.

We went up the river, up the McClintock River to fishcamp.

I knew my cousin Annie Slim -

I remember I just felt like I was home while I was there.

My brother Johnny walked up with dogs.

He said my father and mother were coming up the river with the boat.

They bought a boat in Whitehorse, a lumber boat.

They had shipyard people making lumber.

One man built and sold boats to people going down the river on  
their own.

So my father bought a boat and came to Marsh Lake with it.

We went back to Whitehorse that fall with Slim Jim and the rest.

After January, we moved where my brother was trapping.

We stayed in Whitehorse that winter again.

My brother and Whitehorse Billy trapped up at Fish Lake:

Little ways above Fish Lake there's another lake there.

My brother called it 'Muskrat Lake' - gee, lots of muskrats.

My aunt Mrs. Whitehorse Billy trapped rats there all winter.

In Whitehorse, above the town

Is that Moccasin Flats or Whiskey Flats or whatever they call it.

There are lots of people there. [68]

Susie Fred's mother and father were living there.

That's where we spent the winter with them.

My brother said it's too far to travel from Whitehorse to his  
trapping place,

So we all went there, pitched tent.

And when fox season closed,

That's the time we went back to Whitehorse.

There's nothing to stay there for.

They're hunting fox above Fish Lake, don't know how many miles.

I helped my Mom get water and stuff like that.

And if Daddy's out, we get wood.

The wood was always there, though.

We always packed in the whole thing.

Then us kids played getting wood;

We sawed wood with a little saw.

I was going on to thirteen - I was thirteen already, I guess.



One time I was walking around -  
There was a little creek there and great big willows.  
I just break them out, some of them, I got no axe.  
I took a sleigh too, I guess - hard to remember now -  
Got dry willows for wood, just break them out.  
Boy, I had the sleigh loaded!  
And one little boy -  
My aunt Mrs. Whitehorse Billy was looking after that boy -  
Here he came to me and said,

"Why you got lost? Everybody's looking for you!"

"What for?" I say.

"Well, they thought you got lost."

Anyway, he helped me push the sleigh.  
Here my sleigh was just loaded with willow,  
With dry willows, some great big ones.  
I break lots out, too.  
And then my brothers went there with me and got another load  
After that much willows I broke down.  
Hard to get wood there,  
High mountains, way up.

Sometimes I do hunt just for fun, I guess.  
Trap gopher with snare.  
I didn't really have to rustle for anything.  
My brother goes with my father, you know.  
That's the year he killed a moose -  
Oh, he killed moose when he was 11 years old before,  
But that was up at Little Atlin. 1908, I guess.  
In those days, my father and brothers sold meat to the school  
to earn some money.

All women work on skins, those days.  
Women trap around while men hunt.  
Then they make fur.  
When a woman fixes skin, then it belongs to her and she can trade it.  
Most women don't hunt big animals.  
My mother did, though.  
One year she got fourteen caribou.

Women with lots of children stay at fishcamp instead of travel.  
They rustle for food there.  
Net fishnet, set snares.  
Got dry meat.  
Sometimes visitor kills a moose for them.  
They are never left without anything.  
If a newly married woman goes with her husband,  
She fixes skins along the way.

No, I never hunted much, don't know why.  
Not interested, I guess.  
But my sister Dora, gee, she kills just about anything -  
Mountain goat, caribou, wolf.  
I don't know if she killed bear or wolf.  
And Mabel's good, too.

My mother was a good rustler, too.  
She's always out with my father.  
We stayed in Carcross one time, I forgot what year.  
We got left way out down the mouth of the Carcross River.  
She rose early in the morning  
And came back while I was still sleeping yet, me.  
'Specially, I used to be sleepyhead.  
She already came back and cooked breakfast  
That's the time she started hollering for us to get up.  
And then after we had breakfast,  
She goes to set rabbit snares.  
She's got rabbit snares she had to run.  
One time I was ahead of her, saw rabbit hanging up there (on a snare)  
"Look, Mamma, somebody hangs rabbit for you," I tell her.  
"Yeah? Who do you think hung rabbit for me?"  
That was her snare.

1915, we finally came back to Carcross.  
Springtime, in May or June.  
That's the time I finally became a woman in May,  
This time of year.

## Section VIII: Stories and Place Names

Place names play a significant part in Mrs. Sidney's account; they also figure prominently in stories. Places named in the following stories appear on Map # , page .

Game Mother (p. 327) hung her trampoline on the four mountains above Carcross: [69] The Mountain where she sat when she gave birth to all the animals appears on maps as 'Montana Mountain'. The Tagish name is Chílih Dzé́́e and the Tlingit name is Tsálgí Shaayí: the English translation for each of these is 'gopher mountain'.

To the northwest is a mountain appearing as 'Grey Ridge' on maps. This is the mountain from which the man called 'Duck Head Feathers' watched the activities of the animals. The Tagish name of that mountain is Taaghahi 'facing the water'; the Tlingit name is Takaadí T'ooch 'rockslide charcoal (black)'.

North and east of that mountain is the one mapped as 'Caribou mountain'. The Tagish name is Métáatl'e Shé́́ch'ée, 'wind blowing on the forehead' and the Tlingit name is Yaadéwduwanúk 'blowing against the face'.

The fourth mountain, Nares Mountain on maps, is named Médzih Dzé́́e in Tagish and Watsix Shaayí in Tlingit; both mean 'caribou mountain' in English translation.

After Game mother tired of her children and moved away, she travelled down Tagish Lake to a mountain named 'Mount Lanning' on maps. The Tagish name is Kwákah Dzé́́e but Mrs. Sidney does not remember a Tlingit name. She was uncomfortable in the initial spot she chose and moved to a cirque or bowl-like depression on the same mountain, Yatseeneit Tláa Ta.eetí in Tlingit, meaning 'Animal Mother's resting place'. When she finally left this place she moved even further south to the mountains known as 'Three Aces' on Teslin Lake.

## Fox Helper

This man was Wolf (moiety)  
People always put up meat in summertime.  
They cached it up high, made a good cache.  
Then they went back down the lake in fall time to get fish.

After they finished fishing at the head of Tagish River,  
Taagish Tóo'e' in Tagish, Taagish Heeni in Tlingit,  
Right up here, [71]  
They float down in a boat.  
They have a little torch made of kindling.  
They tie it to a big stick.  
That's the way they make light.  
They see down to the bottom of the water.  
They have a spear; they fish with it.

After they finished fishing,  
They went up on the mountain to get their winter food.  
They went up to their cache.

They have two little girls.  
They got up there, made camp - Shaashoohedi they call it,  
Tlingit way,  
Mountain House.  
They got a camp up there already.  
They call that place Nútséhe Dze'ke' in Tagish language,  
Naasgas'éi Shaayi in Tlingit.  
That means 'fox mountain', because that's where fox came to them.

Every year they go up there  
So they got a house,  
Open on both sides, only it's a house.  
If they come year after year to one place,  
That's where they put the house.  
Both sides are open, so they can come in from both sides.

In the evening they made a fire  
And they told those two little girls to stay home.  
"Don't leave the camp.  
We're going to get to the cache.  
We're going to bring our meat back."

Here, when they came to the cache, something had stolen their cache.  
Everything is gone!  
Hardly anything there, just a few little things.

So they came back.

Told those two little girls there is nothing there -

No gophers, no groundhogs.

That's the head of the river, up this lake toward that big mountain.

Those little girls said, "Somebody came to visit us.

He's got a fox tail tied on the back of his hat - nice man."

"What did he say?"

"He said he's going to come back later on

When our father and mother are here."

So they don't know who is that.

They're ready, though - here he comes.

Nice red jacket,

Nice red foxtail hanging behind his hat.

"My brother-in-law," he said.

He happened to be Crow and he's speaking to his Wolf. [72]

"From here, you go.

You get down the lake from here.

You go to that K'aa' Deitl'óoní -

Means 'where arrows are tied up in a bundle'.

That's Tagish language.

Tlingit is Chooneit Wusi.axu Yé.

Now they call it 'Frying Pan Island' because it's sometimes  
joined to the shore.

It's across from Ten Mile, Tsuxx'aayí.

"Put bait in the water.

From here on, you go..."

They call that mountain behind that place K'aa' Deitl'óoní Dzéé',  
Chooneit Shaayí, Tlingit way.

He's the one, Fox, gave Indian names to all those points on  
Tagish Lake.

They still use them, Indian way.

It was Wolverine stole their cache.

That's how come they have no grub.

But Fox gave them luck.

"From here you go.

You go to K'aa' Deitl'óoní and put hook in the water.

You're going to catch fish.

From there, you go up the lake - next place, same thing.

Pretty soon it's going to be springtime.

You'll pull through.

Me, I give up.

That man camped with them,

Camped across the fire.

Here, next morning, just hair stuck to the snow,  
So they know it's red Fox.  
And he had a red foxtail.  
That was his own tail.  
It looked like he had a red tail tied to his hat.  
Early in the morning, he's gone.

### Wolf Story [73]

This story happened here, at this head of Tagish Lake someplace.

Some people didn't put up much food.  
They started to have a hard time in winter.  
There were no rabbits in the country; hardly any grouse either.

The man hunts every day,  
Keeps the family going somehow.  
They've got a little bit of grub, but they're stingy with it.  
They eat just a little bit at a time.  
He hunts, hunts, hunts, but he kills nothing.  
Finally, he hunts up this way, towards Carcross there, someplace,  
Behind that big white rock.  
Up toward Ten Mile, Tsuxx'aayi.

There's a big rock there on the beach.

That's where this story happened.

Kaax Teiyí - 'Saw-Bill Duck Rock', they call it in Tlingit,  
Tsós Tséi'e in Tagish language.

There's another story that that rock was once a man who married  
a woman

And there was some trouble in their marriage.

He moved away and became this rock.

Anyway, this is where it happened.

Back of that Kaax Teiyí is a big meadow - open place there.  
Here, he came by snowshoe track, on round headed snowshoes.

So he thought, "Gee, could be somebody is helping me."

That's what he thought.

Sure enough, not far, it started to get dark.

Here's a big campfire in front of him.

Soon that man told him to come in,

And here across the fire he made a camp for him and he camped there.

By campfire, in the evening, that's the time he told him:

"I'm Wolf. You're my brother-in-law.

I'm the same people as your wife.

I killed all those caribou for you. You can have it.  
And I give you my snowshoes too."

That's how come these people have those round headed snowshoes.  
That's where they got it.

"I'll give you my snowshoes too.

From now on, your luck is going to change.

You're going to have good luck.

But look after my snowshoes good!"

And he gave him his bow and arrow.

"I'll give you everything that I use to keep myself going."

It's just like his gun, I guess.

None of these people had bow and arrow.

It's just like his gun.

None of these people had guns.

Before this, they killed animals by snares.

That's how they got bow and arrow from Wolf

And how they got snowshoes.

That's how it started.

Of course, they had those sharp-pointed snowshoes before.

That's the only kind they had then.

"Tomorrow, you go home - take a load home.

I'm going to leave you in the morning and you can have all that  
meat."

Early in the morning, that man woke up, got up,

And here there was no fireplace there.

It was just like he had been seeing things.

His camp was the same

But where his brother-in-law slept was just like a wolf slept there

Right in the snow.

Anyway, he got up, made fire, got warmer,

And he went over to where those dead caribou were supposed to be.

He fixed them up and took them home.

And he thought to himself,

"Maybe Wolf camped up this way."

So he just took enough for two or three days.

They've got to take enough to get their strength back.

He buried that meat,

Put it all in one pile and buried it so it would be safe.

He came back to camp,

And he told his wife everything.

They stayed there two or three days

And then finally they went there.

And here they had enough meat to last to springtime.

From now on his luck changed.

He starts to kill moose, started to kill game.  
At the same time, he had bow and arrow and snowshoes to help him.

### Land Otter Story [73]

This story is true.  
It just happened lately.  
It happened around Marsh Lake, right hand side coming up. [74]  
Across the lake from the road.  
Tséi Jah they call that rocky point,  
Just across from the island.

That's where an old lady was sick.  
She wasn't sick, but she's too old to travel, I guess.  
She could get up day time,  
Melt snow for herself,  
Cook for herself.  
Maybe those otter people had been around there a long time.  
They do something to people -  
Slap your head or they whistle at you -  
That's how come you lose your mind.  
They just steal you.

So this man, her son, kills moose.  
Those people kill some moose or caribou way up there.  
So the whole family went up to dry it.  
Uncle Patsy (Henderson) said he was a boy then.  
He's the one who told me this story.  
He was with them. [75]

They packed lots of wood for her.  
And they left her because she could make fire.  
But she's too old to travel, so they left her.

Four days after they came back,  
My uncle Patsy and that woman's husband.  
They came back to get more wood for her.  
A big pile of wood they got for her.  
Then they went and they left her again.  
They're not quite ready to come back, I guess.  
So they left her again.

They stayed away a few more days.  
Finally, they came back.  
When they got back, here that old lady had disappeared.  
The back of the brush house was open and somebody had dragged  
her out.  
All her clothes were there -



Even the ones that button around the neck were not unbuttoned.  
And yet her body is gone.

They only thing that went missing with her is a little bucket.  
She had a little bucket with all kinds of beads for necklaces.  
That's the only thing that was missing.

And the back of the brush house was just like they dragged  
something out.

They followed it for quite a ways, where they dragged her out -  
Don't know how far they followed.

And finally, it disappeared.

Never showed no more.

Four years after this, they saw that Otter went by there.

There were two on each side and one in the middle -

They make big tracks.

Here on the left of the body of that middle Otter they see  
something just like the bottom of a bucket,

Little bucket, every here and there.

So they think she must have been saved by Otter people too. [76]

They didn't find her body.

Her whole body was gone.

That's the only one like that that happened in this country that  
they know of.

They say it happened lots around the coast.

If you get swamped, you should put tobacco in your mouth;

Then the Otter people won't fool you.

They try hard, alright, but they won't fool you.

### The Snake at T'ooch Lutu

A long time ago, Jack Shakoon's mother -

Her name was Nadagáat' Tláa

Was hunting gophers back behind Coal Creek Mountain.

When you go by boat to Carcross,

Across from those three islands at Windy Arm,

There's a creek comes down.

They call that Coal Creek.

People used to mine coal there,

But the coal wasn't rich enough.

Even Indians, Tlingit, call it T'ooch' Lutú, 'Black Point'.

That's the way they call that place.

She was running her gopher snares.

It's fall time.

It's easier to kill gophers in the falltime;

Summertime they get scarce down there,  
But in the mountains they still make a noise, even in fall time,  
Even if there's snow on the ground.  
They come out through the snow up on the mountain.  
That's where people go up in the mountain to hunt gophers and  
groundhogs.

She was running her gopher snares  
When she saw the stick of one of her snares going up and down, hard.  
When she got to it, she bent down and untied it.  
She picked it up, but it was still pulling hard,  
So she bent down and looked in.  
She saw two big shiny eyes. [77]  
So she got scared of it and she just let it go.  
She took off.

They wondered - they think it was a snake.  
It was bigger than a gopher, they say.  
It was black.  
At the end of the gopher snare, there's always a knot.  
That's why gophers can't pull it off.  
They think that when it got going, it choked itself.  
That's what they think.  
It choked itself.  
That's why no one has seen snakes since.  
My father was the one who told us this.

## Section IX: Potlatches

Crow people had potlatches at Beaver House  
And Wolf people had potlatches at Killer Whale House.  
When they had potlatches in the fall,  
They had people from both houses and also Laberge people.  
They used to have two nations:  
If Wolf people make potlatch, they (guests) all have to be Crow:  
Laberge Crow, Dyea Crow.  
And if Beaver people make potlatch  
It's got to be Kaagwaantaan from coast and Dakl'aweidi from here.

They had two potlatches when I'm a kid.  
The one they take that picture of is the first one. [78]  
Those two potlatches, one was 1912, the other was 1914.  
I was at both of them. That picture is from 1912.  
The other one was in Whitehorse, though,  
Wolf people again.  
They were both Wolf people.  
From there on, they never had potlatch, no big potlatch anymore.  
They had tea alright, after the funeral,  
And something after they put up the fence, too.

In 1912 they put a stone on Dawson Charlie and on his sister  
Gooch Tláa.  
And on John Bone's wife and Tagish Jim's brother in Marsh Lake.  
That one, Marsh Lake John, they call him -  
His name is Gooch Ooxú, Indian way.  
Tagish Jim made a spirit house at Marsh Lake for his  
brother Marsh Lake John in 1910:  
Then he made the potlatch in Carcross in 1912.  
All three were Dakl'aweidi,  
So Dakl'aweidi people made this potlatch to pay back Deisheetaan.  
That's the time they got people from Champagne, Laberge,  
Whitehorse, all.  
They've got to have Crow get the people.  
Tagish Jim and Dawson Johnny went to Champagne,  
invite all the people.

They say when you invite somebody,  
You're supposed to sing, "I'm coming to get you."  
You've got to name the person who you want.  
Then you go around to the next village,  
Just the same, "I'm coming for you."

And after they finish, they start back walking.  
They come all the way to Carcross and people ask Tagish Jim,  
"How soon are people going to come?"

And I guess he tells them.  
I can't remember all that.  
I was only a kid, too, myself.

Pretty soon the potlatch people come.  
We hear guns shooting across.  
On this side Patsy and Tagish Jim and all of them,  
Running around, getting guns.  
They start shooting too.  
That's to answer, they are shooting.  
They shoot this side too (north side of Nares Lake)  
And here they went right up to the sand cut here.  
And finally they walked across the bridge and down to the  
Indian village.

And they make fire at Dawson Charlie's house.  
That's where they make potlatch, at Dawson Charlie's house,  
Wolf house.  
And that's where all the potlatch people stayed,  
In Dawson Charlie's house.  
And here I was running around.  
That's the picture they took in front of Skookum Jim's house.  
People from Champagne, they have to dance.  
Carcross people, they dance to welcome the people.  
They dance,  
They make speeches.  
I can't remember the speeches, though,  
I'm only a child, me too,

I had a little button blanket that time.  
My mother put it on me.  
They never did take the picture of Carcross people.  
It's all mixed up (in the picture they did take).

That's how come they welcome the people.  
It was a good life, too.  
People used to enjoy it.  
I don't know how many days they stayed.  
Anyway, they opened that Dawson Charlie's house for them.  
There's a big heater stove there, a cook stove there.  
And then whoever gives the potlatch has to finish the wood.  
They got the wood ready there for them,  
Things like that.  
I didn't understand much.  
I just thought lots of fun going on.  
Later on, I knew what it was all about.

Then, I don't know how many days later,  
They took that stone down to the graveyard and set it up.  
Crow people have to do that.  
They put up the stone.  
They put the stone up on Dawson Charlie,  
Put a fence around his sister, Gooch Tlaa, Mrs. John Bone.

Here, they tied ribbon all around it,  
Handkerchiefs and ribbons and ties.  
They tied ribbons and ties and everything around the fence.  
And Crow people have to take them off, whichever ones they like.  
And here that Paddy Smith, Mrs. Johnny Ned's first husband,  
He came with the potlatch people as Mrs. Ned because she can't come.  
She's got two kids, Roddy and Elijah.  
The next time I saw her, two years after, she had another baby.  
She had three boys when I saw her, 1914.

That's the time people were going to go back.

It stopped after 1915, because..  
Well, no more old people,  
Just new generation, no more old people.  
New generation didn't bother about it, I guess, that's all.  
Anything happens on our side, we always make tea after the funeral.  
When my mother died, when they put up her fence, they made tea  
after that.

My mother sang those songs and I learned them.  
Just when she sings, I listen to her.  
Then I asked her to sing so I could learn it.  
Johnny could sing good and I could sing good,  
But not Pete and not Dora: not so much.

The last Deisheetaan potlatch that people gave in Carcross  
When they put up Tagish Charlie's stone.  
The gave names to the ones that are supposed to be the grandchildren:  
Daisy Smith was named Kodagoowoot, 'go in the den for good,'  
Daisy Mason they name Yekandageitl'w  
Bill Bones wife they call Kekwadayen  
And someone else, I forget who, they call Kutkeheetl'w. [79]  
You have to name your great grandchildren on your same side. [80]

I was just a child, six or seven.  
I was just beginning to realize things.  
When they were naming Daisy, I took it hard.

"How come they never named me?" I said.

"It's too close," they told me.  
"It's got to be Tagish Jim's kids,  
And Skookum Jim's girl." [81]

When they gave Daisy that name, Kodagoowoot,  
'Go in the den for good'.  
It's because they're not going to make a big potlatch again  
Because there's no older people.  
That's right, too.

And I remember when they took down that Keet hit,  
Killer whale house,

1912 or 1913, falltime.

Tagish Jim tore it down after all the Wolf people died.

Tagish Jim only, because he's always living here.

There's lots more Wolf, but the old people are all gone.

He tore it down and rebuilt it on this side (west side).

And that's the one, 1928, they buried eight bodies from here.

Then, fall 1911, Uncle Billy Atlin tore the Beaver house down.

And he moved the lumber to head of the River.

They rebuilt it there because he was looking after live foxes.

My brother, Johnny Johns, had two live foxes there too

So he helped him rebuild it.

There were no more potlatches in the Tagish houses then.

Everybody moved to Carcross.

## Section X: A Potlatch Song

### The Girl Who Raised a Worm

When they made that potlatch in 1912 in Carcross,  
I was ten years old at the time.  
I heard Mrs. Tagish Jim's mother sing this song.  
She's Wolf, you see.  
She's Wolf woman and this was potlatch for Crow.  
Another time I heard Mrs. Patsy (Henderson) sing it  
When her daughter died.  
See, that's why they could sing it.  
It's just like a hymn, I guess.

I'll tell you the story of why they made that song.  
It's about the girl who raised that worm at Klukwan.  
She's Tukyeidí sháa, Crow woman.  
In the wintertime her uncles - her father's nephews -  
Were splitting wood outside.  
And here she was watching them,  
Jumping around, playing.  
Here when they split that wood a worm fell out of it, a woodworm.  
I guess it was frozen.  
One of the boys gave it to her.

"Well, I found a son for you."  
That's what the uncle said to her.  
So she picked it up and she took it in the house  
And she thawed it out.  
Well, after it got thawed out,  
It came back to life.  
Here she started to feed it grease with her hands,  
Feed it anything, I guess.  
She let that worm suck on her breast.  
Here it started to grow, started to grow big.

And here she wouldn't come out of her bedroom.  
She's always in her bedroom all day long sitting down, never  
coming out.  
And sometimes she sings.  
Her mother always hears her singing in there.  
And her father is the one that got wise to it.

"What is that?  
Why is that she won't come out?"

When she came out, too,

As soon as she finished eating she just went right back into her room.

And here she sings that song:

"My son has got a face..."

This is the song she sings for that snake all the time.

And then she's got another song for when they killed him.

That one is the funeral song.

They call that one funeral song.

Anybody can use it when they want to.

They made a spear when they found out.

Her mother through the crack...

She watched her when she's singing this song.

That's the time she saw it.

They say that worm's face is as big as the moon. [82]

Well, when they found out good what it was,

They went to a meeting about it.

All her uncles and her aunties and all,

What they're going to do about it.

They're going to kill it or something.

That's how come they made a law.

Her aunties, her uncles, sent for her to make gopher loops.

Here, she went down to her aunties,

Started sewing those gopher skins together.

Just in one day, she finished it up.

She went home.

And here those boys and people weren't quite ready for it.

They made a spear and stuff like that,

And here she came home.

Next her uncles put marten skins in the water.

That one took a little bit longer than the gopher skins.

But that time, half way through,

When she was sewing those things together,

She heard this noise.

Every time they speared the snake they hollered,

"Whoa, whoa."

And that snake makes a noise too,

Just like nails knocking on each other (claps).

And she knew right away.

She heard it right away.

"Ah, Ah, Ah, Ax Yeet, my son, my son!"

She just dropped everything and she ran back home.

Here they had already killed that thing.

They say that it was so big that it made a tunnel under the house.



She talks to it and it understands her.  
They tell that worm,

"Come on out. Your mother wants you."

That's how come it started coming out.  
From the bedroom, it crawled inside, crawled all out.  
They started killing it.  
And they killed it.  
And when she came back, that worm was already dead.

And she just cried.

"Burn it!" she said.

"I want you fellows to treat it just like a person,  
Like a human being because it was my son.  
I adopted it."

That's why they wrapped it up in a button blanket and they burned it.  
That's the time she sang this song.  
She made this song while the worm was burning up."

"My son, my son,  
I hear the noise."

That's like that Deisheetaan story [83]  
That's Tukyeidí sháa, Crow woman, too.  
That happened in Angoon;  
That's our country.

They say there's little beaver pond  
And that's where that little beaver was  
And that's where she saved that little beaver.  
From there, she raised it.  
And that little beaver got big, swimming around there.  
And in the meantime he was making tunnels under the city;  
Here and there he made a den.

And here when he swam around,  
And when he flopped his tail like that  
The water just rushed up and down those tunnels.  
It did it so many times the ground was getting weak and weaker  
And finally, one time, the whole town sunk,  
All caved in from those tunnels.

That's why they made this song.  
Whoever was saved, he's the one who made this song.  
And he said,

"Who is going to advise  
To stop making a city on a sandy beach?"

People sing this song when they make a potlatch.

It's Deisheetaan song, but any nation could use it.  
They could say,  
"My song," or "my father's people's song."

## Section XI: Becoming a Woman

They put me away when I first got like that.  
My mother told me,  
"Don't hide it or it's bad luck. Tell right away."

They put me outside, away from camp.  
You have to wear a bonnet -  
Mine was a fancy flannel blanket.  
I was going to have broadcloth.  
They had it already, but they potlatched it away in 1912.  
So they didn't get another one in time.  
They could have! They had time!  
I didn't get that way 'til 1915. Spring, 1915.

"When you get like that, don't come into camp", they say.  
So that morning I wake up, something wrong.  
So I stay.  
They send someone to look for me.  
Isabel (Hammond) came.  
"What's the matter with you?" she asks me  
She looks at me.  
"Are you woman? Come home!"

I'm embarrassed - don't say anything! I'm shy.

Isabel went back to camp.  
Grandma came out; she checks me.  
Then she went back to get things ready.

Mother came. She led me further away.  
I was away from camp, but not far enough away, I guess.  
Still too close to camp.  
She put me under a tree and left me.  
It takes time for them to get things ready.  
All that day I didn't eat anything.

Next day they brought me a new five by seven (foot) tent  
and put it over me.  
All that day, too, no food.  
For two days I didn't eat.

The third day, that bonnet is ready.  
Somebody - I forgot who - packed it out over a stick,  
Carried it to me.  
My three brothers are supposed to try to shoot at it with bow and  
arrow.  
David, Peter and Willy - my cousin Willy Hammond.

Johnny's away that time.  
They do that, I don't know why.

I heard kids.  
People came to where I'm sitting.  
They bring the bonnet, put the tent over me.  
Then they give me water in a baking powder cap.  
Two times they gave it to me.  
They spilled it on purpose.  
I'm not sure why they're supposed to do that.

Then little kids came.  
They gave me a dish of food.  
I took one bite, then gave it to the kids.  
I have to do that so I won't be stingy with food when I'm older.  
Also it teaches me not to be hungry.  
That's why we never eat breakfast yet today.  
After those first two days, they feed me two times a day,  
morning and evening.

When you're there, they teach you how to sew.  
Then they give you all you can to do -  
The whole town gives you sewing.  
While you're there, you can't eat fresh meat or fish.  
They smoke it a little bit and dry it.  
No fresh berries or it makes your menstruation strong (painful)  
Because berry juice is like blood.

All that time, you have to sit with your knees doubled up.  
That's "to hold your family's life."  
If you stretch your legs, you shorten that life.

You can't peek out from under that blanket.  
It's a whole blanket, that bonnet.  
I had flannel. It's sure hot!  
This is springtime, May.

You're not supposed to scratch your head.  
You're supposed to have a bone attached around your head,  
But they didn't do that to me.  
But they told me not to scratch that time.

Your mother is supposed to help you, but my mother is sick,  
So my mother's aunt helped me - Mrs. Dyea John.  
That's Grandma Hammond.  
When that bonnet is on me, she visits me once a day.  
One of the girls stays with me all the time.  
There were three Deisheetaan girls in that camp -  
Me, Sophie and Isabel.  
Isabel brings my food.  
Sophie is one year younger.  
She stays with me for a while.

After a while, after that period is over,  
They allow younger brothers to come and visit.

We had to move camp when I was like that.  
We moved in June.  
We had to move to the head of Tagish Lake.  
I had to leave that tent over my head when we moved.  
I can't see anything.  
Mother leads me after everyone else leaves, me last.  
When we're there, I get out of the boat.  
Mother puts up the tent for me, away from camp.

After I came out of that tent, they gave that tent away.  
It sure bothers me!  
Mrs. Frank Sidney brought a moose shoulder for Father.  
"We've got no tent", they say, "just fly tent."  
We got no tent to go back with."  
And here my father said, "Let's give them that tent."  
Well, of course, my mother said okay.  
So they gave it to them.  
And here it was for my aunt, Mrs. Gunaaták!  
It should belong to eshembe'e, my father's sister.  
Things weren't even divided up yet.  
I stayed in it one month already  
But my tent was still up yet.

Gee, I sure was sorry when I found out!  
They should give it to Wolf people who are close.  
Should be they give it to Mrs. Gunaaták, my father's sister,  
Or Aunt Susie, Billy Atlin's wife,  
Or else to Mrs. Jimmy Scotty.  
Instead, they gave it to distant Wolf people. [84]

When they take that bonnet off, you have to learn outside work.  
Me, I was only out for two months because my mother isn't well.  
It was too soon! [85]  
Mrs. Patsy Henderson was out for one year!

They took off my bonnet after two months.  
They pulled it off because my mother was sick again.  
My brothers were having a hard time.  
Aunt Susie took it off.

"People don't believe in that nowadays," she says.  
"Times are going ahead".  
She says to my mother, "What foolishness!  
Why are you keeping her in jail when you're not well.  
You need help!"

She took me back to camp  
And right away I began to cook for our family.  
I still had to eat dry stuff that time, just 'til that fall.

In the old days, there would have been a party when I came back,  
But we had just two families at the camp then.  
Just my mother, Aunt Susie and their families.  
I guess that dinner that night was sort of a party...

After I came back to camp, they tell me and my brother  
We can't look at each other or talk to each other now.

"Why?" my brother say. "You want me to be bad friends with my sister?  
She's my sister!"

I can't talk to him until after I'm married.

After I took my bonnet off,  
My aunt from Atlin came and asked me to go with her.  
So I went to Atlin that July.  
Just my aunt and I stayed in Atlin.  
I don't know why my mother let me go with her.  
My mother wasn't healthy.

Boys have to be trained, too, the first game they kill.  
They get babiche,  
Twist it with swan down feather and make four bands:  
Two garters for around the leg and two armbands.  
They use those garters to hold up mukluks,  
And they use one for each arm.

Then he's not supposed to be lazy.  
They have to get wood and water and things like that.  
If they're lazy, then they'll be lazy too when they grow up.  
That's why they put down - feathers - so they could be light.  
I don't know how long they wear that thing.  
Then at the end when they put it away,  
They put it away where the wind can shake it all the time,  
Those armbands and those garters.  
When the wind shakes it like that,  
It means that a person will not be lazy, not heavy.  
Light, like down feathers.  
That's their first meat, what they kill first.

I was fifteen years old when I tanned my first moosehide.  
Well, I see people do it.  
Just as soon as you are ten years old  
Mother makes you sit down and watch people.  
Not like nowadays.  
First, I cut the hair off with a little sharp knife.  
Then I fleshed it and scraped it with a sharp bone.  
Tangwat is the one you flesh it with.  
Then I keep fooling around with it.

That fall, I started sewing.  
They had police barracks and telegraph office.  
Police used to stay there. Lineman too.

And here that lineman wanted moccasins.  
That same fall, I tanned it, smoked it, everything.  
That yearling moose.  
My brother got the order: 'outside moccasins'.  
Here I sewed those moccasins, canvas top.  
That lineman needs them when he goes on the line.  
Pretty soon that lineman wants mitts.  
Gee, I made more than twenty dollars that winter!  
My brother sent for a suit for me. A little blue suit!  
That's 1915.

We stayed at the head of the river that fall.  
Then November we moved to Little Atlin.  
They went way up to Frying Pan Island, K'aa' Deitl'óoní they call it.  
My father and mother moved, and I stayed with Mrs. Austin.  
Mrs Austin wasn't well, so they told me to stay.  
And they went without me.  
Then they stayed at Kídeeténe', 'where the trail comes out'.  
They didn't come back til springtime.

We went back to Carcross early, because my father's cousin,  
Skookum Jim, was sick.  
We went to Carcross in April,  
And we stayed there all spring until he died.  
Daisy used to call me, daytime, to sit with her father.  
During the night, she watched him, nursed him.

When Skookum Jim got sick, Daisy came back to look after him,  
1916. [86]  
Nighttime, she looks after him.  
Daytime, she asks for me always.  
She tells me to watch Uncle, give him water,  
Just like I babysat when I used to sit with him.

After he died, she stayed about one month.  
Then she went back. She wasn't married then.

She used to say she'd like to get married into this country.  
But there was no man (of a Wolf clan).  
Jack Shaakoon was the only one who was single.

"I wouldn't mind staying with him," she said.

We told that to Jack Shaakoon.  
"Who wants to marry a white lady anyway?" he said.  
"She acts too white lady too much."

So she went back to Seattle.  
After that, she got married.  
She passed her motherhood by the time she got married;  
That's why she never had children.

I saw her grandmother in Haines one time

And she asked about Daisy.

"She used to be your people, your sister.

She died amongst you people.

One of you fellows might as well name one of your kids after her."

But we never did.

Not one of us.

We never used anybody's name.

We used our own names all the time.

Saayna.aat was her name. [87]

Nobody knows how Daisy died, but her husband brought her back  
to Carcross.

She wanted to be buried beside her father in Carcross.



## Section XII: The Stolen Woman: 1

### The Dog Husband [88]

This story happened on the Stikine (River).

A middle aged man and his wife and daughter camped one place. That's because they were too old to travel around. She's quite a young girl, that daughter.

Whenever she went out, a dog sits in the doorway. They live in a brushcamp there. She jumped over the dog all the time, Sometimes kicked him away.

"Get off, you old dog,  
Who likes you?"

Finally, they moved someplace.  
I don't know how far away they moved,  
But that dog doesn't go with them.

"Go back and get my dog," that father says to the girl.

The girl goes almost close to the camp.  
Just near the camp, a pretty young fellow meets her.  
"Marry me. Stay with me," he says to her.  
"Let's dry meat, then see your mother and father.

They camped the other way, off the road.

The next morning, they go hunting.  
They kill moose first time!  
Then they moved back to where they killed that moose;  
It's too hard to pack, so those days people moved their camp to  
where they killed moose.  
They started drying moose, do that all the time.

He told her,  
"Don't throw your bones away.  
Just throw them across there, not far."  
Next morning, those bones always disappear.  
They kept doing that.

Another time, he went to hunt caribou.  
She heard a dog bark, "Bow, wow, wow."  
That's how it sounds.  
She looked and saw her father's dog.  
He had a string around his neck, a string her father made.  
That's how he catches animals, makes snares for them.  
She finds that out, and she wants to know how to kill him.

That evening, her husband came back.  
He's got meat now, caribou this time.  
They move again, dry meat, throw the bones.

One night she wakes up.  
Her husband is gone!  
She hears a dog chewing something.  
She waits awhile, looks around.  
She sees her father's dog across the fire, chewing bones.  
She just waits; she's anxious, I guess.  
Not long after, that dog stops chewing.  
She hears the dog shake.

Soon her husband comes in again, all clean.

"Where did you go, husband?" she asks.

"Oh, just out, just out to pee."

That girl fixed skins like people do.  
Next morning she went out to fix her skin,  
She's got a pole to fix skins.  
She's got a long one, light enough to handle.

That night, she throws bones out again.  
She pretends she falls asleep.  
He tries to move around, to check if she's asleep.  
She pretends to be asleep.

He went outside.  
Then he came back inside, a dog.  
He started chewing.  
She sneaked up quiet - hit that dog on the head with her pole.  
She clubbed him to death.  
She killed him.

"What are you doing, wife?"

"I'm killing you!" She threw him in the fire.

Finally, she travelled out, back to her father and mother.  
She found she's going to have a baby.  
She had eight puppies that time.  
What's she going to do?

They start to grow up, too.  
That woman and her mother always go out hunting.  
She leaves those pups.  
It's their home, eh?  
When she finally comes home, the house is all messy.  
Puppies leap around.

Finally that woman and her mother decide to watch,  
To see what makes that mess.  
They look back, see those puppies turn into kids!  
They find out good what is happening!  
When those kids lie down, before they come home,  
Those kids turn back to puppies.

"How can we make them turn to person for good?" they think.  
There's only one female in that litter.  
There's seven boys, one girl.  
Those women make seven clothes for boys and one dress for a girl.  
They pretend to go out.

Those puppies turn into kids, play around.  
Their mother runs in:  
"You stay that way.  
You're human, not pups."  
Her mother comes in too.  
They put clothes on them.

That's why, long ago, dogs talk.

Eight months later, they're grown up people.  
They grow as fast as pups.  
They do anything all the time, just like pups.

Finally, that daughter turns into woman.  
Her mother makes a bonnet for her.  
They move away from the old people's camp.  
She got tired of those kids, those boys.

Those boys are good hunters.  
One time, they see a goat across the river,  
Coming down from the mountain.  
Three of those boys go down the river near the girl's camp.  
Two stand there, one stands down below.

"Go after that goat," one says.

That boy slipped in the water.  
His sister pulls up her bonnet, looks at them.  
Right then, they turn into stone.  
A girl like that is never supposed to lift her bonnet up!

Then she looks at her mother.

Her mother turns to rock.

Then she looks at herself.  
She turns into rock.

On the Stikine River, there's three rocks.  
They call them the Three Sisters.  
That's those boys.  
Don't know why they call them sisters.  
That girl and her mother, they're there too.  
Those rocks, one looks like it's lifting up its bonnet.  
Three look like human beings.

The spirit of those boys went to Dogrib.  
That's why Dogrib people talk like people here.

That's all happened on Stikine River.  
It's a true story.  
Those grandparents told that story.  
That's how we know it.

Lots of things used to happen like that.  
Why not now I wonder?

### Star Husband [89]

A father and mother had two daughters.  
They travel around in the bush, drying meat, camping  
out here and there.  
These two girls talk a lot and play at night -  
Don't sleep quick.

One night one said,  
"Gee, I wish to marry that red star."

The other one said,  
"Gee, I wish to marry the blue one."

They talk away like this.

Next morning, first thing, they found themselves in another  
country.  
Both of them got husbands.  
They're sleeping with men.  
One of them when he walked away looked kind of blue.  
The other one looked red.  
"You wished for us," they said.  
So they found out that they are stars.

Their husbands are good hunters.  
They go out every day - bring in moose, bring in meat.  
Those girls stay up there, must be quite a while,  
Tanning moosehide, making babiche.  
From the skins they tan, they make big thick winter mitts and  
leggings.  
That's what people used to wear.  
They make quite a few of them.

Finally, though, they get lonesome for their mother and father.  
They make up their mind to run away.  
The only way they could run away, though, is to dig through that  
sky.  
That's what they plan.

Their husbands said,  
"What are you doing with all those skins?"

"Oh, we boil them and eat them," they told them.

They make babiche string - I don't know how many tons of it.  
They get together their thick leggings and mitts.  
Finally, they find a big rock, then start to dig.  
Then they tie babiche around the rock and they start to let it  
down.

Go done, go down, go down.  
Finally they could tell it landed someplace.  
After they were sure it landed safely, the youngest one went down  
first.

"When I get down, I'll pull the string."  
They tied the other end to a tree.  
She takes quite a while going down.  
Finally, the oldest one feels the string move.  
So she went down next.  
Here it was on top of a big flat tree.

They stayed there,  
Don't know how they're going to get down.  
Here, they are over an animal trail.  
Every day when animals go by, they say,  
"Pack us down, grandpa."  
"No," each one says, "I don't climb trees."  
Then another one goes by - moose, caribou -  
They all say they can't climb trees.

Finally, at last, Wolverine was coming along.  
First thing they did was they whistled at him.

"Oh, oh. What's that?" he said.

They keep whistling at him.  
Finally, he sees the girls up there.

"Grandpa, pack us down and we're going to marry you," they tell him.

"Okay," just that quick he got up there,  
Brought them down, both of them.  
Right there, they camp.

Next day, he goes hunting.  
Oh, they stay there for a while, I guess,  
But then they said they're going to run away from him next.  
So when he went down hunting in the morning, they took off.

It was right close to where their father and mother were staying.  
Must be they stay in the same place yet, I guess,  
Kind of hoping those girls might come back.  
They don't know what happened to them  
And they're staying there because they thought they might come back.

Before they left, they kicked their garters off -  
Four garters - each had two.  
They made a snare of them, put it in four places.  
They told those four strings,  
"Whistle at him when he comes back."  
They figure he's going to keep running back and forth there among  
the garters.  
That's to slow him down, I suppose.

In the meantime, they got back to their father and mother.

### The Stolen Woman [90]

My aunt, Mrs. Whitehorse Billy, told me this story.

A man and his wife and their two boys were out hunting.  
They had a daughter too.  
That daughter was living outside.  
She had her bonnet on.

War came upon them.  
Her mother and father were killed, both of them.  
She threw her bonnet off herself.  
Two boys found her, two brothers.  
They asked her,  
"Were you like that?" (secluded?)

She said, "No,  
I was out here because I'm going to get my months's sickness again."

But anyway, they kept her.  
They took some dry meat.  
Then they told her, "Are you alone?"

"Yes, I'm alone.  
Now my father and mother are gone."  
She didn't tell them she had two brothers.  
She's smart.

"Well, who gets meat for you?"

"Well, people kill moose for us and we go there and dry it.  
Long ways people.  
You can't tell where they are."  
She hid it (her knowledge).

They all go away, go back where they came from.  
They go all day, and then they come to a big creek from the  
mountains.  
And she wouldn't go across it.

She just sat down.  
They put up a bridge.  
They chopped down a tree.  
And she just sat down saying,  
"I always fall in the water when I go over a bridge.  
I don't want to go over."

She's sure smart, that girl.

Those two brothers are going to stay with her for her husband.  
The met quite a few of their people.  
One of those boys packed her across:  
That's her husband-to-be.

While she was getting close to the camp, here she picked some  
cranberries.  
She picked some up and then she put them on her legs  
To make it look like she had her month's sickness.  
One of those boys saw it.

"What's the matter. Are you like that?"

"Yes," she just lies, you know.

That night they gave her a big pile of moccasins to patch.  
One slept one side; another slept on the other side.  
She just patched those two boys' moccasins  
And then she stepped over them.  
People were sleeping all around them to make sure she won't get away.

She stepped over them and ran as fast as she can back to the creek.  
And she went in the water, up the creek, where moss falls over.

She watched the bridge from there.

Sure enough, the sun was up already,  
And people started to come.  
But those boys were looking for her.  
All those others were looking for her too,  
But they didn't study very hard.

"Maybe she fell in the water?"  
They looked down in the water too.  
They looked down the creek.  
Pretty soon it started to get dark.

She looked out: no more people.  
She came out of her hiding place and started to run back.  
Here she met her two brothers, going after her, I guess.  
They told her to go right straight home,  
And they went after those people.

After running around for that girl, those people slept in.  
That older brother had doctor,  
So he put sleep on them.

They killed them.  
They clubbed them to death with sheep horn club.  
They killed them all off except those two who saved her.  
And here those people never got up.

When they got back to camp,  
Here her mother was scraping skin and her daddy was cutting meat.  
He had brought them back to life.  
She's sure surprised.

### The Girl Eaten by Tehcha [91]

One time there is a girl.  
I don't know what happened to her parents.  
Anyway, she is staying with her brothers.  
She's got eight brothers.  
Funny how these stories always have eight boys...

That girl is wearing her bonnet.  
Those brothers are looking for her.  
Those brothers can't talk to her because she is wearing her bonnet,  
But that youngest one can, because he's younger than she is.

Her brothers went out hunting.  
They went with a boat on salt water.



They don't hunt like they do here, in the bush.  
They hunt with boat for seal, and stuff like that.

Here, her brothers are overdue.  
They never came back that time they're supposed to come back.  
She is staying in the back room of their house -  
They do that in those days when they wear their bonnet.

She ran out of the water -  
Gee, it's getting dark.  
That's the second night she's got no water.  
She thinks to herself.  
She's going to make kindling for a torch,  
And she's going to go down and get water.  
Those people are on salt water,  
So it must have been a creek or something.  
So she made kindling and she went down to get water.

When she turned around, her bonnet lifted up  
And here she saw a light, way out someplace.  
She watched it.  
Here, it goes out and comes on again, just like it was moving.  
Moon was shining on something, making it light.  
So she stuck her fire in the water, and she went home.  
She watched it all the time.  
Here it started coming toward her.

Finally, it landed at their boat landing,  
Where they always land.  
It landed down there, that fire.  
Just like it blazes up, then dies down.

Finally, it started coming up.  
She took her brother's spears, iron knives, sharp knives -  
Put them all around the fire.  
She locked the door with a big pole or something.

"Which way do you come in?" it asked.

"On the roof. Through the smokehole. It's open."

"How do you get there?"

"I climb up.  
I throw myself down," she said.  
Here she went and stuck those knives all around the fireplace.

Here, he climbed up and dropped down there.  
First thing he asks is  
"What are you doing? Are you alone?"

No, I got brothers," she told him.  
She told him that so he wouldn't murder her or anything.

"Well, where are they?"

"Well, they're out hunting.  
They're supposed to come back soon, any time," she said.

"Well, what do you do when your brothers come back?"

"When I see them coming back, I always go down to meet them.  
I hold my bonnet up on one side and look out from it  
And I put my hand on my hip and sing  
'Hi hit ha ha, he hit ha ha'.  
I dance down to the beach like that.  
And when they get out of the boat, I just go home.  
I bring up all the seals they kill,  
And I always swallow the littlest one.  
And when I bring the others back, they always say,  
'There's one missing'.  
When they say that, I always go back again  
And I throw myself over the head of the boat,  
And that little seal always slips out of my mouth again.  
Then I wash it and bring it up."

"Okay, take off your hat."  
Then he starts telling her to take off her clothes.  
Well, he'd kill her if she doesn't do it,  
So she took them off, one by one.  
The last one she takes off just as he swallowed her.  
Whole thing!  
Then he put on her clothes.

Here, he watches for that boat coming.  
That same morning, towards morning, he sees that boat coming.  
Where she locked the door, she told him how to lift it up.  
When they started to land there,  
Here he did the same things she told him!

He holds up that bonnet one side,  
And dances down to meet them, singing  
"He hit ha ha, he hit ha ha."

They come up - they don't touch the seals.  
They know there is something wrong.  
She never did that before, their sister.  
She just made that up!

So her brothers say, "What could that be?"

(She) brought those seals one by one.  
Here the smallest one is missing.

"Where's the one that's missing?" they ask.

"It's down in the boat yet." (She) ran down again.

They tell that youngest brother,  
"Sneak down after her.  
See what she does!"

So he sees what she does:  
She throws herself on the bow of the boat.  
Here, the seal came slipping out again and she washed it.  
So he told his brothers that.

"It's not her!" he said.  
"It's something else, somebody else.  
She's coming up now!"

So anyway, they're going to kill her.  
And all those knives she had around there,  
They were still like that.  
Well, that's a tattletale too.  
They never had them around there.  
They had them in a box!

Well, anyway, when she came in they started to fight her.  
They poked and poked.  
Just like iron, her skin - they can't do nothing.

Finally, she tells them:  
"You poke me right here (indicating her hand).  
Then you're going to kill me.  
That's where my heart is," she told them.  
They did.  
They poked her in there and she bled to death, I guess.  
So they killed her.  
Chopped her open.  
Here, she is supposed to be a waterbug -  
You know those sea beetles? Their wings are just like iron.  
That's why they couldn't kill her.  
Tehcha they call it in Tagish language.  
In Tlingit they say Hinteyeeshee.

Long time ago, everyone talked Tagish language  
Then Tlingit started coming up here:  
That's how they always started Tlingit.

When they chopped her up, they found their sister's body.  
And they told their youngest brother to bathe her.  
That oldest brother had Indian doctor.  
That youngest brother bathed her and put clean clothes on her.  
Then they put her in a nice brand new white skin  
And they put her where the smoke goes out, smoke hole.

And he started to make doctor,  
Started to make doctor, that boy.

So none of them ate for four days.  
On the fourth day, they eat a little bit.  
Then they fasted again.  
He made doctor for another four days.

On the eighth day, he said,  
"If you see the feathers blow up, take her down."

On the eighth day, here the feathers blew up.  
They took her down.  
And her breath came up again.  
They brought her back to life.  
They never put on her hat anymore.  
They let her go without it.  
And they went amongst people after that.

That's how they saved her.

### Section XIII: Getting Married

"I stayed with Old Man year 1916.  
Well, I was still a kid yet."

After I came out from under the bonnet  
I went to Atlin with my aunt, Mrs. Austin, Sadusgé.  
They were going prospecting, head of the lake.  
Her boys were going to stay in Carcross with her mother  
And she took me to Atlin with her, year 1915.  
Here she got sick, so we stayed in Atlin.

My aunt used to talk to me about George Sidney:  
"If I see my nephew, George Sidney, I'm going to throw you at him!"  
And I used to think, "You marry him yourself!"  
But I never said it, though.  
George's father was her cousin too.  
So she called him 'my nephew'.

I was shy to George when I first saw him.  
I used to talk respectfully to him.  
I used to say, "my nephew", "Eshidáa" [92]  
They taught me to talk that way to show respect to people.  
My old man used to call me Ax'aat',  
That means 'my auntie', 'my father's people' in Tlingit.  
Here, he used to say that even amongst white people.  
Gee, I don't like that!  
I get shamed. It's old fashioned!  
I used to say, "Why do you say that in front of people?  
You know they're going to think she married her own nephew.  
White people don't understand!"  
"Well, you are Ax'aat', Indian way", he tells me.

His father, Jim Sidney, was Deisheetaan,  
That's why I'm eshembe'e to him Tagish way,  
Aat', Tlingit way.

The Sidneys are Teslin people.  
They were at Johnson's Crossing that year, 1916.  
He was staying with his cousin, Jimmy Jackson.  
My father sent word to him and told him,  
"If you're going to Teslin, you better come this way.  
I want to see you."  
He was working longshoreman in Whitehorse.  
Whitehorse Billy called him up,  
"Come on for supper. I've got moose ribs."  
So after he got off at five o'clock he went there.  
Whitehorse Billy's place was at the Robert Service Park area.

That's where he was staying, in tent frame.  
And so he went up there for supper.  
He had campfire outside, moose ribs boiling and cooking, I guess.

After they finished eating,  
That's the time my father's niece, my aunt, Mrs. Whitehorse Billy,  
Gunaatákduseek her name, said, [93]  
"My uncle, Tagish John sent word to you.  
He said for you to go back to Teslin now, by Marsh Lake.  
That's the word my uncle sent to you."

"Okay, well how am I to go to Marsh Lake?"

And Whitehorse Billy tells his, "Well, there's Pelly Jim:  
He's going back to get some grub tomorrow.  
Get in touch with him," he said.

So he did.  
Early in the morning, he got sugar, flour, everything.  
He's got little tent, too, five by seven (feet).

And here he saw Pelly Jim.  
"Can I go back with you to Marsh Lake?"

"Okay, I'm going back to Teslin.  
I'm going to work my way back that way."

"I want to see Tagish John.  
That's how come I want to go back with you."  
And that's how he got to Marsh Lake.

Then he saw his father and his mother and his aunt,  
He told them Tagish John wants to see him.

And his father told him after a while, after he thinks about it,  
"What does Tagish John want to see you for?  
Maybe he wants to give you his daughter or something like that."

Before he leaves, his father tells him,  
"Go. Whatever he wants you to do, just do it. It's okay".

That's how come he came directly to us.  
This is fall, 1916.  
That's how come he stayed with us.

Well, I kind of didn't like it.  
He's a stranger to me, you know.  
But when my father and mother tell me to give him a cup of tea,  
Feed him, stuff like that,  
I have to do what my mother and father say.  
I never run around like kids nowadays.  
As long as he's Wolf, I'm supposed to be his aunt; I'm Crow.  
He calls me 'Auntie'

And me, I have to call him 'My Nephew' when I feed him.

"Eat, Eshidáa."

I have to talk respectable, not crazy like nowadays.  
That's Indian law, as long as I'm Crow and they're Wolf,  
They have to call me 'auntie'.

So I gave him tea.

He came night time with Pelly Jim and them.

When he first came to us,

He talked to my mother.

He said,

"My father sent me to you people  
To help you out with things."

Well, the old people,

They understand right away what he means.

I wasn't surprised.

They talked to me about him, long time ago.

That's when I told you Mrs. Austin used to tell me about him.

"You marry him yourself," I used to think

But I never say it out though.

"You marry him yourself."

I used to think that way.

When Old Man came to us, first year he stayed with us,

He put up meat behind that Chookanshaa, behind Jake's corner.

He put up cache there, way up high.

We dried meat there and he packed it all up there.

That's when he started to go up with us.

Well, my father, they let me stay with him right away

As soon as we came back to the main camp.

He didn't want to make him work too hard for nothing.

"You might as well stay with him.

He wants you. That's why he came to us."

They made a big feast for us.

Just us - my father and my mother and the baby Dora and me.

Oh, they talked things over with my aunt Mrs. Austin already,

I guess.

"Let them stay together."

They made a nice big dinner.

Up on the mountain and back of Jake's Corner,

Tl'ó K'aa Dzéle, they call that mountain.

That's when we got through drying meat, I guess.

We were going to put meat in the cache, next day.

That's the time my father talked to him,

Made big supper for us and talked to both of us.

He talked to George and told him,

"I don't want you fellows to have hard time

Maybe you came to us for your aunt.

So you fellows stay together.

Don't be too old fashioned:

I'm not old fashioned.

A long time ago, people work for their wife for a long time.

But I'm not like that. I don't believe in it."

And he made me sit by him where he's going to eat.

That's they way they made me stay with him.

That night - he's got a little tent outside he's sleeping in.

Us, we just stay in a brush camp, pull fly tent over it.

I sleep with my mother.

Instead of going to my bed, they tell me to go to the tent.

"Go with him.

Go in the tent."

So I took my blanket and I started to make my bed in there.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Well, my mother told me to sleep in this tent.

Looks like it's going to rain..."

"Yeah?" he said.

After I fixed my blanket, he pulled my blankets.

"Come sleep with me".

And we started fighting and laughing over that blanket.

And pretty soon I forgot about sleeping alone.

Now. You know it all. Everything!

But one of the school women, W.A. women, [94]

Her name was Mrs. Watson, not Matthew's wife, another one -

She used to be my teacher in the school.

She heard about me being married.

So one day I had a visitor.

Here it was Mrs. Watson.

Her maiden name was Thompson.

Miss Thompson, we used to call her.

Oh, she was so kind, she loved me up and everything.

And then she told me,

"I understand that you are married."

I said, "Yes."



"Did he give you a ring?"

"Yes, he gave me one - his own ring - one time when we went to cache."

"Are you married in church?"

I said, "No."

"Well, you know what?" she said,  
"You're not supposed to be like that.  
You've got to get married in church!"

Well, I told her I didn't mind, but my husband wouldn't want it,  
Not to get married in church.

"Why?" she asked me.

"Well, I don't know...he's pretty shy, I guess."

"Where is he?" she tells me.

"He's working on the section."

Sure enough, she watched for George when the section crew came home.

"I understand you're married," she told George.

"Yes, Angela Johns."

"Well, you know you've got to get married."

"We are already married, Indian way.  
It's just as good isn't it?"

"That's not good enough," she told him.  
"You've got to marry her whiteman way.  
I raised that kid!" she told him. [95]

My Old Man said, "Why? What's the difference?"

She said, "You see that Church of England?"  
That church was sitting on skids already,  
Ready to pull across.  
It was too far for the kids to cross from Choooutla school  
So they moved it across to where it is now.

Mrs. Watson said to my husband,  
"You see that Church of England sitting on skids?  
It's not going to be moved unless you get married.  
You've got to get married first."

George just gave up. Gee.

"Okay," he said.

Then she came over one night and asked me  
What I'm going to wear.  
I've got Sunday dress, I think.  
It was kind of blue.  
Well, blue was good, I thought.  
But no. Here the W.A. gave me a cream coloured linen suit.  
She brought it down.  
She asked me what kind of shoes I've got.  
I've got nice white canvas shoes.  
And a cream coloured hat with a black band.  
All that!  
And she gave me pearls to wear on my neck.  
She told me everything what to wear.

She asked George if he had a suit.  
He had a nice grey suit.  
When he first came to Carcross, he spent the winter in Whitehorse.  
He cut wood, and when he sold the wood he bought a suit for himself.  
Bought it for a celebration.  
He left that suit in Whitehorse with the Second Hand man  
And that spring after we came he wrote to that man about it.  
And he sent it up by train.  
So she told George,  
"You wear that."  
That was 1917.

My mother and dad couldn't come to that wedding.  
Just me and George and Sophie, my cousin.  
Then there were the white ladies - Mrs. Watson and Mrs. Johnson  
and the others.  
So Mrs. Watson gave me away.  
We got married in Carcross.  
We're married twice. I was glad about it in the end.

After I started staying with Old Man, he got a job on section.  
My father and them had to leave me then,  
To be with my husband in Carcross.  
There was hardly anybody in Carcross that fall,  
Just me and my husband,  
My aunt Kate Carmacks and old Mary Dennis, Tagish Jim's mother.  
And my uncle Billy Atlin and Jimmy Scotty.  
They used to call me Carcross Chief because I stayed in Carcross.  
I used to give them lunch anytime,  
Give them lunch or supper.  
My father and brother sold meat to Chooutla school that time.  
Mr. Johnson was principal of that school that time.  
He said the kids eat meat at home.  
Why shouldn't they eat meat at school too?

George was supposed to go back to Teslin that fall.

He wanted to send word to Teslin people.  
But here that fall he started going into the mountains,  
Kill moose for us,  
Started going round with us instead of going back.  
And he never did go back to Teslin 'til later on, maybe two years.  
I stayed with him all that fall.

All winter we lived together with my mother in one big tent,  
Twelve by fourteen.  
We had our own little tent - we got stove in it.  
But wintertime when it gets cold,  
We just want to cut wood for one place.  
So we stayed with my father and mother that winter  
In that twelve by fourteen tent.

Us kids, we cut wood.  
Well, I still feel like a kid even though I was living with Old Man.  
I was just like a child then!

When he was gone during the day, I played.  
Oh, I was still a kid yet, play around, rustle around.  
One time when he's gone, me and my little brother Peter  
We set gopher traps on the Chílih Dzéle', [96]  
We caught some gophers and cooked them for supper.  
When Old Man came back he said,  
"Where did you get that from?" he told me.  
"What do you think I did?" I told him.  
"We went out gopher hunting!"  
Oh, he was surprised. He was proud of me!

George and my brother would go out trapping,  
Sell meat once in a while.  
And they started buying everything half and half, partners.  
My father didn't have to think about anything!  
When grub comes, they're the boss!

In the fall time, they've got a big pile of grub.  
The first year we stay together, my old man killed twenty-two lynx  
And my brother killed eighteen lynx.  
Old Man bought a bottle of whiskey, to show respect,  
And gave it to my father. And all the grub.  
They're the boss of it!  
Nowadays people don't do that anymore.

Christmas time, my brother and my Old Man came to Skwan Lake,  
Skwáan Taasléyi.  
They killed some moose, roast moose head by campfire.  
We catch a great big fish  
And my father cooked that for Christmas dinner.  
He invited Grandma Hammond and her sister Isabel  
And Willy and Susie and her family.  
Of course, we don't know much about Christmas.

That's the time he taught us peace songs:  
He teaches us this song and tells us stories  
And that's our Christmas fun -  
Me and Isabel and Sophie and David and Pete and Susie's family.  
And Mrs Dyea John - she stayed with Hammonds when she was  
getting old.  
They're the ones that started calling her Grandma Hammond.  
But her real name is Aandaax'w, Mary John, Dyea John's wife.

And then they went out to get moose  
And my uncle went out with them to get meat.  
And here they get up in the morning and my uncle says,  
"It's snowing hard, and gee, the stars are out!"  
So my brother looks up and here the tent was on fire  
And that's how come they see that, the snow and the stars.

## Section XIV: The Stolen Woman: 2 [97]

### The Woman Taken by Lynx [98]

This is a story of a woman taken by Lynx.

People always travel around and put up meat for winter.  
One time, a man and a woman were travelling.

You know how eagles make their nest on a rocky cliff where no one  
can get to it?

People used eagle feathers to sew with -  
They split them and they do fancy work with them,  
Just like they do with beads now,  
Like porcupine quills, like moosehair.  
They dye them -  
Cranberries for red colour,  
That moss that grows on tree limbs for yellow...

She ran out of eagle feathers.  
So her husband told her,  
"You let me go down that cliff there.  
I'll get some eagle feathers for you."

So they untied their pack string.  
He tied it around his waist and then he went down  
And she held it from up above.  
It was babiche string.  
They braided it like rope.  
That's how they made string long time ago.

"When I want to come up, I'm going to pull like that," he said.  
"Then drag me up again."  
That's what he told his wife.

So she lowered it down, went down to get eagle feathers.  
In the meantime, while she was sitting there,  
Her husband never pulled that string.  
Here somebody came to her -  
A nice young fellow -  
Gee whiz! Pretty looking man.  
You know Lynx has some pink on his face?  
Here, that boy told her he wanted to marry her.

"No, my husband is down that cliff," she said.

"Let him go, let him go," he told her.  
And he started to drag her away.

There was a big rock there  
And she put that string around it and tied it up.  
That's the way she let it go.

Then Lynx dragged her away from there.  
Not very far, I guess.

"Oh, this place is good enough."  
Great big tall trees there.  
So he made camp there, and he married her.  
But he's got his camp on the other side of the fire.  
He always sleeps on the other side, across the fire.

He went out hunting.  
Here, he would only bring back lots of rabbits all the time.  
She skinned rabbits, skinned rabbits,  
Put it up to dry all the time.  
He brought back lots of rabbits.

I guess where they are is not very far from that rock cliff.  
So one time, here her husband tracked up that track.  
He was tracking that Lynx.  
Here, he came to her, day time.

Her husband told his wife,  
"What are you doing here?"

"Well," she said, "that man packed me away, that's why."

"What does he do?"

"Oh, he kills lots of rabbits for me, all the time."

Her husband asked her,  
"Well, you want to stay here?  
Do you want to go back with me?"  
'I want to kill him,' he was thinking.  
"You fool him," he told her.  
"Put blanket across the fire.  
Pretend the wind is blowing so I can sneak up there."

In the evening, she put a blanket across there.

She told him,  
"What for you sleep here?  
Why don't you sleep on this side with me? You wanted me."

"It's not March yet. I can't sleep with you yet," he told her. You know lynx mating season is in march.

She talked cranky to him.

"What is this you bring to me all the time?

My hands are just getting rough from skinning those rabbits.

My husband used to kill nice fat moose all the time.

You - you kill nothing but rabbits!

My hands are getting rough from rabbit blood."

"What do you mean?" he asked her.

"That's animal too. Rabbits are animal too.

What's the matter with you?"

That night, she put blanket across.

He said to her,

"What for you hang that blanket up?

What do you think?

Do you think I'm not good enough to kill anything?

You put that blanket up there so I won't see something?"

He got wise to her.

"Because the wind is blowing this way," she says.

"It smokes up."

Here, just while he was saying that, that man, her husband

shoots an arrow right here (base of his neck).

From behind the blanket, that's the way he killed him.

When that arrow hit him, he jumped up, saying,

"I'm going to be lynx."

Here he ran up that tree.

Not very far later, he fell off.

That's how they know it's Lynx who stole her.

He died, and he turned to lynx when he died.

### Land Otter Story, Kooshdaa Kaa [99]

There was a woman who drowned a long time ago, got lost.

They never found her body - she just got lost.

Her brother always goes out to that place where his sister got lost in summertime.

He always puts up food for when they live there,

I guess to keep himself company at that place.

One time, in the evening, a lady came to visit them,

Came to this brother and his wife.  
And that woman said to the other lady, the real lady,

"I'm the one who got lost a long time ago.  
I am married now to somebody.  
I've got a son, and I'm going to send him over here tomorrow evening.  
He's going to come and help his uncle put up food for winter.  
It was me that got lost.  
It's me, and now I'm here to visit you.  
It always makes me feel bad that you come here every year,  
every year.  
That's why, this time, I'm going to visit you, keep in touch  
with you.  
I'm going to send my son tomorrow for you to use,  
For him to help you out with everything.  
But don't give him a blanket to sleep in,  
And don't give him any cooked meat or cooked food.  
Let him eat raw food, what he wants himself.

That real woman had a baby and the Otter woman asked,  
"Can you bring me my nephew?"

So she handed the baby over,  
And here the Otter woman started singing a song to him,  
Started to make him dance, jumping up and down, singing  
"Tail coming, tail coming."  
And here that little baby, his tail starts to come out like  
otter tail.

His father saw it, that little tail coming out through his clothes  
And he nudged his wife.  
"Take that baby away," he said to her.

So she said, "Give me back my baby."

So she handed that baby back.  
She just slapped that baby's tail again  
And here it went back again.  
She gave him back to her sister-in-law.

And she said,  
"I'm going to go now, sister-in-law.  
I'm going to go.  
Tomorrow night I'm going to send my son over."  
Here she disappeared all of a sudden.

The next day, in the evening, without the door open or anything,  
Someone brought a seal to them.  
He just pulled up in front of that lady and let it go there.  
Then he went across the fire and sat down, lay down.  
That's his place there.  
He can't talk, that boy.  
He's just built like a monkey or something.



He's got a long tail.  
But he can't talk to them.

He did that every night he brought something back.  
He stayed with them I don't know how long.  
Every night he brings salmon or anything back for food and they  
tend to it,  
They fix it up, they dry it.  
Pretty soon he's got lots of food, lots of dry salmon and lots of  
grease and everything.

So they went back to town.  
They're going to take him, but they don't tell him where they're  
going.  
The town was in a bay and when they got to the point.  
When he saw that town, he jumped in the water, that Otter Man.  
And here his uncle stopped the boat and his uncle tried to find him.

"Come on, come on, you've got to go amongst people.  
I want to show people to you."

But no, they can't catch him.  
They have to let it go anyway.

"Well go back then; go back home.  
We're not going to be very long.  
We'll come out again," they told him.

So they let him go.  
He went back to the bay and they went on into town.  
They didn't stay there long.  
They sold all the grub there, all the food.  
They sold it. Then they went back to their camp.  
Here that night he went back to them and stayed with them again.  
All winter, I guess.  
I don't know how long he stayed with them.  
They never take him to town any more.

His mother showed up again.  
She said to them:  
"Don't take him to town anymore.  
You're going to lose him for good if you do  
Because he's not used to a bunch of people.  
It's just for only you to know him, to see him.  
Nobody else can see him."

So they stayed there.  
I don't know how long they stayed there.  
They stayed there for quite a while, I guess..  
Two or three years.

Finally, that woman, she got tired of him, I guess.  
She wants to go to town, gets tired of staying there.

Here she handed him cooked food and a blanket to sleep in.

She gave him a blanket, saying,  
"You sleep in this blanket.  
You're not a dog.  
You can't sleep like that without a blanket!"

And she gave him cooked food, saying,  
"You've got to eat cooked food.  
Human beings cook their food.  
They don't eat raw food just like dogs!" she said.

And here he ate that food, he slept in a blanket that night.  
Here that morning he disappeared.  
And when they woke up,  
Here there was nothing but foam where he had been sleeping.

That night, his mother came crying to them.  
"You've killed my son," she said.  
"He's dead now.  
Therefore you're going to have nobody to help you.  
You gave him cooked food which I told you not to, and a blanket  
to sleep in.  
He's dead. You killed my son."

She cried like everything.  
All of a sudden, she disappeared.

That's the end of the story.  
They never saw him again.  
He got tired, living there, that old man.  
His nephew never came back to him.

Finally, they went back to town and they never came out any more.

### The Stolen Woman

One time there was a man who was camping with his wife close to a lake.  
He went out hunting, but she stayed home.  
You know how when they become a woman they wear a bonnet?  
She was wearing her bonnet yet. [100]

All of a sudden, somebody came.  
He started asking her questions, how come she's staying there.

"My husband went out hunting," she told him.

"Your husband shouldn't leave you," he said.  
"Come with me."

"No, I don't want to do that.  
I love my husband. I want to stay."

They argued for a while,  
Finally, he grabbed her and started to drag her away.  
He threw her bonnet away, and dragged her.  
There was a little trail going down to the water -  
That's how he found her - by following this little trail.  
All the time he's dragging her, she grabs at little branches and  
breaks them.  
By the time they get through,  
It's just like there's a big road down to the water.  
He put her in his boat, then floated around until her husband  
came back.

Finally, her husband came back.  
He came to the water, and here she was in the boat.

That man who took her took an arrow head.  
He tied a little strip of gopher and loon's head to it with babiche  
And he threw it to her husband.  
"Here, this is for your wife. I pay you."

"No," that man said,  
"I want my wife. You can't pay for her!"

That man started to go, started to row.  
The husband started to follow, too.  
Paddle, paddle,  
Keeps going, going,  
Don't know how far they go.

Finally, they came to a place where they say a point of land in  
the lake lifts up.  
And that man went under it, to the other side.  
Well, that husband can't go under it.  
On the other side was winter. Snow. [101]

From there, where that point lifts up,  
That husband had to turn back.  
It took him two or three days to get back to camp.  
He dried up some meat.  
And then he went to look for his brothers-in-law.  
He had told that man,  
"She's got lots of friends.  
Don't think we won't come after her!  
Don't think you're going to get away with it!"

Ah, he laughed at him.  
"You won't come after us. You can't!"

When that guy who took that woman got past that point,  
He put up his boat.  
He followed a trail with that woman and caught up with his people.

Meantime, her husband gathered up her brothers and his brothers.  
They're going to follow.  
They go to the cache and get dry meat for their food.  
They travel along the shore.  
When they come to that point, here it lifts up and they go  
under it.

On the other side, here it was really deep snow.  
There was an old trail there, so they started to follow it.  
Here, there were two little old ladies camping there.  
They've got a little trail to the water  
And they've got a fishhook, fish for ling cod.  
Every day, they catch two or three.  
They cook them all.  
They had enough to supply people who went by.

Just the husband went up to them.  
"Did you see my wife walk by with someone?"

"Yes, we heard there was a girl from a different country going  
by with a bunch."

"How long ago?"

"Quite a while ago, but you can follow this old trail,"  
they tell him.  
"Every evening late in the evening,  
Your wife always goes back along the trail to get wood."

He went back to his gang.  
One of them went back just to listen to those two old women,  
In case they say anything.

One said, "My son used to go out to hunt early in the morning,  
Just before daylight breaks."  
The other one said, "My son used to go out a little while after  
When the daylight really breaks."

Both those women wished their sons would get away before anything  
happens.  
They know these men are going to make war on people.

Then those men followed the trail.  
Sure enough, they start to catch up to people one evening,  
Don't know how many days after that.  
They just hear somebody chopping wood up ahead of them.  
Just that man, that husband, went to where they hear that chopping.  
Sure enough, it's her.  
Just when she lifts the wood she is going to pack home, he grabs it.

She pulls, she turns around.  
Here it's her husband!

He starts to ask her questions.  
"Your uncles and your brothers are all with me  
And so are my uncles and my brothers.  
We have run out of food.  
Can you get some for us?  
We're going to make war  
But your uncles, your brothers, we are all hungry.  
We've run out of grub."

"Okay, I'll see what I can do.  
I've got food in my skin toboggan too."

"Well, try to get some."

She had a stone axe, like old time  
And he cut the string that holds the axe on the handle.  
He cut it off.  
"Tell your mother-in-law you broke that string, axe string.  
Then you can take the string off the toboggan."

She went home without the wood.  
She told her mother-in-law, "My axe string broke."

"Well," her mother-in-law said,  
"Take the skin off your string toboggan and fix it."

"Okay," she pretended to fix it.  
Then she stuffed that dry meat under her arms.  
She stuffed willow branches into that toboggan to make it look full.  
Then she went out to her husband to give him that food.

Again, they pretended that babiche broke off that axe.  
She came home again, told that mother-in-law,  
"That string is broken again.  
Maybe mine is not strong. Maybe yours is stronger."

"Go ahead and help yourself," her mother-in-law said.  
So she helped herself to her mother-in-law's toboggan.  
She took lots of meat under her arm, under her blanket -  
They used blankets in those days.  
Again she breaks willow branches, stuffs her mother-in-law's  
toboggan.  
Then she went to her husband again.

"What do they do?" her husband asked.

"Well, when the hunters come back,  
Everybody always goes to bed early," she tells him.

"Where is your husband now?" she asks.

"They're both out hunting."  
She's got two brothers for husbands.

"When they come back tonight, play with them.  
Make them tired out so they will go to sleep."

"Okay." She brings that wood back.  
Her husbands come home.  
After they eat, she starts playing with them, playing with them.

The oldest one said,  
"Don't bother me; I'm tired."

So she started playing with the youngest one.  
He said the same thing.  
"I'm tired. What's wrong?  
You never did that before.  
How come you're doing that?"

"Oh, I just feel like playing."  
Then she went out for a little while.  
She listened for what her mother-in-law is going to say.

Her mother-in-law comes in and says,  
"My sons, I love you boys, used to be.  
My sons, I don't know what is wrong with your wife.  
Your wife is acting very strange.  
Her axe string broke.  
She came and took a string from her toboggan  
And when she went out, she looked big to me.  
And then she came back and told me her axe string broke again.  
So she took some off my toboggan.  
And the same way, she looked very big when she went.  
Be careful you boys. Sleep light!"

"What do you expect Mother?  
It's a long way where that woman comes from.  
Nothing but lynx droppings around here -  
That's all there is, lynx."

"Well, just the same, you look after yourself good," she tells them.

And finally, they went to bed.  
The woman's husband had told her,  
"Sleep with your clothes, and don't tie up your blanket."  
See how smart he is?  
"So you can jump out if they grab you;  
They're going to try to grab your blankets."

When that young wife heard them, she just jumped up.  
They just grabbed her, just grabbed her blanket.

She jumped up, went outside.  
In the meantime, they both got killed.  
And the whole camp, everybody got killed.  
And that old lady who said, "My son goes out before daybreak,"  
Sure enough, he was gone.

That way it's bad luck to start to eat right away.  
They have to take scalps first.  
Then they wash their hands.  
They tend to the dead.  
They did that all during the day.  
Then one or two follow the trail to get that boy who went hunting.  
When he came back, he was dragging white caribou, they say,  
Must have been reindeer.  
They killed him too.  
Then they had fresh meat, that caribou.

Finally, they're through everything  
And they start to go home.  
So they have lots to eat.

On the way home, they came by those two old ladies camp again.  
Those old ladies dig a tunnel in the snow.  
That husband took a walking stick, and shoved it in the snow.  
Then, when he took it out, there's blood on it.  
Those two old ladies made nosebleed and make it look like they  
are killed.

So they let them go.  
They left them some meat.  
Then they went on.  
Those two old ladies could tell when they are gone.

They came to their boat,  
Paddled to the place where the point lifts up.  
It was summer on the other side.  
They came back to their own camp.  
From there, they are home.

They say that point doesn't lift up anymore.  
When a woman first becomes a woman one time,  
She looked at that point.  
That's why it doesn't lift anymore.

### How Mrs. Dickson Came Home

This is a true story  
About how one woman came all the way from Pelly Banks,  
Home to Tagish.  
This was before my time.

Mrs. Jenny Dickson, who lives in Ross River, came from Tagish people.  
Her grandmother married in that way.  
I think it is her aunt who did this.

Long time ago, people camp at Marsh Lake,  
Down near where John Joe lives.  
They put up meat.  
When snow came, they went to Pelly.

One winter they started coming back.  
Then those people got sickness.  
One woman's father lost his wife and children too.  
When he was strong enough to travel, he went back to Pelly.  
He left his daughter with his older sister, in Pelly.  
She just lived with them.  
He came back home alone.

The following springtime, people meet.  
One man wants her for his wife, so he took her right away.  
He already had one wife.  
That older wife gave her cloth to make a dress,  
Gave her skins to make moccasins.  
Then they went to the mountains.  
That daughter made her mind up she's going to run away.  
She had her own sewing kit.

The older wife said to her:  
"You pack one of my babies for me".  
"No", she said. "Even my own sister didn't ask that.  
Is that the only reason you want me?"

They went ahead.  
She said she would follow.  
She sees pieces of big stick, burning, fire at the end  
like charcoal.  
She picks it up.  
She travelled on windfall so they can't find her tracks.  
She had no matches.  
She blows on that fire to keep it going.  
She does that all the way she walks to Marsh Lake.



It's summer.

She had snares with her.

In morning, she sets rabbit, gopher snares.

At night, she builds little fire.

Finally, she came to empty old camp at Marsh Lake.

She's lonely, tired.

She sees that camp where kids chooped wood last fall,

Sees where her mother scraped skins.

She cried.

She dreamed at night.

Her mother said, "I kept your fire going.

Now you are close to your camp, close to your people.

I'm going to leave you."

Next morning, that fire is out.

From Marsh Lake to Tagish, she travelled without fire.

She made it through, though.

## Section XV: Marriage and Children

I got in family way 1917.  
Gee, isn't that lucky?  
I was lucky I never got like that before.  
Peter was born April 13th.

They call that Dunyen t'akwati.  
That means 'she took in a baby'.  
You can also say Dunyen dodeshzh  
That's like 'she started to go for a baby'. [102]

My mother and Daisy (Smith) helped me.  
Oh, they talked to me. I wasn't sick long.  
I felt funny, told Old Man I didn't feel good.  
My stomach aches:

"You're sure it's your stomach?"

"How would I know?"

And finally my water broke and he finds out what's wrong.  
And he sent for my mother.

That was at Tagish,  
Therefore Pete owns half of that Tagish John Rock.  
That's the way they put it.  
He put a claim on that Tagish John Rock,  
Because Wolf people they claim this Tagish River.  
John Atlin was born at Tagish too, head of Tagish.  
And Pete was born at head of Tagish too, in April.

No hospitals in those days. People lived in one house like this.  
That's why they used to make a little camp back of the main house,  
Back of the main camp.  
The woman is by herself.  
When she starts to get sick, when they know she's in labour,  
They take her there.  
Well of course the women watch her.  
They drive a stick along side of her so she can hang on it.  
There are two sticks, straight up and down.  
She is laying on her back. [103]  
Some people lay on their side and they have the stick just one side.  
They hold the stick and they pull on it.  
Sometimes they have a rope and they can pull on it.  
And sometimes they have a stick at your foot so you can kick on it,  
Or a log or something, so you can push and your foot won't slip.

And of course they hold her knees,  
Hold the lady's knees so she won't wriggle around too much,  
And she won't hurt the baby.  
People are fighting for two lives,  
Fighting for the mother,  
Fighting for the baby,  
That's why.

If she is Crow, then Crow ladies are with her.  
Her mother's got to be there.  
And sometimes if there is a Wolf woman, they ask her.  
Of course, they have to pay them, just like a potlatch.  
Some rich people do that, or some respectable people,  
Or whoever thinks they respect themselves or something.  
Rich people, they're den ti'e'.

After the birth, you break off the soft tops of young trees  
And you get Hudson's Bay tea.  
And you mix it and boil it.  
That's what they use right away.  
She drinks it.  
Cleans out her stomach, and it goes to her breasts, I guess.  
It's good for the baby too.

If it's a boy,  
They take that afterbirth,  
And they take it out to the bush.  
They put it up in the tree and let camprobber eat it.  
They say that will give him luck so he'll become a good hunter.  
Girls' afterbirth, they put in a gopher nest,  
Bury it in a gopher den and then they become good gopher hunters.  
And girls, they take gopher bum (anus) and cut it off and make  
a little ring.  
Then they become good gopher hunter.  
That's what they do with afterbirth.  
Just lately they started burning it,  
Lately when white people started coming around.  
White people or the minister, missionary.  
They're the ones that started changing everything.  
From then on, they start changing everything,  
Burning the afterbirth.  
They never did that before!

Same with burying people.  
They used to burn.  
Wherever they die, they burn them.  
My father's brother died at Quiet Lake.  
They must have burned him there and brought back his ashes.  
They must be in the little spirit house.

Pete was four months old when we went to Teslin.  
We went to Teslin one year in 1918.

They write to him all the time.

"Come back, come back, come back  
To fix your mother's grave," they tell him.

"Go," my father tell him.

That's why we went back; we went to Teslin.  
I had only one child then.  
There used to be a trail where there's a highway now.  
We followed it.  
We walked to Johnson's Crossing and we built a boat to go to Teslin.  
We stayed there one year.  
The next fall, we came back.  
Good thing we come back, too,  
Because my Daddy died that spring, 1920.

My husband's father had two wives.  
His mother was that second wife, the youngest one.  
Even though that first wife was her full sister,  
She was still mean to her.  
So she left. She took off from there and Coast people took her.

She said,  
"There's lots of men in the world,  
Lots of men in the country,  
No use making trouble over one man."

And she took off.  
They took her to their camp,  
And then in Juneau they gave her to Edgar Sidney instead.  
She spent three years in Juneau  
And then she got kind of lonesome for her country.  
So Edgar took her to Teslin again.  
He was Coast Indian.  
He never saw a rabbit before in his life! [104]  
They just stayed there.  
Well, she's got her own home now.  
She's not scared of her sister anymore.

1919, Old Man was unlucky.  
He never killed anything all winter.  
No fur, nothing; just one mink I guess.  
There was bad luck, that one.  
I got chicken pox, and here George got it.  
They went out hunting and George got sick and they had to come back.  
Springtime, beaver season closed.  
In B.C., beaver season was open.  
That's the time my brother-in-law came with us, John Sidney.

My father was sick.  
That's why Old Man left us, head of the Teslin.

He left us there at Johnson's Crossing.  
But Frank Sidney stayed with me,  
And that John, too, stayed with us.  
He stayed there because somebody had to watch out for us.  
Frank Sidney, I don't know how old he was.  
That winter they found gold someplace  
Around close to Liard, I guess.  
They staked the place out and Old Man staked too.  
That's why we had to stay.  
Then we didn't go back because he was going to work that claim.  
Instead of that, he got sick, the flu.  
His ear ached for pretty near one whole month.  
So when he started to get better again, he said,  
"Let's go back to Carcross. No good here!"  
That fall, we walked back.  
Frank came with us, too.  
We never made any money. We just went back flat broke.  
When we got back to Carcross, we started to sell meat right away.  
That's how we got our groceries.  
We put in the winter in Carcross.  
That's fall, 1919.

Year 1920 was the flu.  
March, 1920, my Daddy was living yet.  
There's a coal boat landed in Skagway.  
All the longshoremen quit! They went on strike.  
So White Pass gathered up all the section men on the line.  
They took them down to Skagway.

That's the time the crew got sick.  
Sam Smith is the first one who got it, they say.  
Then Shaakoon, then everybody.  
Flu! They got that sickness from the coal boat.  
Somebody had flu and everybody got it.  
Maybe that's why those longshoremen quit anyway!  
All the crew from Whitehorse got sick.  
The hospital was full...  
They were going to take George to the hospital,  
But he didn't want to go, just him alone.  
"Supposing something happened to me alone here?"  
That's what he thought.

So he just went back, went back, went back with the rest of  
the crew.  
Instead of going to Whitehorse, he got off at Carcross,  
went back home.

Then he sent word to me.  
He told Frank Slim to tell me to come back to Carcross.  
"Leave everything there," he said.

I had a big pile of wood too.  
I gave it all to my uncle, Whitehorse Billy.

He was sickly, too.  
He'd had double pneumonia the spring before.  
Never got better yet.  
So we took that wood all down to them.

I packed everything up and I got somebody to take my stuff to the train.  
And I came back.  
Good thing I did, too.  
That's the time my father died.

We lost my father the last day of March.  
He was good right to the end, used to run a net every day.  
That flu got lots of people.

We lost the baby first before anybody else got sick.  
There's a doctor at the mission.  
Lots of people died in that flu.  
My father died;  
Mrs. Shakoon lost a baby;  
I lost one.  
And Pete and Dora never got the flu.  
I wonder how come.  
Lots died in Atlin, too.

My auntie, Mrs. Kate Carmacks died too.  
I remember my father came back when she died.  
He came in the evening and my mother was very sick,  
And he was starting to get sick.  
Here he came in and told my mother,  
"My cousin, my sister, Ax Tláa [105]  
My sister's light is on."  
And here he broke down and started to cry.  
Just two days later he died, him too.

They leave the light on as long as the body is there.  
Some people sit and sing funeral songs.  
The people that visit have to smoke.  
You treat them with smoke like that and sing some songs -  
Cigarettes, tobacco, snuff -  
That's how they entertain people when they come and visit.  
That's the time they choose the people to work for them, too,  
Like who is going to be pall bearer,  
Who is going to dig the grave, stuff like that.  
Through that smoking and singing songs, funeral songs.  
I was there when they asked Old Man to come and visit the dead.  
It's just like visiting.

They call it makeitla in den k'e, 'under his foot'.  
Everybody is there, sitting around him.  
It's the dead who decide who does the work: [106]  
They're the ones that chose the people.

Before my time

They say when somebody died they put up a stick and put black  
around it.

That's how they know if somebody is dead in that camp.

That's the message they give.

And they put that man's clothes on,

Tie it to the stick.

That's how come the other people know who it belongs to.

And from there on, we really went alone.

We had to go alone.

We were always with my father and mother, you know,

Year 1920, muskrat went high - six dollars a skin.

Muskrat skin.

So my old man and Sam (Smith) they went back to Teslin,

Way up the Nisutlin River

Someplace where he knows there used to be lots of muskrat.

He could have stayed at Little Atlin,

Could have stayed here and hunted rats.

People don't know.

You always do the wrong thing, and after you see where you  
made mistakes.

They had no business going there!

He could hunt muskrat around Little Atlin.

Instead of that, when they came back rats went broke.

It was two and a half dollars they paid!

Still, we made our grubstake for the summer.

That summer we stayed right in Carcross.

My mother wasn't very strong yet, after the flu,

So we had to stay in Carcross.

After my father died, my mother stayed with us six years.

Then Billy Hall's father stayed with my mother after.

Six years she stayed with us.

While ice is still there yet, we came down to fishcamp -

Mother, me and Daisy Smith and her grandmother.

It's this side of the Narrows at Carcross.

Easy to get fish.

So we stayed until Old Man and Sam came back.

Then, when they came back, well, we moved to Carcross.

He got a job on section. [107]

Every summer, he used to work.

Pretty near every summer.

I think he just missed two or three summers.

I stayed in Carcross.

We go out trapping in the fall, to Dasgwaanga or Little Atlin.

Then summertime, we come back in April, or end of April,

And he started working right away.

They always kept a place for him.

People ask "How come they do that?"  
Well, they know he's a good man.  
After we would come back, he's got a job next day,  
Starts working next day.

I used to get up six o'clock in the morning.  
He'd leave home by seven o'clock.  
Then he doesn't come home 'til five o'clock in the evening.  
Six o'clock we have supper.  
That was ten hours a day and he only got three dollars and  
ninety cents.  
And yet we used to save money.  
And nowadays people want ten dollars a day!  
That started after George got laid off.  
They get the weekends off, too!

Look how long I lived with him and never get water!  
He packs water, and if he's going to go away for a short time  
He gets water, wood, everything.  
I never haul water or cut wood.

I hear some people say,  
"The woman is the one that cuts the wood and packs the water all  
the time."

No, not me!  
He used to say, "My mother never packs wood or gets water,  
So why should you?"

Well, his mother was married to Old Man Edgar Sidney.  
And Edgar Sidney was raised in school, you know.  
Sitka school.

Well, he learned whiteman's ways, everything.  
He learned it from his stepfather.  
That's why he didn't allow us to cut wood.

Then in year 1923 or '24 we went out hunting at Marsh Lake.  
When he's not working section, he gets license to get meat and  
sells meat.

Every week he's supposed to bring in two quarters for the school,  
For the Mission school.  
Down at Marsh Lake my uncle Whitehorse Billy used to sell meat.  
He sold it to Pete Burns' butcher shop.  
Then of course when the season opens in September,  
They quit their work and tend to their own drying,  
Stuff like that.

Year 1923 is the year they started building that Marsh Lake dam,  
in August.

Here he went down and got a job there, cutting wood for camp.  
They started to cut wood there  
And they sawed wood by hand - imagine!  
Then everybody got laid off in the fall, except him.  
Well he asked for a steady job.



"You think you could help the carpenters?"

"I guess I could. I could drive a nail."

So he got a job with the carpenters.  
He said the carpenter work is down at the bottom.  
You don't see nothing up on top, he said.  
First they block the water up,  
Then they make the sections.  
Down at the bottom is where they really work.  
He worked all winter - oh, he had a good job.  
Boy, he used to work like everything!

Year 1924, fall time, that winter  
He took the mail from Carcross to Atlin.  
They just go to Moose Arm, used to be:  
Got a camp there - roadhouse, they call it.  
When they got a passenger, they camp there in that roadhouse.

And he worked on Telegraph line one time.  
I don't think anybody else did that -  
Ever work on the Telegraph line or be a mail carrier -  
He used to go working - work, work, work, all the time.

Other winters, we were out.  
Until 1935.  
Then we started to stay in Carcross for good.  
That's after Mabel went to school.  
We didn't feel like going in the bush after those kids go to school.  
And Ida went, too, a little bit.

Old Man worked on section year round until 1963.  
Then they laid him off, and he got his pension right away.  
His Unemployment (benefits) started and that's for one year.  
Then they told him to go back to work for three months,  
And he can draw again.  
Ah, to heck with it, he said.  
He didn't want to work again after laying up that long.

After his unemployment finished,  
That's the time his pension started.

Altogether we had seven kids - Pete and Mabel and Ida.  
I lost three boys and one girl.  
All just babies, too, just little babies yet  
I had seven children, all together.

You notice those kids how far apart they are?  
It's because I lose the middle ones.  
They say when you're having babies it's not as bad as miscarriage.

When I had my first miscarriage, I didn't know it.  
We went to Atlin and the German measles were going round.

Here my son Georgie who was two and a half got sick on us.  
Two or three days later I started to get sick too, I got headache.  
We started from Atlin and got to Taku where the Duchess used to be.

I had my miscarriage there.

I was sick all night.

When we left Atlin, we walked over the portage.

We got our boat and went to Indian Point.

That's where my aunt, Mrs. Bill Johnson met us.

Here I set traps anyway with Mrs. Johnson.

Then I got worse that night.

By morning, I couldn't get to my traps.

Anyway, my husband picked up the ones he could find

And we went on to Golden Gate.

I was sick all night, too, the second night.

Then we took off that morning and we landed at Ten Mile.

There's a point there called Gáanuuláa.

That's where Alec McLoed was living, and Mrs. McLoed.

And Mrs. McLoed said, "You'd better take her in.

There's something wrong. Is she in a family way?"

I didn't know I was in a family way.

How could I be? I had my sickness not so long ago.

"But you are," the doctor told me. "Come back in six weeks."

But before six weeks I miscarried.

It happened when we were going around Scotty Island.

After that passed, I feel good. No more pains.

And when we were coming across Windy Arm, I woke up.

My husband had a coal oil lamp.

First thing I woke up, I saw that light swinging back and forth.

I spoke to my old man:

"Where are we?"

"Crossing Windy Arm now. Don't move. Just stay still."

When we got to Carcross, he told me,

"Just stay in bed for a while. I'm going to make a fire."

Finally he made a fire and he took me home.

He held on to me one side, led me home.

After he put me to bed, after everything was ready

He just broke down and cried.

I said, "What's the matter with you?"

He said, "Boy, you don't know what I went through.

I thought you weren't going to speak to me.

I thought you were gone."

I don't know how many I lost that way.

I lost one child after each one I got.  
That's why Peter is almost four years older than Mabel.  
Then I lost another little girl after Mabel.  
And then I got Georgie and I lost one after Georgie, a boy.

Georgie used to tell me,  
"Mamma, I want a brother."

I tell him, "You've got a brother."

"But he's older than me. I want one younger than me," he said.

I said, "Never mind. You had one but God took him back from us."

"Why did he do that?"

I tell him, "I can't tell you why, but it just happened.  
Don't think about it," I tell him.

Then I had Ida, my last one.  
Ida was a year old when I had my operation.  
Even so, if I knew what it was about  
I wouldn't let them do it.  
But I didn't know.

The doctor talked to my husband.  
"What do you want, your children or your wife?"

"My wife," he said.  
"I love my children,  
But the ones I've never seen, I can't help.  
I love my wife. I'd rather be without them."

So they decided.  
My husband is the one who signed the papers.  
I didn't know what they were going to do.  
I can't have any more children...  
I never found out til long time after.

I used to blame the Old Man for it.  
"It's all your fault!" I said.

He said, "I love you, that's why.  
We've never seen those children. We don't know them.  
You've got to fight for the ones we've got now."

So I believed him.  
I was twenty-seven years old the time I'm telling about  
When I had my operation.

That's why I adopted that little girl, because I was thinking of  
babies all the time.  
But I lost her too, 1943.

When the army came in, there was lots of sickness.  
Dysentery, spinal meningitis.  
I lost her then.  
Her name is Beatrice and that's how come my granddaughter has  
that name.  
She has the same Indian name too.

We took her to the Army doctor, but he said,  
"We've got no license to practice in Carcross.  
We can't look at anybody.  
But if you bring her here, we'll look at her."  
So they took her, but they said she had to go to Whitehorse,  
To the hospital.

And here we caught the midnight train,  
And me alone with her.  
She died the next day around eleven o'clock.  
I never slept the whole night.  
When we got to Whitehorse, I got taxi which took us to the hospital.  
The doctor had phoned Whitehorse anyway.  
They came to see her right away.  
I stayed with her until about eleven o'clock next day.  
And Isabel came.

I told her, "Beatrice is very, very sick."

I got tired, very sleepy, and she told me  
"You better find some place to sleep.  
I'll stay with her."

So I went to Mrs. Laberge Billy's place.  
And I just got there and Isabel came behind.  
"She's already gone..."

That time when the Army came  
I was the only nurse.  
I borrowed a doctor's book from Johnny:  
He bought it when his wife was ill.  
I get called out nighttime, anything  
No doctor, no nurse, they call me instead.  
So I do the best I can.

But still they died.  
Daisy (Smith) lost two children, all one hour between them.  
Daisy Sheldon's sister died of dysentery.  
Johnny Taku died - that's Andrew James' brother;  
I guess John James was really his name.  
And my little Beatrice Sidney died in 1943.

After Highway came, everything stopped.  
Kids go to school.  
They don't talk Indian anymore.

They didn't allow us to talk Indian in school;  
Otherwise we get punished.  
We can't talk to our brothers, too.

Everyone bought cars after the Highway came.  
Old Man and I had a Model T before that but now everyone got them.  
They ordered cars through Matthew Watson.  
People sneaked around with cars.  
The Army had that rule: civilians couldn't use the road.  
The Highway was patrolled too.  
They didn't allow people to park on the road during the war.

My son Pete was in the war.  
I got Old Man to get little radio so we could listen  
To hear where they're moving the troops  
So we would know where he is.  
Five years he's gone, just like that Kaakaasgook story  
I told you. (See Section XVI)

Finally, it's getting over, war.  
Pete sent a message.  
He sent a letter home, airmail:  
He said, "Dear Mom, I'm booked for Canada.  
Tomorrow I'm leaving."

The letter came in two, three days.  
I know what date he wrote the letter.  
We start counting the days.  
We gave him five days to cross the ocean.  
He's coming back on the 'Queen Elizabeth',  
"The new one," he said.

When he landed in New York he sent a telegram again:  
"Landed safely in U.S.," he said.  
From there, we count the days again.  
We gave him four days to come to Vancouver.

From there when he gets on the boat,  
We count it again on the boat.  
We give him four days to land in Skagway.  
Five years altogether.

From the time after he got on the boat from Vancouver  
We're counting the days again.  
Well, I'm the one counting the days:  
I don't know if the rest do.

And finally, one night, George asked me,  
"What are we going to do?"

"I'm going to invite everybody for dinner.  
I want a bottle of rum," I said.

Them days Indians are not allowed to get whiskey.  
Anyway, we got the bottle of rum.  
And I invited the chief, Patsy (Henderson) and his wife  
And all the people -  
My brother and his wife, and Peter and his wife too.

So he tells me,  
"How are you going to serve it?"  
"Well," I said, "After everybody sits down,  
After they're all ready to eat,  
I'm going to open the bottle of rum and give everybody a shot.  
And then I'm going to sing that Kaakaasgook song."

See? We call that Pete's song. [108]  
That's how come.

And my Old Man said, "Gee, I didn't know you were so smart  
To think like that! That's good idea!"

Kaakaasgook is supposed to be Kiks'ádi  
But they say they made war on us Tukyeidi Deisheetaan.  
And after, they captured his brother for a slave.  
It happened to be his brother they captured,  
And that's his song.  
And when they're straightening everything out,  
That's the time he gave us that song, his song.  
He gave it to us in place of his brother.  
That's why we use it.  
That's why I use it!  
That's why I gave it to Pete when he came back from the army,  
Because he just went through what happened to Kaakaasgook.  
He drifted away in the ocean, but finally he came back.  
I asked all about it, too, before I find out how that song goes.

Patsy told my mother, "It's not you fellows song, that song.  
You can't use that song."  
He asked Johnny Anderson about it,  
And Johnny Anderson said, "No, it's not Deisheetaan song."  
Well that's right, it's not our song,  
But he gave it to us in place of his brother.  
And we sent his brother back too, on his side, see?

Old Man was chief of Carcross after Patsy (Henderson) died.  
He was chief for three years.

One time when he was chief  
They started talking again about separate schools for Indians.

George talked against it:  
"How come?  
Before when those kids go to mission school,  
They were shy toward white people.

Now they aren't shy.  
Who wants to get old style again? Not me!"

I agree with him.  
He told me to say the same thing too.

He said, "Supposing a bomb dropped amongst us here.  
Our Indian blood and whiteman blood is going to get mixed up then!  
Who is going to gather up the whiteman blood from the Indian blood?"  
Nobody answered him.  
He said, "I think it's good kids all mixed up together."

Another time they talked about moving Carcross village.  
Old days in Carcross, Deisheetaan were where the village is now.  
Dakl'aweidi were across the river.  
In Tagish, Dakl'aweidi lived where the campground is now,  
near the graveyard.  
Deisheetaan had their summer houses on this side, where I live now.  
Now in Carcross, Indians are all on one side.  
They don't boss themselves:  
Government boss them around all the time!

One time before Old Man was chief,  
Indian Affairs wanted to move the village.  
There was a meeting in the village.  
He didn't want to go there:  
"You talk as good as me. You go."

So I did.  
They wanted us to sign a paper  
To see how many want to move the village.  
They say they're going to have water running, everything.  
Everyone agreed.

Then I said. "No! I don't want to sign it!  
I'm not going to move down there anyway.  
I'm not living in the village. I live across the river."

And they asked me, "Why don't you want to go down?"

And I said, "Because I already heard that story.  
The Whitehorse people are moved way below town.  
They said they were going to have running water in the house,  
And bathroom in the house.  
Where are they going to get the water from in Whitehorse,"  
I tell them.

And they said from McIntosh Creek.  
I said, "They said they were going to run a bus free.  
People going to run back and forth to the store.  
Right today there is no taxi going to the village yet," I said.

Everybody agreed to it there, put their hands up.  
Billy Smith was chief at that time, in Whitehorse.

Whitehorse chief.

I said, "I never see no free bus running back and forth.

It's going to be the same here," I said.

"Just watch, it's going to be the same.

That's why I don't want to sign that paper.

And George told me not to sign.

He's not feeling good. He has a bad cold.

That's why he didn't come up," I said.

And so they put it off.

The next week Patsy said,

"Throw that paper out!

Just fix these places up better.

They're not going to move Carcross Indian village."

That's why they didn't move it.

George got sick in 1969.

Cancer they said.

The doctor sent him to Vancouver.

I remember when I went to see him there - July -

That was my first trip to Vancouver. July.

Gee, I sure was surprised when it got dark at night!

I never saw that before, never in July!

They wanted to give him that tube, like they gave me. [109]

But he said, "No.

If God wanted me to have tube in my stomach,

He'd put it there himself."

That's what he said.

I sure don't like it, me either, when they did that to me.

But nobody asked me. They just did it.

That's why I made them take it out.

George died in 1971.

Old style, one of his nephews should look after me after he died.

Like that Sa.éek', my great grandmother.

Before her husband Kaatulak'é died,

He said to Haandeyéił, his nephew, his sister's son,

"I don't want my child to be born without a father.

You stay with her right away."

So that nephew, Haandeyéił moved in.

But they don't do that now.

George used to tell me,

"If any one of my nephews asks you,

You just give yourself up."

That's what he used to tell me.

But they don't do that now.

Nobody asked me.

And long time ago, people used to give away what their husband  
owned,



Tools, everything, to his people.  
They used to do that.  
Even me, I did that.  
When I lost my husband, I took a trunk.  
We bought the trunk from my brother Johnny Johns.  
He bought the trunk in Seattle someplace and he brought it back.

My sister, Dora, packed up my old man's things.  
All his clothes, everything,  
And we took it back to Teslin that same fall.  
That same fall they're going to make tea for my old man.  
Frank Sidney brought that fence for him and put it on his grave.  
And Frank Sidney said they wanted me and Dora to come.

So Dora and I went up there.  
I forget who took us.  
I gave that trunk to him, full of his clothes and everything.  
The only thing I kept was his guns,  
Because he told me who to give those guns to, his snowshoes too.  
I brought the trunk into Frank Sidney's place,  
And I guess he distributed it amongst them.  
After the party, we came right back.

The only reason I never let his guns go  
Is because he told me who to give his guns to.  
He told me to give his twenty-two to Melvin  
Because our (Deisheetaan) boys are the ones that used to look  
after him.  
When he's getting old, he can't hunt no more,  
Can't do anything no more.  
The boys used to keep up hunting for us, give us meat,  
Stuff like that.

Nowadays we don't care if we've got no meat, 'cause there's always  
meat in the store.  
But old people are not like that.  
Every falltime we used to get a month when he's working on section.  
He worked on section for thirty-five years  
And I've got a pass forever, used to be.  
I only used it once after he's gone.

## Section XVI: Kaakaasgook

"I was ten when I heard this story first.  
My Auntie, Mrs. Austin, told me the story first time.  
Later I heard my father tell it to the boys.  
This is that song I gave to Pete.  
I'm going to tell how we claim it."

This is a true story.  
It happened on salt water, maybe near Sitka.  
It goes with that song I sing.  
I'll tell you about it.

This man, Kaakaasgook, was a great hunter for seal.  
He was going hunting at fall.  
He has eight nephews on his side.  
Kaakaasgook is Crow and so are those boys.  
They all went out together in a boat.  
Early in the morning, they left.  
Fog was down low on the ocean.  
He's captain: he sat in the back, guiding that boat.

He heard baby cry that time, "Wah, wah."

"Stop. Listen. Stop that, baby, now!  
Don't you know this is Kaakaasgook hunting ground?"  
He listened quite a long time.  
Here it was baby seal crying.  
That's bad luck.  
That voice even named him, "Kaakaasgook."

Then he told his nephews, "Let's go back."

They came back that same evening.  
He brought up his boat, paddles, spears.  
He tells those boys to chop it all up.  
"I'll never hunt again."  
He knows it's something. Bad luck to hunt now.

After that, he just stayed home, I guess.  
Anyway, he didn't hunt anymore that one year,  
Stayed home all year until fall.  
Maybe he goes out a little bit, but he never hunts.

Finally, someone killed sea lion.  
They invite both those two wives of Kaakaasgook.  
When those wives of Kaakaasgook came back, he asked the  
youngest wife,

"Did they give you any fat?  
Any fat left over they give you to bring home?"

"No, just meat," she answered.

Then he asked his older wife,  
"Did they give you any fat to bring home? Any left over?"

"No, no fat, just all meat."

"How they're so stingy?  
Never give you women any fat!"  
He thinks maybe his luck will change.

Next morning he asks his older wife,  
"Go ask your brother if I can borrow his boat.  
I want to go out just a little ways.  
Want to borrow boat, spear, hunting outfit.  
I'm lonesome.  
Tired of staying home."

She goes to her brother.  
"I want you to lend my husband your boat, spear, your hunting outfit.  
He wants to go out just a little ways.  
Not far."

"Okay," he says.  
"The boys will bring it over later this evening."  
He's got eight boys too.  
That's Kaakaasgook's wife's people.  
That evening they packed over a brand new boat - dugout.  
Spears, oars, everything in there already.

Kaakaasgook tells those wives,  
"You girls better cook up meat in saltwater for us."  
Next morning, those boys get water ready in sealskin.  
Cook things.  
Then, when they are ready, Kaakaasgook goes out again.

Not far, north wind starts to blow.  
You know North wind blows in falltime?  
Kaakaasgook thinks,  
"Gee, we should go back while it's not too rough.  
Let's go back," he tells his nephews.  
They turn around.  
Right away, that wind came up.  
They row and row.  
Soon waves are as big as this house.

Kaakaasgook is captain.  
What he does, the rest of the boys do.  
He throws his paddle in the boat.  
Those boys, too.

Kaakaasgook pulled up a blanket and went to sleep.  
Those boys, too, they sleep.  
They went the whole night and the next day like that.

Towards the second morning, Kaakaasgook woke up.  
He feels the boat not moving, but he hears waves sucking back.  
He pulled the blanket down and looked.  
By gosh, they drifted on an island.  
Nice sandy beach.

"Wake up you boys. What's this I hear?"  
It sounds like when the wave goes out, goes back.

Next oldest boy looks up too.  
"Yes, we're on land," he said.  
"Well, might as well go on shore."

Those boys run around.  
They see a leaf like an umbrella  
With a stem with a hole at it full of rainwater.  
Frog leaf, they call it.

"Eh, save that water."  
Each has his own sealskin water bag.  
He looks around.  
"Take your time."  
Go back and see if there's a good place to make a fire."  
They found a good place, sheltered from the north wind.

"Let's go there."  
Big trees around there.  
They make brush camp out of bark.  
They carry that bark with them in boat.  
Just that quick they had camp put up.  
Look for wood.  
Lots of driftwood.  
"You boys are not to run all over. We'll check all around first."

On the south side of the island, there's a rocky point.  
All kinds of sea lions, seals, all kinds of animals.  
When they're on rocks, the tide is out.  
He thinks that's the best time to club them.  
That's what they did.  
Each boy made a club.  
They killed off as much as they needed -  
Sea otter, sea lion, seal.  
Not too much - just what they can handle.  
He told them to look after that meat good.

Some people say he was there over a year.  
Some say 'til next spring.  
He dreamed he was at home all the time.  
"I gave up hope, then I dreamed I was home."

That's the song I sing for you.  
I'm going to tell you about it and tell you why I can sing it  
And why we call it Pete Sidney Song.  
I'll tell you that when I finish this story. [110]

That man, Kaakaasgook, he always goes to northwind side every day.  
He goes out on the point.  
Never tells anyone.  
He marks when the sun comes out in the morning,  
Marks it with a stick.  
In the evening, he goes out again,  
Marks a stick where the sun goes down.  
He never tells anyone why he does this.  
He does it all the time.  
Finally, that stick is in the same place for two days.  
He knows this marks the return of spring.  
Then the sun starts to come back in June, the longest day.

In the meantime, he said to the boys,  
"Make twisted snowshoe string out of sealskin.  
Dry it; stretch it.  
Make two big piles.  
One for the head of the boat, one for the back of the boat."  
Finally, when the sun starts back in June,  
He sees it behind the mountain called Tloox, near Sitka.  
In June, that sun is in the same place for one, two days.

He tells those boys just before the end they're going to  
start back.  
Tells those boys to cook meat, put it in seal stomach.  
Once they're out on the ocean, there's no way to make fire  
So they've got to cook first.  
They prepare ahead.  
Sealskin rope is for anchor.  
When the sun goes back again on the summer side, they start.

"Put everything in the boat."  
He knows there's a long calm time in late June when the sun  
starts back.

No wind.  
They start anyway.  
They think how they're going to make it.  
Those boys think, "Our uncle made a mistake.  
We were okay on the island, but now we are really lost."

Row, row, row.

Finally, sun came out right in front of the boat.  
Evening goes out at the back.  
Kaakaasgook anchors the boat and he tells those boys to sleep.

I used to know how many days that trip took.  
It's a long time, though.  
I was ten when I heard this story first.  
My Auntie Mrs Austin told me the story first time.  
Later, I heard my father tell it to the boys.

Sun down.  
They anchor the boat when it goes down on the steering side.  
Next morning, the sun came out same way at the head of the boat.  
He knows what is going on.  
They're right on course.  
They keep doing that I don't know how long.

Finally, one time, just after the sun goes down,  
He sees something like a seagull.  
When the sun comes up, it disappears.  
Evening sundown, he sees it again.  
Four days, he sees it.

The second day he sees it, he asks,  
"What's that ahead of our boat? Seagull?"  
They think so.  
Where could seagull come from in the middle of the ocean?

They camp again.  
It gets bigger.  
Finally it looks like a mountain.  
They don't stop to rest anymore!  
Four paddle all day,  
Four paddle all night.  
Their uncle is their boss.  
He sleeps all day, I guess. Don't know.  
Finally, they see it.

Early in the morning, Kaakaasgook's oldest wife comes down to  
cry for her husband.  
That youngest wife they already gave to another husband.  
Finally, all of a sudden, she sees boat coming.  
She quits crying.  
She notices how her husband used to paddle,  
Same as the man in the boat.

She runs back to the house.  
"It looks like Kaakaasgook when he paddles!  
Get up! Everybody up!"

"How do you expect that?  
It's a whole year now.  
You think they live yet?"

Then he comes around the point.  
People all pack around that boat.

They took him for dead.  
Already made potlatch for him.  
So he gave otter skin to everyone who potlatched for him.  
Sea otter skin cost one thousand dollars, those days.

Then he sang songs he made up on that trip.  
He made one up when he gave up the oars.

"I gave up my life out on the deep for the shark."

That song he gave to Gaanax.ádi people.

The he made up a song for the sun who saved him:

"The sun come up and saved people."

He made that song during winter  
And he sang it when he made a potlatch.

Then that song he sang,

"I gave up hope and then I dreamed I was home."

That's the one I sing.  
Deisheetaan people, we own that song,  
Because long before, our people captured his brother.  
When they started to make peace,  
He sang that song and gave it to us for our potlatch.  
Then we freed his brother. That's how come we own it.  
That's why we claim that song.

## Section XVII: Thinking with Shagoon [111]

"Well, I've tried to live my life right,  
Just like a story"

### Travels to Angoon

Well, they talk about those people in Angoon.  
They never see us.  
They know we're up here from way far back,  
They know part of them are up here.  
They've been calling us,  
"Come back, come back."  
They want to see us.

And so the boys got hold of it, Mark and Les. [112]  
And Mark went to work and started going about it.  
That's how come we went.  
It didn't cost us very much but gas.  
They got the money some way and the rest of them went on  
'teaching'. [113]  
We had prayers every time we meet and any place we go.

And we went from Whitehorse.  
Ida and I went to Whitehorse to do our washing, stuff like that.  
First thing we know, Mark phoned us.

"Get ready! Are you ready? We're going on that Angoon trip."  
My gosh sake, we just had to get ready.  
Four o'clock they're going to pick us up.  
"Take your sleeping bags.  
Just whatever you need, your clothes."

Well, I got extra clothes all the time.  
The only thing I didn't have was my sleeping bag.  
So I just thought to myself,  
"Oh gosh sakes, I need a new one anyway."  
So I bought a new one that day.  
And on top of that, I never used it!

So anyway, they picked us up at four o'clock.  
We got to Haines - I don't know what time.  
It was dark already, dark when we got there.



But we stayed with somebody, their friends, Baha'i friends, I guess.  
They found out the boats was six o'clock in the morning.  
That lady we stayed with took us to the boat.

At six o'clock we got on the boat;  
We landed in Auk Bay around ten o'clock.

We met somebody at Auk Bay.  
They know that we were on the boat.  
The others went to town.  
Everybody left me because they know I can't walk around fast  
like them.  
So I stayed right in the boat.  
Pretty soon, they all came back again.  
We stayed about two hours in that Auk Bay  
And then we went again, we pulled out.

And that girl that met us went with us to Juneau.

We pulled out of Juneau about twelve o'clock  
And we stayed on that boat 'til midnight that night.  
Then we went off to Huna.  
I didn't get off; nobody got off there.  
They just stayed there one hour.  
It was getting dark already.

Then we pulled out of there and we went to Teneki.  
They stayed at Teneki one hour too.  
And from there we all went to bed then.  
It's dark - can't see nothing.  
Might as well go to bed!

In the meantime Mark and that girl phoned.  
When we were in Auk Bay they went ashore and phoned.  
I know because I asked "Where's Mark?"  
And they told me, "They're phoning."  
They went ashore and they're phoning."  
And here they were phoning Angoon Chief!  
I didn't know.

After we left Teneki, we got to Angoon, midnight.  
And here the chief met us there.  
He brought somebody with him:  
There were two cars there.  
Ida and I stayed with the chief.  
He told us he's got only room for two.  
He's just got beds for two.  
The rest went to hotel, I think.  
There was my brother Johnny and Mark and my sister Dora and Mabel.  
We wanted to take Pete too, but we couldn't catch up with him.  
Too short notice.  
We couldn't take him.

The very next day was Sunday.  
First thing I get up in the morning, I said right away,  
"I want to go to church."  
So they took us to Presbyterian church.  
Then in the evening we went to Salvation Army Church.  
And of course they had meetings (Baha'i) in the afternoon.  
We prayed, everything.

And Monday afternoon, we were invited to the hall.  
Ida knows the hall.  
They made lunch for the elders.  
All the Angoon elders were invited and we were invited too.  
We had lunch there.  
Oh, of course, people talked.  
They introduced us to the rest of the people.  
They said we were long lost relations.  
And I talked about the Beaver, [114]  
How we own Beaver and everything.  
I told them the story I know.  
And they told the same,  
Yes, they know all that story, same story.  
But they don't know how we got there.  
My daughter said, "We never had any trouble,  
We never separated through trouble.  
We just married into this country.  
That's how we're Inland Tlingit."

And that Monday night  
They invite us to the hall, community hall.  
We're all invited there and they sit us at the head of the table.  
The chief tells us to use our costumes.  
It's just lucky we had them!  
I took my costume to Fairbanks and left it right in Whitehorse.  
That's how come I never took it back (to Tagish) so I just took it  
(to Angoon).  
And all of them had their vests.  
Dora had hers, and Ida - she bought one.  
Mabel bought one too.  
Mark had one - his mother made him one.  
My brother had his.  
And I took mine too.

A funny thing happened: my drum quit working.  
Got flat on me.  
I had to borrow the chief's drum to use it.

Here, they danced for us, those kids.  
They came in, came in, came in dancing.  
Then where we were sitting at the head of the table  
They came right in the middle in a circle in front of us.  
Even little kids about two or three years old.  
They said 'Welcome Home' to us every time time they go by.

Each one of them going by, they said 'Welcome Home' to us!  
Isn't that something?  
Even those little tiny things!  
They went dancing right by us and went right out.  
Well, this is Monday.

Then Tuesday, there was nothing going on.

And Wednesday, the Angoon elders made tea for us again.  
And then the chief told us,  
"On Friday night you fellows, you Inland Tlingit,  
You got to make tea for us, too," he said.  
We said, "Sure, we will, we will."

He said, "I don't know what we're going to do about the Indian food.  
These Angoon Ravens are going to help you people.  
You fellows can just buy the fruit and vegetables -  
Potatoes and stuff like that.  
And the fruit salad, and the juice, the cookies, apples. oranges,  
Stuff like that.  
And that Wednesday when the Angoon elders made tea for us again,  
When they were finished they started collecting money.  
I don't know how much they collected now -  
Three or four hundred dollars, I guess it was.  
Ida knows how much it was.  
It sure came in handy when we were buying the food.  
Oh, of course we kept some.  
We collected again and put it in for the food.  
Wasn't that something?

The chief told me that's why they put up the collection.  
I didn't know what it was for.  
I thought it was all finished.  
Here he comes to me and gave it right to me.  
He said, "This is for you fellows, for your welcome home!"

The next day he tells me,  
"Friday is the time you fellows are going to make tea for  
Angoon people.  
So I'll give you fellows advice.  
You fellows do that too.  
It won't be right if you fellows never do anything."

But we were planning to make tea, you know.  
We were planning to 'open the house'.  
But that house we really wanted to open burned down.  
It burned down quite a while ago. [115]

I showed them the picture I had of the Angoon house.  
They were sure proud of it.  
They said: "That's the one that burned down."

That was Deisheetaan house: Deishoo hit, they called it.

And that Beaver - I always tell you about that Beaver song -  
Well, they know that story.  
They said where that beaver trail comes out,  
That's where they built that house.  
And they call it Deishoo hit, 'end of the trail house'.  
That trail is still there.  
They use it as a public trail now, she told me, that Beaver trail.

It was Killer Whale people - Dakl'aweidi - who made tea on  
Wednesday night  
So Deisheetaan sháa helped us make the party Friday night.

They told us how they came to call that place Angoon.  
The really old name of the place was Xoots Naawu.  
That's the way my mother used to call it.  
Just lately, I hear 'Angoon'.  
They said 'an' is town; 'goon' is cold water.  
They've got cold spring there.  
That's 'goon' country: 'cold spring water country'.  
'Xoots' is 'grizzly bear'; 'naawu' is den: 'grizzly bear den'.  
That's a big island.

I told them about that Beaver story and how we came to this country.  
They didn't know how.  
All they knew is that we went to this country,  
But they didn't know how we went into this country.  
We got married into Inland people.  
They used our names, too.  
They sure were surprised.  
They sure were glad to find us.  
"Our long lost relations," they call us.

He took us around there, showed us the houses,  
The Wolf House, the Killer Whale House.

And they told us about this Raven having two heads.  
I always wondered why it was like that.  
They told us that when we were having trouble amongst each other,  
We separated.  
We split the name.  
Deisheetaan, Tukyeidi, Gaanax.ádi and Gaanaxteidi were all one.  
And here they made trouble, so they separated.  
They never separated to different country, they just separated,  
Just like their flag or something.  
They stayed right there, but they split the head of the raven.

But they know nothing about that split tail beaver  
And they ask me how come I've got that split tail beaver.  
It's the doctor sees that through his medicine.  
He says that beaver sits behind the dam  
And that's why the dam doesn't break down.  
It won't break down unless all the beaver are killed off.  
I told them about that story and how come I've got it on my drum.

And I've got split tail beaver on my shirt.

Raven is supposed to own dog salmon too.  
That's why you see some of them with dog salmon on their shirt.  
That chief told us we own it.

Raven is supposed to be Eagle's wife.  
Eagle and Raven are husband and wife.  
Killer whale and timber wolf - up here in this country -  
They're supposed to be brothers.  
Their father is Deisheetaan and their mother is Dakl'usháa.  
Wolf and Wolverine are brothers-in-law.  
Wolf is married to Wolverine's sister.  
Fox is Crow, too. Gaanaxteidi owns that fox.  
Moose mother brought all the game into the world,  
But we don't know what she is. [117]

The money they gave us we used when we made tea for them that  
Friday night.  
But we kept some as a souvenir.

Well, the next day was Saturday and we were free.  
We were going around town visiting people.  
Wherever we went, we had prayers.  
And of course we made tea and we sang songs.  
Johnny talked too.  
And I talked,  
Talked how we left that place and everything like that.  
We walked around to the stores and stuff like that.  
Midnight Saturday night, that's the time we left.  
We got on the boat again.

There's somebody from Juneau came down two - his name is King.  
He's a blind man.  
They put us both on the same boat  
The car went right in the boat.  
Then when they wheeled us out, he showed us that elevator.  
Well, I left him there, shook his hand there, waited for the rest  
of the people.  
We're both blind.

Well, the next day we got to Juneau early Sunday morning.  
We sleep.  
That's the only time I used my eiderdown, when we were sleeping  
on the boat.  
They got rooms, I guess, but they're all taken.

When we got to Juneau we stayed overnight.  
Somebody took us in again. That night we were invited to potlatch  
dinner.  
And I asked those people,  
"Do you fellows have potlatch dinner every Sunday?"  
And he said, "No, that was put up for you."

They were making potlatch dinner for us.

Then we stayed overnight there.

Early in the morning, they took us to the boat.

Bigger boat.

I don't know what time the boat left, eight o'clock, I guess.

Then we got to Haines around two o'clock, I think it was.

And we stayed there until four o'clock.

We started shopping around, running around.

The girl we left the car with met us at the boat.

She brought our car down.

And we met some people because they knew we were coming back  
that day.

And then we came back to Whitehorse, that night.

It got dark on us before we even got to Dezadeash.

### The Potlatch at Dyea [118]

That's the one we're going to use it now.

We're going to put it on the paper.

Well, people used to go down.

They deal with those Coast Indians.

They used to go down after beaver season closed in springtime.

Then they would go down to Dyea.

Then they would go over the summit.

They've got a little boat - everybody's got their own boat

For Lake Lindeman, I guess.

And when they get to the other end

That's the time they go over the summit and down to Dyea.

My mother and them were there one time -

I don't know what year it was.

Anyway - 1898 days - that's the time they went down there.

And they lived down in Dyea for three years, she said.

The reason they stayed there is because she lost all her children  
there.

Three girls and one boy.

My mother tells me my oldest brother was born at Pelly Banks,  
Some place around there.

She called that place Jamalooga, Indian way.

His name is Yéik Shaan too, just like the one we've got now. [119]

The boy was six years old, my mother said.

The twins were Sa.éek' and Sakinyaa.

They all died by German measles and dysentery.

Everything was going around when the stampede was going to Dawson.

White people came and brought their sickness.

Oh, lots of kids died off, they say, in Juneau and all over.

My mother said the baby died first.

Then the others died.

I guess that's why my mother didn't feel like coming back -

They stayed there for three years.

Anyway my mother said that my father's cousin, Skookum Jim's  
oldest brother was sick.

And they can't leave him!

That's my father's cousin.

They can't leave him, so they stayed there.

That's how come she lost all her kids.

The same fall, they went up to the mountains around there

And dried some goat meat.

They killed goats and groundhogs and stuff like that

They just did what they used to do up here in this country.

So when all the meat was dry

They went back down to Dyea.

Of course someone else was looking after his cousin, I guess

That's why my mother went with him (Tagish John)

That's the summer my mother lost all those kids.

They made a big spirit house on them.

My mother's aunt, Mrs. Dyea John,

She had a son too, one boy.

Well, he died too.

And then another one.

That's two boys of Mrs. Dyea John.

The second one is David Hammond's oldest brother.

Well, David Hammond's brother is my mother's cousin.

And then they lost my mother's brother -

His name was Tl'úku - I don't know his English name.

And Grandma Hammond Aandaax'w built the spirit house.

Of course my mother and them helped get the lumber and everything.

Those kids are the only ones that had a spirit house on them,  
she said.

And then I don't know what year it was

We went down to Skagway, my sister Dora and me.

We went down and Mr. Matthew took us to Dyea cemetery.

He wanted to show us his daughter's grave.

That's how come we went there.

And since my mother told me about the spirit house,

We looked for it and we found it.

Okay, nothing wrong with it.

But it was close to the water bank there.

Well, it was alright, I saw that spirit house.

I know that my sisters were there,

My oldest sisters.

And then another time we went down again.  
My daughter Ida and I went down again.  
We went to the cemetery and that spirit house was still there yet.  
But the roof was kind of caving in.  
And not very long after, we heard about the cemetery washing out.  
Landslide, I guess.

Then about the year before last, we went down again.  
Ida and I went down to visit the cemetery  
And here we see that there's no spirit house there.  
Nothing!  
We just saw something swimming around the grave.  
Just close by we see the lumber piled up there.  
Maybe it caved in;  
Maybe it washed out;  
We don't know.  
But if it washed out, I guess the lumber wouldn't be there.

And then when I came back we started thinking about it,  
Thinking about it all the time.  
Gee.  
There's no mark on those kids.  
And if my mother was living, I bet she'd do something about it.  
I think that way all the time.  
And pretty soon, I started thinking about it all the time.

I always travel around.  
I went down to Haines and visited Austin Hammond. [120]  
Well, that's David's (Hammond) cousin...  
So I asked him.  
I told him all about those kids had a spirit house on them.  
And I told him it's washed out.  
And I told him I want to put gravestone on it.  
"Do you think it would be alright if I do that?  
Just to put a mark on those kids?  
Just to know that they were there?  
That our people were there?"

And he said, "That's okay. I think that's okay  
There's nothing wrong with that," he said  
"Just to know that they're buried there."

And he told me a story about it:  
"There's two boys lost on Douglas Island.  
That's at Juneau. The island near there.  
They call it Douglas Island.  
Two boys - brothers or close relations - got lost.  
And no one could find their graves, their bodies.  
They didn't find their bodies 'til I don't know how long after.  
People gathered together and they talked about it.  
They said, 'Might as well be we put a stone there,  
Just put a stone anyplace', they said.  
'And put their names on it.



And that way people will know they were there.  
They were lost there, some place'.  
That's is going to be just like that if you do that!  
There's nothing wrong with it," he said.

And I told him:

"Well, you happen to be our cousin by my cousin David, anyway."  
He calls us 'sister' and I asked him and he said  
"Go ahead, if you want to do it, do it.  
You could do that."  
That's how come I started thinking about it.

So I talked to my daughter, Ida.  
I talked to just my family first, Dora.  
And they said 'Alright'.  
We collected money first for it and we sent out.  
I've got the address in Vancouver where I bought my husband's  
gravestone.

And we wrote to them.  
And I told them to send us a catalogue.  
And they (my family) draw by hand two or three different kinds  
of stone.  
And then we said, "Okay," and we went for it.

That's last spring, early this time of year we started.  
And here we never got it 'til just two or three days before the  
party was to go!  
We told Dora we're going to have a party on the seventh of October,  
And here just two, three days before that we got a letter.

"The grave stone has landed in Whitehorse."

So I sent Henry to go and get it for me.  
We gave him the papers and everything and he went to get it.  
He paid the freight on it and brought it back.  
Well, we already set the date on what date we were supposed to be  
down there.

So we went on the seventh of October.  
We went early in the morning.  
Who all I notify - my brother and the rest -  
They all came down there.  
Even William and Winnie and Agnes.  
And we made a party.

In the meantime, I wrote to Austin to come to stay with us  
To come and visit us in Skagway.  
He never did, because he was busy other ways, going to meetings.

But anyway,  
After, we rented the Legion Hall.  
That's where we got the party.  
The boss of the Legion Hall I knew already.

My husband knew him, so we rent from him  
Tables and chairs and everything were all there.  
All ready.  
And that's where we had our party.

And that day when we all got down there  
It was raining like everything.  
And while it was raining, I just prayed and prayed  
So it could clear up.  
And sure enough, it cleared up.  
It stopped raining for an hour or two  
And we took that stone over there.  
We got Henry to fix up the base  
And we put it up.

Of course, I told some stories there.  
I talked to people.  
And we sang some songs.  
We sang Beaver song: that's our song  
Deisheetaan song all the time we sing.

And then I talked to people the best way I could.  
I don't know much about how to make a speech, long time ago, old way.  
But anyway, I talked to people,  
All the Wolf people who were there.

The people buried there are these:  
My mother's brother is the oldest one, Tl'úku.  
And the next one, my mother's brother, Nahuwu -  
I don't know the English name.  
And then Johnny's namesake, oldest one, Yeił Shaan,  
And then my three sisters.  
The first girls were twins,  
Sa.éek' one of them, Sakinyáa the other,  
And the baby too.  
Well, that's three girls and their brother and my mother's  
two brothers.  
That makes how many now?  
That's six.

And then Grandma Dyea John, her son.  
His name was Yeił S'aagi  
I don't know his whiteman name, that one.  
And then David Hammond's oldest brother  
And then Mrs. Austin's two boys.  
And we put that many names on that little stone.  
It's just a little stone, though.  
But we just want to know how many of them were there.

People used to go down to Dyea always  
All the time before Skagway,  
Go back and forth from Tagish to the Coast.  
It was just like going to the store.

That's the only place they used to get their outfit.  
Like flour and sugar and tea and stuff.  
They get enough stuff there for one whole winter's supply.

But it's not only my people (Deisheetaan) buried there.  
My mother's father, his name was Shaakóon.  
That's his Indian name, Shaakoon.  
He's buried there too.  
And that Skookum Jim's oldest brother, Tlákwsaan  
He's buried there too.  
That Lucy Wren, her grandma and her aunt, that Susie.  
I don't know how many Wolf people are buried there.  
My mother only told me her father's buried there,  
And that Susie, and Susie's sister.

And not only that!  
My mother's got a cousin born in Haines.  
Her name was Mrs. Dennis  
We heard about that one year 1910.  
My mother got a telegram saying she's very sick,  
But nobody went down.  
Anyway, a year or so after that  
Mrs. Austin and Grandma Hammond went down there  
To visit grave, I guess.  
And the people that put her away,  
They put her away with her own money.  
She gathered up money for herself, I guess.  
The reason that she never came back  
Was that her husband died there too...

Anyway, altogether we collected up a thousand dollars.  
For that potlatch.  
Of course, the money we collected up we paid for the food,  
everything.  
And the freight.  
And the telephone.  
It's not all my money: it's the kids, all of them.  
Dora's got three boys.  
Then there's Annie.  
Then there's me and Ida and my brother Johnny and the boys.  
Anyway it costs us a thousand dollars to fix up that grave.

## Section XVIII: Reflections [121]

"Well, you want me to tell you my life story,  
So that's the way I'm telling you my life story."

Well, I'm going to tell about this Baha'i Religion. [122]

Everybody looks down on it, and I don't think it's right.  
Everybody.

There's lots of people came into the country and they talk about  
Jesus, about God, all the time.

What about Oral Roberts?

He gets messages from God.

What about Father Divine?

Well, that's why I think Indians are like that.

But we call it Indian doctor.

### I

They say that old man - his name was Major -  
There were no English people in this country, that time.  
My mother saw him when she went to Pelly, long time ago.  
And she says nobody knows about Sunday, Saturday or anything  
like that.

But he used to call it Lindai, that means Saturday.

Lindai K'esku means "little Sunday". That means Saturday.

But I guess he can't say very good.

And he said 'sunday' as 'Lindai',

Lindai Tlein, that means 'Big Sunday'.

I guess that was whiteman name, but he can't say it very good.

He tells about going to be last day, someday.

So he said,

"It's not going to happen right away.

It's going to be long time yet," he said

"And," he said, "That animal is going to have nine legs.

A nine legged animal is going to be our food," he said.

And that's the one us Indians think maybe that's Baha'i.

That assembly, that nine points.

That's what we think.

That's what it is.

And he said, "If the people believe and live my way

I'm going to be very, very old.

But if the people don't accept me, God will take me away."

Well, nobody believed things like that, that time, I guess.

Well, they say he was very old when he passed away.

Well, nothing like that happened until Baha'i people started coming here, Telling about things like that. That's why we think, my family, we think maybe that's what he meant. Because there's no animal got nine legs. And he said, "That's going to be your food, isn't it?" It's just like food.

So there's lots of us joined in. I think I was the last one joined in because I'm Anglican. All of my kids joined the Baha'i. That's why I joined in, me too.

Well, my husband is gone thirteen years, fourteen years now. Well, finally I gave up. I gave up and I joined them too. It's fifteen years now since my husband went away. And he was with me that time. He wasn't feeling very well one day, And my sister Dora came down for me. They were staying up in my brother's home - She came down for me and she told me,

"They're going to have Fireside at my place. Are you coming up?"

And I asked her, "What's that mean?"

And she said, "Just a prayer, but they call it Fireside."

And I said, "Okay."

I told my husband I'm going up there And he said, "Okay, okay", he said, "Pray hard for me." He was in bed in our bedroom: we were living in the other house. "Pray hard for me."

So I went up with Dora. After everybody at that place met each one of us had prayers. And then after prayers they had a cup of tea and everything like that. That was what they called Fireside. And I don't see why people turn it down.

I'm going to tell you another story about a man - I don't know very much about this story But I'm going to tell whatever I know anyway.

## II

A man was out hunting someplace around Liard country. And when he's coming home in the evening He hears somebody holler.

He (the voice) passed behind him:

"Come back, come back."

So he turned around and came back,  
And he saw just like a grave with snow on it.  
So he just looked at it and then he started to walk away again.

"No...Come back, come back...dig me out, dig me out," he said.

And that man was scared, scared to do it, just the same.  
"I've got nothing to dig you out with," he said.

And that dead person said,  
"What's that you got in your packsack?  
Dig me out with that."

And here when he looked in his packsack, the only thing he had  
was a little frying pan.  
And they say that the Russians who came over a long time ago  
Were the first white people to come into this country.  
Don't know which way they came, though.  
Herschel Island, maybe.

Anyway, he dug him out, dug all the snow off  
And then started digging.

"You're not going to have hard time digging.  
It's going to be easy for you."

So he dug him out.

Then "take me home," he said.  
"Don't take me right to the village.  
Just make camp for me by the village.  
I don't want people to get scared of me."

So he did.  
He took him to the camp.  
I don't know what camp it is, too, but they said there's lots of  
people there.  
And anyway, he made camp for him.  
And then he went on home,  
And he told everybody what happened to him.  
And I don't know how long he stayed amongst people.

"I came back to tell you fellows about that," he said.  
He's supposed to be talking from God.  
God's going to give him a word.  
He's got to believe it.  
That's what he tells the people there.

That was why we never did hesitate.

We started to believe right away.  
We started praying.  
There's nothing to it!  
It's just like you're going to church.  
Each people has to pray their own way, any way.

That's what they do. Of course they've got prayer books.  
And nobody knows when he disappeared again.  
Nobody knows what happened.  
That's as far as I know -  
That they made a camp for him, and what he said about the people.

He told that man, "Somebody's going to come pretty soon  
And tell you about God's word."  
That's what he told people.

That happened around Liard, they say.  
I'll go to see John Dickson, up Liard.  
He always told us some old stories, but not that story.

He told us about how when fur buyers came into the country  
They say lots of people sold their furs.  
Some of them he paid cash alright.  
And some of them he gave a check.  
They went over to Ross River, he said  
That's where the fur buyer is.  
And when they're coming back with check, he said,  
They said, "What's this good for?"  
Here, they threw it in the fire.  
And here that was their check for their money!  
He told us this story instead of telling me about the man came  
back to life.

### III

And then another story something like that.  
I don't know it very well either.

They say it was us people, Deisheetaan people,  
South end of Teslin Lake: they call that place Johnstontown now.  
That place, too, they say one family went up.  
Deisheetaan people, us people, our own people, I guess.  
They went up in the mountain.  
They want to hunt.  
Everyday they hunt, get nothing.

They're just about starving when they get back to camp.  
One of those men - that man -  
Some say there were two, but some say there was only one -

All of a sudden he said,  
"We got a visitor! Somebody's coming! He's coming on the trail."  
He asked those people

"You see it? Somebody's coming."  
And they looked , but they can't see.  
Finally, he said,  
"He's right at the camp there now."  
And they still can't see.  
And just when he said, "Come in,"  
Just then he fell over and went to sleep.

Well, I guess the people covered him up and went to bed.  
And then he was sleeping for eight days.  
And finally, one of his brothers got worried about him.  
But when somebody came to him, they could tell he was breathing -  
Not very hard, just a little bit once in a while his breath came up.  
Then he'd stop for a while, then breathe again...  
Well, his brother doesn't want to do anything.  
Finally, he started to give up.  
On the eighth day, he said  
"I guess it's no use. We might as well put him away."

Well those days they burned people, dead people.  
They started getting ready for him.  
They were going to burn him.  
And just when they get the wood and everything ready to set fire  
to him,  
Here he jumped up all of a sudden.

And they say he was a big Indian doctor - we call it Indian  
doctor -  
We say he's got word from heaven, from God.  
And he told the people what to do too.

That's just how much I know.  
What became of him or how he passed away or anything  
I don't know much about that.

#### IV

And then another one like that at Marsh Lake.  
That one, too, I just heard a little bit of it.  
They said this man was out hunting again,  
And he was coming home.  
And all of a sudden again, here somebody talked to him at the back.  
So he turned around, looked around.  
He didn't see anybody, so he kept on going.  
And they say they think it was God spoke to him, too, that time.  
But I don't know very much about the rest of the story.  
I don't know who I could ask about it.  
That was Johnny Baker's cousin,  
His name was John Burns.  
He's the one that told us about it and that's just as much as he  
told us about it.



## V

Then another one, another story.  
I saw that man though.  
He's old man, though.  
They call him Małal;  
I don't know what his English name is.  
That's his Indian name.

And he tells people -  
"This ground is going to burn all over, all over."  
This is 1908 - no, 1912 it was.  
I saw this old man, too: he was Indian doctor.

One night he was singing: he made Indian doctor.  
In the morning, he told people:  
"This place is on fire all over."

And people thought it was the flu.  
That flu was going to come in 1918, or whenever,  
When lots of people died.  
That's the one he talked about.  
That's just like fire, all.  
"Lots of people are going to die.  
But if you pray to God all the time  
You're going to pass through this fire."

In 1918 - '19, - '20  
There was flu. Lots of people died.

That's the time my father died, too, 1920, Carcross.  
And Mary Phillips, and my father's nephew Billy Bone.  
Look how many people died just in Carcross!  
My mother was very sick, but she pulled through  
And I got sick too, not very much though.  
All! Everybody except my son Pete, and Edward's girl, Alice.  
Just those three kids never got sick.

But late July they got a different kind of sickness.  
Their whole body was just full of pimples, red.  
Both of them (the children), their eyes got like that too, and so  
did Pete.

When my father died, my auntie's husband, (Shorty) Austin,  
He went to the police and told the police:  
"What do you think about our Indians dying off?  
Why can't you do something about it?" he told police.

And that policeman he went and he talked to the missionary  
And here they drove us all up to the Bishop's with horse team,  
To that house. That Bishop Bompas house is still standing yet.  
And here that's where one old man took over,

Looked after us.

See that? Me, my mother, Mrs. Ginny Shaakoon and her husband  
                     Shaakoon and their baby,  
 Oh, they lost their baby too...  
 And we stayed there until we finally got better.  
 Then we went back.

That's what he did for us that time, that missionary.  
 They opened that Bishop Bompas house and put in a bed for us  
                     and everything.  
 That's where we all stayed.  
 And that old man Scotty, they called him,  
 He's the one that cooked and everything.  
 Of course, somebody came in to clean up the house during the day  
 Until we all got better again.  
 Then we all went home.

That was the old man who said,  
 "This world is on fire".  
 That's the sickness. He sees it like fire."

And when he died, before he died, he says he's going to come  
                     back again.  
 "Tie your dogs a long way out from the camp," he tells people.  
 But you know nowadays people don't listen to each other.  
 He was sick, badly sick, and they thought he was crazy, I guess.

"In four days I'm going to come back," he said.  
 Here, on the fourth day, those dogs started to bark all over.  
 They hear just like somebody's singing or something.  
 That was what the dogs were barking at.  
 The dogs chased that spirit away again.  
 That's what they say.  
 That's what I heard about him, that old man.  
Mañal, they call him.

## VI

I was very sick in 1935.  
 Flu was going around again.  
 It started fluing again and I was very sick in bed.  
 Oh, I was sick!

I thought that I was going to die.  
 I was seeing things, too.  
 Anyway, I started to go someplace.  
 I wanted to go with that man, whoever he is,

And he said,  
 "No. No, you go back. You're not going to go.  
 There's no place ready for you.  
 You have to go out and preach the gospel

And then there'll be a place for you after you preach the gospel."  
That's what he said to me.

Anyway, I got better. I often think about it.  
Now I'm going to Old Crow with my daughter  
To talk about the Baha'i teachings or something.  
Well, I don't know very much about the Baha'i,  
But my daughter tells me,  
"I guess that's the one that's coming true now, your dream."  
She tells me I'm going to go.

And then another time I got sick again.  
Always when I get sick I see things like that.  
1972, I got sick again.

Nurses, they ask me, "Do you know where you are?"

"Yes, I'm in Cloudberry Saloon," I said.  
I don't know what that means!  
I used to hear my sons, George, especially, say that.  
And here it was in the hospital  
But what made me say that, I don't know.  
That time, too, the sun was over this way.  
Towards the sun there's a ladder coming down,  
A big golden ladder. It's just gold, shiny like everything.  
It came down,  
And I started to go up that ladder.  
I just took one step.

On both sides there was a person, both sides standing there.  
And they told me, "No, it's not for you.  
Go over that way, over this way where the sun sets."  
And so I looked that way and here I saw a church  
Same as that golden, shining through just like it was sunlight.

"You've got to go there first, and then you'll be ready to go."  
So Ida and I talked about it.  
Maybe that's the church.  
When I told them this dream they said maybe that's Baha'i church.  
Maybe.  
And that's why I joined in too.  
I think it told me to go to that church.

And then I heard somebody say to me,  
"You're not going to die. You're not going to die yet  
Until you start going to that church all the time."  
That's what they tell me.  
So I think that's that Baha'i temple, that's what they mean.  
Because it's all shining.

Finally I woke up and I felt a little better.  
Oh, to start with, to start this dream though  
I saw up in the sky something, just like the sky opened,

Somebody stuck his head out like that  
And he's a kind of dark looking person  
And his head was just like a turban with a tassel on it.  
That's what I saw first, and then that church bell was ringing.  
And then after that, all those things came to me.

When I did wake up, I started feeling better.  
After a while, I got alright.  
It's six days I was unconscious. Six days.  
On the sixth morning I woke up.  
Nothing wrong with me.

They let me stay in - I don't know what kind of place -  
I had to have a mattress on the floor where I was sleeping.  
I never ate or drank water for six days until I woke up good.  
They gave me food alright, but I don't think I ate it.  
They took it away again.  
Then on the sixth day, I woke up,  
Just like there was nothing wrong with me.  
And the doctor found out I had blood poisoning.  
I had a little scratch on my forehead and that's the one caused  
blood poisoning.  
That's how come I pulled through....

## VII

Year 1910 I see  
Everybody got cross made out of Golden Eye Eagle feathers.  
They made crosses and everybody wore them.  
If they were going out hunting, anything like that.  
And they say that's what Major told them to do.

I was about nine years old and I asked my mother,  
"What's that for?"

And she said that's what old Major told people to wear.  
To use when they go out hunting,  
So they would get their game easily and things like that.  
Nothing would bother them.  
That's what she told me at that time.  
I just thought of that now!  
I guess it was a cross. I guess that's what it was.  
At that time I never thought of it, see?

That's why when my husband told me to go up to the prayer,  
He told me to pray hard for him.  
He told me, "Anything can help as long as we pray!  
We don't have to turn anybody down.  
That's the way they believe, I guess.  
Anyway, Jesus said, 'When two or three are gathered together  
I am in the midst,' he says."

That's why I go to anybody that's praying.

Don't care what kind of people they are.  
I was good Anglican. I used to go to W.A.,  
Go to Easter Sunday, World Day of Prayer,  
But now I'm old and I'm helpless and I've got no way to travel  
around.

Except my daughter takes me anyplace...

When I think about that Baha'i faith  
It just brings back remembrance of that old Major, what he say.  
And then that man who came back to life.  
I think about it  
And I think maybe Baha'i is going to be the leader.  
That's what I think.  
That's why I join it.  
But still Baha'i never told us to quit going to church.  
It's just that I'm so far away from church  
I guess people think I don't like it anymore.  
I sure like to go to church,  
Keep up my old religion.

But my mother used to like praying,  
Boy, she used to pray, pray, pray.  
My father used to tell her,  
"Stop! Save some for tomorrow.  
Tomorrow you're going to pray again."  
That's what he used to say to my mother.

And us kids - I was only ten or nine years old then  
And I never went through school.  
I just went to first grade, just past first reader.  
I was going to go to second grade,  
But that's the time my father took us out of school  
Because my sister died.  
He blamed the school for it.  
The school didn't send her to hospital right away, he said.  
That's why she died.  
He didn't want us to go back to school.  
That was year 1912.  
In May, he took us out.

I often say that I don't know very much.  
I read my Bible all the time.  
I don't understand it, but I keep praying all the time.  
It's just my prayers that keep me going,  
And the people that pray for me.

And that Major talked about it.  
He said there's going to be one leader.  
That's the time you fellows expect the last day,  
"Going to be one leader," he said,  
"And then you expect the last day."

Well everybody knows it's going to be the last day sometime.

### Community Service

In 1986, Mrs. Angela Sidney was awarded the Order of Canada. She travelled to Ottawa where she was presented the award at Government House by the Lieutenant Governor, Jean Sauve. At the ceremony, two distinct kinds of contributions were cited: her community service over the years and her contributions to scholarly research in the documentation of Tagish language and culture. Significantly, Mrs. Sidney also links these two contributions when she talks about her life's work, but she does so in a different way. Several times she has asked me to record the names of babies she delivered as a midwife, and anthropologists and linguists she has taught, including Catharine McClellan, Victor Golla, Jeff Lear and myself.

Before, when my health was good, I was the midwife in Carcross. That was before my eyes were bad.

To start with, the first baby I delivered was Eva,  
That's the daughter of Mrs. Whitehorse Billy, in March 1924.

That same year, maybe two months later,  
I delivered Johnny Smith, son of Kitty Smith.

Then in Carcross, I delivered Billy Good,  
Son of Sophie and Reid Good.

Later I delivered Daisy Hall, also in Carcross.  
Her mother was Sophie too. After, she married Billy Hall.

I delivered Betty and Teddy Hammond,  
Children of David and Helen Hammond.

Then both May Shakoon and Walter, children of Jennie Shakoon.  
Later Walter died at Lake Laberge.

And I delivered June Sidney, daughter of Jessie Edwards Sidney  
And also Jessie's son, Ray Sidney.

Isabel Gordon lives at McRae now: I delivered her son Leonard.

I delivered Grace Johnson and Kathleen Johnson  
Daughters of Mrs. Billy Johnson.

Then I delivered my niece Clara and my nephew Charles,  
Children of Agnes and Peter Johns.

I was there, too, when Shirley was delivered,  
But I wasn't the midwife that time. Mrs. Geddes was.

I delivered Margaret Carville's son Billy  
And Mary Smarch's daughter Beverly.

I delivered Vera and Larry Takamatchen, daughter of Jessie.

I delivered Daisy Sheldon's first baby boy  
And four of Mabel's children: David, Melvin, Maria and Neil.

I delivered Kenneth Johnson, son of Alice and Dan Johnson.

I delivered three of my sister Dora's children:  
Annie, Arthur and Bobby.

And I delivered Charley Smith, son of Daisy Smith  
I delivered Kenneth Bailey, son of Pansy Bailey.

That's thirty children I helped bring into the world,  
And I want people to have a record of that!

Well, I think it's a good idea to put these thing down in a book.  
That's why I'm doing it.

To start with, My uncle Patsy made a party for his sister.  
Potlatch party. [123]

He put a fence on his sister, Mrs. Jimmy Scotty, the old one.  
That's Jikáak'w.

That's when we met Kitty, her and her friend.  
I was introduced to her that time I think by my brother.  
He brought them down to the potlatch  
After we had dinner and everything  
She told me she'd like to meet me at my house sometime.  
I told her where we were living, across the river that time,  
Where the highway bridge crosses.  
Just right there is where we used to live.  
Well, my husband worked all the time  
I'm alone always in the house.

She came to visit me and we started telling stories, Indian  
stories, like that.  
That's how we got acquainted.  
She writes it down and everything like that.  
And every day she came down as long as she stayed in Carcross.  
I don't know how long she stayed that time.  
It's too long ago. I can't keep track of it now.

And then the next year, too, she came.  
I don't know how many times she came.  
Kitty spent one winter in Carcross.  
Anyway, she went to Little Atlin too with us in February

to visit our uncles.  
Patsy Henderson and his wife were staying there.  
Dora and Kitty ran the nets for her, everything.  
She came back and I think she had to go to Atlin.  
That's the time she left us and she didn't come back 'til next year,  
Summertime.

And then after, a boy came.  
It was that Victor. [124]  
I worked with him at Carcross and next year he came again.  
He got a room up at Jake's corner that time,  
But every day he came down and we do work.  
I work for him  
Telling him stories, telling him what I know,  
What we used for medicine, whatever I know, see?  
That's how we worked on that one.

Then finally I met Julie at the end.  
She comes to visit me and we work together all the time.  
Go on the road here and there and I tell her stories and the  
names of every place.  
Even the points, stuff like that.  
We went to the B.C. border, Bennett.  
I told her the river names.  
And then we went on Atlin road, and then to Teslin,  
Just from where I know those mountain names and everything.  
That's the way we used to do.

And we went to storytelling festival in Toronto.  
Boy, I meet lots of people and tell stories.  
We went everyplace, looking through the windows down to the street,  
Up to the top of that Toronto tower.  
And once in a while she takes me to town when we're not working,  
Wheels me around in a wheelchair all the time.  
That way I never get too tired  
And my knees never give out on me.

And then I met Jeff. [125]  
We went to Fairbanks the year before last year.  
I worked with him last February.  
Worked with him all day, right in his office.  
And I sing songs for him.

And I've been teaching all of them.  
That's my work, our work. You know that.  
I'm eighty-four years old, and still I'm working yet!

Before the army came in 1942, I used to be a midwife.  
And I delivered all those babies.  
The first one was in 1924 - I told you all their names...  
They all grew up.  
See how big my babies are?  
They all grew up and even got children of their own.



Well, they tell me lots of times to talk about my past life.  
Well, that's the way we used to do.  
That's why I'm telling it.

## Notes: APPENDIX A

1. Like Indian people elsewhere in the Yukon, Tagish people identify themselves as 'Crow' or 'Wolf'. Each individual is born into one or other of these moieties and takes the same 'side' as his or her mother. Descent is traced through the female line and all names, crests and traditions are passed from a woman to her daughters and her daughter's children and from men to their sister's children.

In parts of the southern Yukon where there was prolonged contact with coastal Tlingit traditions, these two 'moieties' are further subdivided into what Mrs. Sidney calls 'nations' and what anthropologists would call 'clans' or 'sibs'. The major Tagish Crow clan is Deisheetaan (sometimes called Tukyeidi). Three other Crow clans also referred to in Mrs. Sidney's account are Gaanax.ádi and Gaanaxteidi which she usually associates with Marsh Lake and Kaach.ádi which is associated with people at Telegraph Creek. Wolf clans in this area are Dakl'aweidi and Yanyeidi.

2. Angoon is the coastal Tlingit homeland to which Deisheetaan traditions are traced. It is on Admiralty Island, not far from Juneau, Alaska.

3. Here she locates the sisters as specific individuals in historical time, but later when we prepared a comprehensive genealogy they are located two generations earlier. See her Deisheetaan genealogy, p. 87.

4. Peter Johns also passed away in 1984.

5. This is because he married a Deisheetaan woman.

6. Beaver is the Deisheetaan crest.

7. The place now named Log Cabin is in British Columbia high up on the old trail between Skagway and Carcross, and just off the present road between these two communities. The Tagish name she gives is Mén Ch'iĕ' Táh and the Tlingit name is Héen Kas'éĭ'ti Xoo, both translating as 'among the ragged lakes'.

8. This has continued to be a sore point with elders. The man involved in the discovery of Klondike gold with Skookum Jim was his nephew, Káa Goox, a member of the Dakl'aweidi clan, who was nicknamed 'Dawson Charlie' by his friends and relatives

after the discovery. However, because he came from Tagish, he is often called 'Tagish Charlie' in written accounts of the goldrush (for example, in Pierre Berton's popular account, Klondike). This causes confusion because an entirely different man, Yéił Doogú, (also known as Xóonk'i Éesh) from the Deisheetaan clan already had that name. To clarify this distinction, headstones bearing their different crests have been put up at the Carcross cemetery - a wolf for Dawson Charlie and a crow for Tagish Charlie.

9. The two clan names Deisheetaan and Tukyeidí now seem to be used almost interchangeably with a preference for Deisheetaan although there was a definite preference for Tukyeidí when Catharine McClellan began her fieldwork in the late 1940's (McClellan, personal communication).

10. Mrs. Sidney knows both Tagish and Tlingit toponyms for the southern lakes region and where possible I include both names in footnotes. (See for example her book 'Place Names of the Tagish Region, Southern Yukon' which we compiled for the Yukon Native Languages Project in 1980.) When she uses Den k'e which means literally 'Indian way' or 'the people's way' of speaking, she is referring to the Tagish language and is distinguishing it from Tlingit.

11. Sháa means 'woman' and she usually adds it to the clan name when referring to a woman of a particular clan. In the case of the Dakl'aweidí clan, it shortens to Dakl'usháa.

12. She gives a description of this potlatch in Section IX, p. 401.

13. This probably refers to the early trade route from the coast up the Chilkat River to Kusawa Lake and then east along the Watson River. The route was used during the last century but had been almost entirely replaced by the Chilkoot and Chilkat trails by the end of the 1800's.

14. Mr. George Dawson is the senior surviving Dakl'aweidí man in 1986. See her Dakl'aweidí genealogy, p. 88.

15. Each clan has its own pool of names which are given to children at birth. Other names may be given later - potlatch names and nicknames - but 'baby names' must be chosen from the pool of names belonging to one's own clan.

16. She is referring to discussions she has had with Catharine McClellan, whose pioneering ethnographic work provides a standard reference for southern Yukon cultures.

17. The spellings of names given for Yanyeidí history have not been confirmed with a linguist.

18. Here she is referring to his stepfather, Edgar Sidney.

19. All the clan songs she refers to in this account are recorded on tape #381, stored with the Yukon Native Language Centre in Whitehorse.

20. Crow - the same as Raven on the coast - is the transformer, trickster whose ambivalent combination of good and evil makes him at one time a world transformer, at another a clown, the next a selfish and petulant being. When female narrators talk about Crow's exploits, they usually maintain an air of amused detachment suggesting that his pretensions to be a man of the world are not to be taken too seriously. Stories of his adventures in the Yukon are punctuated with comments like, "You know what that Crow is like, don't you?" and then an enthusiastic account of yet another adventure. (See Chowning 1962, McClellan 1975: 72-3, Cruikshank 1979:41-2). For Mrs. Sidney's full versions, see her publications (1977:1-10, 1982:1-15, Cruikshank 1979:59-68).

21. In this way, Crow set in motion the social order which still persists in the southern Yukon, establishing the two major moieties (which are usually called 'clans' by people in the southern Yukon) Crow and Wolf.

22. See Catharine McClellan for a more detailed discussion of this story among Tagish and Inland Tlingit speakers (1975:117-18) and Teit for a Tahltan version (1919:231-2).

23. See section VIII for further discussion of these names.

24. For her fuller version, see Sidney et. al. (1977: 22-32); Cruikshank (1979:84-92). See also accounts by Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Ned in this volume. A long version of Beaverman stories can be found in Teit (1917:429-41). Additional references to him appear in Osgood (1936:64), Honigmann (1954:2), McClellan (1975:149).

25. Bear set four trials for Beaver.

26. If Beaverman tames the animals to make the world safe for human beings, the two brothers teach human beings how to be fit to live in the world. Again, these are only a few of the episodes Mrs. Sidney tells elsewhere (Sidney et. al. 1977:39-44; Cruikshank 1979:99-104).

27. At the beginning of time, the sky met the earth at the horizon creating a boundary which might be crossed in various ways - by crossing 'under' a point of land or walking under a log. The 'other' side is always described as the 'reverse' of ordinary reality, and appears in a number of later stories. In this version, animals get together to poke a hole in the barrier.

28. See genealogies, pp. 87, 88. Sa.eek' was actually her father's paternal aunt.

29. Annie Atlin had two names, Sakinyáa and Sa.éek'. As the genealogies show, it is quite common to have more than one name.
30. She does not give either a Tagish or Tlingit name for this creek.
31. Both women had the same mother, Sa.éek'. Repeatedly in these early chapters, Mrs. Sidney cites examples of remarriages based on sororate (marriage of a man to his deceased wife's sister) or levirate (marriage of a woman to her deceased husband's brother).
32. The speech emphasizes that marriages are thought of as alliances between clans or moieties rather than between individuals.
33. Mrs. Sidney says that this as a preferred marriage pattern in the old days and says that there is a Tlingit expression for it, Yakaagan yinatee(?), meaning 'on top of her mother'.
34. The custom of naming a parent after a child, as 'father of ...' or 'mother of ....' is common in the southern Yukon. Tláa means 'mother of' in Tlingit, the corresponding Tagish and Southern Tutchone words Ma. (See linguistic note, p. viii). Tashooch Tláa also had another name, Kaa.itdesadu.áxch.
35. Aandaax'w and Tagish John were cross-cousins and could have married, but instead he married Aandaax'w's sister's daughter. Although it is not immediately apparent on the genealogy, his future wife was a cross cousin on both his mother's side and his father's side.
36. This is a reference to the first narrative in Section IV, about Dzagwáa, her father's stepfather.
37. Elsewhere she makes an explicit parallel between the high status of the three Deisheetaan sisters who married inland, and these Tagish women who married 'everywhere'. Here she is referring specifically to meetings which were being held to discuss issues relating to land claims negotiations.
38. This is the same difference in age which later separated Angela and her own husband.
39. In later life, her mother was ill much of the time, so Angela began helping out with cooking, sewing and other household chores when she was very young.
40. She discusses this in greater detail in Section XVIII when she gives an account of placing a new gravestone over these children in 1984.
41. While his mother was Dakl'aweidi his father was Deisheetaan, enabling him to claim a relationship with both

clans.

42. This is an account of an event from her father's childhood to which she refers in the previous section (p. 348): "They were all together when that animal came to them..." Tagish John's stepfather, Dzagwaá, was a 'doctor' or shaman.

43. Frequently stories containing accounts of a monster make reference to it having 'eyes like the moon'.

44. This account refers to an incident noted in an annual report of Northwest Mounted Police Activities for 1902. Inspector A.E.C. McDonnell was posted at Dalton Trail, and while Canadian police had no jurisdiction in Alaska, they intervened in a case where a young Tlingit man suspected of witchcraft was confined. Tlingit people in Haines were hostile to this interference (McDonnell 1903).

45. An account of this event is told by each of the women whose narratives appear in this volume. (See Mrs. Smith's account, p. 556, and Mrs. Ned's account, p. 671. However Mrs. Sidney is the only narrator to identify the protagonist as someone she knew personally.

46. This seems to refer to the old Tlingit trade route up the Chilkat River to Kusawa Lake and then east along the Watson River.

47. See Mrs. Smith's account, Appendix B, and Chapter 10 of the dissertation for a further discussion of this incident.

48. Mrs. Sidney says that this is an Athapaskan corruption of a Tlingit name meaning 'pearl box' Ghoxaadaaket (?). The motif of an aunt who resents her husband's nephew (his sister's son) living with them occurs frequently in narratives. By conventional social custom, this same nephew would be expected to marry his uncle's widow (his mother's brother's wife) if that uncle were to die.

49. There is a photo of these men, chained, in the Yukon Archives collection, photo # 807.

50. See chapter 10 for further discussion of the events in the following three stories. See also McClellan's analysis of earlier versions of these narratives (McClellan 1963).

51. In a society where kinship is traced through the female line, a man is responsible for his sister and his sister's children.

52. See note 34, above. Nicknames can also follow a pattern of teknonymy. When a child is named after an adult, that child is usually given all the names that belonged to that person. More recently this also includes the English name.

53. Elsewhere she has explained that there are three kinds of names. At birth, a child is given a 'baby name' which must come

from the pool of names belonging to that child's clan. Potlatch names can be given later, but 'by your grandfather', that is someone two generations back, but from the same clan. "You get your potlatch name from your father's father's side. If my daddy's daddy was still living, he might have given us a name if he made a potlatch." Potlatch names are not from the general pool of clan names: "You've got to figure out a name for yourself, make it up." In addition there are 'nicknames' which may be given in a variety of ways, including the way she describes here.

54. Even though Mrs. Sidney has not used Tagish regularly since she was a child, she still remembers a great deal of that language. She is the last fluent speaker of the old Tagish language and she has worked with several linguists trying to reconstruct it.

55. See the story of 'The Old Woman Under the World', Section IV, p. 377.

56. Chooutla was the name given to the Carcross residential school during these years.

57. See note 20, above.

58. Teit (1917:443) recorded a Kaska version of the same story.

59. This phrase (and the metaphor of the story) is used later when Mrs. Sidney is recounting her life story, in Section VII.

60. See reference to this story in her account of her childhood, in Section V.

61. The following two stories dramatize a common theme discussed further in Chapter 8. Briefly, a protagonist demonstrates human arrogance in dealings with the animal world and is taken away to that world by the appropriate animal spirit where he/she learns to understand the world from another perspective. The dramatic attention here is on the boy's gradual understanding of how he offended salmon, his re-education in their world, and his eventual return to the human world.

62. This story has a plot similar to 'Mouldy Head', above, but the dramatic action focuses on the efforts of his human community to bring him back.

63. Note the use of the motif from the story of 'how people got flint' (and lost immortality), p. 376.

64. They were cousins, classified as 'sisters' because they had the same maternal grandmother.

65. See the story about a woman stolen by otters at that beach, Section VIII.

66. The Galena was a boat operating on the lake system near Carcross.
67. This is a Tlingit name meaning '(moose) corral point'.
68. These were two squatter settlements within the boundaries of Whitehorse until the mid 1960's.
69. In the Tahltan version, four mountains near the Stikine River are named (Teit 1919:231).
70. This story tells how Fox saved people and distributed names along Tagish Lake.
71. We recorded each of these stories when we were actually visiting the place; hence the references to 'right here' which sometimes appear. Naming the place where a story occurred seems to provide an appropriate introduction just as does naming the person from whom she heard the story. (See note 75, below).
72. A man of the Crow moiety or clan speaking to a Wolf man could properly address him by the kinship term 'brother-in-law'.
73. This event occurred at one of the places her family camped in 1912 (Section VII).
74. She is referring to the west side of Marsh Lake, across the lake from the present Alaska Highway.
75. Whenever narrators are talking about something that happened within living memory, they are careful to establish their credentials for telling it by citing the person who actually witnessed the event.
76. She often uses 'saved' as a synonym for 'stolen', a theme which turns up in 'stolen women' stories, Sections XII and XIV.
77. Monsters and snakes are often described in stories as having 'eyes like the moon' (see also note 43, above).
78. A copy of this picture appears in Catharine McClellan's ethnography, 'My Old People Say' (1975) as Plate XIII and Mrs. Sidney has identified all the individuals in the photograph.
79. These spellings have not been checked with a linguist, unlike most of the other names recorded in the text.
80. See note 53, above.
81. Daisy Jim (later Daisy Smith), Sam Smith, and Skookum Jim's daughter Daisy Mason were the appropriate children to be named.



82. See note 43, 77, above.

83. She is referring to the Deisheetaan song from Section I, p. 318, which she proceeds to retell.

84. These people were from the correct clan to receive the 'long hat' after here seclusion, but they were genealogically distant.

85. When I asked her whether she felt cheated, she replied, "Yes, yes, yes!" All the women who discuss their life histories here agree that a lengthy seclusion conferred high status on a young woman.

86. After Skookum Jim found gold, he sent his daughter Daisy to Seattle to school. She studied acting briefly in California and made periodic trips back to Carcross, but she was ambivalent about her place, or lack of it, in Carcross. She died in 1937. (Phelps papers, Yukon Archives).

87. Mrs. Sidney says Daisy's mother was from the Lukaax.adi clan, a Raven clan from the coast.

88. This story is told widely in North America by Inuit in Alaska, Canada, and Greenland and by American Indians in the Mackenzie region, and on the Plateau, Plains and Northwest Coast. In Mrs. Sidney's version, two taboos are broken: first a girl jumps over a dog and consequently she is taken away by a dog in human disguise. Years later, her daughter disobeys the rule of seclusion at puberty and turns herself and her family to stone. Sheppard (1983) analyses eleven Northern Athapaskan versions of this story, including this account by Mrs. Sidney (from Cruikshank 1983: 71-2).

89. The Star Husband story is also widely told in North America. In 1953, Stith Thompson compared 86 versions then known north of Mexico. In Mrs. Sidney's version, the dramatic tension concerns conflicting loyalties the girls feel to parents and husbands, and the continuing obligations of daughters to parents after marriage.

90. The third story tells of a girl stolen during her puberty seclusion and the clever ways she outwits her captors by her answers to their questions. She denies that she is secluded because of puberty and suggests that it is because she is menstruating, hinting at the special powers women have during this time; she also refuses to cross a barrier which might convey her to the 'other world' explored in the other narratives in this section. It is noteworthy that she achieves her goals by quick witted action, whereas her brothers, when they appear, achieve their success through supernatural powers they have acquired.

91. The plot of this story also centres on a secluded woman whose quick thinking helps her outwit her captor: she does this by instructing her captor that he can disguise himself by wearing

her puberty hood or 'long hat' and behaving in ways her brothers will recognize as absolutely tabooed and incongruous. Once again, her cleverness is complemented by her brothers' supernatural powers.

92. She is using Tagish kinship terms here when she explains how she addressed him, and Tlingit terms by which he addressed her.

93. This aunt was the adopted daughter of Gunaaták, the Marsh Lake Chief, and Mrs. Sidney's father's sister Tashooch Tláa.

94. She is referring to the Woman's Auxilliary of the Anglican Church.

95. She was the schoolteacher for a year when Angela was in first grade

96. Montana Mountain, behind Carcross village.

97. Versions of the first three stories in this section also appear in Mrs. Smith's account, Appendix B. They are further analysed in Chapter 8. See also Richard Slobodin's paper 'Without Fire' (1975:260-301) which discusses the 'prize woman' motif in Kutchin stories.

98. In this story, a stolen woman demonstrates her cleverness by discovering that her husband is a lynx rather than human: animals who appear as humans typically sleep on the opposite side of the fire from humans and this is the woman's first clue that her captor is not human. A Kaska version of this story, told by Albert Dease, was recorded at Dease Lake in 1915 (Teit 1917:464).

99. In this story, a woman formerly stolen by otter people sends her son back to assist his uncle, her brother. The uncle's wife becomes impatient with her nephew (see also note 48, above) and is eventually responsible for his leaving. The dramatic tension focuses on the differences between the land otter's world of 'nature' and the human world of 'culture'. Although the otter woman warns that her son should not go to town, should not eat cooked food, should not sleep with a blanket, the aunt insists that he should act 'human'. When she tries to socialize him or impose her culture on him, he disappears.

100. Sometimes women were married before puberty. Seclusion still took place as usual.

101. The idea of a parallel but separate world where everything is opposite from 'ordinary reality' appears regularly in stories.

102. Linguist Ron Scollen has pointed out that in some Athapaskan languages, the passive English verb 'to become pregnant' is translated as an active verb 'the baby made her pregnant' (personal communication).

103. She notes that on the coast and further in the interior,

women remained upright, crouching, at childbirth.

104. See McClellan's paper (1970a:126) for Edgar Sidney's own account of his early years in the Yukon.

105. Their mothers were sisters, hence they were parallel cousins or classificatory brother and sister.

106. The clan of the deceased makes these decisions.

107. He worked every year for the White Pass and Yukon Route company.

108. The song is recorded with the story on tape # 388, and a copy is stored with the Yukon Native Language Centre.

109. She is referring to an operation she had recently.

110. See Chapter XV for her description of how she gave this song to her son Pete when he returned home from World War II, and note 108, above.

111. In this section, Mrs. Sidney talks about two recent trips to coastal Alaska to revisit places that were important in the lives of her parents, and their parents. The first is an account of a trip she made to Angoon, Alaska, in April, 1984: it was recorded a month later in May, 1984, and relates back to her Deisheetaan history presented in Section I. The second discusses a potlatch held late in autumn, 1984, when gravestones were placed on the graves of family members in Dyea, Alaska, and reflects on her parents' history in Section III.

112. These are two of her Deisheetaan nephews, her sister's sons.

113. She is referring to Baha'i teaching, and discusses this further in Section XVIII.

114. See section I.

115. This was the old Deisheetaan clan house in Angoon.

116. She has named her own house in Tagish, Deishoo hit and has had a sign painted with that name and with her beaver symbol for the side of her house.

117. This refers back to the story of Game Mother, Section II, pp. 327.

118. Mrs. Sidney recorded this account on the evening of July 4, 1985, after we spent a day travelling to Dyea to see the gravestone she had placed for her brothers and sisters who died in an epidemic before she was born.

119. This is her brother, Johnnie Johns.

120. She is referring to a senior Tlingit man of the Deisheetaan clan who lives in Alaska.

121. This final section combines some of Mrs. Sidney's reflections about her life, her ideas and her work, and they are presented with only minimal editing. Again, they show her remarkable ability to use stories to reflect on issues which are important in her life.

122. During the last few years, she has become actively involved with the Baha'i faith. On July 17, 1985, her daughter, Ida Calmagane urged her to make a 'teaching tape' which could be used in Baha'i work. Mrs. Sidney's reflections on this subject are virtually unedited, except where other people in the room interrupt. She discusses a number of her ideas about religious institutions and spirituality, and her account has a splendid coherence, linking events in her past and present life with themes in stories.

123. She is now talking about an event in 1947 when Catharine (Kitty) McClellan first came to Carcross as an anthropology student. The friend Mrs. Sidney mentions a few lines later was Dorothy Libby, another student.

124. She is referring to Victor Golla, a linguist with George Washington University who has worked with her reconstructing Tagish language.

125. Jeff Leer, linguist with the Alaska Native Language Center has worked with Mrs. Sidney recording Inland Tlingit language.

## APPENDIX B

### MY ROOTS GROW IN JACKPINE ROOTS: MRS. KITTY SMITH

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## Section I: Our Family History

"I'm going to tell you which way Indians live  
And what way this ground we call it."

My mamma's name is Tátl'erma; she's Crow. [1]  
Her Whiteman name used to be Mary. [2]

My daddy's name was Pardon; Takata.  
He's Dakl'aweidi, Wolf.  
He stayed at Juneau school, Daddy.  
Educated.

When he came to Yukon, people would say  
"Show it to Pardon. He's going to talk to it."  
He's going to tell you what it says here."  
They bring him (letters):

"What does it say here?" they ask.

"You got letter?"

"Yeah, that man sends letter."  
Well, he reads it.

Takata his Indian name, my daddy.  
He's Dakl'aweidi, Wolf.  
Pardon is his name though, Whiteman way.  
They called him the name Hume when he stayed at school.

My grandma's name is Ginny. Kat'oa.  
My grandma, that's his mamma.  
That's Coast Indian name. [3]  
But they married to Yukon, same. Lots of them.  
All sisters. Four sisters.  
This one, Grandma, is the oldest, Kat'oa  
Next one, Dałjini, they call her.  
This one, Kwansha.  
Last one, Kat'et, Paddy Duncan's mother.  
Four sisters. Four girls.

These names are heavy!  
Those are potlatch names.  
They got potlatch that time they made those names.  
They put stuff right there, all they're going to give it.

My daddy's daddy, Scottie, they call Tákayèta.

My mamma's people, though, they're not Coast Indians.  
Marsh Lake.

My daddy's side, all Coast Indians.  
His grandchild got to go that way.  
We claim Klukwan, see? Us, Crow.  
All Coast Indian names they got it.

They named my mamma too, when she stayed with my Daddy.  
They gave her Coast Indian name.  
She says my dad met her on a trading trip, Marsh Lake.  
When he saw that Marsh Lake women, he married her.  
My grandma, Kat'oa, saw my mother and liked the look of her.  
Nice looking woman, I guess.  
They paid them blankets, paid them guns.  
Then he gave his daughter,  
And my mother stayed with them for good.

That time Whitemen coming, they took Indian women and married  
them. [4]  
Well, the same thing with Coast Indians, I guess, long time.

My mamma's daddy came to Dalton (Post) and stayed there.  
When his daughter married to Dalton Post,  
She said to her daddy, "You got to come here, stay here."  
Soon as my mother married there, that grandpa came there too, that  
old man,  
So they could look after him.

After my mother went back to Marsh Lake, he didn't leave.  
He stayed 'til he died there.  
My daddy treats him good. That's why he wanted to die there.

My mamma's daddy had a high coast name.  
Shadanāak, means just like 'get up'.  
It's a high coast name.  
His whiteman name is John.  
My mamma's mamma came from Marsh Lake.  
Her Indian name was Dushka.  
Her whiteman name was Mary.

Pardon Kane's wife is my Grandma's namesake.  
Dushka is her name, my Grandma.

They go back, go back to Dalton Post, to Haines.  
Do that before I was born, I guess.

When I'm a little girl, Daddy died,  
When I'm a little girl, three months old.  
They made him get up when he was going to die,  
Made him get up and look at me.  
He told them,  
"Don't let her go. Don't let them go."

You fellows raise my daughter.  
Pete Duncan, you marry her."

Then, after that, Paddy Duncan's brother, Pete, stayed with my mamma.  
They got no kids after they married.  
I don't know my (second) daddy, Pete Duncan.  
He died when I was two years old.  
After that my mamma stayed with Paddy Duncan  
And Paddy Duncan stands for my living. [5]

That's the time my mother's brother,  
They took him down to Dawson when he killed Whiteman.  
That time they took my mother's brother down,  
My grandma's son.

You know that Marsh Lake?  
They kill Whiteman, they say.  
You heard about it, I guess.  
Well, they're just bad friends for Indians.  
They don't want them to come close, I guess.  
They try to do things (to keep them away), I guess.  
I don't know...I don't know what they were doing.  
It's just a story going that way.  
I don't know much about it, see?  
This is my mother's people, my mother's mother's son.  
That's why my mother left me.  
She heard about it and she left me.

She didn't want her mother to feel bad.  
That's why she left me.  
But they can't let me go, nothing!  
My daddy's brothers - the two of them -  
Paddy Duncan, Pete Duncan,  
They're going to raise me.  
My daddy's mother is going to raise me.

She came back to Marsh Lake that time the rush started [6]  
Dawson! Whiteman just full!  
Nobody knows what kind of sickness they got.  
They just got sick.  
Lots of people died at Marsh Lake.  
That's the time she died, too.  
That's my mother's name my daughter's oldest daughter has,  
Tátl'erma.

I don't know what happened...  
Indians don't know...  
I guess something was wrong. I don't know...  
Somebody found that can  
Some whiteman place.  
A little baking powder can.  
An old lady found it - an old lady just like me.



They've got flour.

A young fellow was staying with his grandfather.

They've got flour. Well, they ask for baking powder.

"This looks like the one that cooks bread."

Well, nobody can read, you know.

They cooked the bread.

It raised the bread, too!

Then they gave it to the dog, first time.

But the dog died too slow; that's the trouble.

Then the boy died and his grandpa died.

They use that stuff to make gold, they say.

That's why I guess they did that. [7]

Use to be they didn't kill people for nothing, long time ago. [8]

When they get over it, then they're friends together.

This way, how many people died, they're going to pay them.

Then they're good friends again, see?

Sometimes two chiefs, three chiefs.

They kill them to make it even.

Then they make a big party.

They make a big song.

Well, her mother wanted her.

Her son is going to jail.

They hang him up, that time they take him. [9]

Somebody came to get her, Dalton Post.

She can't take me.

No, no, they can't let her take me.

My daddy's side, they want to raise me.

They want to raise me high, my daddy's people.

His grandchild got to go that way.

We claim Klukwan, see? Us, Crow.

That's why she can't take me.

I knew my mother good, though, I knew her.

Oh, gee, about that big, me (about five years old)

I used to get berries, blackberries.

I went with her.

Ah, nice girl she was.

Two men came to get her:

Big Salmon Jim - he married my mother's people,

He came to Dalton Post and he said to her,

"Your mamma wants you. You come!"

They're going to take her son down to Dawson to jail."

Don't know how many people they take down to Dawson.

Four people, I guess.

John Joe's brother too.

John Joe's got a picture, used to be.

He showed me one time. Chains, you know. [10]

My grandma's got no power, my mother's mother.  
She's got no power.  
They take her son.  
She wants to jump in the river, she said, they said.  
That's why somebody came to get my mother.  
My mother's brother came there, and another man, her sister's  
husband,  
Big Salmon Jim.  
They got her.

"Your mother's no good.  
She's going to jump in the water," They say that.  
"Your brother goes to jail."

So they took her.  
That's where she went.  
But she can't take me.  
I never saw her again.  
Same time lots of sickness goes round, you know.  
She died.  
Just one year she stayed there, Marsh Lake.  
Everybody died. Lots of people died when whiteman mixed up.  
All different kinds of sickness, I guess.

When news came about her Marsh lake brother  
She don't want to feel bad her mother.  
That's why she's got to go.  
She's going to come back, but she don't come back.  
I guess she was going to come back,  
But that spring everybody died.

So I had no sisters.  
I've got no one behind me.  
My mother's got just one girl.  
If she had stayed alive, I would have brothers, sisters.  
So I have no sisters!  
Just me, alone.

When her son was hanged, my grandma said,  
"I don't know if I can forget it, that Whitehorse River way.  
I wish they'd throw me in the water when I die  
so I could follow down.  
My son got lost that way."

That's her son who died.  
They hanged them up.  
Three people died for that man  
Well, they don't know, that time...  
They don't know policeman business.

## Section II: Origins and Transformations

"These stories are true stories,  
How this ground came to be."

### How Crow Made the World [11]

That Crow, he's like God.  
This is how he made the world.  
Long time ago, animals were all people.  
This is before they had light.

One time they were all out fishing.  
Fox and bear were fishing there - they talk like person.  
Crow comes up.

"Caw! You sleep, you fellows.  
If I make daylight, you're going to be scared," he said.  
Crow says that. He's really an Indian, though.

People say, "You know that man who's got it? Sun?  
That's his daughter's place in there.  
He keeps her there, just like old time.  
You can't get that kind," they told him.

That big poplar tree right there is rotten inside.  
He takes that inside off, throws it beside there.  
He throws that tree in the lake, goes in the lake.  
He doesn't know where he's going.  
He can't die, that Crow, can't get killed.

"That man where he stays, he's got that sun,  
That's the place I want it.  
I want my boat landed there."  
That's what he said.  
He made a song about that. I know that song too.

Nighttime.  
Gee, big house there.  
Looks just like it's got a light on.

He got out, walked around.

He sees where that big water (stream) runs down.  
He just thinks...  
He turns himself into a little (piece of) dirt,  
Puts himself right there (in the water).  
"I wish she wants to get water."  
He wants to see that house now.  
"I wish that woman wants to drink water."

That lady comes to get water.  
Just like a dish, that pot (she carries).  
He goes into that pot, goes in like a little dirt.  
He stays there.  
She goes in (into the house).

Gee, it shines, that house!  
Light in there. Big one! Two.  
Right there (pointing) and right there (pointing).  
That's where he throws that light.

He thinks, "What am I going to do?"  
That girl is a young girl.  
What do you think he did? He went in that cup!  
That girl started to drink the water and she swallowed him down!

Just in two weeks, her stomach got big, that girl.  
No man here - nothing!  
Her mother tells her husband,  
"Our girl is going to have a baby.  
Where does he come from, that baby?"

"I don't know," he said.

Just one month now she starts to have that baby, gets sick.  
He's rich man, that man, that Daddy.  
Puts everything underneath.  
That baby is going to be born on top! [12]

Crow thinks, "I'm going to be born-on-top baby.  
I wish they would put some grass under me."  
That's what he thinks. He thinks for that lady's nurse,  
"Get grass, get grass."

That girl is getting tired now.  
That lady (her nurse) says,  
"I'm going to get that grass. Good one.  
I'm going to fix it underneath."  
She did it just right then.  
It's soft, just like a feather pillow. He's born there.  
It's cold. Indian climate is cold, see?

Little boy.  
Ah, gee, he see's his grandma.  
"Ah, my little grandchild!"

He did that with his eye (winks). Bad kid!  
"Why did he do that?" she asks her husband.  
"He did that with his eye."

"I guess he's playing with you," he told her.  
"You see now?  
Hi little baby!  
You're going to laugh, you," he told him.

Just in one week, he started to walk.  
In two weeks, he's that big (indicating a three year old).  
He runs around.  
Up there are those big ones, the moon and the sun.  
Those are the one's he's going to throw.  
He starts to cry for that moon.

"Take it down, Mamma, I want to play with it."

His grandpa said,  
"I don't want that baby to cry.  
Take it off. Let him play with it. He can't lose it."

He roll it around, I don't know where he put it.  
Maybe he swallowed it, I don't know, but he got it!  
They look around all over. Lost!  
Just that old sun is there now.

After about one week, he started to cry.  
He cried and cried.  
He's got that moon though, someplace he's got it.  
He cried and cried and his eyes just about slipped out!

His Grandpa said, "Take it off.  
I don't like my grandchild's eyes that way."

He played around.  
He's going to get away now with that one.  
They open someplace when that house is hot.  
They got a lady working there, you know.

"Say, lady," he tells her, "Open that. It's too hot."

"You feel hot?"

"Yes," he says.

She opens it.  
He's going to get out that way.  
They should put that sun away now!

(Claps hands) Gone!

"Where's that little kid?"

Some place he falls down, they think.

Crow is thinking about his boat, rotten one.

Just uses it for a boat. He's going to go in it soon.

"I want to be at that fishing place, down the bay," he said.

Don't know how long he stayed in that boat.

"Whew, whew," he paddles.

There's that place. They're fishing yet!

(He gets out.)

"I'm going to make daylight, you people.

Just quiet now," he said.

"Aw, you got no light, you got no sun," they tell him.

He's got them now!

"What do you think I'm going to do?

The best way, I'm going to throw it in the sky.

It's going to stay there."

He throws that moon the first time.

"Stay there for good," he said.

After that, he pulled out that sun.

He threw it.

Everything (all the animals) go into the water.

Just one little boy, one little girl they still walk on four hands.

They want to walk that way and he grabs them.

"You're going to walk on two feet.

You're not going to walk on four feet.

I've got two feet, I walk," he said.

He grabbed those kids, one little girl, one little boy.

"I'm going to raise you," he said.

"Sun up there now, daylight now."

Some of them go into the water,

Some of them go into the woods.

They run away.

Two kids only, he saved, one little girl and one little boy.

You're going to have twelve kids," he told them, that girl,

"This one is going to marry you.

You are going to have two feet:

You're not going to walk like that.

Your hair is going to be this way, and your hands."

He showed them.

"No more.

That sun is going to stay for good.

This ground turns, but that sun stays in one place.

Moon same too.

He don't move, he just stays there."  
That's what he said, that Crow.

Those kids, he made them grow.  
In the morning, he made them get up, those kids.  
He rubs their backs to make them grow. Funny, eh?

Then he gets grub for them.  
"What grub am I going to get?" he said.  
He brought them grub, gave them some kind of fish.

That Crow, he does everything, teaches everything.  
Which way they're going to kill fish, he teaches.  
Fish trap, he makes it; hook, he makes it.  
My grandson read that Bible for me.  
Pretty near the same, I think.  
He's Jesus, I guess. God maybe.

### How People Got Fire

Crow was the one who first got fire.

You know that chicken hawk?  
He's got long nose, first time, they say.

Crow got King Salmon.  
He can't eat it without fire, you know.  
Someplace he sees fire come out of salt water.  
He doesn't know how to get it.  
How could he know fire, Crow?  
He doesn't know which way he's going to get it.  
Somebody's got to get it, he thinks.

That time he tells those birds,  
"You think we can get that fire?"

"No."

Chicken hawk, he's got long nose.  
"I'll try," he says.

Crow got pitch from wood, tied up his beak for him.  
"Try now."  
He waited for that fire to come out.  
Soon it came up.  
He poked it with his beak;  
It started to burn now, that beak.

Chicken hawk beat it home.

"My nose is starting to burn," he screamed.

"You're doing good!" called Crow.

Just on the shore, he fell down.

But he got it ready, that Crow.

That Chicken hawk felt pretty sick, though.

"Come on," Crow told him.

"I'm going to medicine you."

He fixed him up a little beak.

"Just like a nice looking boy now, you know," he said.

"Women are going to like you now!"

They cooked that fish now,

Put away that tail so it won't make people foolish.

Everybody eats that fish now.

They built fire and from there Crow took rock, flint.

He threw it all around.

That's why sometimes you find that rock all around.

### Game Mother [13]

This story happened a long time ago.

Goat was the only animal in this country - goat and buffalo.

That's all that people lived on.

Pretty hard. No rabbits, nothing.

One man had two wives, two sisters.

The oldest one is named Nakay.

She's got some kind of doctor, some potion.

They're going to starve, you know.

He hunted porcupine, that man.

When he finds a fat one, porcupine mother, he doesn't bring it back.

He cooks it, keeps it somewhere.

Just porcupine daddy, that's all he brings home.

"You don't get porcupine Mamma?" they ask him.

"No, that's the one I got, just in a tree, porcupine daddy."

Well there's no fat on that one.

His wives keep wondering all the time where they can get game,  
you know.

They keep going.

One wife says, "He's eating porcupine mother."



I'm going to fix him this time.  
Don't look when he comes back, just look around this way."

"All right."

He hit it. He got porcupine mother, porcupine daddy, too.  
That daddy he is going to pack for his wives.  
That mother, he's going to eat himself.  
He cooks it. Cooks it quick,  
Throws it in the fire, wants to eat quick.  
She's just fat, you know.  
He picks up the head with the face toward him.  
He goes to bite her; here she bites his mouth shut!  
So he can't eat.  
Well, she's cooked now!  
He puts it in the packsack, goes back to camp.

They made camp already, his wives.

She's going to have a baby, that oldest one, Nakay.

He comes back, grunts; his mouth is shut by porcupine.  
His wife works on the fire, that youngest one.

"What's the matter?" she said.  
She helps him make that porcupine head fall off.

"I'm starving. That's why I cooked that head, but she bites me."

"You do that all the time.  
You didn't just do that the first time.  
You think I don't know?" that oldest one tells him.

He didn't say a thing.  
Anyway, he took out that cooked one, porcupine.  
They ate him.

"I want to eat because I am starving.  
That's why I cooked him."

"No, you do that all the time."  
Those women know.

She's getting big now, that woman, can't walk.  
She tells her sister, "I'm not going to walk any more.  
You fellows make some kind of place for me."

Her husband cut a big tree, got wood.  
Big pile of wood. Her sister worked.  
They fixed a big house, they said, big place.

"I'm not going to be your wife anymore.  
There is going to be something wrong with me.

But you people, you are going to eat lots now.  
I'm going to be different. I'm going to get game to eat.  
I'm going to have a baby.  
There's going to be something wrong," she told them.

She told her sister,  
"Get sinew; fix snare." She fixes it for her.  
That's rabbit snare she made.  
"Knock down a tree for him to eat."  
She's got no baby yet, but she teaches that one, her sister.  
Her sister fixes good snares.

They're gone, then.  
They've got to move on, can't stay one place.  
That younger sister and her husband move on.

"You come and see me when you feel like it.  
I can't stop now.  
I'm going to have grub all the time, me."

That time her husband goes, somebody gave her a box.  
I don't know who that somebody is.  
"That's your grub box," he told her.  
A little goat inside stands up.  
"Don't kill him, though.  
Just cut (meat off) one side.  
Cook one side, then you close it, put it back."

"All right."  
When she wants to eat, it's simple;  
Open that box, cut one side.  
He doesn't move, that little goat.  
Cut one side, cook him, close him. Eat good.

She started to get sick now.  
Her sister made her a big blanket, sewed for her, gave it to her.  
She put it on top of grass, put up sticks to hold it.  
Underneath there was just some kind of grass.

That's where her babies were born.  
Rabbits were born first, then ptarmigan, then grouse.  
Next caribou, next sheep.  
She talked to them.  
She gave them grub, every one and said,  
"This one, you're going to eat."  
She told them all what to eat, gave them to chew,  
"This is going to be your grub."

Then grizzly, then wolf.  
She's got nothing for them.  
Don't know what they're going to eat.  
She said,  
"That's all right."

You fellows treat your brothers just like game.  
But I don't want you to have teeth."  
She tried to take off his teeth,  
"Don't fight: don't fight people!"

Grizzly got mad at his mamma and took off,  
"I'll keep them to fight."  
He's dangerous.

"Don't fight people," she told him.

Moose is the last one born.  
He's got teeth just like grizzly.

"No! You're not going to fight with people," she told him.  
I made you for this ground, for people.  
You don't try to fight people."

Then that sister and her husband came back  
And she showed them what she made.

Rabbit had little horns, that time, just like sheep.  
"You can't snare rabbit that way," her sister told her.

"All right, I'm going to take them off," she said.  
She took off those horns,  
And that's why rabbits now have no horns.

Now everybody ate them.  
Rabbits had strong skin that time, just like mink,  
But people used it too much.  
That's why that Animal Mother got jealous about that.  
So she took feathers and blew them on rabbit.  
That's why that skin is no good now.  
People used too much of it.  
Now nobody uses rabbit skin except sometimes for net blanket.

Yes, that time when they came back there were lots of moose,  
Lots of caribou, lots of ptarmigan, lots of grouse.  
All full, now.  
Indians are going to eat lots.  
That's how they got their grub.

"You fellows leave for good now.  
I'm going to leave this ground, going to watch my kids."

All right. They move.  
They've got lots to eat now.  
People got lots to eat,  
Animals got lots to eat.

After that sister and her husband left for good,  
That's the time she made a swing over Bennett Lake.

Another man from Tagish saw this.  
He was hunting on that mountain behind Choooutla School.  
He looked around, saw that Animal Mother sitting there,  
Big moose skin swing.  
She's singing for her kids.  
They jumped on top of that skin.

Moose came out first singing,  
    "What kind of skin have you fellows got.  
    Don't you see how big is me?"  
He stepped right through that skin and she had to get another,  
Put up another skin.

Caribou, everybody, jumped on that skin.

Then Wolf.  
His mother said he's got to sing by himself, Wolf.  
"He's going to be mean to us.  
We're not going to help him sing," that's what those game say.  
So he sang himself, that wolf.  
He's going to go alone, that wolf,  
Going to be a good hunter.

Everyone got a song on that swing.  
Grizzly bear, too, he tried to sing, but he fell down.  
That's why he's so clumsy.  
"Just like that, you go now, you," she told him.  
That's why he's clumsy.  
That Game Mother made all the animals the way they are.  
That's a true story.

Long time after, in my mother's daddy's time,  
One man saw Game Mother.  
This is just a little while ago, in shotgun time.  
I heard this first time when I was a little kid.

My mamma's daddy knew this man.  
He threw away game for nothing.  
Shoots game, then throws it away.  
He does this all the time.

One time, moose came to him, picked him up on its horns.  
He dropped his shotgun right then.  
That moose carried him away;  
He can even sleep right there on those horns.  
He carried him across the lake, across to the other side.

A woman was standing up outdoors.  
A woman - she's not old, nothing.  
That's Game Mother.  
She stands up, she laughs.

"This is the man you wanted, Mamma?" he told her.

"Yes, that's the man I want.

Come on in."

She talks Indian.

Inside the house, she's got campfire.

"You do too much.

Me, I made my kids for you," she told him.

"You use too much.

When you need it, use it, but you throw away for nothing!

What are you doing that for?

You're going to stay with me one month.

I'm going to teach you."

That grub box, she's got it yet.

She opened that box, cut one side that goat.

She cooked it, fed him;

Pretty soon it's one month.

"My son (Moose) is going to take you back,"

She gave him lunch, cooked meat.

She told her son,

"If he needs water, take him to a water place.

You take him home to his wife and kids."

He keeps going, keeps going, across the water to his wife  
and kids.

Comes to camping spot - it's September.

"My mamma told you everything you've got to do right," Moose  
told him.

After that, that man told people how to hunt meat, how to eat,  
All she taught him.

This is a true story.

This one happened.

### Asuya: Smart Beaver [14]

Long time ago people go, just one way.

Lots of people, just like Whitehorse.

First a man and wife and kid go and don't come back.

People go look for them.

Everyone goes, just one way, just one way, don't come back.

He goes to his mamma.

"I'm going to go, Mamma. You think you stay here?

I'm going to go this way (in a circle).

Then I'll come back here.  
You stay here."  
She gave him pretty near two years grub.

That man's name is Asuya.  
When he goes, somebody gave him that name too.  
Grizzly bear gave him that name, Smart Beaver.

## I

Well, he's going.  
Everything, he's got.  
He's got doctor, too, medicine.  
He got a dry skin first for a jacket so if they poke him,  
nothing happens.  
He gets ready, goes on this trail now.  
Comes to a slippery part, just like ice.  
People slip down that place.  
He sees that, goes to another place alongside that ice.  
Oh my! Something is in that ice.  
Some kind of sharp thing, horn or stump.  
When you slip down, it pokes you and you get hurt.

He eats his lunch there.  
Somebody is coming.  
Asuya sits by that sharp horn, lies down.

"Oh, gee," that man picked him up.  
"I want to make blood soup.  
Look what I caught!  
My wife will drink that blood soup."

He's not dead, that Asuya.  
"I wish he would pack me backwards" (my back on his back),  
he thinks.

Wolverine ties him up and packs him like that.  
Asuya makes himself stiff.  
They pass a windfall.  
How many people did he catch like this, I wonder?  
When they pass that windfall, Asuya grabbed that limb,  
untied that rope.

"Our daddy is packing something," those little kids say.

There's a big lady there, with big stomach.  
"You got luck again?" she asks her husband.

"Yes. I'm all in from packing him."

Every kind of knife they've got there -  
Leg knife, stomach knife, all different knives.  
They've all got a name.

He doesn't want to mix up his game.

"I wish he would lose his knife,"  
That Asuya's doctor helped him.

Here he lost it, that Wolverine.  
They looked around, looked around.  
"What? Don't you know I've got game?  
I hung up that knife.  
Kids must have taken off with it, I guess."  
Well they wouldn't do that, the way kids used to be.

Those kids start to take off that string.  
He got loose now.  
He opened his eyes a little bit.

"Daddy, that game, he opened his eyes."

"You crazy little kids.  
Don't say that.  
I'm not going to get game if you talk that way."

Asuya jumped up.  
He grabbed a big stick, clubbed them all.  
Kids, everyone. That man too, Wolverine.  
His wife too, he killed, cut open her stomach.  
Those little Wolverines run out of her stomach and climb a tree.  
They beat him, that way!

He chopped that tree, but this side he couldn't chop.  
Ah, he tried everything.  
He burned it but they pee on him and put that fire out.  
Bow and arrow, he tried.  
"You go that way," they told the arrows.  
Those kids beat him.

Finally he said,  
"One of you has got to come down.  
I'm going to medicine you.  
I'm not going to hurt you kids.  
You are going to stay here at your mother's place."

One came down.

"You are going to be the same size, you.  
You're not going to eat people any more."

He gave gopher, ptarmigan, grouse, everything.

"If they have got a cache, though, you can steal.  
Don't eat people anymore.  
Don't grow anymore."  
He gave them some kind of dope, put it in their ear.

He goes, goes, goes.  
Then he sees a big fellow.

"My goodness, my wife and I are starving.  
You saved our lives."

Asuya has his own grub, buys some kind of groundhog.  
"Here, grandpa."

"I've got a daughter," that big fellow says.  
"She's a young girl, wearing that long hat.  
If you kill game, I'll give you my daughter.  
My bow and arrow aren't strong.

"Okay," Asuya told him,  
"Try to look for berries," he told that woman.  
The big fellow goes to sidehill.  
He tells his daughter, I guess. That's Grizzly.

"Grizzly bear walks around that sidehill," he says to Asuya.  
That's really his daughter.

That old lady said,  
"You lend him your bow and arrow -  
The one you used to kill grizzly bear when you were young."

He goes and gets it.  
Gee, nice one, that bow and arrow.  
"If you kill that bear, I'm going to give you this bow and arrow."  
Beaverman has got his own, you know.

"Gee, my moccasins have got a hole here.  
Must be I stepped on a sharp rock."

"Give them to me, give them to me," that old man said,  
"I'm going to give my daughter."  
But he sewed them himself.  
Asuya saw him.

Asuya got his own bow and arrow.  
He hit that grizzly hard and it fell down.

"Hahh, Daddy he hurt me," said the grizzly daughter.

"My goodness, you killed my daughter.  
We're going to kill you.  
You're Asuya.  
You killed my daughter.  
Smart Beaver, I'm going to fix you."

Grizzly Bear is the one who gave that name to him.



He's the one who called him Asuya, first time.

They chased him, chased him, chased him.  
They tried to hide from him.  
There's a little lake there.  
He jumped in the water and he swam.

"You see? I call you Smart Beaver.  
You get beaver net," he told his wife.  
That old man goes to a narrow place.  
Sets net, goes down on shore.  
They've got beaver net. They're going to get him.

Asuya sneaked around that way with a big stump.  
He put it in that net.

"Ah, my wife, we've got him," he said.  
They pulled out that stump.

Some kind of bird, Chuláda, they called him.  
He drinks water, has big stomach.  
"Chuláda," he called, "Come on, drink this lake.  
I want to kill him; he killed my daughter.  
Come on, drink this lake."

He drank, drank, my goodness.

Asuya went underneath, hid.  
He looks for that little bird with a long beak - watersnipe.  
"Poke him in the stomach."

That little bird goes there.  
He can talk to anything, Beaverman.

"Get away, get away," says Chuláda.  
"Don't touch my stomach. It's full."

That little bird hit it two times. It bust!

That bear and his wife are all in.  
They make it to shore.  
But he gets mad now!

Asuya throws food to them, gophers, groundhog.  
"If I want to kill you, I can kill you.  
But no; you fellows eat this.  
Don't eat person anymore.  
You eat fish, too."

Well, they've got enough grub now.  
"Don't kill people. Quit it now."

He got in his boat.

He wants to get home to his mamma.

Finally, he makes it home to his mother.

He's been gone one year now, kills off everything.

### Section III: My Husband's People

"Kate Carmack tells me all that.  
They just go look for her.  
They're not looking for gold!"

#### Skookum Jim and the Discovery of Gold

Skookum Jim, Keish, is my husband's uncle.  
Dawson Charlie, that's his own brother, my old man.  
Too young, Billy, he can't stake when they find Dawson.  
Patsy (his other brother) goes and Billy wants to go  
But he got left. [15]

Nobody knows that time what is gold.  
Skookum Jim, he don't know too,  
But that's his brother-in-law, George Carmack.

George Carmack, he comes from outside.  
California.  
But he comes to Yukon.  
He wants to see Yukon, I guess, you know.  
But he's got not much money.  
Rich man, his partner, though.  
They went to Fortymile, Dawson  
And that's the place he quit him, that partner. [16]

What do you think of that?  
He came back, walked back from Fortymile, George Carmack.  
He sure does good.  
He comes back, and that's how far he makes.  
Carcross. Tagish.

In Tagish, lots of people. Indians.  
They know some Whitemen.  
Skookum Jim's sister is young girl, you know.  
He said (to Skookum Jim)  
"How about I'm going to marry your sister?  
Then I'm going to be like Indian."

Well, it's alright.

"You're going to teach me trapping.

You're going to teach me everything."  
He doesn't go back anymore, Skagway, nothing.

Well, they live there, do good.  
Somebody comes to him:  
"I'm going to pay you. You come down with me."

It's good luck, that one.  
His wife went with him, Kate Carmack.  
They go down.  
Way down to Dawson. Way down to Fortymile.  
They work there. That man broke his leg, other one.  
They take him to doctor.  
Well, he can't do nothing now.  
He gave George Carmack money, about five hundred.

So...they live one winter, Kate Carmack and him, her husband.  
He's got wife. He's alright!  
She does everything, that Indian woman, you know -  
Hunts, just like nothing.  
Set snare for rabbits.  
They eat that.  
I know her, my auntie, Kate Carmack.  
My old man's sister (mother's sister).

Skookum Jim worries about his sister, you know.  
"Oh, my. Going to get lost.  
Don't want to get lost my sister," he says that.  
Talks about it all winter.

Dawson Charlie tells him:  
"I guess we go down to look for her.  
We're going to bring her back," he tells his uncle.

Billy, though, Dawson Charlie's brother,  
He's the same big as that grandchild who looks after me.

"Billy, I want him to look after me here," his mother says that,  
Jikáak'w.  
He kills game already, Billy, does everything.  
"You can't take them all to Dawson, that way.  
Good enough Patsy goes," his mother says.  
That's Dawson Charlie's mother too.

They fix boat.  
As soon as ice goes down, they go down.  
They take lots of grub from Skagway.  
They don't think they're going to find their brother-in-law.  
They're going to go back, talk about it.  
"We're going to go back, all of us, in this little boat.  
Easy, we make it."

George Carmack, he tells his wife same time,

"We're going to go back."

One lady, Dawson people, gave them fish.  
She cut it, Kate Carmack.  
That's how they live there all winter.  
They get sugar, I guess, down there at Fortymile store.  
Kate Carmack she kills rabbit, lynx, do that way.  
She's got one little girl now, Graffie.

Springtime now.  
They stay at narrow place. You can see that boat from there.

"August, we're going to try it," he say. We make it back.  
They fix some dry fish. Everything. Going to go back.  
Kate Carmack, she sews, looks around.

"Gee, boat coming...new boat too...  
Coming this way."  
They got little camp, you know. She tells me, Kate Carmack.  
Bed right there..fix it just that way.  
Somebody gives moose skin. They put it underneath.  
Even got stove.  
"They're coming onto shore."  
George is cutting a little wood. He gets up.

"Ha!" Patsy sees his auntie.

She hollers for George Carmack, his wife,  
"Come back quick," she says.

Skookum Jim is there, Dawson Charlie, Patsy Henderson.  
George runs down, grabs Skookum Jim.  
Gee, it's his people!  
Yeah! They're going to go back now. Going to go back.  
Going to look first for bull.  
They got lots of grub. Don't know how long they stay there.

Patsy nearly got shot there, too.  
He works on that gun.  
He's going to clean it, but shell is in. He don't know it.  
This time everybody knows everything, but that time, not much.  
It doesn't go through, though, just on top.  
Fortymile doctor there.  
They're going to go back pretty soon now.

Dawson Charlie says, "We want to kill moose here, to make it dried.  
Then we'll go back.  
That way is good.  
Some hungry people tell me that way is good."

George said, "One man he killed us moose.  
That way we're pretty good."  
His wife is kind woman. Dawson Indian, I guess. [17]

They hunt now.  
Night time, they come back. Dark, too, they said.  
Skookum Jim, he got light. Candle.  
He got can, put it in. That kind, they got it.  
Dawson Charlie, he shot bull moose.

They cook meat. Big eat!  
Fall asleep, they eat too much.

Skookum Jim, he wakes up.  
Carmack is sleeping.  
Dawson Charlie too. Patsy too.  
He wants a drink of water. He tells me this, you know.  
He's got hat; he wants to drink with that one.  
Tea pot full of tea.  
That's why he goes down, puts his hat in that way.  
He see something up there.  
"Is that copper?"  
He drinks water, looks again.  
Same big as beans, you know - bigger than beans. Heavy.

He takes off.  
He don't know gold much, Skookum Jim.  
Nobody knows much gold.  
But George, he knows.

He goes back. Dawson Charlie wakes up.  
"I found something," he (Jim) tells him, Indian way.  
"Don't know what is that. What looks like it?"

"Copper," he (Charlie) says.

"Make him wake up now, George.  
It doesn't look like copper. Heavy too."  
George wakes up.

"You wake up good?"

"Yeah."

"What is that, this one?  
That creek I found it," he says, Skookum Jim.

"That's gold!"

Where's their sleep now!

That tea, is still there.  
They don't drink much, though.  
"You see now gold!" he tells them.  
Runs down to creek.

Kate Carmack tells me all that.  
They just go look for her.  
They're not looking for gold!

When they got back to Carcross, George got another girl.  
She made him crazy, white lady.  
He quit his wife.  
He got sister, George Carmack. [18]  
Her husband tells her, "Your husband got another woman.,  
You want to use your money, you can stay with us."  
Some days he comes back, stays two or three days. Then gone.  
That little girl Graffie (their daughter), he gets grub for her.  
Goes again.  
She knows something is wrong, his wife.  
Her brother-in-law tells her.

She stayed in Carcross 'til she died, flu.  
She doesn't get her money, too.  
She can't know, can't read.  
George put his clothes in suitcase.  
He takes that little girl, his daughter.  
One man tells him, "I'm going to help you if you want to go back.  
Go in a boat from Carcross."

Dawson Charlie stays there.  
Skookum Jim stays there.  
They look for gold again.

George wants to go back (to Seattle)  
"You go down to that place in the morning.  
I'll meet you at that place," man tells him.  
He does that. Goes down, drinks coffee.  
Takes suitcase, puts in boat.  
Boat goes, don't know how many days it gets to Skagway.  
Never came back. [19]

Billy, my husband, used to be Skookum Jim's bodyguard.  
Got gun. Guards boat for Jim when he's got gold.

He's crazy, Skookum Jim, you know.  
Should be not like that.  
His wife quit him.  
If your husband he finds gold, shouldn't quit him.  
Mrs. Austin same like that. [20]  
Married Whiteman.  
Mrs. Patsy (Henderson) told me,  
"You fellows crazy.  
What you want to change your husband for?"  
Lots of women did that, run off with Whiteman.

#### Section IV: The Dangers of Distance

##### Story of Do' [21]

This is true story.

One man was a good man, but people didn't like him.  
I don't know why, but people wanted to kill him.

He had a nice bow and arrow, everything nice...  
Knife, club, horn, bow and arrow...  
That's why they wanted to kill that man.  
Sometimes twenty people tried.  
But they can't kill him.  
He's smart, that man.  
When he goes to sleep, he sleeps with his feet where his pillow is.  
He's got club.  
When people come there, he gets up quick, kills them.  
He's a pretty smart man.  
His name is Do'.

One time his grandchild, his daughter's own child.  
Married to another place,  
Moved away from her people.

He stayed in one place, though, Do'.  
He didn't travel around.  
She wanted to get away, though, from those people.  
She got ready.  
She's got lots of brothers, three brothers and one sister.  
They stay in another city (camp).

One time her husband came back in a skin boat.  
He told her,  
"Don't go near the boat.  
It's leaking hard.  
I'm going to fix it."

I guess he rides around all the time.

"Don't go to that boat - I'm going to fix it."  
Used to be he didn't ever say that.



All night she didn't sleep.  
He's got lots of company, three brothers.

She went to that boat. It's covered with brush.  
That's how they used to hide boats.

"What do they do that for?  
They didn't bring anything..."

She looks...  
Right under that brush is her brother's head!  
Then another brother's head.  
She saw them both.  
That woman's husband did that.  
They were hiding them.  
They were going to skin those heads there.  
Oh....she thinks...

When she came back, her husband asked her,  
"Have you been to the boat?"

"No, you told me not to go to the boat.  
I can't go there."

"I'm going to fix that boat.  
I'm going to take off.  
I'm going to sew up that leaky place."  
I guess they packed those heads away someplace.

That girl thought about it.  
"I don't know what I'm going to do.  
I've got to see my grandpa."

That's her mother's father, that grandpa.  
She went there.  
I guess all the time she sees him.

She told her grandpa,  
"Do you know what they did?  
They've got my brother's heads, both of them.

"Well, yes," he said.  
"War was there. Your sister is the only one who is safe.  
She was pulling snares that time it started.  
They cleaned up (killed) all the people in that camp.  
Just your sister went back to your mother's place.  
Her brothers got killed too.  
We're going to go.  
You stay with me, grandchild."

They camped two days.  
They go now.  
Her grandpa went with her.

They went in the morning, and her grandpa and her hid on the shore.

That girl threw stumps in the water - threw lots of things in  
the water.

She made it look as if caribou had gone there.

Then she ran to her husband's place,

"My, I just missed them!

Look at those caribou.

They're just thick in the waters up that point!"

Already she fixed (slashed) every boat.

Quick, they go now.

Sometimes ten people in one boat. Another boat, another boat.

They go.

When they go to deep place, they sink.

Everybody gets drowned.

That Do' now clubbed the ones that got saved.

And she told that mother-in-law,

"Why did your sons do that to my brothers?

What did my brothers do?"

"Well, I don't know."

"How do you not know.

Don't your sons tell you?

How is it that they killed my brothers?"

She doesn't believe her.

Then Do' came in.

"Do you want to kill me too?" that girl asked her mother-in-law.

Her grandpa is there.

That woman can't get away.

He's got doctor, I guess, that Do'.

Some kind of medicine.

That old lady hollered.

"Ah..her grandpa came with her!

Try to save your people.

Try to kill him!"

Crazy!

They want to kill him, the ones that got saved.

Pretty near everybody got drowned, though.

That girl's husband got drowned.

"Chase him in the water! Chase him!"

He ran to the water.

They turned around on the shore.

Some of them fell in the water with cramps.

He clubbed them in that lake.

When they ran away, they fell down with cramps too.

Both men and women had cramps in their legs.

They just fell down. Can't do anything.

He cleaned them all up, those people.  
Just his grandchild was safe.  
She's the one who made this story.

They didn't kill that husband's mother either.  
They told her,  
"You're going to live by yourself.  
I'm going to go back with my grandma to my mother."  
Well, she can't say anything, that old lady,  
She just sat down there.

"You can dry the meat of those ones who got killed.  
That's what your son did to my brother.  
You live on that.  
They're all killed down there.  
You dry that one."

Well, they're gone.  
Do' takes her back to her mother's place.  
He stayed on an island, him.  
Wintertime, people came, wanted to kill him.  
He's got strong rope, you know.  
When people try to get away, they get cramps, fall down.  
He clubbed them that way.  
That's what he did.

### Nakw: Devilfish/Octopus Helper [22]

Some Coast Indians, brothers, were going to an island one time.  
They told their brother-in-law there are lots of eggs there.  
He's married to their sister.

"I want to go.  
I'll go with you.  
Your sister wants to eat some eggs," he told them.

"All right. Come on."  
They took him.

There are four brothers and this one, that lady's husband.  
They keep going, keep going.  
Pretty soon, now, island.  
Gee! He sees island now.  
Ducks, everything.  
Lots of eggs.  
He picks them up.

They got wood. They cooked them.

He ate eggs too.

That time, he put some aside for his wife in a net basket.  
He filled it up, put it in the boat.

Just when they finished eating, those four boys ran off,  
Jumped in the boat.  
They let that brother-in-law go.

"Ah, they're just playing with me," he thought.  
I'll sit down here.  
It's all right.  
I'm going to eat eggs.

My goodness, they left him. Don't come back!  
It gets dark now.  
When they get home, his wife asks them,  
"Where is your brother-in-law?"

"Down on shore. He saw something.  
We let him go.  
He'll come back.  
He wants to look for porcupine."  
That's what they said. They lied.  
They put him on that island.

Well, he stayed there.  
He lived on eggs, he cooked eggs.  
He put out snare for seagull.  
I don't know how long he was there.

His wife asked her brothers,  
"What's the matter? He doesn't come back."

"I don't know."

He stayed there.  
One time he saw a boat.  
He lay down.  
He should have stayed down until they landed,  
But they saw him.  
His brothers-in-law came back.  
As soon as they saw him, they took off.  
They went back.  
Bad people!

But he's living there.  
He snares seagulls.  
He's got fire all that time - lots of drift logs there.  
He stayed there...stayed there...

He got up one morning.  
Boat was there.  
Nobody in it, though.

He went to see it. He didn't go close, though.  
That man is coming his way.

"Gee, what are you doing here? How long you stay here?"

"Well, my brothers-in-law came here to get eggs.  
We've got eggs, and they let me go here.  
Pretty near two months I stay here," he told that man.  
"But those birds that lay eggs are all gone now.  
They fly away.  
No eggs there no more."

But he's living, though.  
Those seagulls are coming there - that's what he lives on.

He talks to him nice,  
"Where's your place?"

"My place is up there."

"Oh, my!"

That man went to his boat. He had dry fish.  
"You like this kind?"

"Yes!" He's happy now.

"Get in the boat.  
I'm not going to take you right to your city, just close."

Right here is the city.  
Right here is a point.  
Right there, he let him go.  
He land at that point.

"You know your place?"

"Yes, I'm going to walk there."  
He sat down there until it got dark.  
Pretty near August now.  
When it gets dark, when people are sleeping,  
That's the time he wants to get home now.

He goes home.  
They closed that door: his wife's room is behind that door.

"Who's that?" she asked him.

"Me!" Gee, it's a long time since he got lost.  
She got up. She came out to him.  
Some people were sleeping there.  
They go to her room.

She asked him, "What did they do to you?"

"They let me go on that island."

"But they said you went on shore,  
That you went to get porcupine on shore.  
You don't come back,  
So I guessed grizzly bear killed you.  
They tried to look around for you on that shore.  
People looked around.

"No, they left me on that island."

"Which way did you come back?"

"Oh, some way I got help."  
He doesn't tell her though that somebody brought him.  
"Some way I came back."

He slept there.  
In the morning, that lady got up, started cooking.  
Her husband slept.  
She cooked something and took it to him.  
One week, they stayed that way.  
He's getting better now, you know.  
He was pretty thin, I guess.  
He's getting stronger.

That's the time his brother-in-law came, the youngest one.

"We're going to look around that way.  
If bear killed him, we can find his bones," he told his sister.  
"He got off at that point:  
'Sometime I'm going to kill porcupine on that shore,' he said.  
'I'm going to walk back.'  
Something must have killed him, I guess."  
That's what he told his sister.

His sister didn't answer back, just kept quiet.

"You want me to go with you?" she asked.

"We're going to take a boat."  
They think he's dead on that island, I guess.  
"You can't walk that far."

"All right."

She hides her husband.  
They're gone.  
All four she sees them - gone.

Well, nothing there.

They look all over for the bones - nothing.

"Well, I guess something ate him.

Should be bones here."

Nothing.

He's got knife with a string on.

He forgot it there.

Just that one they find - I don't know what kind of knife.

And they came back.

Everyone was down on the shore trying to get clams when they came back.  
The youngest brother sat down beside his sister.

"No, we didn't find him.

If something killed him, we should have found his bones.

But nothing there."

He said that.

That time her husband came out!

"What place did I get off?" he asked them.

Gee, he ran outdoors, that boy.

He told his brothers, I guess.

"That man came back!

I was talking with my sister and he came out!"

They get scared now.

That husband and wife were going to sleep when that man (who  
helped him) came to the door.

He told his wife,

"This man brought me."

"What are you going to do with those people?" that Nakw asked.

They asked the sister,

"What should happen to them?"

That sister said,

"If you go to that island, keep away from them.

They're going to stay there.

You take their boat," she told that helper man.

"All right."

When they hunt, they go to that island too.

Those boys go again to that island again sometime.

"I don't know which way he came back."

They talked about it, sat down.

"You see...he slept right here..."

He had a pile of wood here...

I don't know which way he came back."

They start to go back.

No boat!

"Where's that boat gone? Did you tie it up?

No wind.

Where has that boat gone?"

"You fellows are crazy," that youngest one said.

"I told you, 'don't let him go.'

You let my brother-in-law go right there.

No wind.

What would take this boat?

Something is wrong now. We're going to stay here.

That's you people's fault.

Where's that boat now?

You tied it up, you said. No wind.

How quick is gone that boat!

Should be that boat floats around," he tells them.

"You see it now?"

Well, they camp.

Don't know what they're going to do.

Nobody knows that place, I guess.

And, they sleep.

That oldest one hears something - grunt, grunt.

Just like dog chewing, you know.

He wakes up - gee, they're all gone his brothers.

Big thing chewing.

What's he going to do? He sat down there, watched him.

"You leave me alone, me."

"Huh," it said. "Why did you fellows let people go here?

That's why I'm going to eat you people."

He's got six legs, that one, some kind of salt water thing.

Nakw they call him, coast language.

They say he catches everything.

All he cleaned them.

Just one man he left there.

"You're going to stay here, you," he told him.

He's living there until the end.

People knew they got lost.

They talked about it, I guess.

That man and his wife went to the island.

He's just pretty near bone now, that brother.

Just about fell down.

They found him there.

"Where's your brothers?"

"Something ate them up."



"How come he didn't eat you?"

"Well I guess because I faced him.  
That's why I guess he didn't eat me.

Nakw came here."

That's what he said.

"He's the one who ate us."

"You threw me away.

That's why it happened."

I guess that's the kind of thing that took him back home, Nakw.

His sister and her husband put him in the boat.

They brought him back.

That's because that brother's wife told them,

"Why don't you look around that place where they used to get eggs?"

That's where they found him starving on top.

They brought him back.

His wife went down to see him -

He's just like a little baby, just bone.

They brought him inside.

That man said,

"I told them not to,

Just the same they let my brother-in-law go."

He said that, that man.

That's what happened.

We got it, that story.

Should be they didn't do that!

There's a government island now, they say,

Way out on the ocean.

Seal Island.

Right full of seals there.

When Paddy Duncan told me that story,

Even then he told me, 'It's seal island now.'

## Section V: Childhood

"Schoolgirls, who knows this?  
Me. I could fix them!"

I was born long way from Haines, on salt water,  
A place where they dry fish eggs.  
That's the place where I was born.  
It's got no name now, but coast Indians call it  
Gaak Aaye Da Dunéiyí, 'fish eggs'. [23]  
It wasn't on a river: it was on the coast, salt water.

They put some posts in down on salt water that time  
To dry fish eggs.  
They tied up brush right there.  
When those little fish come, they've got eggs.  
They all go on that brush.  
Sometimes there are twenty posts or more.  
Sometimes it takes three trees to get enough brush.

When salt water goes down, you see fish eggs now.  
Just all white.  
Then they take them off.  
They make them dry.  
That's what they do.  
That's the place I'm born.

After my mamma died, my grandma raised me, my daddy's people.  
Lots of time people used to complain when people are 'not  
high enough'.  
That's why Paddy Duncan told me,  
'You're not cheap, my daughter.  
You come from a high place.  
I don't want somebody to laugh you down.  
No! High name, we got it.  
That's our daughter, you."  
Coast Indian people call that 'high name people'.

Me, they're going to call me! [24]  
Going to take me, put me on top!  
Yeah!  
I got lots of names, you know, me.  
Coast Indian names.  
That's what they do, Indians.  
My names myself are these ones:  
K'algwách: that's the time I'm born. My baby name.  
One old lady, she held my mamma; she helped.  
She said, "My name it's going to be, if it's a little girl."

She gave me her name, that lady.  
That's her son's name - Sagwaaye - that Richard Kraft has.  
Coast Indian name.  
All my grandchild got Coast Indian names.

Next one, my name, they make potlatch that time,  
Kaduxhix.  
You see where Annie Ned lives alongside that mountain?  
Its name is Kaduxhix.  
It belonged to somebody, used to be.  
That's why they call me Kaduxhix.

Another one, my name, Téena.  
Téena: Ko'detéena.  
Whiteman use it now - 'Tina'  
That's my namesake, Judy's little girl, 'Tina'.  
Indian name. It's some kind of fancy thing.  
Copper - about that big - from Yok'dat they buy them.  
All kinds of pictures.  
They buy them from Dalton Post.

Harry Joe's got one (copper): used to be Big Jim owned it.  
When he died, Harry Joe took over.  
That's his people, you know,  
Just like big money.  
See that name Téena? Big money potlatch, that time.  
They put me on top of all that stuff -  
Blankets, guns, everything.  
They call me now, Téena, and they potlatch that thing now (a copper).  
I'm a big girl, that time.  
Ten, maybe.  
They want to make it high, that's why they do that:  
Just like you make a high name for your grandchild.  
That's why they throw stuff away too, potlatch, the time they  
gave me name.  
That happened at Dalton Post.

I've got no one behind me: my mother got just one girl.  
If she stayed alive, I would have brother and sister.  
She left because she didn't want her mother to feel bad.  
But my daddy's brothers, they can't let me go.

I knew my mother when she left me.  
I was about five years old, that time, I guess  
I'm old enough to pick berries then.  
When she left, my daddy's people took me someplace.

So I got no sisters.  
Pretty hard when I was a little kid.  
No brothers, no sisters.  
I forgot it, I guess.  
My daddy's mother, my grandma,  
That's the one she raised me.

Paddy Duncan, Pete Duncan, they stand for my clothes.

My grandpa, Scottie, was a policeman, used to be. [25]  
His wife, my grandma, raised me at Dalton Post.  
We stayed down at police camp, customs house.  
When Skookum Jim found gold,  
These Whitemen just went that way.  
That time, lots of Indian policemen,  
Oh, talk about Indian policemen!  
Paddy Duncan, Pete Duncan, David Hume, Johnny Fraser,  
Lots of people!

Grandpa, he knew Whitemen.  
He'd been lots of times to Juneau.  
That time Whitemen came, horses came.  
Lots of people are scared that time:  
That's big dogs they're bringing, they think.  
"I know horse!" he said.  
They look, they look, coming now.  
This Jack Dalton, now he brings the packing horses.  
Working people, Whitemen, go to Dawson.

That time Jack Dalton brought cows to Dawson. [26]  
Soon everybody brought cows that way.  
Another company brought cows in.  
Sheep, pigs, too, they wanted to bring, but they died.  
Pigs are no good, but sheep can make it.  
Half way down, they killed them, sent the meat to Dawson.

Talk about cows!  
Cows coming now...crossing the creek...people watching.  
My grandpa ate it; grandma too.  
Some people were scared, though.  
Grandma, she's not scared. She saw lots in Juneau.  
Someone kept cow there and got milk out of it.

One man gave us pot of milk, fresh milk.  
When they got too much, they give us one pot.  
"That little girl has to drink milk!" he told them.  
Gee, I don't like him!

I know (remember) when Jack Dalton first came in.  
I was raised at Dalton Post.  
Jack Dalton, he's got store there.  
That's why Jack Dalton Post, they call it.  
He brought working people with him, Indians.  
Those people are Telegraph (Creek) Indians but they speak Tlingit.  
My grandma knows what they're saying.  
They told her where they come from.  
Jack Dalton was a big shot:  
He had about twenty-five working people!

They built two buildings, one warehouse, one store.

I used to buy raisins at his store.  
He married Indian woman. You know that?  
He's got one kid, but that kid died.  
His wife died too - she's Indian woman.  
After that, he went outside.  
Since that, he don't come back. I guess he might come back.

They've got no money at Jack Dalton Post - just tickets.  
Red one is one dollar.  
Yellow is twenty-five cents - two bits.  
Blue one is fifty cents.  
That's just how far they got - three.  
In Haines, they use real money, but not Jack Dalton Post.  
Yes, I know the time Jack Dalton came, but that's all I know.  
I'm the oldest one.  
If I don't remember more, then nobody does.  
So other people shouldn't talk about what they don't know.

Weskatahéen is the same as Dalton Post. [27]  
Another one, Klukshu Creek. That's Crow water.  
That Weskatahéen, Wolf owns.  
Klukshu yéiĭ means Klukshu Crow.  
I'm Crow: can't fly, though!

When I was a little kid, I travelled lots,  
Walked around on snowshoes.  
I've been down to Yok'dát, summertime, by boat, [28]  
Down Dalton Post River.  
He goes to Yok'dát, that river.  
Klukshu Creek goes right clean to saltwater.  
Yok'dát.  
Salt water, right there.  
Right there, that Indian city, Yok'dát.

Three boats went down.  
They went to see Yok'dát.  
Poplar tree boat - big one, they fix it.  
They cut it out inside,  
From there, they make hot water,  
Put hot rocks inside.  
When this boat tries to open a little bit this way  
They put in cross pieces.  
My grandpa made that boat, used to be,  
Grandpa Scottie made that kind of boat.  
Everybody made boat, used to be - Big Jim too.  
And that's the kind of boat went down.

I'm a little girl, but I'm big, me.  
I understand good.  
Coast Indians talk a little different, Yok'dát Indians.

From Dalton Post, three boats go down.

Big Jim, his wife, another one, Grandpa's wife's sister were in the boat with my grandma.

Lots of people in each boat, more than ten:

My grandpa, my grandma, and me - three in one boat.

Another had Dałjini and her daughter and her son - She's got no husband.

Took about five days.

That Champagne River, Nałudí River drops down a long way. [29]

That glacier is way down there.

They just go easy.

They camp, Noogaayéek. Lots of people living there that time. [30]

Tinx Kayáni that's down that way.

Paddy Duncan shot a goat there.

We went down in summer time.

That's the time they told me stories about that place. [31]

Big doctor there. That's why they want to see him, Yok'dát. [32]

That's why they go down.

Lake Arkell (Kusawa): There's long time Indian trail that way. [33]

That's the place that man fell in the glacier there. [34]

Dalton trail is foot trail.

It's been used long time too, but Lake Arkell trail is shorter.

Then another time we went to see that first train to Whitehorse. [35]

Not much white people in those days.

When they hear train going to come,

Gee, everybody wants to see train.

"Coming now, Carcross," they said.

I guess Billy worked there. [36]

One man, right clean from Skagway, he started.

Stick Tom, they called him, that Indian.

That's David Hume's uncle, his mother's brother.

Right clean to Whitehorse, he did it, rock, he packed it.

No machine, that time.

Shovel, that's all. All hand work.

My grandpa is policeman that time.

I'm a big girl, not married though.

We come down, want to see that train.

But he comes before us, that train.

We came down late! Three days ago that train came.

Train coming every day now.

We meet one woman.

"You going to see train?"

"Yes, that's why we come down," I tell her.

Just little house there, that's all.

Oh...It's coming now...

Ding, ding, ding, ding...

Some people get off there.

One boat made it down to Whitehorse, too.

After we saw that train, we walked back to Dalton Post.

Walking road there, for stage.

Lots of mines there, horses, so there's a walking road.

## Section VI: Stories from Childhood

"I've got no doctor, me, though,  
Just stories.  
When I'm kid, I ask them, 'Tell me story, tell me story,'  
That's why they tell me.  
That's the one I've got."

### Nałudí: The Lowell Glacier [37]

That Glacier's name is Nałudí.  
This is the story of how it came across the river and made a lake.

One man lived down there, Yok'dat,  
Yakutat they call it, way down there.  
People lived at that place, near salt water.  
Klukshu River goes down to that place. [38]  
From there, people came up to this Yukon.  
One old man is coming and a little boy about so big.

When they got there, they met an old man, a Yukon Indian.  
That old man has no hair on his head, nothing.  
The little boy who came from Yok'dat told him,

"Ah, that old man!  
The top of his head is just like the place gopher plays,  
A bare stump."  
That kid laughed at him.

The old man who was with him said,  
"Don't say that.  
You don't know that old man.  
Why do you say that?  
That old man is your grandpa. When you're old, your hair is going  
to be that way too!"

Well, that old man is from Yukon, you know.

After that, they went back.

Summertime, that old (Yukon) man went to Nałudí.  
He's medicine man, you know, big doctor.  
That ice was coming right down from the mountain.



At the end of the ice, a creek came down.  
Right there, he sat down.

He said to himself,  
"What am I going to do?"  
His doctor talks to him.  
"You think I'm going to bring that glacier to this mountain?  
It's going to be flooded, that side."

His doctor told him,  
"You try it. It's going to come."

That old man lay down, right there.  
His doctor's working now on that glacier.  
It comes down, comes down...  
Glacier...glacier...comes down... comes down  
Until it's all level with this mountain.

That's the first time it (Lowell Glacier) crossed.  
That Indian doctor did that.

After he did that, it crossed another time.  
My grandma told me it was like that one time, in her time.  
All flooded again, that 1016, Haines Junction, that way.  
Talk about gophers die! she said.  
Before, that glacier didn't do that.  
But after he did that, first time, from there it started.

That man stayed there on top that glacier until that water is  
filled up.  
Champagne landing, everywhere is all full with that water.  
There's a water place shows that yet.  
"All full now," his doctor said.  
"You know how far I'm going to clean them?  
Pretty near to the middle of the mountain all I'm going to  
wash down.

"All right. Break it now," he said.  
It broke down, that ice.  
Water goes now.

People were staying at a flat place where Champagne Creek (Alsek)  
and Klukshu River (Tatshenshini River) meet.  
Some kind of Coast Indian people.  
They all died there people.  
All washed down to salt water.  
Just that one man was saved, that one who told the boy not to  
make fun.  
That's the one he saved, that's all.

All cleaned right out.

They say they saw water coming half way up the mountain.

That happened before my grandmother's time,  
But in her time, that ice still goes, touches that mountain.  
That time the water was still full.

I've been there, Nałudí.

That's the one that broke.

It's a long time since that ice met that mountain.

When my grandmother was a little girl, she stayed at Dalton Post  
all the time.

That's the time she said all the time when they cook

They don't use cooking stick.

They boil food.

They don't let that soup run over too because there is danger in  
that ice.

If that ice smells grease, he doesn't like it.

Should be people just boil meat.

If he smells grease, that's the time he starts.

Just goats and sheep there, no caribou, no moose.

There was a flood in my grandmother's time, though,

But not as big as when that man did that.

It's after him.

In his time, that ice came right up to that mountain -

That's why they call it Nałudí, 'fish stop'.

Right there, there is a big creek coming (Alsek River)

Bigger than the Klukshu River.

That creek came from the mountain.

That was before me, in my grandmother's time.

Maybe I was just born then.

August, they go to Kluane. Indians walk around like that.

Kluane people, Big Lake people. They're friends together.

They're going to Kluane, I guess.

They stay there, come back.

Flooded! Bear Creek is full of water!

They stayed on the other side.

That's when one old lady told me,

"Talk about gophers!" she said, that flood.

Lots of gophers there.

No trees, I guess, just gravel, willows.

Just a little while, that flood.

That flood was just a little while, just to Bear Creek.

Then he broke down again.

Dry.

I don't think this time it does that for a long time.

### Dadzik

That's the name of another glacier, I'll tell you.  
Bad place, that place, they say.

One time when Mary Kane's father was a little boy,  
He went hunting with his Daddy.  
Later, when they told him that story, he said,  
"Yes, I was there."  
Lots of people hunted that time.  
It was just goats they hunt.  
They shot lots of things.  
No caribou or moose there, though.

One old man said,  
"Take good care of that grease.  
The wind is blowing this way across the ice.  
I smell strong grease when I walk around.  
Look there, at that grease."  
He takes off from that ground.

The creek went down that way to Dalton Post.  
My, some people were getting excited.  
Already it's getting dark now.

Somebody left for a few minutes, went outside.  
When he came back, he said,  
"Gee, I hear groundhog whistle up there."

Funny how game talks that way just at nighttime -  
Gopher, geese, just for nothing they talk.

Then it started to get light on top of that ice;  
The ice side was just getting warm.  
People started to sweat.

"Well," that man said, "We've got to get away."  
They started.

That little kid, his Daddy held him.  
Meat, blankets, everything they left, just get away.  
When they began to move down,  
They saw eyes, just like the sun, on top of the ice. [39]  
Two eyes came up when they went down there.

Getting hot now.  
Too much heat, just like a stove.

So they went in the water, shallow water.  
They went away down there (downriver) about five miles.  
They got over there; over there they camped.

Gee whiz, day time now.  
Sun all comes out now everyplace.  
So they went back again.  
That meat is pretty near cooked, they say.  
I don't know what did that.

They told Jack Dalton about that story.  
He married an Indian woman, used to be, at Dalton Post.  
He went down there, took a horse.  
But it was too hot, too much.  
That horse fell down, just like he was sleeping.  
Then he went in the water, him.  
He let that horse go - dead. Too much heat.  
They say he came back without his horse, nothing.

Dadzik, they call that place.  
It's a big glacier, that one.

Below Dalton Post, on Dalton Post Creek, everybody sees that.  
I guess my grandma, too, sees that, runs away,  
When my daddy is a baby.  
That place they made grease was bad.

There's another glacier, Tanshi, same, down from Dalton Post.  
That one's different from this Dadzik, that story I tell you.  
I've been at that Tanshi too.  
No good, that place, used to be.  
Not far from Dalton Post.

One time I asked Jimmy Kane,  
"Was it like that?"

"Should be white man don't cook bacon there," he said.

I asked other people,  
"How do you think it's going to be now?"

Everybody knows that glacier is no good.  
"How do you think it's going to be good this time?" they tell me.

Glaciers don't like to smell grease.  
If it smells grease, an eye comes out on top.  
It becomes so hot that it's just like being in a stove  
Lots of people know about this.

I asked Jimmy Kane just a little while ago. [40]  
"How is that glacier? Is it still like that?"

"Oh, I don't know. I don't hear anything."

I guess it should be yet.  
If something (the animal) is gone,  
That ice is going to melt out.  
There is something inside.  
That's why glacier is there.  
That's the one whose eye comes out, people say.  
If he comes out, if there is nothing there, that glacier is going  
to melt!

That owl they killed came from that ice. [41]  
It was just full of ice, they say.  
Big glacier.  
One of those owls choked on a bone; one burned. See?  
There's no more ice at Noogaayéek now.  
Before, there was ice there, as wide as Marsh Lake.

When that owl was killed, they all melted out.  
There used to be a glacier at Noogaayéek, people say.

But people cook bacon, everything, this time,  
And nothing is wrong, they tell me.  
Jimmy Kane told me.  
But something is in there yet.  
If they cook gopher grease or something, it's going to start again.

I don't believe that it is over.  
My grandma told me too, my daddy's mother.  
She's got husband already, that time she sees them, those eyes.  
They run around. Too hot they say.  
Everything started to talk - groundhog, gopher, geese.  
You can hear everything talking.  
That time, they ran away.  
They packed up - I guess they didn't have much meat.  
They got a good place, got saved.  
That meat was just like it was cooked.  
That's Dadzik, down Dalton Post way.

Another ice, Tanshi, closed Mush Lake, my grandmother told  
me.  
That's the one my grandma told me,  
"Two (eyes) came out. That's why we started."  
She doesn't lie, my grandma.

That time (approx 1900?) when Nałudí came across that time,  
The lake was full all the way to Haines Junction.  
That time two sisters with one husband were staying pretty near  
there, drying meat.  
They went up the mountain: they had a camp there.  
It all flooded down there.  
Yes, it broke down after a while.

One of those ladies told me there were lots of gophers there.

Dead ones.

Just full of gophers. They packed them in:

"Talk about gophers! I wish you were coming that time," she told me.

"That water dropped down in the morning when the glacier broke.

My husband packed in a big bag of gophers.

Then we started, dogs, everything, lots of gophers."

Since the doctor did that the first time, it happens again.

Some young people don't believe me when I say that.

But I don't say that: people say that.

### Falling Through a Glacier [42]

This is a story about coast Indians, the story of Kanax

This happened at a glacier on the way from Klukwan to Lake Arkell,  
Kusawa Lake.

Two coast Indian men went from Klukwan to get fur, skins.

They got ready, took guns -

There were guns already too that time, I guess.

One of those men told his wife,

"We're going to stay a long time there, Yukon.

We'll come back in August.

We're going to stay there all summer."

That's what they said.

They're going to trade some things.

Yukon Indians got fur all the time.

There's no store that time.

They're gone.

Two people - a man and his brother-in-law.

One is married to the other one's sister.

They stay in Yukon.

They buy fur - trade them, you know.

That man buys a lynx skin blanket.

They're going to go back now, to Klukwan.

They started.

They got lunch, I guess.

One woman tells them,

"I'm going to fix some lunch for you.

You gave me this chew (tobacco) for nothing."

She smashes dry meat, makes grease,

Puts it in a big bag, that lunch.

Lots of meat, just smashed like flour.

That man thinks,  
"When I come back to Klukwan,  
I'm going to eat this with my wife."  
They've got some dry meat, some fat.

They go back now.  
They follow foot trail that way, used to be.  
Glacier there, used to be.  
They go across this far (to the top).  
That glacier goes across to the mountain.  
They eat lunch there, start to go now.

They walk now.  
Just in the middle, he falls down, his partner,  
Down the crack in that glacier.

The other one is scared now.  
Just like smoke comes out.  
His partner is gone -  
I guess he hollers, he pokes in that crack.  
He's going to look for the body.  
If he finds that body, and if his uncle is dead,  
They're going to kill a slave to be his partner.

They go now.  
Just those who are going to carry the body go.

That man is still there, over a month.  
Sometimes that man sleeps,  
He sleeps warm, I guess, warm fur blankets.  
Sometimes they bring a dish there and he eats.  
I don't know who brings that dish.  
Down in Klukwan when they made that potlatch,  
I guess they called out names and threw that grub in the fire.  
And I guess it came to that man down there. [43]

Well, people go to that place now.  
They're going to find him now.  
That man's partner put a post there, a marker,  
He put his walking stick there to mark.

"Right there, right there, he falls down."

His brother, old man too, is coming."  
"Ayyy..." he calls, "You die right there my brother."

That man, he hears down there.  
"Ayyy..." he hollers back.

"Somebody hollers down there."

"Who hears him?"

"I hear too."

"Who hears him?"

"I hear him. Somebody hollers."

"Aye...aye..." they holler.

"I'm living yet. I'm living yet."  
He says that down there. Oh my!

They're going to put string down there.  
"Look for it," they tell him.  
They put a little rock on that.

"I got him," he hollers. He ties up his stuff.

They pull him up.  
His stuff comes up - his pack, fur - everything comes out of there.

Now his body is going to come!  
They send down a wide belt.  
Going to tie up (around his waist).  
He ties up. Strong rope.  
Now they pull him.  
He comes up - he's fat!  
He's all right, one month!

"You all right? You starve?"

"No, I'm all right."

That woman who fixed him lunch, she smashes that grease, that meat.  
He eats good.

That slave is saved.  
They give him to that man.

"This is going to be your own.  
I give it to you, uncle.  
He's going to take care of you.  
I was going to kill him right here where you died.  
He was going to stay here too.  
You're saved."

They walk on.  
From there, they make a boat, go down the creek.  
Two men got in one boat.  
They're going fast too, to tell people down there the story.

Down there, people talk.  
Those two men came to Klukwan.



They holler,  
"Ah...Kanax comes back.  
He's not dead, he's coming down!"

My goodness, his wife jumps in the water.  
He's got two wives.

Boat is coming now.  
He's wearing skin clothes he brought from down Yukon.  
Ah, fancy clothes.  
Everybody comes.

"Kanax? You?"

"Yes, I'm living."

My, everybody is surprised.  
Big potlatch, they paid for him,  
But he's coming back again.

#### Mouldy Head [44]

Two years, one boy got drowned, stayed with fish.  
But he doesn't marry fish, nothing.  
He just stayed.

He's just a little kid.  
Wants to snare seagull.  
Same size as my little grandchild.

His mother gave him fish one winter.  
"What for you give me this fish? It's mouldy right here."  
That boy threw away that fish.  
Something wrong.

Next summer, when fish is coming,  
That's the time he set snare for seagull. Got it!  
"You got seagull. Quick, quick -  
It's a deep place. It's going to go."  
Just as soon as he's going to grab him, that boy fell in!  
That seagull too, he held him.

He fell in.  
Did he drown? They don't know.  
He goes down...can't do nothing.  
He doesn't know where his home is now.  
That seagull there is just like his partner.  
He holds him - goes down.

He goes down that river. Klukshu River.

He's with those fish now.

They go down - past another city.

They talk about when they're going to break that war house -  
That's peoples' fishtrap.

"We broke them already. We fight already."

That's what they say.

Other people are coming, other fish. All going the same place.

That's dogfish, I guess, that last fish:

Luk, fish, they call them.

They go back now.

Go by a city.

Lots of people, lots of kids.

They've got nothing to eat. They've got nothing.

That seagull, though, he eats lots of fisheggs.

That boy wants to eat too.

Seagull stomach is full.

That boy take some, but he's ashamed.

He hides them someplace.

But someone sees him -

"Ahhhh, that boy, he eats dirty things."

That's just like the time he threw away dried fish!

They told him that was bad and he threw them away.

He got shame.

One of them came to him.

"Are you starving?"

He told them,

"Since I go away, I don't eat anything.

Just drink water."

"Come on, I'll show you."

He took him.

"See that little kid? You push him.

Then take him and cook him.

But be careful how you stick him, or he'll cry, that kid."

"All right."

He pushed that little boy.

Gee, a little King Salmon fell in.

He hid him. His seagull is with him.

He made fire and ate him. He's full now!

Then he came back.

That little kid is playing yet!

"See those people over there?" that little kid told him.  
They're drying fish. When they do it right those fish come back.  
They don't kill them."

One old man looked like a chief.  
That boy is lonesome sometimes.  
That man tries to take him to that lake.  
Sits down with him, puts his hand on his neck that way.

"Come on, go with us."  
That seagull is with him, too, all the time.  
That big man sat with him beside that fish lake,  
Holds his hand on that boy's neck.  
Finally, he forgot his home.  
He worries no more. He eats now, all the time.  
He forgot it. He stays there.

One year, he stayed there.

Those boys told him,  
"We're going to go with people. You come with us."

"Yes, I want to go."

"We're going to teach you."

They wait for the right time.  
"Some people are going now, some people are going now.  
We go now," they said.  
They've got grub.  
They feed him too.  
He eats.

They go..go..go.. camp someplace..go..go.  
Lots of people meet them, you know.

Already they cut them,  
Make them dry when they come down.

"Don't know what that is they're making," he thinks about it.  
He sits on the boat.  
He doesn't work; just four boys work.  
They've got their own boat.  
That seagull is with him, his partner all the time.

One place, water goes this way.  
They're fishing here too, you know, old people.

"Oh, we're going to throw some hook,  
We're going to heave it.  
Have you got hook?" (the fish hear people say)

"Don't sit this way," they tell him.

"If you do, they're going to catch you tail side.  
They're not going to get you. They're not going to kill you."

"Yes," he says, "that's what I'll do."  
He goes himself, I guess, along there.  
Right there...sees hook...yes...it goes across him.

"Pretty soon, fishtrap. Pretty soon that war house,"  
"Just in the morning, we're going to try it," they say.  
They don't say 'fishtrap', they say 'warhouse'.

In the morning the sun comes out. Up high.

"We're going to see it now, going to see that house!"  
My goodness, right there he sees his mamma sitting down!  
She's cutting fish.  
His mamma.  
He knows that someone is sitting down at the creek, at that fish  
water there.  
They cut fish, sit down there.  
He doesn't get worried. He just stays there.  
Those boys are gone. They're gone to that house of war.

He stays there.  
That lady hollers for her husband.  
"Hah! King Salmon there. Try to get it," she tells her husband.  
He comes down, his daddy.  
He hooks him. He clubs him. He's on the ground now.

He's got some kind of wire, that fish.  
Copper wire, he's got it, you know.  
That boy - it used to be all the time on his neck!

"Quick, cut him," he tells his wife.  
"What's the matter?" he looks around.  
He sees that one his son used to wear.  
He runs home, that man, his daddy.  
Skin. Moose skin They wrap him, take him home.  
They go to his uncle's place.  
He runs in there, his daddy.

"My brother-in-law!  
Our boy who got drowned.  
That fish in here has got his copper wire.  
We've got him home!"

"Bring him here."

His daddy brought him there.  
They put him some place up high and left him there.  
They called all his people, that man, young people.

"We're not going to eat.

We're not going to drink water.  
Four days like that.  
We'll try to save that boy.  
It might be he'll come back again."  
That's what that man says.

"All right."

Everybody is in there now.  
Men, some women.  
They don't eat.  
His mother, too, doesn't eat. No.  
That boy knows that he's in the blanket.  
He doesn't know he's a fish!  
Three days, those people don't eat.  
Sometimes they hold stick that way, just like Indian doctor.

Four days,  
They hear a noise in the morning ... "Ahh...."  
Everybody wakes up. That man, his uncle says,  
"Get up, get up. I hear something!"  
People get up. Everybody sings!

"Take me down," he says.

Gee, big boy inside. He's big doctor, that boy.

They're gone back, those fish.  
The dry fish they cut up all go back home.  
They've got a boat, I guess. Which way, I don't know.

But he came back a person.  
He's doctor.  
He knows everything.  
He doesn't eat fish, though.

Shanatla, they call him, 'Mouldy Head'.

### The Man Who Stayed with Groundhog [45]

One man stayed with groundhog.  
He didn't marry, that one. He just stayed there.

He killed lots of groundhogs, you know.  
He packed in groundhogs, but he didn't treat them good.  
He rolls them that way in the fire (lays them on one side).  
He doesn't treat them good when he kills them.

He did that all the time.  
And the groundhog people said,  
"Try to pull him in.  
Too much he gives us punishment.  
He kills us all right, but he doesn't care much for us.  
He kills us all right, but he doesn't treat us good."

They say that. They tell young people,  
"When he's coming, you grab him!"

They get ready.  
He's travelling there all the time.  
He's starting now. He's going to put trap.

Somebody's coming. Two boys.

"Come in," they call him.  
Gee, big house there. He comes in.  
Gee, talk about people there!

"Come on. Sit down here," they tell him.

He sits down there.  
He doesn't know his home now!  
People play.  
They feed him nice grub, you know.  
First time he starts to eat groundhog grub, him!  
He eats.

"You're not going to get off.  
You're going to stay for a while," they tell him.  
Some boys, they play anything that way...gamble, you know.  
Big house.  
Lots of girls - ah, lots of fun, you know.  
He don't think about home!

He got lost, that man.  
People look for him -  
His wife, all his brothers, his mamma, his daddy.  
They look for him.  
First time, they go to that rock where he goes.  
No bear killed him, nothing.

About two weeks, they see him.  
He sits down in front with groundhogs.  
Groundhog sits down the other way; he sits down in the middle  
of them.  
They see him now.  
They try to holler, holler for him.  
They call his name...  
No, he doesn't care. Nothing. He can't care.

"Some people coming." They go inside the house.

"Somebody's coming, somebody's coming."

They have to run in.

He runs in too.

He stays there one year, with groundhog in den. One year.

Ah, wintertime comes. They go in now.

They've got any kind of grub.

They eat good food, you know.

But he doesn't marry groundhog woman, though.

"How many months now?" they say.

"We're going to come out."

One boy is a good friend of his.

"Pretty soon now, we're going to get out," they say.

Finally, they came out.

Ah, my!

Snow, groundhogs all over.

Happy, feel good.

Going to be summertime now!.

They see them.

They try to trap them, those Indians, with traps.

Can't get them!

Can't get anything!

They use that little stick trap. They make it fancy.

Everybody tried to get him, all his people.

His uncle, his brother. Nothing!

Everybody tries all winter to get back that man.

They tell that man's little brother,

"Should be sometime you think about your brother.

You put out little stick trap.

You eat everything. Porcupine you eat."

First one brother tries. Nope.

Another one, another one.

One week, nothing.

The last brother is crazy, they tell him.

He's got trap, fixes it himself.

Everybody quits now. Can't try any more.

He fixed his trap, that one.

His mamma asks him, "You put out trap?"

"Yes."

"Go in the morning when groundhog first comes out the first time.  
Go then."

They put clothes in a packsack.

When they get him, they're going to put on clothes, see?

His daddy goes with that boy.

Gee, he's got him in a trap!  
Got no clothes!  
They put clothes on him, wrap him in a skin.  
They put him away.  
"Sit down here," his daddy tells him.  
"We're going to tell your uncles."

They pack him in.  
They don't eat.  
They start that way [46]

When he comes back, he tells them,  
"I didn't treat them good, groundhog.  
I killed lots of groundhogs, but I threw them away, that's all.  
It's no good that way.  
Put them this way when you bring groundhog.  
Put nice leaf on top.  
I didn't do that, me. That's why they took me over."

He's doctor, too, him, I guess.  
This is a true story, what I'm telling you.

They train kids that way (by stories).  
I know my grandpa treated groundhog good, that way.  
He put leaves over after he skinned groundhog, put them the  
right way.



## Section VII: Becoming a Woman [47]

"Well, you're woman, so you want to learn everything.  
They fix that hat.  
Then you've got to learn everything.  
My grandma teaches me. She knows everything."

When she's a woman that time, they put her away,  
Put her under that hat.  
It's covered with little sticks, porcupine quills.  
They make a little place for her away from camp.  
No men there, just women.  
They teach her to sew, sew for everyone.  
Skin, gopher skin robe.

They take termite wood and they heat it up,  
Put it on back of your hands so you'll be handy.  
You're going to be good at sewing then.  
They put string between your fingers. Yeah!  
So you're going to be handy, a good sewing lady.  
Whoever sews with porcupine quills is going to teach you to fix them.  
And you're going to learn Indians' own fishnet.  
They're going to show you, just like doll's.

They stay one month. High tone people two months.  
I got four months, me. Then they take it off. [48]  
That's why I'm old lady now, because I did that.  
I'm the last one, me.

You don't drink water.  
That means you'll be tough.  
Later you drink water only through bone, not like this  
(indicating teacup).  
Some kind of geese, swans' own, like straw. [49]  
You can't put your mouth (on a cup) or you won't talk good.  
You got to have that bone all the time on string around your neck.

No fresh meat, so you'll be tough.  
Fresh meat (is) too soft.  
They give you what is good: dry one  
No berries, or your head will shake when you get old.  
They brush Crow feathers across your eyes  
So you'll get up early in the morning before crows.  
They give you goose feathers and you hold them in your hands  
And blow them in the air:  
Then they make you get up and walk.  
That way, you won't get tired when you walk.  
And when you're going to stand up, you blow

(indicates rubbing legs, then blowing into the air)  
Then you stand up.  
That's so you can't be heavy.

Around your neck wear necklace with two sticks,  
With bone shaped like pencil.  
You can't scratch your head except with pencil bone or your  
hair falls out.

My stepdaddy, he don't want them, those sticks.  
"How the hell you're going to have two of them?" he said.  
"Good enough she's got hat!"

Schoolgirls, me, I could fix them!  
Girls no good now (i.e. not protected by these preparations  
for adulthood)  
They learn that at school, I guess.  
That's why they get old quick this time, young people.  
I got it that way, see?  
You see I sew yet?  
Lots of young people are old ladies.  
Schoolgirls get old!  
They don't do this. Nothing! No teeth.  
That's why I walk around, then.

But my teeth, if they stay there, my leg be no good.  
One year I stay in hospital.  
That's why doctor cleaned out my teeth.  
He told me,  
"No good. But if you got no teeth, you're going to have some kind  
of power again."  
That's why I do it.

They teach young men, too. Tell them what they can't eat.  
But men don't have to go away like women.  
Woman, soon as they got it, they get away.  
Already her mamma got hat for her when she's a big girl.  
Already they make her dress up that way, put stick (necklace) on.  
That water, she can't drink it from a cup.  
No! She's got swan bone.  
When you drink water you suck it that way (through swan bone tube).  
When you scratch your head, you got two bones,  
Do that way (scratch your head only with a bone).  
Not with your fingers, or you lose your hair.  
I got lots of hair.

They tie up here (below the knee), put ptarmigan foot  
(hang from the tie).  
Then, just like she's going to be ptarmigan when she's woman.  
Can't get tired.  
Used to be just like that, me.  
Look at me today, how much I'm old.  
Run around in the morning,

Cook hotcakes for my grandchild.

I'm Crow.

When it's finished, Wolf people take off that hat.

Then Crow gives potlatch.

That's when Crow cuts up that hat and gives it out to Wolf.

I was out four months.

When they had that party, my grandma gave things to (Wolf) people:  
Blankets, calico, food.

That way I have lots of things in my life..

After they take off hat, they plant tree, so you grow straight.

For me, they plant different tree each month:

First one, same day they take off my hat.

Then another one after one month.

I got two, used to be, just two.

Then whiteman came. They quit it. Go to school.

I started school, too, at Haines.

But we fight too much, us girls. They scratch me one time.

When he sees me do this (stick out my tongue).

That's why my daddy got mad, Paddy Duncan.

"Well, get off," he said.

"We lived before. We didn't read.

We didn't go to school. We're living."

That's what he said.

He took me off school.

I didn't go to school long, but I saw lots of things.

Same with my kids. They don't go to school.

## Section VIII: From Daughter to Wife

"Well, you think we're going to stay here  
When we don't see our daddy?  
When we don't see our mamma?  
When we don't see our sister or brother?"  
(from 'Star Husband')

"Well, he's going to marry you, that man," said her mamma.  
'We're safe now.  
No more hard times!'  
...They don't eat fish no more.  
Just like woodpile, grub!"  
(from 'Wolf Helper')

### Star Husband [50]

Those two girls are twins, sisters together, those girls.  
Their mother and daddy are living yet.  
But they don't get married, those girls, not yet.  
They're women, so they get ready for marriage.

Nighttime, they sleep.  
That's the time that oldest one says,  
"Look, sister.  
If I want to marry that star, do you think they're going to  
marry us?  
That one, I like it, me.  
That little bit grey one."

The younger sister said,  
"Ah, no. Me that one."  
That one she looks at has no grey, just bright.  
"I want that one for a person."

They talk about it, talk about it.  
They don't know if they're good hunting men.  
When they married that way, those days,  
They married sometimes lynx, sometimes wolverine, everything.  
Used to be just like a person,  
Wolf, lots of them, marten.  
Person inside, they say.

They sleep now.

My goodness.

Somebody sleeps with them, with that oldest one!

She wakes up.

He's got grey hair, looks good though.

She looks for her sister.

They're not home. Somebody sleeps with that sister.

She calls her, "Wake up."

"Yes, I wake up."

"Where we got this man from. Where are we?"

That younger sister, young fellow sleep with her.

"Well," those men say, "last night you talked about us.

You wanted to marry us.

That's why we got you."

That's what they told them.

"Where's our daddy?"

"Well, he's down there.

Your daddy, your mamma, they can't come here."

Those girls got nothing to say.

"Well, what do you eat?" those men ask them.

"Well, we eat meat, fish, things like that."

"All right, we're going to get that for breakfast."

They go off to get gopher.

That oldest one doesn't like her husband.

He's a little bit old, you know.

Her sister, though, has a nice young fellow.

Just quick they come back, bring ten gophers.

The oldest one knows how to cook gopher, you know.

She sings them, skins them.

They cook gopher.

Well, her mother down there looked around.

Everything stays where it was. Nothing is moved.

They're just gone! Her daughters are gone!

That oldest girl tells her husband to bring lots of game,

Lots of caribou, lots of marten.

"Whatever you want for blanket,

I'm going to kill that animal for you," her husband told her.

"Yes, marten blanket."

He brings marten just like they were rabbits.  
That girl skins them, makes good blanket.

That young girl said,  
"What kind of blanket am I going to use?"

"Well, I'm going to bring you which one you want for your blanket.  
Fox? Lynx? Marten your sister has got already."

She wants lynx.  
"Lynx, I want it," she said.

He got them.  
She fixed them, that girl.  
They're sewing, those girls.

Those fellows showed them the place they used to sleep.  
"You know that place?  
That's where we hear you say you like us.  
Your daddy is still near there.  
They moved down a little bit.  
They miss you."

That oldest man said,  
"We're going to go down.  
We're going to kill game for them. Going to leave it.  
What do they eat?  
What does your mamma like?"

"Well, that one."  
They named them - caribou, sheep.  
"You fellows kill marten, too, put them there.  
Lynx for Mamma."

Those parents sleep.  
They don't know.  
That daddy gets up early to go hunting.  
The sun is not up yet.  
My goodness, right there is a pile - marten, lynx!  
Then meat already cut - fat.  
Everything.  
He wakes up his wife.

"Get up.  
It's our daughters sent this for us.  
Oh, just fat, meat, fur, everywhere."

Next those girls tell them,  
"We eat fish. Bring them fish."

"All right, we'll bring them salmon."

Their daddy fixes the camp up.

He doesn't want to get away from camp there now.

Wants to stay for good.

He fixes Indian stick house, cuts the ground, puts food on top.

Big place they make.

That older star tells his wife,

"Your place is not so far away."

Talk about they kill game!

Those girls they fix them.

Those sisters talk together,

"You think we go down?"

Which way we're going to go down?"

They sew lots of pants, lots of mitts.

"We're going to go down that way.

My old man said it's not so far -

Just our eye makes it look far."

That's what they say.

They make skin, dry skin, fix it this way (a tube).

They're going to leave it this way, put string down the middle,

Fix up like saddle and sit on it, slide down.

This way they hold them.

That's why they want lots of mitts.

It's good, you know.

They try it. They build foot place.

They're pretty smart, fix it so they can sit down.

They've got lots of mitts.

They cover themselves all over with skin.

"How about we do it this way?"

"Yes, that's good."

"Well, I'm going to take my marten skin."

"Me, too, I'm going to take my blanket."

They try that rope down now.

They put big rock on and get ready to let it down to the ground.

Tie it at the top.

Their husbands said,

"We're going hunting two nights.

Two nights we camp and then we're going to come back."

Those girls get ready now, eh?

Who's going to be first?

"Me," the oldest one said.

"I'm going to go first behind you."

"All right."

They put on clothes now.

Hard work going down.

Not far apart, those sisters, oldest one first.

They try it now.

Soon they started.

They go down, they go down, they go down...

When two mitts get holes, they put on another one.

Oh my. They landed!

Her daddy fixes camp about one mile up that creek.

They walk around and find it.

"Ah, right there our camp used to be."

"Oh my, Mamma takes all her blankets with her."

Nothing there.

They look around.

See their little sister about that big play around that creek.

"Where's your Mamma?"

"Where you fellows come from?" that little sister asks.

"Oh, we come back.

We wanted to see you."

"Mamma, right here!" that little one said.

"My sisters, they come!"

She's screaming, that little girl, runs to her mamma.

"We got husbands," they tell their mamma.

"We married that star.

That's were we've been.

But we came down on a string."

Gee, she's surprised, that mamma.

They miss their wives up there.

They know where they're gone.

They make these girls dream for their husbands.

Night time, they make them wake up.

They can't take them back anymore now.

"Why did you fellows run away?"

"Well, we're lonesome.

You think we're going to stay when we don't see our daddy?

When we don't see our mamma?

When we don't see our sister or brother?

It's pretty hard.



You people up there just stay one place," they tell them.

"Yes, you're right," those fellows say.

"Well, we're going to feed you.

We're going to give you what we've got.

Just right alongside of you,

We're going to pile them up there.

Anything you want, you say it when you go to sleep.

Call my name."

Gone.

They're gone again.

"We can't stay here," they tell their wife.

Some people make this story a different way,

But this way is honest, you know.

Some people say they landed in a tree and they can't come down.

Then a man comes and says

"I'm going to marry you," and packs them down.

No! They can't land in a tree; they land on the ground. [51]

After that, just what those girls think, they pile up.

I don't know after that.

They married Indian, I think.

Wolverine, I guess.

### Wolf Man

Long time ago, Wolf Man was just like a person.

People didn't know wolf at that time.

He came up to a woman and daughter who were making a cache.

This woman and her mamma were making a cache;

They were fishing when that Wolf man came that way.

"What are you doing?" he asked that young girl.

"We're fishing."

"Where are your people?"

"Me and Mamma, all the time we stay here, this fishing place.  
We live on fish."

"You got no husband?" he asked that girl.

"No, Everybody left us."

They fixed brush camp, that way.  
They put moss on top for warmth.

"All right. I'll come tonight," he tells that girl.  
"Don't tell your mamma, though.  
I'm going to come tonight.  
I'll kill moose up there.  
I'm going to bring it for you people."

He's just a young fellow, you know.

She's fishing there at that big hole.  
Fish are running. She hooks some on her spear.  
She waits and her mamma comes down now.

"How many fish you got, daughter?"

"See right there?"

"Ahhh," she said.

Her mamma packed them up to the cache, piled them there, that way.  
Came back.

"I cooked two fish, my daughter," she said,  
"That way (roast whole over the fire).  
Fish eggs too."

That time Wolf man came back and he started to eat that fish.  
She watches him, that daughter.

"Who's that?" her mamma asked.

"I don't know."

"Looks like somebody.  
He's a long way, your brother.  
He can't come.  
After Christmas, he's going to come to see us.  
After winter he's going to come down."

That young fellow came in, said hello.  
"What you fellows doing here?  
Hello, Grandma," he tells that lady.

"I don't know who's that, you," she says.  
She moved her hand that way (gesturing to come in).  
"Come in."

He brings in skin sleigh.  
My, that lady is just surprised.  
Skin sleigh, that man pulls right there.

"Open, Grandma. Lots of things inside.  
I kill moose," he tells her.

She calls her daughter.  
"Come on, come on now quick."  
They open. My. Full of fat moosemeat!

They cook. After they eat, they sit down.

He said, "I'm going to go back again.  
I've got a place.  
I'm going to bring some more meat, Grandma.  
I'm going to marry your daughter."

That lady said,  
"All right, you're going to help us lots grandchild.  
Thank you."

"I'm going to hunt yet," that man said.  
He took his skin sleigh, took it back.

Gee, they cook meat, those two.

"Well, he's going to marry you, that man," said her mamma.  
"We're safe now.  
No more hard times."

About two days after, three days I guess, he came back.  
He brought grizzly bear, fat, full inside that sleigh.

"Look," he said. "Do you want to see my snowshoes?"  
He brought his snowshoes.  
"Can you fix them right here?  
The string broke."

She tied them up again, that girl.  
She fixed them, that broken string.  
He doesn't want them broken.

"That's good," he said.  
"If my string is broken and I chase moose,  
He's going to run away.  
It's going to hold me back.  
That's why I need to fix it."

She does everything, that girl now, you know.  
She makes skin.  
Her mamma gives her skin.  
"Make a skin shirt for him."

She fixes it. Nice.  
Quills on. Sewed nice.

He doesn't come back yet that man.  
He hunts again.

He comes back.

He said,

"You know this kind of thing?

You make blanket," he tells his wife.

That woman's going to be his wife, see?

"You're going to make blanket."

Gee, that skin sleigh is just full up with marten.

So many skins!

Well, she fixes them.

That girl fixes a marten skin robe.

She uses it, that girl.

Got a rich man now!

They've got a big cache full.

Anything, they've got it.

That woman had a son too.

He's coming over at Christmas.

He looks around for where his mamma stays.

His mamma travels around.

Her son is coming:

"Hey, Mamma!"

"Ah," she tells her son.

"Your sister has got somebody.

We've got good living."

She's got marten skin blanket, his sister;

Rich man, she married.

They cook moosemeat for him.

Oh, they cook everything.

They don't eat fish no more.

Just like a woodpile, grub!

When Wolf hunts, he's a good hunter, I guess, just like a person.

Used to be lots of stories like that, you know, just like a person.

When Wolf stayed summertime,

That old lady walked around with them.

She walked good, I guess.

"We've got to fix some place for our camp," that Wolf said.

"Sheep here, caribou here, moose here.

All right," he said.

They make camp there now.

They stay for good.

People come by there.

Sure lots of meat you know.

That old woman, his grandma, say,  
"I'm getting old now.  
You fellows stay together if I quit."  
That young girl is sewing.  
That's the way they tell this story.

Oh my. People stop.  
Some people stop when they come that way.

That man sees fire near a lake.  
"I see fire," he said.  
"I guess it's somebody." He said that to his wife.  
"Do you want to go there with me?" he asked his wife.  
"Might be they starve."

Those people are her mother's people.  
They go there.  
Gee, they're trying to fish, those people.  
When they get one fish, they make soup from that fish meat.  
They make big soup.

They're coming.  
"We've got to pull some meat," that man said.  
They put it inside moose(hide) - marrow, guts, everything.  
Meat, fish, everything they load.  
They pull, they pull.

Gee, some kids starve now.  
Those people see two people coming on the lake.  
They look.  
They're there fishing.  
They're coming.  
Her auntie, her mother's sister gives her packsack.  
Her husband gives meat to everybody, just empties up that skin  
sleigh.

My. That's the first time they see her husband!  
They don't know she's got husband.  
They know where they're staying, though.  
That's why that woman's son comes all the time to see his mother.  
They're fishing there, is why they stay there.

## Section IX: Marriage and Grandmothers

He wants to marry me, used to be, that one.  
But Grandma, she don't want no Whiteman husband!  
Her daughter married Whiteman -  
Ten years she don't see her, from Dawson.  
That's why that kind she don't like it...  
She don't like them, Whiteman!  
"I don't like my grandchild marry Whiteman," she said  
"No sir, not me.  
...I've got enough Whitemen," Grandma said....  
"She's just the same as my wind, the air I breathe."

My first husband, I met at Dalton Post.  
One year after I became a woman, I stayed with him.  
We stayed at Canyon Creek.  
Canyon Johnny, they call that man.  
That's where my place used to be.  
We had store there and we had house there.

I met him from my Grandma. Well, that's old-fashioned way.  
We stayed down at Canyon.

He went to Kluane trapping, that time.  
My friend Frances was with me.  
I want to go trapping, too, me.  
"Come with me. Be partners", I tell her.  
No. She don't want it. Going to trap alone.

So I go..go.. down by that little creek.  
Stone berries all over there.  
I see little marks, little paws. Could be pup, I think.  
Look...Look...  
Then I see it. Little black fox. Just disappear. Gone.

Well, I got tent. I pitch it there.  
I'm not in hurry that time. I know.

Next day, nothing. But I see those holes, fox holes, two.  
I set that snare, one at each place.  
Got little cage with me, gunny sack.  
Wait...wait.  
Then, first one I got it!  
Red fox. I catch it in that trap, tie up in gunny sack.  
Put it by my tent.  
Then next one, cross-fox, I catch. Same way!  
Wait, wait.  
Finally I got black fox! That's the one.

I bring them back all. Gee, they're sure surprised.

Shorty Chambers sure surprised. [52]

"I'm going to tell your husband when I see him!"

There's man up there has horse and buggy. Two horses.

He wants to trade for black fox.

Two horses, one buggy.

Well, I want to keep red fox. I got five already. [53]

Cross fox too.

My friend came back, Frances. Got nothing!

"Ah, my sister," she tells me when she sees it, what I got.

Well, they tell him now, my husband!

He hears about it! Hears about what I did.

If he gets black fox, he wants that buggy.

No roads that time.

Well that man comes to me, wants to trade that buggy.

"I have to ask my husband," I tell him.

I'm young yet.

Well, sure. He wants me to do it.

So we got that buggy and two horses for that one fox I got!

Then about one year later, I was fixing horses.

That rope broke - all old - he should have fixed that one.

They told him to fix it.

Gee, what's wrong with that man!

I fell down, buggy turned over on me, fell on my back and  
hurt my back.

It got all swollen up.

Got to go to hospital. Four days now, they're going to cut it. [54]

Just two days before I go to hospital,

There's dance at Champagne Landing.

That Billy (Smith) came up to me, ask me to dance.

"No," I tell him. "I've got to go to hospital.

They're going to cut it, my back."

He put his hand on me, on my shoulder.

"That's too bad, I'm sorry for you," he said that.

Well, my husband sees that, watching, watching.

He gets jealous, I guess.

That night after, I stay with my uncle Albert Allen and his  
wife Jessie.

That man (Canyon Johnny), he don't want to stay there.

Just wants to make trouble with me, calls Billy my boyfriend.

Well, he's not my boyfriend! He just say he's sorry about my back.

Next morning, my auntie says to him, "What's wrong with you?"

He slams the door, just feeds those horses.

Then he came in, rolled up my bedroll.

He took off! Leaves me with nothing!

"He took your horses," they say.

"Well", I tell them, "I can't carry them with me if I die!"

When I go to hospital, they ask for him, those doctors.

Someone's got to sign for me.

"Where's your husband?" (the doctor asked)

Well, we wait...nothing.

No, he's gone.

My uncle Albert Allen, he's there though.

He signs for me, I guess.

Sam Laberge is my mother's true brother.

Albert Allen is her brother too, but he had another mother. [55]

So this time I came here for good! [56]

No more did I go back that way.

Well, if I'd stayed with Canyon Johnny

I would have stayed there yet.

Then I moved to my uncle Albert Allan in Whitehorse:

My grandma's son. My mother's mother's son. My mother's brother.

"You've got no sense!" he told me.

"You don't know nothing! Winter's coming now!"

"Well, you've got lots of dry meat, gopher, everything."

I laugh. I don't think about nothing, that time.

"How you think you're going to sleep with no blanket?" he tells me.

"I'm going to sleep with my grandma!"

"Well, you beat me!" he told me.

"So long as my grandma is living, I don't care.

I'm going to sleep at my grandma's back," I told him.

Grandma's my boss now. Dushka, her name.

"What are you going to do? Are you trapping?"

Which way are you going to make a living up here?" he asks me.

"I'm trapping!" I said.

"Okay, I'll get traps for you."

He got me two traps.

Oh, I shoot everything that time.

We go to Fish Lake.

I made \$1800.00 that winter with my grandma!

I got him live (live fox).

I got him at Fish Lake, hold him (by) two paws.



Live fox, yet. Soft!

I put him in my packsack: I know what I'm doing, you know.  
Nighttime, I come back.

Women waiting at the tent, Emma (Burns), her mother Jessie,  
my Grandma.

Emma is my mother's sister's daughter: I call her my sister.

They worry about me I guess:

"Ah, come back, it's nighttime."

They think I'm hurt, see?

I come close to Emma's mother (Jessie), Pelly Jim's wife.

"What you got?" they tell me.

"This is black fox," I tell them.

"My! She's got black fox!"

They're satisfied!

Billy was staying at Robinson. [57]

He heard about it though, I guess.

He's Skookum Jim's nephew.

He's been all over - been outside that time his uncle got gold.  
Seattle, I guess.

When he came back people talk about me, I guess.

"That lady's a nice lady and they throwed her away!"

When I got \$1800 for that silver fox,

I sent my mother's brother, Charley Brown some rum.

They were at Robinson.

Billy (Smith) and Charley Brown were partners, and John Joe was  
their partner.

I sent it with a young boy, trapping there too.

"Where you get it?" they say.

"You know my auntie? Stays at Fish Lake?

She got live fox. Got \$1800!"

He holds that rum, Charley Brown.

"\$1800. My!"

I don't think anybody makes that, this time.

He came back to Billy and John Joe, by dog team.

Tells them the story.

Christmas, we're going to come down,

Going to be big party at Jimmy Jackson's, David Jackson's.

His daddy used to be captain on Yukon River,

Taylor and Drury boat.

They tell us to go down to Whitehorse.

Well, I don't know. I don't care much.

I don't know Christmas when I stay at Champagne Landing.

I ask Emma Burns mother, Jessie,

"You fellows going to go downtown Christmas?"

"If we get some foxes, we go down, I guess," they say.

I don't know. I tell them, "Grandma is boss."  
We've been there before Christmas. We got money, buy grub.  
We got dog team. No car, that time.

Just one car in Whitehorse.  
Camp Smith, his name, that one.  
He wants to marry me, used to be, that one.  
But Grandma, she don't want no Whiteman husband!  
Her daughter marry Whiteman (Kitty Henry).  
Ten years she don't see her, from Dawson.  
That's why that kind she don't like it...  
She don't like them, Whiteman.  
"I don't like my grandchild marry Whiteman," she said,  
"No sir, not me.

John Joe tells her, "He's money man, Camp Smith."  
He's going to look after you, give you a good home."

"No, I'm not going to give to Whiteman.  
That's my daughter's daughter, my grandchild.  
I'm going to give to Indian, not Whiteman  
I got Whiteman son-in-law already: he don't help me."

Camp Smith is going to have car.  
March, he tells me "Car's going to come today."  
Right there, Indian town used to be (Laberge)  
He comes down, looks for me.  
"Soon as that car comes I'll look for you."  
Road then to Laberge - 'cat road' -  
It's going to come now, that car.  
I tell Emma's mother, Jessie,  
My sister-in-law Jessie Burns, I tell her,  
"Gee! We're going to get ride from Laberge."

Jessie runs in:  
"Car's coming! It's stopping!"

He gave us ride all the way there - me, my girlfriends.

John Joe said,  
"You see that?  
If that man marries your grandchild,  
You're going to go in that kind of thing all the time."

"No! Just the same no!  
I've got enough Whitemen," Grandma said.  
"I think about it - maybe my daughter is going to come sometime...  
This year...Nothing.  
Just sends me a little money.

"Twenty dollars coming. I'm going to stay another year."  
That's why I don't want it, Whiteman, to take my grandchild this time.  
She's just the same as my wind, the air I breathe."

My grandma didn't see Highway.  
Before it, she died.

After I came to live with Grandma  
Jessie Allen told her Billy Smith wants to marry me.  
He wasn't married before me.  
He told Jessie Allen,  
"If she doesn't get her husband back, I'm going to marry her  
by Christmas."

We were going to Fish Lake, us, when I got letter.  
(It came to ) Jessie Allen;  
That's old time, old fashioned way.  
Just like that, me, used to be.  
That's my uncle's wife, my mother's brother's wife.

She said,  
"Look! Champagne Landing letter."  
She teases me.  
"I'm going to tear up before I see you."  
She got letters all the time.

I got something at Taylor store, walked around for her, [58]  
Came back to meet her at post office.  
She has that paper, shows me.  
She opens, opens, opens that letter.  
She laughs, she laughs.

"You know where comes from this letter?"

"No."

"It comes from Robinson."  
She opens. Hundred dollar bill is in there.  
"That's your winter's grub," she tells me.

"I'm going to marry you at Christmas.  
I'm going to get you at Fish Lake to bring you to town.'  
That's what this letter says."

When she came back, she showed it to her husband.  
"Well, that's alright," he said, Albert Allen.  
"He's good man."

She sat down beside my grandma; that's her son's wife. [59]  
Just like that, me, used to be.  
That's my uncle's wife, my mother's brother's wife.

"Grandma, I'm going to read this letter to you."  
(Jessie Allen said)

"Yes?"

"This Billy Smith, he's going to marry her."

"Hmm..." my grandma said. "Yes?"

"He says he's going to get you Christmas, before Christmas, at  
Fish Lake.  
Going to bring you to town.  
You hear me?"

"Yes."

Dan k'e she talk, you know. [60]

" 'I'm going to marry her', he tells her."

"Well...I don't know...I don't know..."

"You got hundred dollars here for grub," Jessie tells her.

"Ah...!"

(Mrs. Smith laughs, indicating negotiations were concluded).

Yes, two whitemen want me, Camp Smith and one other.  
Big store man, his Daddy used to be.  
I couldn't say nothing: I'm not boss.  
But Grandma don't like it.  
He's not good enough.  
She gave one daughter to Whiteman.  
Ten years she don't come back from Dawson.  
Who do they think looks after their mamma!?  
That's why she doesn't want them.

Billy says he wants to marry me.  
I told him, "Talk to grandma."  
"It's up to you," I told her.

"I'll build house for you, Robinson."

"Yeah? I don't see nothing yet."

Two days he stayed.  
He goes back to Robinson to build house.  
"I'm going to build that house."  
From there, I don't know.

Grandma said "Yes."  
John Joe said "Yes."  
Whitehorse Billy said "Yes."  
All my mother's people said "Yes."

My grandma stayed with us all the time after that.  
This time, any way, girls go.  
But I don't want to do that to my grandma.  
I loved my grandma.  
What she tells, me, I believe it.

Billy bought lumber from Matthew Watson, built that house.  
Charlie Burns helped him build it.  
Billy was working at the mine, but his partner, Joe Jackie, told  
us about it.  
After a while, maybe a month and a half,  
Joe Jackie came to get me - that's his partner, McIntosh's  
brother.  
He gave \$100 to Grandma.  
And he gave \$200 for grub.  
Now \$100 is nothing, but that time, lots of money.  
This time (it buys) just two paper bags full!  
He gave me that money to get things for that house he's building -  
I got bed, stove, chairs, dishes, table, washtub. All.  
Then we took the train to Robinson, Grandma and me.

Trainman called, "There's your house, Mrs. Billy Smith!"  
We've got heater, cookstove, bed, four chairs, couch.

And we stayed there now.  
I don't know my husband yet - he works!  
I don't know those Carcross people yet.  
That time Skookum Jim died, that's when I start to stay with  
Billy (1916).  
We wait there one month while he's out working.  
Joe Jackie killed moose; he's just like brother to Billy.  
He's got a tent and he stays there with us, with Grandma and me.

News coming!  
They're coming home!  
Billy got home early one morning, woke me up.  
"You're sleeping yet? Pretty soon sun comes out.  
Working people, we feed them."

I had moose ribs ready, potatoes, four pies.  
I'm good cook!  
After, when my husband worked on hunting party,  
I worked at Carcross hotel four years,  
Dawson Charlie hotel.

## Section X: The Resourceful Woman

This is a story about a woman alone,  
She's so smart she didn't even need a husband!  
(referring to Otter story, below)

### Mountain Man [61]

There was one lady. She walked around.  
Young lady, you know.  
They say she was stealing some kind of cache.  
Nobody likes that.

One lady loved her, though -  
Her auntie or her half sister, I'm not sure.  
She gave her lots of things -  
Snare, some knife, sewing things, rabbit snare -  
She gave it you know, everything.

"They're going to throw away you!  
You're going to go by yourself.  
They talk about you all the time.  
You steal, they say that.  
You steal," she tells her.

"It's all right.  
I'm going to try to live by myself anyhow.  
Sometime somebody is going to find me, marry me," she says to  
that woman.

And they cut fish; she cut fish too.  
Then she packs them.  
She went some place.  
People don't call her.  
Used to be they call people when they're going to hunt.

"You're going to come with us?" they used to say.  
But that time they don't say anything.  
Just everybody gone.

But that woman told her,  
"They're going to leave you right there."

"That's right."

And one man, just like a chief said to her,  
"What for you steal all the time?  
Everything, you steal.  
You can go any place you want to from here.  
They're not going to take you any more," that chief said.  
He gives her matches, you know, that stone (flint)  
He throws it to her.  
"You keep this one."

And some kind of knife, don't know what kind of knife.

"Thank you."

That fish, they take it all away, I guess.

She catches some fish now.  
Oh, she's got cache.  
And she goes now herself.  
She puts snare, catches gopher.  
Strong woman.

One time she saw fire down there, on a lake.  
She knows that's Indians so she thinks she'll go there.  
One old lady is getting water.

She's coming to the shore, that (young) lady.  
That old lady sees her.  
"Ahhh. Where comes from that person who comes here?"

Her husband is coming too.  
"Where you come from?"

"Oh, I walk around.  
People left me.  
I walk around. Any place I can die."  
She says that.

"Well come on.  
We're Indians. We're good.  
Our son, used to be he killed game for us.  
Bear killed him."  
That's what they said.  
"We're living now ourself. We do fishing here."

Lake fishing, I guess.  
Little creek comes down,  
Some kind of thing they put in the water.  
The fish come in.  
"One month ago our son got killed. Bear killed him.  
We're just the same as you too.  
We pretty near die us here."

He had bow and arrow, that young man.

They've got them:

"This one our son owned, look!"

They show that young lady.

"But he can't do it, your grandpa; he can't aim it."

"I'm going to try it Grandma," she tells them.

Gee, it went a long way!

They go gopher hunting.

That lady came with her.

Aha! Bull caribou walks around.

"I'm going to try it, Grandma."

"Yes, I'm going to watch you from here."

She sneaks up, that lady.

Just close, gee, that caribou jumps.

Another one comes same place.

She aimed at that one too.

That one just falls down there. She runs there.

"Grandma!" she said.

That old lady runs there. Gee, both two.

"What are we going to do Grandma?"

They take off guts.

"We're going to see Grandpa. Show him!

That grandchild, she's got two!"

He's surprised at that.

They make dry meat there and then they give her that bow and arrow.

"Keep it, Grandchild. Keep it."

She carries it around all the time.

She's got sack, you know.

She hunts around all the time.

She sees some kind of game, Xaas they call it (buffalo).

She goes there, just close.

She shoots him with bow and copper arrow.

That thing is going just that way 'til he falls down.

My...

They've got all winter grub now.

"Oh my, I wish someone would help me turn this!

Too big!"

She stands up.

"I wish somebody would come to help me turn this game."



"Ah, I'm right there."

My they don't know who that is cut them all up.  
"Just give me liver," he said.  
I'm going to see you again sometime.  
I've got a wife and lots of kids, long way," he said.  
He's gone.

Well, she thinks about it.  
Doesn't know who.  
She brings her grandma there.  
She tells her,  
"Some kind of man he helps me."  
Well, they don't know. They walk around.

Gee, she sees lots of sheep up there in the mountain.  
She can't climb up, though.  
She hunts around.  
Gee, she'd like to get them now.

"What is that you see?" he asks her.

"Look at that sheep.  
I can kill game with bow and arrow, but I can't climb up there."

He laughs at her now.  
"I'm going to go up there.  
I'm going to throw down there.  
You get them, eh?"

"Yes," she says.

He's got nothing, no tools, that man.  
She sits down, that lady.  
Oh my, those sheep just go that way,  
Roll down...roll down...roll down.  
I don't know how many sheep.

He goes there, finished.  
My goodness, just that much pile of sheep.

They've got no marks on them.  
Just like rabbit when you break the neck.  
All same that way,  
She cuts off the head, that woman.  
It's funny, she thinks.  
Which way he kills them, that man?  
She sits down.

He's coming, that man.

"Ha, ha, ha. You see I kill that game for you?  
I don't use it, that game."

That's what he tells her.

He laughs.

"All, I broke their necks. All."

He lives inside that mountain, that man.

Some people inside, they say: Shat'okaw they call them.

Man inside.

And he talked to her.

He cut them for her, that sheep, cut the guts off, guts off.

"This one I'm going to pack.

I've got a grandma down there."

"Oh," he said.

"Where's your husband?" he tells her.

"No, I got no husband.

They throw me away," she tells him.

"I've got two grandpas down there, my grandma, my grandpa.

I found those people.

That's who I stay with."

"Oh. You fellows come right here, see?

If that kind comes back,

I'm going to break his neck, throw down for you," he tells her.

"Yes," she said.

And she goes back. All guts cut off, those sheep.

He piles in one place too. She goes back, shows them.

"Somebody kills sheep for me.

I don't know what kind of man, Grandma," she tells her.

"All just like rabbits which way he kills them.

Like gophers."

They get broken neck.

That's what he does, that time, that man.

"Ah," that Grandpa said.

"I guess Shat'okaw does that."

That's what he says, that old man.

I guess he knows that kind of people, that old man, his story.

That's why he said,

"I guess Shat'okaw, he helps her."

My, they go there.

They don't bother that fish cache now.

They've got lots of grub all the time!

And two sheep roll down.

She sees them, that woman.

She goes and she brings them, that time that man came.

"How about I marry you?" he tells them.

"What am I going to do about my grandma?"

"Well, they're going to stay there.  
They're going to stay there for good.  
We'll feed them."

"Well, I'm going to tell them."  
She tells them.  
She brings that two sheep just close.  
She comes back, tells her grandma:

"You stay here for good.  
You think you fellows are good?"

"Oh yes, so long as we eat."

"We're going to bring wood for you too.  
He tells me, that man."

Well, they stay there, don't know for how long,  
Everything is coming there.  
That woman comes to see them all the time.

Good story, eh? That's the end.

### The Woman Who was Thrown Away

One lady used to stay in Teslin, but they gave her trouble.  
They chased her.  
They don't want her, that lady.  
Some people say she bothers somebody's husband.  
Just jealous, I guess.

She goes away. Stays herself.  
She knows how to do it.  
Winter is coming now.

"Don't know what I'm going to do.  
Don't know which way I'm going to make a living."

Well, she goes, keeps going somewhere.  
My, she sees somebody's track.  
Looks like a trail.  
Keeps going, keeps going.

She finds some kind of camp.  
People have made fire there.

She goes on that trail.  
She's pretty smart, that woman.

Those are Telegraph (Creek) people she finds.

"My goodness," she looks in creek.  
"Gee, lots of fish there.  
I don't know which way I'm going to get them."  
She's got one fish already.  
She cooked that fish.

"Ahh," somebody's boat's coming.

"Aye, Who's that?" they call.

She can hear that talk.  
Pretty near Telegraph way, we talk; she can understand it.  
That lady sat down.

"Where do you come from?"

"Oh, long way. Come from long way.  
People don't like me.  
I bother somebody's husband, they say.  
My husband is gone a long time, and they don't like me.  
That's why I go away for good.  
I want to die someplace."  
That's what she said.

"You want to come with us?  
Lots of people up here," they tell her.  
"Lots of women. Lots of people. City there."

"All right."  
She's got dog too - one dog.  
She takes her dog pack and gets in that boat.  
Goes back with them.

"There's a chief here.  
We're going to take you to that chief."

They're coming there.  
"Come in," one man tells here.  
She hears them talk their language.

"We found this lady.  
She went away from her people.  
They don't like her, that's what she says.  
She wants to die someplace, wants to get away.  
If she gets killed, she doesn't mind."

"She's got no people where she comes from?"

"I don't know...I'll ask her.  
You got people there? Where do you come from?"

"No. Come from long way, down this way.  
Used to be my mother married to that place.  
Then after she dies, my auntie raised me.  
That's all one, me. I'm alone now.  
That's why they don't like me much," she said.

"All right. You stay here.  
When you're married, it's going to be all right here.  
You don't want to be dead in the woods," that chief tells her.  
"Up there is a man with no wife.  
You take her there," he tells them.

"Yes, pretty soon lots of fish going to come."

She's got a place now,  
Fish come, they cut lots of fish.  
Do anything.

That woman was Liard Tom's mother,  
But she didn't come back to Teslin.  
Liard knows she is from Teslin, from salt water [62]  
Liard Tom has lots of daughters, but Teslin can't take them back.  
They told me that.  
Just like they throw them away.

### The Stolen Woman [63]

A man and a woman had a bark boat.  
They make dry meat.

One day he said,  
"Look. Our boat is cracked.  
We'll have to fix another one."

Somebody did that to their boat.  
"Looks like somebody cut it, see?" that woman said.

They had a camp on shore.  
The husband kept hunting; all the time he hunts.  
She fixed a skin, tanned a skin.

Boat is coming.  
They see her - two men.  
"You've got a husband?"

"Yes, I've got a husband."

"We're going to take you for our wife."

"What are you talking about?

I don't want to leave my husband!"

Two men.

She tried to stop them. No.

"We're going to kill you if you don't go with us.  
Get in our boat!"

She took her sewing bag.

Puts away her husband's moccasins,

Tied up his blanket.

Everything - put some kind of light there, matches, I guess.

They wait for that husband to come back.

"What are you doing with my wife?"

"We're taking her. We're taking your wife."

Bad people, eh?

"Where do you come from? I want to know?" he tells them.

"You know that sky?

You see that sky?

We're going through that way, the way daylight broke."

That time the sky lifted from salt water. [64]

"We go the other way.

Other side people are us," they say.

"Your wife we pay for," they say.

They shoot squirrel tail to him on bow and arrow.

Then they shoot owl foot to him.

He called to his wife:

"Don't be too sorry.

Used to be I got lots of people, you know.

Don't be sorry too much, but think about me sometimes."

Gone now.

From there, he went to his country.

He has lots of people, that man.

They make ready for war.

They are going to take back that woman.

They fix everything, that way, war stuff.

Bow and arrow, horn, sharp stick for spear, club.

They go now.

Those men told them where they come from.

They keep going, keep going.  
They see an island, round island.

"I guess that's the place," that man said.  
Soon, daylight.  
That sky lifts (vertically) and they go in.

The other side is winter.  
This side is summer.  
They are lucky they took their snowshoes.  
Ice here. They see just where the boat landed there,  
So they put away their boat.

There is an old trail up there.  
They keep going on that trail, big trail.  
Snow on top.  
They keep going, keep going.  
Big lake in there, though.  
On the other side is a camp, brush camp.  
At night they are going to sneak down there.

They see two old ladies.  
They've got fish there, hanging up.  
They're sitting outdoors.  
One tells her partner,  
"Bring that wood so we can cook that fish quick."  
She pulls and pulls -  
Gee, what's the matter -  
Those men push that lady and she falls down.  
The other one laughs.

The other one (who fell) whispers,  
"Don't say anything. Somebody did that to me."

Those war people are coming.  
Gee, those women get scared.

"You know my wife they took this way?" the man asked.

"Yes, we know," they said.  
"They went to summer side and took a woman.  
This place, though, is all the time winter.  
No summer here.  
As many years old as I am, I don't know that summer place.  
I don't know where that place is they got that woman.  
Summer place, that place.  
No snow. That's what they said.  
She's got two husbands here," those women said.  
"We're going to tell you how to get there.  
You're going to go this way.  
Trail is going to split here:  
One is going to be a big trail; other trail same too.  
You fellows got to go this trail (to the right).

All the time they do that way, hunt."

They see that trail now, and they follow this one (on the right).  
They see some people watching from the top of the hill.

See fire.

See Indians camp.

That camp is full.

They are going to sneak there.

That lady's husbands are gone.

It's dark.

No day time there either, I guess.

Somebody cut wood.

That lady camps behind all the time with her husbands.

People camp on ahead.

She doesn't want to get mixed up with those people.

Just all the time behind.

Somebody cut wood.

They sneak up.

That's his wife, that man.

That's the one they take away.

They are coming to her.

They help her cut wood.

"Where's your husbands?"

"They hunt, all the men. Just women here."

"We're starved," they tell her.

"You got meat?"

"Yes."

She broke her stone axe.

Her husbands' mother is in there.

"This axe broke. Look," she tells her.

"Oh, my," she said.

"I'm going to tie it up."

While her mother-in-law is fixing it,

That girl put fat, grub, under her clothes.

She kept walking around, packing wood.

She packs wood in, and she packs food out to the men.

I don't know how many times.

She came back.

"That stone axe is broken again."

That time she cleaned off all that skin sleigh of dry meat.

She feeds them lots.

"I'm packing my wood," she says,



"Packing wood."

It's getting darker.

That night is going to be war, now, going to fight.

They tell her,

"You try to get away."

"I'm going to run this road."

Her husbands come back with skin sleigh.

Another one comes back.

He's got wolf skin blanket.

All night she said, "Too hot this wolf skin blanket.

Too hot, I can't breath.

That's why I feel sick all the time."

"All right,"

They give her marten skin robe, her husbands.

Her husbands sleep right there, another one right there,  
One on each side of her.

Soon she has a stick right ready.

Club, you know.

Puts it beside her, listens all the time.

They start to fight now.

Her husbands, she clubs them right away.

Pretty soon, she gets up.

She runs out the door, sees people going that way.

She goes on that road, her.

All those people get killed.

Nothing left.

Those people come back.

Going home now.

Those two old ladies are sleeping.

They are frozen there.

I guess they gave up.

They got in the boat again.

They waited for the sky to lift up.

I don't know what place that is.

I guess that moon is on the other side.

The Woman Stolen by Lynx [65]

One time a man and his wife were hunting, walking around.  
He's a young man too.  
They hunt gophers, groundhogs, her too.

He tells his wife,  
"My goodness. Eagle has a nest there."

"Can you climb a rope?"

"No. But if you tie a rope around me I can climb down.  
You have to hold that string."

Well, they got strong string, that time.  
Fixed it until it's good.

"You see that place?  
It's got eggs there.  
I'm going to put a snare that way."

They got one already.  
They're going to try again.  
She tied him up, put snare this side...  
He always fixes it good.

That time somebody grabbed her. Young fellow.  
"Come on, come on," he said.  
"Let go that string."

"What the heck...! That's my husband!  
He's got snares down there.  
We want eagle feathers to make gopher snares."

"Come on, come on.  
I'm going to marry you.  
Let him go."

There was a solid rock there, so she put that rope there.  
Tied that man there, solid.  
It can't come out, that rock.  
Big one.  
He dragged her away.

That husband waits for some time beside his snare.  
I guess he wants to club that eagle.  
He knows his wife is up there.

Lynx man dragged her.  
Don't know where he dragged her.  
Long way now, they go.  
She thinks about her husband:  
'Oh, he falls down, I guess. Don't think about it.'

"I'm going to hunt.  
Sit down here," Lynx told her.

She doesn't want to run away.  
He's going to kill her if she does.

"Unh." He brings rabbits, gophers.

"You don't see any big game?" she asks him.

"No," he said.  
So they eat that one.  
Rabbits and gophers they cook, they eat.

They go out again.  
They keep going, someplace.  
Just rabbits, gophers, he brings, that man.

"How come you don't kill caribou, sheep, like that?  
My husband kills caribou, sheep."

"Unh," he tells her.  
"That's my game anyhow, rabbits."

She knows now. She finds out. [66]  
He sleeps across the fire too.  
He doesn't sleep with her.  
That woman sleeps by herself all the time.  
It's a long time now they stay together.

That time she tells him,  
"Why don't you sleep alongside me?  
They sleep with their husband when they marry," she tells him.

"No, not me.  
March is coming.  
March is the time I'm going to sleep with you."  
He sings about that, tells a story.  
"I'm going to go,  
Look for those round face people who got snare."  
He goes.

I guess in summertime, people put out snare for lynx.  
They eat them, you know,  
They don't sell skins that time.  
Just for grub.

Just like for rabbits, they put snares.

He makes a song  
So he can break the snare people set to catch him.

"Yes, for sheepskin I break them easy.  
I'll go first with my head.  
First I'll make a song.  
When I put on snare, I'm going to jump."

That's why he made this song.  
He broke that snare now.

One time, he didn't come back.  
She camped. She knows somebody got him.  
She looked around...  
Yes, they put snares someplace.  
Looks like right there, he got snared.  
I guess they got him, she thinks.  
She camped again.  
Gone.  
Two days she camped and Lynx doesn't come back.

She walked around someplace where she used to walk with her husband.  
One place she finds lots of gopher.  
She's got her snare all the time. She put snare there.  
That time, somebody is coming.

"Hey," she said. "You!"  
That's her husband.

"Who took you?" he asked her.

"That one, Lynx took me.  
He got choked that time.  
I guess somebody killed him."

"I came up all right from that eagle's nest.  
You tied me up good. I knew somebody took you."

She told him that story about what they did.

He took his wife back again.  
They made winter grub now.  
Her old lynx husband did that with just rabbit, just gopher,  
That's all.  
This husband packed bull caribou back.  
They are leaving.  
They made a cache.  
That's the time he said,

"I'm not going to camp.  
If I camp, I'm going to die for sure," he told his wife.

"If you miss me, when you get away from home, you hide some place."

I guess they killed him, long time people,  
Long time people had war like that.

One night her husband didn't come back.  
That lady sat down and thought,  
"What's the matter with my husband?"  
She sat right down someplace, not in camp.  
Hides right there in the willows.  
She's right.  
Two men came into that camp.  
No woman, though - they don't find anyone.  
They burned the camp, those two people.

She sang,  
    "This time I know he's not coming back.  
    Somebody got him."

### Otter Story [67]

One time a woman and her husband went hunting.  
They just got married that time.  
They hunted seals.  
They didn't come back for one week.

Her Daddy missed them.  
People looked around, and they just found a boat.  
They got drowned, you know.  
Some blankets, they found...  
Just the husband's body, they found.  
That woman, though, nothing...

That woman's brother knew when she was young,  
She used to be a smart girl.  
She was so smart, she didn't even need a husband!  
Sometimes when people starve, she's got grease.  
"Look at that," people would say.

That brother was married and had three kids.  
Long time ago now since his sister drowned.  
They hunt on their hunting ground.  
They hunt there.  
North wind started to blow. Wintertime.  
Can't make it home.  
There are lots of people there, but they can't make it.  
Too much wind.  
Gee, they starve.

One little kid cries now, that little one.

"I'm hungry."

He feels bad, his daddy.

"Oh, my. I wish your auntie was here.

When she was single, she's got grub, anything, used to be.

Sometimes, used to be she's got fish, king salmon, dry fish,  
grease.

Just like she's got husband, used to be, that girl.

I don't know how it will be this time.

Poor little thing, my son, you cry.

I wish your auntie would come back this time."

He lay down, feels bad.

They can't hunt on salt water, just seal, that's all.

His wife sits down too, tries to do something for kids.

Gosh, they hear noise.

Just like somebody walks around.

Something makes a noise.

That woman hears it...

One lady comes in.

That's the one her brother is talking about.

She goes to other side, sat down there.

"Oh, my sister-in-law.

I've got something for you outdoors.

Wake up my brother."

"Get up.

So, somebody comes here.

She brings something for us," she said.

He gets up.

Big, big basket - he can't lift it.

I don't know how much that lady is strong.

She dragged it in.

"Take off lots of cooking stuff there, my sister-in-law."

She said that. Lots of cooking stuff there.

"Give those little kids some cooking stuff."

She gave some to her kids, some to her husband, ate some herself.

Lots of grub, dry fish, everything.

Salt water grub.

Kids got a stomachful now!

They sat around long time.

"Well, I'm going to go now, sister-in-law.

I'll come back tomorrow or next day.

I'm going to bring something for you."

Gone!

They don't know where she is gone.

Two days after, she comes back again.

"Got fresh food outside.

Fresh one. Seal.

All kinds of grub."

I don't know how many times she came like that.

"I've got my son," she said. "I've got big boy."

I'm going to send him to help his uncle here.

You've got to take care of him good."

That son's face is covered with frost.

Indians call him Yók'okwaan.

His face is frost.

That's how they call that boy.

"Yók'okwaan his name," that lady told them.

"His uncle has got to tell him if you want to get wood.

'Yók'okwaan, get wood'. Anything like that.

I'm not coming back anymore, my sister-in-law.

I'm going to leave you my boy, though."

After two days, that boy came.

Young fellow.

Other side of the fire, he sat down. [68]

"Oh. Are you Yók'okwaan?"

"Yes."

"Your mamma told me you were going to come here.

That's my sister," he told him.

He talked to him, talked to him.

He doesn't talk back, though.

He moved his head that way.

"Go there."

My goodness, he comes back with a whole string of seals.

Ten!

He just pulls them out like nothing.

One hand.

His uncle opened the door.

He pulled them right in.

"Ahhhh," said that lady.

Sometimes fish, halibut, he brings.

Oh, they've got lots of grub.  
That husband made a big box, fills it up with grease.  
That wife cooked seal fat, meat, everything.  
She tied them up.

They stayed there a long time.  
Then they wanted to go to that city.  
Should be they don't take him, you know.  
They load him on the boat.  
They go.  
I guess they don't tell him.

This way there is a bay.  
City at the head.  
They come this way by boat.  
City here.  
Right here, that young man sees that city.  
He gets scared, jumps in the water.  
That man gets scared.

He tells his wife before he goes:  
"You're poor. That's why I stayed with you.  
But I get scared this time.  
I can't stay with you any more."

Gone!.

After he went back, he cried just like a man cries.  
His uncle goes there, looks around.  
He doesn't come back again.  
He gets scared of that city.  
He's gone for good.

He's like otter, I guess.  
Lots of people go that way.



## Section XI: Life at Robinson

"My roots grow in jackpine roots.  
I'm born here. I branch here."

When I was going to have my first child from Billy.  
He told me, "You should go to hospital. Better way."  
But we were way out hunting.  
No train there!  
I told him not to worry.  
"I know how to have baby! I got two already."  
Some women helped me -  
Daisy's (Daisy Smith's) mother,  
My auntie Mrs. Carmack,  
Mrs. Patsy Henderson.  
Ida was that baby.

Billy still wanted me to go to hospital.  
I didn't like it, but I didn't say anything.  
I had that baby when he was out hunting.  
When he came back his auntie met him:  
"You've got a little baby girl."  
My!

When they got baby, they put belt on stomach.  
When you're going to have your first baby,  
You get up in the morning.  
You rub some kind of feathers rub your stomach,  
Then blow in the air.  
Then going to be easy born.  
I don't do that, but my grandma told me about it.

I had two kids from my first husband.  
I had friends at Champagne Landing help me.  
They put two sticks (upright in ground, parallel).  
I hold them. Somebody holds my back.  
Somebody holds my knees (note: squatting)  
I had none of my babies at doctor place, but my daughter did.  
Both those babies died - they were walking by that time.  
One died in Champagne, one in Whitehorse.  
Pneumonia or flu or something...

I had six children with Billy.  
But only two still living - May and my son Johnnie.  
First was Ida. She died from TB when she was grown up.  
Then Sam. He had an accident, hunting,  
Then that powder stayed in his leg (blood poisoning).  
He died from that.

The next one was Willie. He was young man too when he died.  
We were in Teslin and they couldn't get plane into Teslin to get him to hospital.

He died from sickness.

Then Johnnie: he's Whitehorse chief now.

One more is Grace. She died when she was just a little girl.

I don't know the name of that sickness.

Then my daughter May is the youngest.

She's with me yet.

Of all my eight babies, only two living yet...

I handled my daughter's first child.

Her husband wanted her to go to hospital.

But we were way down at Nazarene Lake.

She got sick and she had that baby in just one hour.

Her husband came back and Vines ran out. [69]

"Dick, I got little brother! Baby!"

Oh my, Dick ran in.

"Gee, how you know how to handle baby?" he tells me.

"I know", I tell him. "I know."

I helped with Daisy Smith's baby too. I sat at her back.

Kate Carmack, was just like my husband's mother, [70]

She said to me, "You know everything!"

I learned all that by watching when I lived at Champagne landing.

I learned it by watching when I was a young woman.

You think young girls going to do that this time?

Just doctor!

After I stay with Billy, I broke my leg,

Fell down on the ice

That's my leg, that one. It broke here. (cracked lengthwise)

But Indian medicine people fix it.

Indian doctor fixed it,

And after just two days, three days I walk around.

He fix it with moose bone, put it this way (laid it against the bone)

That goes right to my bone, I guess.

But it doesn't grow right; that's why I've got this one (cane).

Just a little while ago, they find out.

They take picture.

When I start to stay with my husband, Billy Smith,

We stayed in Carcross and Robinson.

Ddhál Náddada, Robinson mountain, we hunt there.

Used to be big meat hunts there.

Lots of people -

Slim Jim, Laberge Bill, John Joe - on top that mountain.

Kóoch'atán - that pass at the head of Grey Mountain -

They used to go there to hunt moose, to other side of the mountain.

Lots of people used to hunt there with him - all die out -

Big Salmon Jim, Slim Jim, Charlie Burns -  
Jim Boss country down Laberge, though.

So I learned this peoples' language.

I talk coast Indian language, too.

One time in Carcross, Tlingit man comes in from Juneau.

Sits and talks with his wife.

He sees us.

"I guess they got skin (moosehide)," he tells his wife.

"Should be you ask for skin. They belong to Whitehorse people,"  
they say.

Me and Susie and Kitty Walker, we come in there.

There used to be excursion to Whitehorse, train.

Lots of people come.

They talk their own way:

"Moose skin, you should ask those ladies.

They got some to sell, I guess."

He tells his wife, but I hear him, me.

"Anybody got skin?" they tell us, really slow.

I answer him in Tlingit.

He looks at me!

"Ah, where you come from?"

"You know Paddy Duncan?"

"Yes."

"That's my Daddy's's people. That one is his brother.  
Should be I talk that way," I tell him.

They grab me! Gee, surprise.

Another time Ida and Dora walk downtown.

They know coast Indian talk, those girls.

But they think these Yukon Indians don't know coast language.

John Adamson was there. Those girls talk Tlingit.

"Look, he's got skin moccasin. It's raining. He can't know anything."

Those girls say that.

John Adamson, he heard that. He comes from coast.

"I know that, just the same I wear them," he said.

Gee, they get shame when they hear him.

"We got nothing to say," they said. "Where you come from?"

"I come from coast."

"You know Paddy Duncan? That's my mother's daddy, my grandpa,"  
Ida says.

"Well, that's my uncle," he said, John Adamson.

One time we're in Wheaton (River).

Ida saw that poplar, "Look Mamma!"  
I think about it all night.  
Next day, I went to get it. [71]

That's the time I carved those things, poplar.  
My own daddy made silver (jewellery).  
Talk about fancy job!  
Jewel stuff.  
That's why I guess I carve, me.  
I did that when we were living at Robinson.

We lived there long time.  
After that we look for gold.  
We got gold mine up there, 'Shininook', they call it: 'he get up'.  
His uncle was Skookum Jim, so I guess he's got to look for gold. [72]  
My sons work it with him.  
They work creek. We got big house. We got hydraulic.  
But that main creek is no good.

I don't know how many years we stay at that mine.  
Pretty near ten years, I guess.  
Four of my kids died there:  
Sam, he was hunting beaver.  
There was accident.  
That bullet went in his foot and he got poison from that.

Then Ida got T.B.  
Nobody goes outside for T.B. that time;  
This time, you got T.B., you go to Edmonton.

#### The Alaska Highway:

We were trapping at Robinson when Alaska Highway went through.  
We're going trapping.  
I got one of my girls with me, May. We stay there.  
Nobody else there Emma Burns family is not there yet.  
We got little home there.  
My son Johnny works in town. He and Ned Boss work there.  
Sometimes he came to see us.

One man comes and tells us, "They're going to build highway."  
Old road there, Government's own.  
One car going, that's all (one at a time). [73]

Well, he started to talk Highway.  
"Well", he said, "they start from way down."  
'Start City' they call it, Edmonton.  
From there, they're going to start, two days more.  
"The working people are going to come by plane.  
You're going to see them here.  
They're going to make a road.  
They're going to just cut tree, just cut tree."

Well, that's what they say.

We don't believe it, you know.  
He don't believe it, too, that man.  
"Oh, I don't know," he said,  
"Going to be our own road, going to be, I guess.  
It goes fast, road, you know."

And, they talk about it, talk about it.  
They're going to start tomorrow for here.  
And some people they're going to start from here.  
Indian guide. One from Watson Lake.  
From Whitehorse, going to be one man.  
From Teslin, they're going to meet him. [74]

My old man, Billy Smith, went to Watson Lake as guide.  
From here to Watson Lake.  
From Watson Lake, somebody meets him.  
He just walks. He knows. Billy knows.

"...I'm going to cross up there...  
You know that creek where bridge crosses?  
"And this side, I'm going to cross McClintock,  
Then to Desgwaanga, from there that way..."

They put on paper which way he's going to go.  
Some big shot put it on paper.

Just like we don't believe it!  
Too hard work!  
Well, we don't know bulldozers!

Coming now. They started!  
Well, Billy's going to go tomorrow.  
"Tomorrow I'm going to go", he said.  
Somebody with him, Whiteman.  
And they meet him there at Watson Lake.

They walk, walk, blaze, blaze.  
Two men behind them.  
The guide just goes.  
This side, they blaze, one man; this side, the other man.  
Keep going, keep going, that guide keeps going, you know.  
They end up some place.  
Billy knows that place.

And, they make it to Teslin.  
From there, he starts to Watson Lake.  
Some Teslin Indians go with him.  
That man, Whiteman, has radio, you know that kind.

"Billy, he left this morning from Teslin.  
Frank Johnson goes with him."

That's what he said.

"Teslin men: three, four, five, six people going now from there."  
They don't rest.

Whiteman coming now.

"You know, Mrs. Smith," he tells me ,

"Pretty near to hot springs, they make it.

Two days more they're going to make it to Liard hotsprings."

Well, I know. I've been travelling that way, used to be.

Just walk. One time I walked from Teslin.

Me and another woman from Laberge Harry.

From Tagish to Desgwaanga, foot trail.

Billy takes the boat with all our stuff; he goes by water.

Me, I go straight.

Billy fix map for me the way trail is.

You see that Teslin bridge?

Mrs. Geddes met me half way.

She had kids in school at Carcross.

She came from Teslin but she made dry meat all summer at Nisutlin  
bridge.

From Teslin Lake, we take off. We load from Teslin.

From there, dog packs: another trip, another trip, another trip.

Three trips; we keep going that way.

I've got five dogs, me. Harry's wife had four.

She's got two boys, one girl; I've got my son Sam, my daughter Ida.

Way down by Liard River is that Nazarene Lake: that's where we go  
to trap.

This time school girls going to do that way you think!?

Look how much I did. Those trips with dog pack.

So I knew that way - knew where Billy was going.

We stayed at Robinson, hunt tree squirrels.

Just quick they fix that road.

Big camp at Robinson - over one hundred working people.

But it comes quick.

"They make it to Watson Lake now," that Whiteman tells me.

Some soldiers good, you know. Christian. They don't use drink.

They got cross.

Negro people.

All full that kind. They're nice people, believing people.

One time my grandchild saw them.

"Mamma! some kind of man. He's got black face."

She runs to her mamma. "What kind of man?"

"Oh, just some kind of Whiteman. He won't bother you."

Then she wasn't scared.

Then, just going...coming now...small little car, you know.

Then big one...just about one month, wide road.

Well, just go that way, bulldoze trees. They go fast.

Next time we go to our trapping ground, Nazarene Lake,  
We go in big truck.

You know how we bought that truck? Sewing!  
One pair moccasins, twenty-five dollars.  
I got hundred muskrat skins.  
I wanted to make blanket for myself,  
But I made mitts.  
Fur mitts! Soldiers buy them twenty-five dollars.  
Mukluks sometimes fifty dollars.

Everybody helped sew.  
Then my son-in-law, Dick Kraft, takes box full to airport.  
He sells to soldiers when they're leaving.  
He takes three box full and my gopher coat, my own.  
Dick Kraft, he put it on.  
When he came back, he's got thick sweater.  
"What did you do with Mamma's coat?"  
"They pay eighty dollars!" he said.

I made my husband a coat one time from skin of a young caribou.  
Trimmed that one with beaver.  
Soldiers came one night and asked to buy it.  
"How much?"  
"Five hundred dollars," that's what Dick Kraft said.  
"Those soldiers gave five one hundred dollars bills."

They take them.  
When we finish, we got box full.  
Lots of them!  
May, she sew porcupine quill moccasins - five pair one time.  
They pay high price!

So Dick Kraft went to town.  
He drove back in that truck!  
Well, men made money too!  
Oh, just like that, money, that time. My!

Sure we're glad that highway. Everybody, car they got it.

But some girls got kids, then soldiers left.  
Well, government help, give canned milk.  
Then lots of people die from sickness.  
My daughter May, it spoiled her: she got T.B.  
Four years in hospital, May, Edmonton.  
Sickness, not much that time they know it.  
I don't think they got T.B. before.  
Then after, lots of that sickness.

Everything change after that highway.  
No more dog packs. No more snowshoes.  
From there, my daughter got sick.  
I look after those kids when she's in hospital.

One of her kids we lose with measles.

When she came back from Edmonton, my daddy Paddy Duncan told me,  
"I don't want her sick again.  
I don't want her to go away again, my grandchild.  
I've got some kind of dope I'm going to fix her.  
Before sun comes up in morning, put this on your body,"  
he tells her.

See? She's not sick now.  
With that kind, you can't eat fish eggs or that sickness comes back.  
Don't eat red berries - just black ones and blueberries,  
But no soapberries, cranberries, fish eggs.  
You have to quit red things!

I went out to Little Atlin, one time, with grandson Richard,  
his wife, my little grandchild.  
We go hunting, you know.  
Moose running, this time, Little Atlin.

Big truck pull up, stop, house on top.  
It's big shot government man. Richard knows him. [75]  
I don't know, me.  
But Richard knows that car with its house on.

That man comes to me.  
"Got to take care of that, your fire," he tells me.

I don't say nothing. I don't know he's big shot, that man.

After he finish talk, I tell him,  
"Look, you fellows spoil Yukon", I tell him. Yeah!  
"That time my grandpa he burned tree when he hunts moose.  
He make fire. He don't burn anything.  
What do you do you fellows?  
This time you throw away cigarette stumps.  
Big fire.  
You spoil Yukon, all.  
Should be where your grandpa country, you stay in.  
Where's your grandpa's country? Your grandma? Where?" I tell him.

"Well, outside, long way," he said.

"How the hell you're coming here then?  
Nobody call you to come here."

"Well, you're right, Missus," he tell me.

"Me, my grandpa's country, here. My grandma's.  
My roots grow in jackpine roots all.  
That's why I stay here.  
I don't go to your grandpa's country and make fire.



No. My grandma's country I make fire. Don't burn.  
If I be near your grandma's country,  
It's alright you tell me."

"Oh, you beat me," he say. (You win). He walks away.

After, my grandson came back.  
"What you tell him, that man.  
You know that man is big shot?"

"Well, that's alright," I tell him.  
"I'm big shot too.  
I belong to Yukon.  
I never go to his country.  
I'm born here.  
I branch here.  
The government got all this country, how big it is.  
He don't pay five cents, he got him all.  
Nobody kick me out. No sir.

My roots go in jackpine roots."

He laughs, my grandson.  
"You're a bad woman, grandma."

Billy is sick for six years before he died.  
He was blind then. I hunted. I look after him.  
When he's sick, before he died he told me,  
"Should be you find someone to look after you.  
When I'm gone, you should find new husband.  
If one of them asks you, go with him, my nephew." [76]

I tell him, no.  
"I can't take men no more.  
I can make my own living."

Should be you're on your own.  
Nobody can boss you around then.  
You do what you want.  
My grandchild can look after me.

Before, I wanted a husband, wanted kids.  
I lost six of those kids. Six of mine.  
After I'm past that, though, I don't want to be bothered with men.

----- used to bring me meat and fish after Billy died.  
We raised him when he's a kid.  
One time I asked him to stay with me, but he said no.  
"Too much it's like you're my mother."

When Billy died, he told me ,  
"I'm going to come back.

If I'm still around after I die, I'm going to come back.  
I'll knock at window so my grandchild can let me in."

One time we sat here. We heard three knocks at door.  
But that time it was just a dog.  
I dream about it though.  
I talk with Susie, too.  
She says, "Your old man can't come back that way.  
He's going to turn into baby.  
He's going to be nedlin. [77]  
I know it's true.

I miss all my sisters-in-law: [78]  
Mrs. Whitehorse Billy,  
Mrs. Charlie Burns,  
Jessie Burns,  
Jessie Walker,  
Jenny McKenzie,  
Jenny Laberge,  
Kitty Walker,  
Susie Sam,  
Might be I'm going to catch them yet.  
I don't know which way they're gone.

All Wolf ladies I talk about.  
I don't know which way they're gone.  
I sure loved them all, used to be.  
Best friend mine, Jessie Walker, used to be.  
All Wolf women, all.  
They don't think about me anymore, when they're gone.

I made song for them: (sings and then translates):

"Where are they gone?  
How tough to sing (alone).  
They all left me.  
Where are they gone now, all?  
How much power do you people think I have?  
You left me.  
You don't think about me, back this way.  
All my friends, where are they gone?  
I'm going to be there some day."

When I go, I'm going to say goodbye.  
I'm not going to look back,  
Just one way I'm going to go.

## Section XII: Grandmothers and Grandsons

"When I was a kid that time,  
One old lady, like me now, she had stick (crutch),  
like this one.  
'Don't touch that, my grandchild,'  
She called that stick her grandchild.  
That stick does everything for her, you know!  
That's why she called it 'grandchild'."

### The First Time They Knew K'óch'en, Whiteman

You know my grandson, Kenneth?  
He looks after me, takes care of me.  
They're that way, Indians, long time, I guess.

Where they get meat, long time ago,  
One Indian boy got meat for his grandma.  
All the time he does that, that boy.  
No Whiteman that time.  
They don't know Whiteman.

I'm going to tell you a story about this one.  
That boy, he looked after his grandma.  
He took care.  
Where they kill meat, he goes, that boy.  
He gets meat. They've got two dogs.  
No dogs long time ago, they say.  
Just a little while ago, that dog.

They kill two caribou.  
His uncle killed them.  
"You get meat: your uncle killed caribou.  
Are you going to go?"

He says, "Yes."

They say,  
"You take your dog."  
He took his dog. Goes.  
He told his grandma,  
"Don't get wood, Grandma.  
I'll come back. I'm going to get wood."

My uncle killed caribou."

People go to get meat.  
Everybody packed him.  
Everybody went to that meat place.  
That boy, he looked for bones some place, after people go.  
Looks around to see if he finds something.  
He takes them.  
He's got two dogs to pack them too.

People are gone already.  
He goes back. He's the same big as my grandchild Kenneth.  
This is a story, you know, not 'story'. It's true story.

He sees a rainbow, about same big as this tent.  
He stood up about this far from it,  
And somebody talked to him.

"Go through." He doesn't see who said that.  
"Go through."

He comes, his dogs behind. Goes through.  
Other side, little bit long way, he stands back.  
Big sack falls down there.

"Don't eat that meat any more!  
You're going to eat this grub.  
This one in the sack.  
Don't drink water from this ground for one week!  
That many days, don't take water from this ground."  
You're going to use this one, from inside your grub here,  
Or else we're going to come, going to get you.

He took that sack.  
Put it on top of his pack.  
He doesn't see that man who talks to him, but he sees that rainbow.  
But he talked to him.

But his grandma cooked already.  
That's what I do with Kenneth here.  
Cook soup, everything.  
So when he comes back, he runs here,  
"What you cooking, Grandma, soup?"

"Yes."

Last night he cooked, him. Fed me here.

"I cook some gopher. I kill two, grandchild," she said, that  
old lady.  
"I cook that one."

"No Grandma, I'm not going to eat.

I've got something to eat," she said.

She looked.

Something's wrong, she thinks.

"I'm not going to eat any more, Grandma.  
I've got my grub here, my sack."

That one who talked to him told him,  
"Tell those people to fix some things for you."

He told his grandma,  
"Tell those boys they got to come,  
Their uncle, too, has got to come here."

Grandma goes to tell them,  
"He wants you.  
Don't know what's the matter.  
He said it."

They come there and they boys sit down.

"I want you to fix that high bed for me," he said.

"I want to lay down on top."

Just quick they fix him.

"And two bridges, I want you to fix this way."

Bridge goes right there, right here that far.

"Well, thank you," he said.

"Somebody talked to me; that's why I say that.

You come tonight before you eat.

You come to this bridge.

Then I'm going to tell you.

You hold your wife's hand when you come on that bridge.

I'm going to tell you."

His Grandma got scared, you know.

"Don't think about it, Grandma. Eat. You eat good,"

They fix already that bed for him. On top.

He opens his sack.

He doesn't know this kind of grub.

He eats something from there.

Water in there, too. He drinks water.

And he said,

"They're coming now."

He sings some kind of song,

"Come on, come on my friends."

"You hold your wife's hand.

Go down, turn that way."

He tells them, "I'm going to be Whiteman."

Nobody knows K'óch'en that time. That boy called them  
K'óch'en. [79]

Right today they use it.

He said, K'óch'en you, K'óch'en that one."

Turn that way, turn that way.

All that camp.

"You fellows are going to be white," that's what he said.  
They don't know what he means.

"I'm not going to eat any more for seven days," he said.

"One day, this ground going to be full of K'óch'en.

You're going to be K'óch'en, you people."

Nobody knows.

"Going to turn Whiteman."

How many Whiteman grandchild have I got now?

That time, look!

I talk Whiteman way, too, now.

He's honest, that boy, isn't he?

Seven days he stayed there.

And he told his Grandma.

He gave her a big sack, that big one -

Don't know where it came from -

Anything, Indian grub, dried fish, everything is in that sack.

"Right here your grub is going to stay, Grandma.

Anything you want stays there.

It's not gone 'til you're gone.

That sack is all full of grease, everything.

No more you're going to look for grub.

Anything - fresh meat, you want it -

It's going to stay there.

Inside.

You want ribs? It's there.

What you wish for before you open, you say you want that one -

Right there it is.

Until you're gone, I leave this sack for you.

I'm going to stay here two days more, Grandma," he told her.

"Then gone.

Don't be sorry, nothing."

Him, he called them K'óch'en.

That's why this time Indians, nothing.

Right today, everybody calls them K'óch'en.

That time he gave them bread, nobody knows that.

"This kind of grub you fellows are going to eat."

It's true, this one.

That boy, he's gone.

Nobody knows where.

Now I sit down on top of that bed (like he had them make).

You sit on bed.  
Before that, bed was on ground.

"You're going to be that way and you're going to turn  
to Whiteman."  
What Whiteman?  
That time nobody knows it.

### The Man Who Helped Porcupine [80]

One time there were six brothers and two sisters, eight all.  
The youngest one was poor.  
He's got a wife though.  
He gambles, just gambles all the time.  
Sometimes he thinks he's going to win.  
Can't help it, I guess.  
People gamble and he goes there. Already, they win.

His wife tells him,  
"What for you do that?  
You got to quit it."  
Well, he says,  
"Might be I win, I think; might be I win."  
Man can't help it.

They stay someplace.  
They eat anything. They get mushrooms - tree squirrel grub -  
you know. [81]  
They get it.  
Wintertime. Well, his brothers help sometimes, I guess.

Then one time he walks around.  
He sees porcupine in a tree.  
Porcupine goes in den - bad place that den, you know.

It gets dark.  
That man is going to wait for him; he stays someplace.  
Underneath tree, he makes fire.  
Daylight pretty soon now.  
He knows what time porcupine goes out, you know.  
That time he's going to get it.  
Porcupine goes on trail now.  
Yes, he went this way.  
He goes to a tree now, that porcupine.

That man has a club.  
He waits for that porcupine to come back now.

Just about that far away, he sees him.

"Ahhh," says that porcupine.  
That man surprised it.

"What are you doing?  
I wish you knew how hard I work to get grub," said that porcupine.  
"I'm going to show you.  
You see that hill?  
You go up that way. You're going to find something there this  
morning."  
He's got club, that man, that aje ghal.

He goes now. He doesn't kill that porcupine.  
He let her go. He goes out to that place.  
He keeps going, keeps going.  
My goodness, he finds grizzly bear den there.  
Got hole there.

He takes off his mitts.  
He throws his mitts down there.  
That grizzly smells somebody, comes out.  
He clubs him with aje ghal. Got him.  
He's got young ones too. All three he got them.  
He stands up there.

"My," he says. "He sure gave me a lift, that porcupine.  
I don't know that."

He packs some meat, anything, for his wife.  
He comes back and he's got big pack.

"What you're doing?" she tells him.  
What are you doing?"

He packs in and his wife feels happy.  
Then, after, he hunts again.  
That time, somebody - a girl - he meets.  
He sees porcupine trail, follows that porcupine trail again.  
This little girl is coming.

"My Daddy," she tells him, "I'm going to fix your eyes."  
That girl rubs his eyes.  
Then she's gone. Just that porcupine trail left.

My goodness, that's that porcupine he saved.  
When he comes back home,  
Where the bear den is looks just like fire,  
Just like he sees a light. [82]

Just like it's nothing for him now to catch bears.  
He's alright now.  
He's got lots of grub.



He sees grizzly bear fire, black bear, everything.  
He's rich man now.  
He sells grub.  
He fixes grub.  
His wife is busy.  
He gets rich now. Porcupine helps him.

### Owl Story

This is a story about that owl they burned.  
It happened down at Noogaayéek.

Lots of people were staying down there.  
They dance, sometimes; Indians dance just for fun.  
They were doing that.

One lady said, "Where's my kid?"

One kid missing. They run around. Nothing.

That time one man said,  
"What is that track I see down there?  
It's just like one big grouse track on the sand.  
Big," he said. People went there.

Yes, they saw them.  
Big tracks there, like grouse tracks.  
Ah, well.  
Something came and took that little kid, little girl.  
They don't know what.

Well, he's coming now.  
Two owls. They talk just like people.  
They come in here.

"One little kid.  
Give me one little kid or I'm going to eat you all," he said.

"Where do you come from?"

"We come from that place," they said.  
There used to be a glacier there, that place. [83]  
That owl came from a little glacier in there.  
That glacier hasn't melted yet.  
It's about the same size as Fish Lake Mountain. Big place.  
I guess Owl lived inside there.  
He melted it down a little bit.

They gave him dog.  
They can't kill owl, can't kill him anyway.  
Too big, you know.

One old lady couldn't walk around.  
She crawled around but her hands are strong.  
She got paralysed, I guess.

"What are we going to do now?  
We gave them all our dogs."  
Nobody's got dogs that time, just a few men.

They got one slave.  
Somebody had him.  
They gave that one to the owls.  
Those owls didn't come back for four days.

People say: "Maybe they're not going to come back.  
They're gone. They took that slave.  
We can't do anything now."  
Well, that old lady, she can't walk.  
"We might as well throw her away," they think.

Her grandchild is just a little boy.  
He doesn't want to let his grandma go.

"Just as well I die if my grandma dies."  
No, his daddy doesn't want it; his mamma cries.  
"No." He won't leave his Grandma.  
"Just as well you kill me right there," he said.

They let him go now, that kid.  
Well. They built brush camp that way.  
I guess it was her own brush camp, I don't know.  
It was big.  
I guess she can still make good brush camps.  
His grandmother brought him those things.  
Then she dug a hole (tunnel), that lady, out the back way  
I guess they crawled around that way - a long way.

That ground was frozen now, on top.  
Her grandchild packed that grub.  
Then they packed in branches and filled that brush camp up.  
They got ready now.  
They fixed some kind of grease, gopher grease.  
They put on rags, anything.  
Then they tied it up, wrapped it around sticks.  
They gathered up pitch - her son-in-law had brought it to them to  
start fire.

He's coming now, one Owl Man.  
His wife is not with him.

"Where have these people gone?" he asked.  
I wonder how he can talk that way.

"Well, they've gone to another city," that old lady told him.  
They threw us away so you can eat us.  
That's why they threw us away.

"Heh. You're an old lady. I guess your heart is good."  
He doesn't know that little grandchild is in the ground, that way.  
She's got something she is going to close off that tunnel with too.

"Gee, I'm an old lady.  
If you eat me, you're going to be sick.  
Where's your wife?"

"She ate a dog bone.  
She got choked," he said. "She died."

"All right. You might as well get warm, dry yourself.  
I'm just an old lady.  
Not good to eat."

"All right."

That old lady made a dry fire.

"Gee, your back is wet."

He turned around that way. His back to her.

That old lady put grease on the fire.  
It started to burn.  
She threw on pitch.  
Everything she threw on. Wood, too.  
Then she rolled down that big rock,  
Rolled it away from the mouth of the tunnel.  
She closed it right back.

She's gone with her grandchild out there.  
I guess there's fresh air in there.  
That ground is not thick.

They hear him.  
That house started to burn.

"Hunh. My eyes start to burn.  
What's the matter with that old lady?  
She talks too much.  
Should be I killed her already."

He starts to burn.  
Then it's quiet. Quiet now.

They guess they can get away now.  
But they stay there, stay there.

Well, it's a long time now.  
That time the old lady pushed the rock.  
She came up. That big owl is all burned.  
He lies on his side, all burned.

He told his grandmother,  
"We killed him already.  
Where's your house?" No house there.

They made a fire.  
I guess they put away their own grub.  
That owl is pretty near half cooked. They eat now.

Then, it's funny, you know.  
That old lady got up.  
She got up with two walking sticks.  
Hey! She just walks that far (twenty feet).  
She doesn't feel anything, just goes that way.

"What's the matter, grandma? You walk."

"Well, I don't know, my grandchild."

Yes, those claws are long. [84]  
They chop them, tie them up that way in a little sack.  
That owl is dead, now.  
Her grandchild is going to pack it.  
They have skin sled, too.  
She walked that way.  
The little boy is strong now, I guess. He went.

They go, go, go.  
Someplace he pulls his grandma, you know.  
Does that.

Gee, they see that open space.  
Fire, Smoke.  
People living there right in that open place.  
They're coming there. That's her daughter.

"What's the matter. They're coming, them.  
My Mamma looks like she is in skin sleigh."

"Run there," she tells her husband.

Yes, he pulled his grandma. I guess he's big.

"Where's your owl?"

"We killed him."

"How did you fellows kill that owl?"

"We killed him anyway."

"They say they killed owl!" (people say)

"No! Which way?"

"We burned him."

"My goodness," say lots of people.

Same time they started to go back with that old lady.

Gee, right there, owl is burned.

They explain that owl's wife got choked.

She's dead.

They look around that way. He's dead, anyway. Burned.

I saw that place.

It's a rock now.

It looks just like burned bones right there at Noogaayéek.

### Kach'ati

They threw one man away because he didn't do much good.

He didn't try to help people.

Well, they can't throw away people like that!

When winter came, he ate.

When it's summertime, when there is grub and fish to get,

He didn't do anything.

He just ran around.

Finally, his uncle said, "Throw that man away."

Kach'ati, his name.

Well, he went to another city, you know.

He knew they weren't going to feed him anymore there.

Somebody told him,

"You're going to be starved this winter."

So he went.

And oh, my, he found Frog.

She's got young ones in that other city.

Oh, they're small.

He stays in another city now after somebody told him they're

going to let him go.

"Well, I don't know what they (frogs) eat," he thought.  
He thought about it, brought something from salt water.  
They ate those little grubs he brought them.  
Now he's busy...  
He went to see them - they're big now!  
He brought those little things, (grubs for frog food), spilled  
them there.

Gone.  
Well, it's winter now.  
They're gone, now, those things.  
I don't know where.  
He went there, looked there.  
Gone.  
They're big now, I guess.

Little swampy place he spilled those things (food) there.

Too bad he raised those things.  
Now they're gone.

Winter now,  
Everything is frozen now.  
Well, they treat him well now (at that place).  
Should be he marry now.  
He walked around.

"Kach'atí are you hunting porcupine?" one woman asked him.  
"Lots of porcupines up here.  
You look around underneath at tree, you can see them," she told him.  
He hunted around.  
I guess he got something to kill.  
I guess he's got to kill them.  
He got two porcupines.

"Gee, you all right?"

Pretty soon he's going to starve, I guess.  
He tells that old lady, old lady like me, I guess.

"Try to hunt, grandchild. Hunt for porcupine."  
He did that.

It's getting colder now.  
Nobody is hunting.  
Nobody hunts seals.  
Gee, they're getting starved now.  
They've got no way to get anything - fish.  
Too cold. North wind.  
That's the time that old lady came to Kach'atí.

"Grandchild, you've got to put out snares."  
He put out snares. He got two rabbits.

"Try some more, grandchild.  
Do you think you can knock down that big tree?  
You'll find rabbits."

"Yes. People are going to go.  
I'm going to stay here.  
They're going to another place where the grub is.  
They're going to try to hunt."

Somebody like a chief comes out there:

"Where are you fellows going?" (asked Kach'atí).

"To that place where there isn't much wind - a hunting ground.  
We've got no more grub."  
That's what they say.  
"You stay with your grandma."  
They've got no place to put them.  
They left him and his grandma, that Kach'atí  
That old lady can't walk much, can't do anything.  
That's why they gave her lunch, some food.

"If we have good luck, we're going to bring something to you."  
That's what they tell them.

People left.  
Just Kach'atí stayed there with his grandma.

That's all one house. They stay there.  
He gets wood. He's a young man, I guess.  
He's gone for wood again.  
Gee, somebody is coming, one man.

"Kach'atí, you?"

"Yes." How they heck they know my name? he thought.

"We're going to give you grub. Where can we put it for you?"

"How about here?" he tells them.  
"I'm going to pack it home.  
I'll get wood here," he tells them.

"Alright, we're going to give you something."

He packed in wood, you know.

My, some kind of thing there.  
Grease box, grease inside.  
He packed all that wood in to his grandma.

They packed that grease box.  
He packed that one, brought it to his grandma.  
She didn't say anything - old lady you know.  
She doesn't know where this grandchild gets it!  
Now he's bringing fish. Piles up there.

"Well, I've got to cook, grandchild."  
Fish, she puts it, that lady.

"Right here, Grandma, see?"  
They don't skin them.  
"I got two."

"Ah, grandchild."  
She knows that something is helping them.  
Oh my, their stomach is full.  
Grease, they got it. Lots of things they got.

He goes to get wood. That time he saw that man again.

"We're going to put your boat in salt water. You got one?"

"Yes, we got old boat. I left it on shore."

"You go there in the morning.  
You're the one who raised my kids.  
Me, I went a long time that time you raised my kids.  
That's why I help you," she told him.

He thought about it.  
Oh yes, he thinks, I fed those frogs.

Just full.  
In one week that house is just full of grub.  
Seal, sea lion there on the shore -  
He brings them.  
His grandma is busy.  
That woman is gone now, I think.

One boat coming...That's from the people who left.

"Ah," people are getting starved.  
Kids are getting starved.

They sent a slave.  
They want something from that place - stone axe, I guess.  
And that old lady gave him seal!  
One grease box. Lots of fish, everything.  
They just about load up the boat.

He's gone back now.



When that slave came back, that chief who owned him asked,  
"Where are those people?"

"Oh, they're all right.  
They sent lots of grub."  
They pack it in.  
It feeds lots of people - seal meat, fish, grease, everything.  
Fish eggs too.  
What are they going to do?

"We've got to go back," says that chief.  
"Got to go back. We can't get game here.  
Everybody moved back to that house, that city."

Before they moved back, one man came.  
"They're going to come back.  
They're starved.  
I'm going to give you lesson before.  
You'll be busy.  
In two days more, they're going to come back."

There. Big fish. Halibut. Big like that one.  
He brought that to his grandma's place.  
She's sewing. Lots of grub, lots of grease.  
That man told him:

"It's going to be all right.  
You're going to save those people."  
All right. Good now.  
"You're going to get game easy."

They came back.  
He gives one seal to each of those people.  
Fish, everything.  
Just a little ways they go, people, and they get game.  
Some kids were starving, but that one man saved them.

Kach'atí. Yes.

## Notes: APPENDIX B

1. The suffixes ma or Ma ('mother of') and ta ('father of') appear regularly in southern Yukon languages. Because standard orthographies for each language are different, they are usually spelled differently in different parts of the Yukon: I have chosen to spell them as they appear above for consistency. In each case, the vowel is nasalized.
2. Mrs Smith uses 'Whiteman' as a generic term, much as she uses 'Coast Indian' to mean 'Tlingit', and 'Indian' to mean 'Athapaskan' or Indian people from the Yukon interior.
3. She uses 'Coast Indian' to refer to people who speak the Tlingit language whether they actually come from the coast or not.
4. Throughout her account, she regularly compares Tlingits or 'Coast Indians' and 'Whitemen', emphasizing the the economic power they had over Athapaskans.
5. Her father, Pardon, had two half-brothers, Pete and Paddy. When Pardon died, his brother Pete became the husband of the widow, as was customary. When he died two years later, the third brother, Paddy, took on the responsibility of caring for the widow and child and "standing for my living".
6. Marsh Lake was directly on the most popular route to the Klondike goldfields, so thousands of prospectors passed by there in boats or on rafts heading down the Yukon River.
7. Prospectors sometimes used arsenic to refine gold and the Indians mistook it for baking powder. The questions which has preoccupied people since that time is whether it was deliberately put in a baking powder can or whether this was just an accident. The incident is discussed in some detail in chapter 10 of Volume 1.
8. When a someone was killed, payment by the offending clan to the bereaved clan was obligatory. It is possible that those seeking payment in this case may have selected two random whites unconnected with the original event as appropriate clan representatives of the newcomers, the 'Whitemen'.
9. See Chapter 10 for further discussion of how this case was viewed by the police. See also Mrs. Sidney's account of the same incident, Appendix A, section IV.

10. A copy of this photograph is in the Yukon Archives, #807.
11. See Appendix A, note 20.
12. This indicates the high status of the child whose birth will be honoured by a wealthy family.
13. Tahltan versions of this story were recorded by Teit (1919:216-18, 230-32) and Tagish and Inland Tlingit versions by McClellan (1975:89-90). Mrs Smith adds two episodes not normally associated with the 'core story', one about a woman shaman who had Porcupine helper (see McClellan 1975:153), and one about a man's encounter with Animal Mother in historical times.
14. For a Kutchin version of this story see Osgood (1936:64); for a Kaska reference, see Honigsmann (1954:2). Tagish and Southern Tutchone accounts by Angela Sidney, Kitty Smith and Rachel Dawson, were published by the Council for Yukon Indians in 1977 (Sidney and others 1977). Because of space considerations, only two episodes from Mrs. Smith's much longer version are included here.
15. Billy Smith was left behind to help look after the older women.
16. Carmack was originally in partnership with Robert Henderson, who later challenged Carmack's right to claim sole credit for the discovery of gold.
17. She is referring to the rights women had to distribute the meat their husbands brought back to camp.
18. To my knowledge, there is no record of Carmack having family in Carcross; however, this is a culturally appropriate development in her story if he had had a sister.
19. Carmack apparently did arrange to have his daughter sent to the United States without her mother's knowledge.
20. Dawson Charlie's wife left him, too, and married a white man, Shorty Austin.
21. This story dramatizes an extreme example of the dangers of marrying to a distant group where one is removed from the protection of brothers and kinsmen.
22. The story of Nawk explores a possibility directly opposite to the previous story, but again it does so in a very dramatic form. Here, the woman's loyalty to her husband outweighs her loyalty to her brothers.
23. This may refer to a fishcamp at the mouth of the Alsek, near Dry Bay. Frederica de Laguna notes that on the lower Alsek River, the Dry Bay-Akwe River area used to be excellent for fishing

(De Laguna 1972: 85) but she does not recognize this particular name (personal communication).

24. They were preparing to give her a potlatch name.

25. Reporting from Dalton Post in 1899, Inspector A.M. Jarvis wrote, "We were fortunate in securing the services of two of the best Indians of the Stick tribe as special constables...One of them, 'Doctor Scottie' is a medicine man and the most respected and feared amongst all the natives (Annual Report of the Northwest Mounted Police, 1900, p. 58).

26. Dalton was the first white trader to break the Tlingit blockade in the southwest Yukon and he established a post near the old trading centre, Neskatahéen, in approximately 1894. During the goldrush, he drove cattle to Dawson to provide meat for miners. The route he used became known as the 'Dalton Trail'.

27. Neskatahéen and Weskatahéen are used interchangeably because the distinction between a nasal (n/m) and 'w' is not significant in the Southern Tutchone language. It has appeared with both spellings on official maps.

28. Yok'dat refers to Yakutat, although she may actually be referring to Dry Bay at the mouth of the Alsek where Yakutat Tlingits lived when she was a child. De Laguna describes how people accomplished this dangerous trip. She also notes that if times and tides were carefully selected, nearly continuous navigation was possible in streams and lagoons behind the sea beach all the way from Dry Bay to Yakutat (1972: 82, 86-7).

29. From Dalton Post, the Tatshenshini River flows to the Pacific Coast, joining with the Alsek (Nałudí) river on the way.

30. Noogaayéek (McClellan's Nuqwa'ik') was a community established by coastal people, Nua qwas who came to the Alsek during the last century to trade, and established a village on the Alsek (McClellan 1975: 28). Their numbers were depleted by sickness and by the time McClellan visited Champagne during the early 1950's, Noogaayéek had been abandoned for some years. Tinx kayáni was another settlement on the Alsek. De Laguna translates it 'Kinnikinnik Leaves' (1972: 87).

31. See her glacier stories, Section VI.

32. This is possibly the famous Dry Bay shaman, Wolf Weasel, mentioned by De Laguna (1972:90). According to people who spoke with her and with Catharine McClellan at Champagne in 1954, this man had died forty years earlier.

33. Mrs. Annie Ned discusses the importance of this old trading trail at length in her account.

34. See Mrs. Smith's story, p. 556.
35. The White Pass and Yukon Railway from Skagway to Whitehorse was completed in 1900.
36. Billy Smith was later to become her husband.
37. The Lowell Glacier is one of several surging glaciers in the southwest Yukon. Its Athapaskan name is Naludi ('fish stop') suggesting that its movement across the Alsek River stopped the migration of salmon from the Pacific ocean to the lakes and tributaries of the upper river.
38. The Klukshu River flows to the Tatshenshini, which in turn flows to the Pacific ocean.
39. The idea of a monster who emerges with 'eyes like the sun' or 'eyes like two moons' is a recurring motif in southern Yukon narratives.
40. Jimmy Kane was older than Mrs. Smith, so she considered him a reliable authority.
41. See the 'Owl story' in section XII p. 623.
42. This story is told by each the three narrators as part of her 'life history'. Mrs. Smith's account provides a splendid example of her use of dialogue.
43. Because fire has the power to transform, the food burned at his potlatch came to him at the glacier.
44. This story follows a common pattern in narratives from the southern Yukon. A boy demonstrates human arrogance toward fish by calling it 'mouldy' and is taken by the Fish Spirit to a world where he learns to see his behavior in an entirely new way. Ultimately he is able to bring that knowledge to the human community.
45. This story follows the same pattern as the previous one; however, instead of concentrating on the initiation of the protagonist into the Groundhog world, it emphasizes the efforts of his human community to bring him back. Gradually, they are able to reintegrate him to his former world and he is able to share his new knowledge with them.
46. She is referring here to the story of 'Mouldy Head', above.
47. Catharine McClellan discusses in detail the differing traditions associated with puberty seclusion in the southern Yukon (1975: 344-5, 358-9, 384-5; see also Cruikshank 1975).
48. The western view that female seclusion symbolized pollution is

not one shared by Mrs. Smith (nor by any of the other Yukon women who discussed it with me). In their view, the longer one is secluded, the higher one's status and the more thorough one's training.

49. A swan bone drinking tube was used so that water would not directly touch the girl's lips.

50. This story is told widely throughout North America: Stith Thompson analysed 86 versions told north of Mexico (1965:414-74).

51. In his analysis, Thompson notes that this episode occurs frequently in different versions of the story, but not frequently enough to be considered part of what he calls the 'core story'. Mrs. Sidney included the episode in her version, Appendix A, section XII, p. 418.

52. Shorty Chambers was the trader at Champagne Landing.

53. She was keeping these foxes to breed.

54. Her back injury required surgery.

55. This version was recorded July 15, 1985. Ten years earlier, in 1975, she recounted a slightly different version, but with the same spirit:

I got two kids from him, but he wanted two wives, I guess. I don't care for that. One time we came to a dance, Whiteman dance. I danced with somebody.

"How you learn to dance? You dance good," they tell me.

"Sometimes they dance there, at Champagne.

Mixed up with white people there now," I tell him.

When we dance, we talk.

And when he sees that, he got mad and quit me.

Crazy man, eh?

When he left, he took all my stuff, my two suitcases.

After one month, he wanted to come back to me.

I tell him, "Go to hell. Don't come back no more."

56. This is an absolutely pivotal point in Mrs. Smith's account of her life. Up until this time, she tells it from the perspective of Dalton Post people, 'Coast Indians', her father's people who raised her. The cultural perspective is Tlingit and the geographical area is the general vicinity of the present day Haines Road.

When her first marriage ended, she turned to her mother's people from Marsh Lake and Fish Lake, closer to Whitehorse. Her second husband, Billy Smith, was also from this area. From now on, her life history is related from a geographical perspective bounded by Marsh Lake, Carcross and Whitehorse, and the cultural perspective is Tagish/Southern Tutchone, that is, interior Athapaskan.

57. She is referring to her second husband.
58. Taylor and Drury, local traders, had a store in Whitehorse.
59. See her family tree, Volume 1, chapter 6. Jessie Allen was the wife of Albert Allen, a son of Dushka. As Mrs. Smith's mother's brother's wife, and as a member of the same clan as the prospective husband, she was an appropriate person to act in the marriage negotiations.
60. The word Dan means 'the people' in Southern Tutchone and is also used to mean 'our language' in Athapaskan languages. Followed by k'e it is usually used to distinguish it from other Indian languages, in this case Tlingit.
61. McClellan notes that Mountain Man protects sheep, goats, groundhogs and gophers, and that he exerts considerably control over the fate of hunters (1975:87).
62. She uses 'coast' and 'salt water' to refer to Tlingit speaking people, including Inland Tlingit.
63. See also Teit (1917:453-5) for another version of this story.
64. This refers to the idea that at the beginning of time it was possible to travel to the horizon, where sky met earth, and cross to a 'winter world' which was in eternal winter.
65. See Teit (1917:464-5) for a Kaska version of this story.
66. Animals who disguise themselves as human beings typically make a point of sleeping on the opposite side of the fire from human beings, and this is the woman's first clue that her captor is not fully human, especially when he tells her that he will sleep with her in March, lynx mating season.
67. See Swanton (1909) for Tlingit versions stories in which people are stolen by Otter, especially stories #6, #7, and #45.
68. See note 66, above.
69. She is referring to her eldest grandson.
70. Kate Carmack was her husband's mother's sister. (See section III).
71. Mrs. Smith became well known as a carver during these years. Her carvings were of mythological themes, and whenever she begins talking about how she carved, she switches almost immediately to tell a story from which she made a carving. For example this time she told me about a carving she made of two snakes trying to climb a tree during the world flood at the beginning of time.

72. See section III.

73. At this time, there was a wagon road between Whitehorse and Carcross.

74. Three regiments of soldiers reached Whitehorse in April 1942. From there, one worked north to Alaska while another worked south toward Teslin. A third regiment was sent to Teslin by boat and worked south to Watson Lake. (Cruikshank 1985:175).

75. Here she is referring to a previous Commissioner of the Yukon Territory.

76. The appropriate person to marry her when her husband died would be someone of his same clan, Dakl'aweidi, preferably his nephew, a sister's son.

77. Nedlin refers to a deceased person being reborn as a new baby. Such a child will give a sign at an early age to an appropriate person that he remembers incidents from this former life. Often the details the child reveals are ones which could only be known by the deceased and the person the child tells.

78. She is naming women of the Wolf clan or moiety who can all be classified as 'sister-in-law'.

79. This is the word in Tutchone and Southern Tutchone for 'white people' and the K'o part comes from the word for 'cloud'. Some of the earliest stories about non-Indians refer to them as 'cloud people' because of their fair skins.

80. This story was told to a grandson who was flying to Edmonton to look for work.

81. This is a direct translation of the word for mushroom: dlay 'tree squirrel', nji 'food').

82. His encounter with Porcupine earns him the power to 'see' grizzly bears by their fire. (see also McClellan 1975:76, 129).

83. Glaciologists have identified a number of surging glaciers in the area just west of Dalton Post. (personal communication Dr. G. K. C. Clarke, University of British Columbia).

84. Giant owls living in glaciers reportedly had copper claws (McClellan 1975:171-2).



## APPENDIX C

OLD STYLE WORDS ARE JUST LIKE SCHOOL: MRS. ANNIE NED

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## Section I: Our Shagóon, Our Family History

"Since I was ten, that's when I got smart.  
I started to know some things."

I'm going to put it down who we are.  
This is our Shagóon - our history.  
Lots of people in those days,  
They told their story all the time.

This story comes from old people, not just from one person.  
From my grandpa, Hutshi Chief,  
From Laberge Chief,  
From Dalton Post chief,  
Well, they tell the story of how first this Yukon came to be.

You don't put it yourself, one story.  
Don't put it yourself and tell a little more  
Put what they tell you, older people.  
You've got to tell it right.  
Not you are telling it, but who told you that story.

My grandpa, one man, was Hutshi Chief.  
He's got two wives: one from Selkirk, one from Carcross; [1]  
His name is Kaaajoolaaxi. That's Tlingit.  
Oh, call him a different one, Kakhāh;  
That's Dān k'e; that's an easy one. [2]  
His coast Indian name comes from a long time.  
You see from trading they call him that way.  
You see long time Coast Indians, they go through that way to  
Selkirk, all over.

We'll start off with Hutshi Chief first.  
We'll do the women next time.  
He married first my Grandma from Carcross. Dāk'ālāma.  
His Selkirk wife was K'édama. That's Mrs Hutshi Chief.

My daddy's name was Hutshi Jim.  
My daddy is the oldest, Hutshi Jim.  
Another brother is Chief Joe - Hutshi Joe, same mother.

One grandpa we got,  
And I've got lots of cousins up at 1016 from this lady,  
Dāk'ālāma. [3]  
Jimmy Kane is her grandchild.  
Jimmy Kane's mother, Mrs. Joe Kane is her daughter.

These kids are all born around Hutshi.  
Hutshi is a coast name:

Coast Indians call it Hooch Ee Aaye, means 'Last Time Lake'.  
That's when they go back.  
Then after Whiteman came, they didn't go back.  
Dàn k'e name is Chu ínaghá.

Lots of people used to live at Hutshi.  
There used to be caribou there all the time.  
My grandpa had a big house at Hutshi, rotten now.

Oh, it used to be good fishing spot,  
But this time no good, they say.  
King Salmon came that way too.  
Everybody came there together.  
Dalton Post, too, - just free come fish!  
Kájit own that place but they're not stingy with it. [4]

Wintertime, people hunt fur, use dog team.  
After they come from Dalton Post, they go hunt dry meat, put up  
food, berries.  
Put them in birch bark, freeze them and put them away.  
They put stoneberries in moose grease and it's just like cheese.  
And roots, like potatoes.  
They clean up and cut it and put in grease, for the kids.  
There's no hard time.  
I remember big herds of caribou. But now no more.

My daddy, my uncles, they all stay around Hutshi Lake  
But when they got married, the woman maybe wants to go someplace  
(with her family).  
That's the way. [5]  
Now Indian woman when she marries whiteman, he takes her home...

My grandpa's house is there yet, though, all fallen down, rotten.  
Lots of houses there, used to be.  
But at Hutshi, nobody is there yet.  
You see where there's lots of dead people there.  
My grandpa died at Hutshi,  
And his two wives are buried there with him.  
My daddy died in Whitehorse, 17th June, in T & D store. [6]

My mother's name is Tutałma and she was from Hutshi.  
Her daddy was Big Jim.  
There's another coast Indian man from Dalton Post they call  
Big Jim,  
But that one's different.  
This one is Big Jim from Hutshi.  
I don't know his Dad though.  
My grandpa was too old by the time I got smart, about thirteen  
years.

Big Jim's Indian name is Kakhnókh.  
He married Dākwa'äl.  
They had a daughter Tutałma.

That woman was my mother.  
My grandfather, Big Jim, has an old house at Jojo Lake.  
It's an old house that fell down already.

Long-ago-people, any place they go round. [7]  
Come from Dalton Post,  
Go see everybody from the next country when you've got time.  
They see them.  
They talk.  
Then they go back in time to put up groceries for themselves  
in winter.  
They're trapping, and they hunt for fur.

This is our Shagóon.  
Kájit, me, Crow. Ts'erk'i.  
Wolf people they call agúmdá; Wolf is ägay.  
Hutshi Chief was Kájit and Big Jim was Agúmdá. [8]  
Big Jim from Dalton Post was Crow.

My Mamma's people are Crow - Gaanaxteidi [9]  
My Daddy is different; they're Wolf, Agúmdá.  
Our side that Crow first starts with.  
Crow claims Frog.  
All Crows, we claim it, used to be.  
But this time, nothing (people don't know about this).

Now I'm going to tell a story about long time ago.  
This is my two grandpa's story, Big Jim's and Hutshi Chief's.

I'm telling this story not from myself, but because everybody  
(old) knows this story.  
This is not just my story - lots of old people tell it.  
Just like now they go to school, old time we come to our grandpa.  
Whoever is old tells it the same way.

That's why we put this on paper.  
I tell what I know.

This time people talk way under me, not my age.  
They say they know.  
What I see, I tell it, me.  
This story is my grandpa's, Hutshi Chief.

Well, Coast Indians came in here a long time before white people.  
People had fur, and they used it for everything themselves.  
Nobody knows alcohol, nobody knows sugar before those coast  
Indians come.  
They brought guns, too.  
No whiteman here, nothing.

At Noogaayéek, Tlingit people first saw chips coming down  
from upriver.

People making rafts, I guess, and the chips floated down.  
"Where did this one come from?" they ask.

So that time they (Tlingits) go wintertime to Dalton Post.  
That's the way they meet them (Athapaskans).  
These people are hunting, and they've got nice skin clothes -  
Oh, gee, porcupine quills, moose skins, moccasins!  
Everything nice.

They see those clothes and they want them.  
That's the way they found out about these Yukon people, coast  
Indians.

Right then, they found where they hunt.  
They trade them knife, axe;  
They get clothes, babiche, fish skin.

They've got nothing, those Tlingit people,  
Just cloth clothes, groundhog clothes. Nothing!  
Goat and groundhog, that's all. [10]

But people here had lots of fur and they used it in  
everything themselves.  
Ready-made moccasins, buckskin parky,  
Silverfox, red fox, caribou skin parky sewed up with  
porcupine quills.  
You can't see it, this time, that kind.  
I saw it, that time.  
My grandma got it...so pretty...

So that's how they got it!  
They (Tlingits) got snowshoes and moose skin clothes - all warm -  
Parky, caribou parky, caribou blanket, caribou mattress  
Anything like that they want to use.  
Those people wanted clothes from here in Yukon...  
Skin clothes, sheepskin, warm mitts...  
So they trade.  
They do it for a purpose.

They make different snowshoes (from Tlingit) in this Yukon:  
They fix them with caribou skin babiche, nice snowshoes.  
Coast Indians trade for snowshoes, trade for clothes,  
For snowshoe string, babiche, sinew, tanned skin - all soft.

I don't know the time coast Indians came to this Yukon,  
My grandmother, my grandpa, they told me that's the way.

These Yukon people told Coast Indians to come back in summertime.  
So they did, next summer.  
Yukon people had lots of furs.  
That time they don't know money -  
They don't know where to sell them.  
So Coast Indians brought in guns.  
Well, they're surprised about that, Yukon people!

They've been using bow and arrow!  
They trade.

Coast Indians got guns, knife, axe.  
They came on snowshoes.  
They pack sugar, tea, tobacco, cloth to sew.  
Rich people would have eight packers each!  
They bring shells, they bring anything, they trade them.  
They trade for clothes.

Coast Indians bring sugar, tea.  
At first these Yukon people don't want it.  
But pretty soon, they go to Klukwan.  
They take their fur.  
They know where to sell it now.  
They go down wintertime with toboggan, Dalton Post way or  
Lake Arkell. [11]

But people here got crazy for it (trade goods).  
They trade for knife, they trade for anything, they say,  
shells, guns, needles.  
When you buy that gun, you've got to pile up furs how long that  
gun, same as that gun, how tall!  
Then you get that gun.

I don't know those guns.  
That's before me. I don't see it.  
But my grandpa had that kind at Hutshi.  
I see what they've been buying - blankets, not so thick you know,  
quite light.  
You could pack maybe fifty blankets, I guess, from the coast.  
They bring all that.  
Everybody buys their grandpa, grandma a knife that time!

My grandpa, Hutshi Chief, had trading partner, Gaasléeni.  
We fixed up his grave, my brother and myself.  
Old people are satisfied with Coast Indians, what they bring -  
Cloth, guns and matches.  
They use flint before, and birch bark.

Coast Indians taught people to chew (tobacco).  
I never used it, me.  
I never used to use sugar, too.

Well, they rest there and then they go anyplace, see?  
They go hunt, they go back.  
These people they go down to see them.

Dalton Post people are all our people.  
And Burwash people. All ours.  
Some from Carcross too.  
This time just where they stay, they stay, looks like it to me.  
It was my grandpa, my grandma,

They told me about that, about before.

I never saw those ones.

I know lots of Coast Indians, but they didn't bring anything in  
my time.

I don't see Coast Indians packing.

It's before me, I guess, when my grandma is young.

About one thousand years ago.

About two thousand years ago, now.

When Skookum Jim found gold, that's the time everything changed.

This time we can't do it now (travel around).

People stay where they stay.

## Section II: When the World Began

"Some people tell stories Coast Indian way.  
Me, I tell it Yukon way."

### Crow and Beaverman

Well, I know lots of people, old people, long time.  
They tell the same stories, old people  
That's the ones I know,  
(About) first when this land comes,  
When this ground is fixed.

That time, lots of people camped one place.  
People go one way (direction), one way go.  
They don't know which way people go.  
They don't come back, don't come back, don't come back home.  
They go.

Crow and Beaver - they call him Asuya - that means 'Smart Man',  
Asuya, that's Beaver.  
Two of them, that's all.  
The way people go, they figure they want to go.  
Somebody tells them to go because people don't come back.  
They go. They follow. They follow the track.  
They go, go, go.

Pretty soon they come to mountain, a mountain.  
They come to the top of the mountain.  
It goes downhill, bad place.  
From here they slide down, those people (who) go.  
Then, Wolverine he stays down there:  
He's got something to kill people when they slide down -  
Dry something - little dry tree, you know; they call it kyo.  
They slide down,  
And it's just like they're poked inside with that one,  
Get killed.  
Then that Wolverine, he's big, big.

Long time ago, they're big, they say, that Wolverine.  
They eat those people.  
His wife, too, is big.  
As soon as they get people there, they eat.



I said that old people tell me this story.  
Not one man told me, but ten people, old people.  
My grandpa and my grandmother,  
They're all with me when they die.  
Other old people, too, they told me.

So they kill him.  
They come to that Wolverine place and they go down the slides.  
They know that down there something kills the people.  
They (Wolverines) put water down there to (make a) slide down.  
Then it froze, and you can slide down fast.  
Just then, they're poked inside (impaled).

They (Crow and Beaver) take off their shirt.  
They put the branches in and make it (look) like a leg, too.  
They push it down.  
Pretty soon, a man is down there on the bottom  
And he pokes at the branches they put in the shirt, filled up  
like a person.

They see him.  
Then he pulls it - it's light, that one.  
He's got a camp there.  
His wife is there, his family there.  
He comes down.  
He started poking a stick to them.  
So they think about it theirselves,  
And they kill him with bow and arrow.

They've got sharp rock, I guess, a long time ago, a bone.  
And when it hits him, it comes out.  
It goes right through and kills him.

That was not a person, that one, Wolverine.  
Oh big. They're big!

So they kill him.  
They run down one side (of the slide).  
They kill that Wolverine. Big one.  
They poke him with that bow and arrow.

And his wife who stays there, big, too, that one.  
Fat.  
They eat lots of people, I guess.

Then they come to his wife.  
"What for you eat people?  
What for your husband eats people, you too?" they tell her.  
"I suppose you got to be game, you."

Just like they (teach) lesson (to) people, that Crow and Beaver.

Well, they talk.  
"We got to kill her."

"Yes, we got to kill her, too."

That one's got pups, that woman.  
They kill her, kill with bow and arrow, same.  
After that, they cut her open.

They (pups) climb up trees like this. Wolverine.  
They're alive then,  
And as soon as they kill her, they run to the tree.

"What are we going to do (with them)?"

"Well, when they grow how big they are now (that's enough)."

They don't want (them to be) big.  
It's just like they hit them.

"So, we've got to kill them.  
Save two, the female and the man."

They saved two; the rest they want to kill them.

That Beaver wants to climb up to where they got in the tree.  
All pee on him!  
He comes back.

Then Crow does that: he flies there and kills them.  
He asks each, "Are you a girl?"

"Yes."

"And you?"

"Yes, a boy."

That's all. Two only, they save.

Then he tells them,  
"You've got to be the same big. Don't eat anybody!  
It's no good!"

See, lots of people I guess they eat.

Long time, first this land is mud, I guess, that time.  
Then from there, this story comes...  
They tell next man, next man, next man.  
Now it comes to the last.  
But these school kids don't know, this time,  
this story, see?

Then they say,  
"We're going to give you feed, what you're going to eat."

They call him sha'ür, 'my friend', long time.

Now. People coming. Lots of them.  
And they camp this side, other side of the fire. [13]  
Then they want to dry their moccasins;  
They put up pole, those people.  
That's why they do that, I guess.  
(i.e. she's going to tell why).

Then Asuya said,  
"That thing's no good," he said.  
"Which way did he come (from)?"  
He follows; he's going to watch it here.

And they fixed it there; they dry moccasins on the fire.

You know Crow...he flies around.

Asuya follows his tracks and finds his sack -  
Moose skin packsack, used to be, they say, long time -  
He opens.  
Here it's kids feet there! Indians!

He looks same as a man, too, (like an) Indian.  
They call him Kójel. Yeah. Long time.

He opens that. Crow. Hangs it up again.  
He brings moose meat to his partner.  
They got moose meat, too; cook moose meat.  
They try to show people too.

(This is how) they know how true is person!  
So they got it, that one.  
They fix up that ptarmigan and they cook, that Crow.  
That one, too, they give it.  
He smells it. He leaves it.

"How come you're not hungry?" they tell him.

Already they know.  
Both of them know what he eats: person!

He goes down. His family is coming behind, all his kids.  
So he sleeps.

They sleep. Two men (Crow and Beaver).  
And they bring this along: green club from a tree.  
They cut it there, put it there.  
They've got bow and arrow, too.  
So that's why they come around too.

I don't know who put it (caused it),  
That Smart Man to go round,

They give ptarmigan.

They kill with bow and arrow, bring a bunch over there.

"You could get it yourself, after.

Don't eat persons again.

You're going to be game, you," they tell them.

When the people went from home

All the far side they go. [12]

All got eaten by Wolverine.

That's what the old people tell. That's lots of people.

From there, they give feed.

Then they tell them, "You eat dried meat cache."

What for they say that!!!

"Somebody's cache, and gopher too, you've got to eat it.  
You kill for yourself."

Then they kill them:

"Same big as Wolverine," they tell them.

(i.e. wolverine must never grow larger than these pups).

Then they go from there.

## II

Walk around, walk around.

Then they camp some place like this. Snow.

They've got to eat something, I guess, themselves.

They come to camp.

Around this land, this ground, first they see him.

First everybody they bring it on this land.

Then they camp.

Pretty soon, one man comes.

Like a same person (looks like a person).

Then they give this. Moose nose they cook.

Then they cut it for him:

"Right there, that's what we eat."

That man picks it up; he smells it, puts it back.

Now they found out! (that he's not human)

That's no good.

That's for that reason they go round this ocean, I guess,

But this is Yukon story, this one.

Then they camp.

"We've got big place here. You sleep right here, my friend."

To clean up that kind of people.  
Just like somebody tells him who's no good.  
That's why Asuya, they call him.  
Ts'erk'i (Crow) helps too.

They went to sleep.

Pretty soon, he gets up, that man. He gets up.  
Those moccasins, which one is pretty, he moved it in place of  
his moccasin.  
He thought he's going to kill those two.

They know it.  
They watch it.  
One sleeps one way, one sleeps this (the other) way.  
But their feet they reach like this (they touch).  
Soon as that man gets up (they kick each other).  
That's why they sleep that way.

They tried to give him something to eat.  
If he eats that now, he will turn to person.  
Yeah! That man could turn to person like them.  
That's why they show him that one (food).

He won't take it, what people eat.  
He knows it.  
He leaves it.  
Pretty soon he gets up.  
How he thinks he's going to kill two men?

They snore.  
"Get up, get up!"  
They jumped on that man. One of them hit him.  
The other one got up and he hit the back.  
And they killed him.  
They clubbed him down!

In the morning, his shoes were there.  
He thought he was going to kill those people,  
So he's got good mukluks; he put them in place of his moccasins.

So they picked them (the moccasins) up again;  
They put them on.  
They leave it (his mukluks) there.  
They go.  
Then they know where he comes from.

Got to go that way, they say.

## III

They walk, walk.

Pretty soon, they're by the lake, where people stay.

A man - that's another man - comes from that camp by the lake.

They call him Sha'ür (same diacritics as above).

"What are you doing?"

Well, I don't know how they understand.

They understand anything, those two!

That's how they're built, I guess.

"So what are you doing, Sha'ür?"

"Well, I'm fishing here".

He wants to push those two men (Crow and Beaver) in the  
airhole in that lake, that man.

That's the way people go, I guess, people before.

So they've got to play with him (delay him) by that airhole.

They see fire back there (at his camp).

The river runs for him.

"Say, Sha'ür, take off your clothes and stuff them in  
that airhole.

We've got better kind."

How crazy to say that!

So he took off his clothes and put them in the airhole.  
No clothes, pretty soon.

Then they run around.

They should kill him right away! What for...!

Pretty soon, he's cold.

That's the time they run, they run.

When they got to a big stump, they went inside, Ts'erk'í  
and Asuya.

Must be getting beat, I guess.

Ts'erk'í and Asuya, they just run inside.

Without clothes, he's getting cold.

They've got shéshé1 (stone axe).

He did that. He took it like this (swung it).

Oh, he put his head up. They watch it.

In that airhole are his clothes.

From there, they run.

What they think, I guess, is how tough!  
Should be easy to kill him, (but it's not).  
I don't know why they do that.

So they go inside that big wood.  
He comes.  
Going to kill them.  
No, they can't hit him!

(Claps) They kill him; push him in airhole.

Then they go to that place where they see smoke.  
That's all, that man (only the man) they got it.

Just a woman there.  
They give her the same thing:  
Moose nose cooked, ptarmigan cooked, everything.

"You want to eat?"

"No," smells it, puts it down.  
"I don't know what kind that one (is)."

So he said, "What do you people eat?"

They could hear anything, I guess, that one.  
Right there, somebody talks to them.  
No good.  
Not a true person.  
So they killed her.

That's the bad people.  
They eat people, too, like Kójel.

A long time ago, first it was night. [14]  
I don't know what it could be, me too...

#### IV

Then, they go from there.  
People got smoke there, under the mountain.  
Lake there.

(Crow and Beaver discuss):  
"He's a person, alright, that man."

"No, it's just like that Wolverine."

They went to where an old man stays with his wife.  
They've got a young girl.

"Ho," he says, "I can't climb up to that sheep up there.  
You see him?  
I can't climb up there any more.  
My leg is no good.  
You're going to be my son-in-law (if you kill him)."

He said that to that young man, Beaver.  
He'd like that Beaver for his son-in-law.

Well, fourteen years old, she's got a hat, that girl, [15]  
Stays a long time away when that happens.  
Then he says that, that old man (to Asuya).

(Beaverman says) "Oh, my moccasins are no good, all torn."

"Well, I'm going to give it to my daughter quick (to sew).  
You take it off."

That, his daughter, he put on (dressed up) like sheep.  
Right there, walking around there, that's his daughter.

He Asuya wants to kill those two.

So that old man said,  
"I've come this way, and I'll kill him from here."

"Alright. Alright."

Now he (the old man) sewed it up himself  
(pretending his daughter did the work).  
Then he said, "Alright, we go. I'll go too," that old man said.

Asuya has got sharp bow and arrow under his hair.  
They go there.

(The old man tells Asuya to push the sheep down the mountain,  
but really intends to push Asuya).

He (Asuya) pushed him down.  
That old man's wife was there, has that shéshél.  
They see her: Crow, he can see that (by flying).

Asuya asks, "Where from? Show me where to step."

That mountain is hard. It's wintertime.  
He does that, then. Crow pushes him over.  
Here, his own wife kills him at the bottom.

Yeah!

Then Crow, he flies and Asuya goes down again.  
That's his wife, there.



"What does your Daddy do? (they ask the daughter).  
Are you a person?  
What are you?  
You want to be saved?"

That Crow comes back.

"Go home."  
She's just fourteen years old.  
They brought her back to the house.

"What are you?" (they ask her)

"Bear. Bear we are."

"Well what do you want to do, killing people?  
If you're going to keep on, we're going to kill you."

She said, "No more."

They give her food and she eats it, so they let her go.  
They let her go.

V

Then after that, they came to a regular bear.  
Must be springtime now.  
They go around yet, that bear family.  
Regular bear. Big bear. They come.

He (bear) says, "Yeah! We want to get that Asuya -  
Beaver there."  
They want to kill that beaver, bear. [16]  
They want to eat him.

Well, beaver is his people:  
(Asuya asks bear) "What you been doing?"  
(how have you been trying to catch beaver?)

"Well, we tried to kill him (beaver)  
He goes right in the middle of that place, open place.  
We set out fishnet."  
He (beaver) wears a row of teeth around his neck.

Then Ts'erk'i said, "I think they're no good, these people."  
He goes around, he flies.  
Sometimes when they get stuck he flies around to find out  
what it is.

Those bears really want to kill beaver.  
Then they caught him.  
That's beaver there. Oh, he knows now, Beaver.

He says, "Right close to there, they set a fishnet for me.  
They're going to eat people, shür, bear.  
They eat people. How about you?"

"Oh, bad one, that people.  
I've got no place to go, wintertime.  
They pretty near get me," (beaver said).

Well, they kill him (bear).  
They set a beaver net and he chews that one, that beaver.  
That's why they don't get him, see?  
Then they kill that bear.

One beaver, he goes on the water.  
Just Crow alone.  
"You've got enough food?" he tells beaver?

"Yeah. Got a little bit now."

So they bring poplar tree, throw in there.

Well, that beaver (says),  
"We want fur. People going to get fur."  
That's why people now get skin, fur, from beaver.

And that's why bear, he can't kill people.

Grizzly bear, though, he kills people this time, see?  
They don't get after him. He passes them.

Then they (Crow and Beaver) go from there.  
They do everything in springtime there.  
Go round, round,  
Which way bad people stay,

"Don't kill nobody. Don't bother people.  
That's game, you, for people to eat you. Don't do that."

And they go on...got boat now...float down...float down...  
They come to ghost - ts'in.  
They're lying there.

So, he said, "All full dry meat."  
They don't see anybody.  
You know Crow! He wants to eat dry meat, anything.

Beaver says, "No, you don't want to eat it. Don't bother."

Just the same, Crow, he picks it up from nobody,  
Loads up that boat with dry meat.  
Pretty soon, they float from there.  
Hhhht, hhht - under boat, that's ghost!

From where they take that meat, it goes back again.  
It goes back in that boat!  
That meat is all hung up again!  
He does that just the same, that Crow. He wants to  
find out, see?

That Beaver, though, he just watches.  
He says "No people? What kind of people is that?  
What kind of people do you think are here?  
How come that boat comes back here?"

Crow eats it anyway.  
That Crow does everything!  
Here it comes straight through him, that meat!

Well, they can't do anything.  
They can't see who it is.  
He loads up again. He goes.  
It got back up there, all that meat hangs up again.

And they talk about it.  
"Well, I got beat here now! What do you think?"

Then Ts'erk'i talks,  
"Well, just show up for your meat!  
Because nobody's there, that's why we take it.  
Why don't you show?"

Talk..talk...talk...you know that Crow!

Asuya can't do nothing, too.

"Oh!" somebody says. "We don't bother nobody.  
We don't bother you."  
Somebody said that, finally.  
Talk! They can't talk for nothing!

Then Beaver said,  
"What kind of people you?"

"Ghost. Ts'in. We don't bother anybody.  
Why do you take our grub? Yeah!  
We're the same people as you were before we die.  
We can't do nothing to you. We don't bother people."

That's ghost country I think they've been too, see?

So Beaver said,  
"You're going to do nothing to people? To our people? You?"

"No, we bother nobody. We are a different place.  
We come from you people who died.  
We died.

We got our own groceries. No way we bother people."

So they let it go, that one. Can't do nothing.  
Not going to bother anybody, not doing harm.  
So they let them go.

## VI

After that, they go, go.  
They're close to salt water now.  
They come to fishing.

Deer. Kúk'an. Long time like person, I guess.  
That one killed people too.  
Something wrong, I guess. It grows big.  
So Crow calls him,  
"My auntie's husband! Let's fish. I'd like to see fishing."

He goes with a boat, goes with a boat.  
Then he gets on with it.

"What kind of bait you got?"  
That's hook bait for fish.  
They're coming to salt water.

Chátl (halibut) they want. Chátl.  
That's the one he throws on.  
Pretty soon he killed it that auntie.

So pretty soon Crow comes back to that man's wife.

Ax Xox - where's your auntie's husband?" says that woman.

"Oh, he's coming. He's got lots of fish - salt water fish  
We're going to give you halibut bellies."

He gives her rocks, hot ones!

"These are halibut bellies which my auntie's husband  
(i.e. your husband) gives you.  
I've got them, my auntie."

She eats it like that, that lady, those rocks.  
She got killed right there.  
So he was married to a lady who was no good, I guess,  
that one.  
That's why they did that.  
Just funny how they can kill them.

Then, after that, they got on the boat.  
Whenever they see that kind, they give them what  
a person eats.

"You're not going to grow any more.  
Just the same big you stay."

From there, they split.  
Ts'erk'í goes to Coast Indian side.  
Beaver goes to Yukon side.  
They're going to straighten up this world.  
No more danger, they say.

"So I'm going to be Yukon (Beaver said).

"Well, I'll come back (Crow said).  
I'm going to salt water side."

That's what I know of this story.

## VI

The's why that Crow don't want fish to come from salt water,  
this way, see? [17]  
Must be that's why.

That time he put his hand (wing) like that at Klukshu,  
(pointing toward the coast).  
At Klukshu, they've got salt water fish.

He should leave it alone!  
Then those fish would come up there, Champagne.

You see that Dezadeash Lake?  
About three miles (separates the two drainages).  
But he makes Dezadeash come out other side (flowing north).  
King salmon, the other side; silver salmon.  
He did it there too.  
His hand he put up like that.  
That's what they say, old people, see?

Then he did that this place too (Kusawa Lake).  
Other side water ran down to Klukwan,  
Fish came there too.  
What for Crow do that that way?  
Glacier on top there, that's what he did!

He could have made fish go that way!  
Just to Haines summit, fish go.  
That Lake Arkell, mountain go like that.  
From the other side, big river goes down to Klukwan.

### Section III: My Husbands' Shagoon

"We learn from grandma, grandpa, what they do  
And they explain to us.  
I think everybody knows that,  
But I know what they say!"

Now I'm going to tell my husband's history, Paddy Smith.  
My first husband was Paddy Smith, Kakhnókh.  
His grandmother married from Coast Indians to this Yukon.

My husband's father had Coast Indian name - Goonxaktsáy.  
Coast Indians gave him that one when they came to trade.  
Whiteman gave him name too - 'Johnson'.  
Indian way, Dán k'e his name was K'ayédata.

Those days one man had one partner.  
First time Coast Indians trade,  
They brought in different coloured blankets -  
Red blankets, yellow blankets, blue blankets.  
No duty that time they pack! [18]  
My grandma gave me one of those blankets,  
But I put it up with my daughter when she died.

Later they gave me Paddy Smith's brother, Johnny Ned:  
Paddy's mother, Johnny's mother are sisters so it's just like  
they are brothers, Indian way.  
Johnny's mother and father are both from Yukon.  
His father's name was Tsenedhāta, Frank Slim's namesake.

That's how they do it in the old days.  
We don't let it go. Just have to take it. [19]

My father-in-law's country, Paddy's father's country, is here.  
Steamboat Landing.  
Duúchuga, 'driftwood creek'.  
It's just like a bridge there where driftwood builds up.  
Two rivers meet there -  
Lake Arkell River (Takhini River), Duú Chú,  
And Mendenhall River, Chenk'ala Chú.  
It comes from Ten Mile Lake (Taye Lake?), Chenk'ala  
Long time ago, King Salmon used to go up Chenk'ala Chú to  
Ten Mile Lake,  
But my time there were too many beaver and King Salmon didn't  
go through.

My father-in-law came here when he married Paddy Smith's mother.  
He lived this side (north side) of Mendenhall, Chenk'ala Chú

After I stayed with my husband, Paddy Smith,  
We had house other side (south side of the river).

Long time ago, Coast Indians used to come to here to trade.  
This is my father-in-law's country:  
He stayed here all the time.  
There's a graveyard up above there -  
My father-in-law's mother is buried there - Shotk'e,  
Also my mother's brother, Katláy, Charlie.

That Lake Arkell they call Kusawa.  
That's Koosoowaak 'long lake',  
Dan k'e Nakhú Chú, 'raft crossing'.  
They call that narrow place Nakhú,  
But the lake takes its name from that narrow place.

Now I'm going to talk about Nakhú, that narrows at Lake Arkell.  
My husband's people own that Lake Arkell.

Before Coast Indians, before guns, they had ranch for moose at  
Lake Arkell.  
They got corral there, set snares,  
Then everybody came there - lots of meat, lots of fish.  
They helped together.

I never saw caribou snared; that's before my time  
But I know that kind.  
Nužáta, his name, my husband's father's father.  
He stayed there all the time.

Sometimes he goes to Klukshu, to get fish -  
Sometimes he wants a different kind of fish, I guess.

That corral was down at Lake Arkell,  
At Nakhú, at the narrows.

You can't see them (corrals) this time...  
Even I didn't see them when I was young,  
When I went there.  
This land, he comes out,  
Grows anything.

That narrow place just goes across there.  
They put fishnet there - that's why they got it there.  
They made sinew themselves, early days.  
When Coast Indians came that time they got (string) fishnet.  
Before that, sinew, just tied up like thread.  
Then you get lots of fish, they say.

You go to head of river, cross that lake, then maybe fifteen  
miles.  
Old people don't know 'miles' those days - maybe ten, maybe more.

They put it between the lake and mountain, then run the caribou through.

One man owned it, Nułáta, my husband's people  
All that lake belonged to them, agúmdá, Wolf.

Nułáta owned Nakhú,  
But he's not there alone.  
Lots of people come to him, all over.  
He stayed there.  
Everyone goes there -  
My father-in-law,  
Laberge Chief,  
All Carcross people come there.  
All Hutshi -  
All go there, have a good time.

Then Nulata and his people go round -  
Klukshu, Dezadeash, Hutshi,  
That's what they do, long ago.  
If they want to trap, nobody stops them.  
They're free to go.

Everybody is satisfied with him, Nułáta.  
Everybody! He's not stingy with it.  
It's that narrow place.  
That's where they cross with rafts, there.  
It's not too far to go there.  
Yeah. They all enjoy.

There used to be lots of caribou, even in my time.  
When caribou came,  
It was just like horses.  
You could hear it (hooves) making noise on the ice.  
Wintertime that Mountain is covered up.

Way back I went around with my grandpa; he shot fifty caribou.  
Long time people made caribou summer parky.  
Summertime skin, short hair, doesn't come off.  
All porcupine quills, pretty.  
Moose were getting short when caribou came;  
Not too long ago, they came back again.  
But people bother them too much, I guess.  
They're dying off, I hear.

Coast Indians come to this Yukon in April.  
They start off from Klukwan.  
That (Kusawa) River comes down behind that mountain like this,  
this way down to Klukwan.

Well, they come up.  
They walk this way.



They pull things on ice.

They've got a trail from Klukwan, see? where the river comes down.  
Glacier is there too, at the head of the lake, on the top  
of the mountain.

Then they come here by Lake Arkell, down this way.

Now this time you can't go that way.

Only one way now. There's car trail now.

They don't call it right, Lake Arkell - Koosoowáak.

Áak, they call them, 'lake': it means 'long ways'.

At the head of Lake Arkell there's lots of wood where the river  
comes in.

They made rafts, not boats.

Rafts work better than boats on Lake Arkell.

When waves come, boats have to pull out.

But when they make rafts, nothing is wrong with them.

They take out tree roots, split them, put them in water.

Then they twist willows, tie up green trees.

Then they tie every log together, tie up, tie up.

Then they come on this Takhini River, rafts.

Go to Lake Laberge:

The man who trades there stays there;

The others go on to Fort Selkirk.

That's as far as they go.

I saw one man from Haines (who used to trade here)

His name Lootáax.

He said when he saw smoke fire (on Yukon River),

That's the time he used to like.

Then he knew people were there.

That's the time he's satisfied.

Another way, Coast Indians used to go to Hutshi:

They went by Dezadeash Lake, on foot trail.

They make birch toboggan - no nails.

It's strong!

They tied it up with moose skin (babiche);

Then they came to Aishihik, Hutshi.

People there know Coast Indians are coming when they hear guns.

Yukon people have grey silver fox,

They buy guns.

They buy Outfit - sugar - nobody knows sugar.

People start singing, "They're coming now!"

Everybody's happy when they hear it!

My grandpas Hutshi Chief, Hutshi Big Jim told me that.

From Hutshi they go to Lú Shóá - Fifty-two mile - they call  
that lake.

I've got a home there. That's where I raised my kids.

Not too far from Hutshi - one day's walking.

Lots of fish there, whitefish.

Then they go down to Selkirk.  
Then everybody has got what they bring.  
At first this Yukon people don't want it.  
But they learned, they learned Coast Indian talk.

Coast Indians pack their own food when they come.  
They kill something when they are coming.  
They got one hook for fish, big trout.  
They don't get stuck.  
Whiteman gets stuck!  
Indian, if he's got something, sinew, anything,  
He sets it.  
He gets it!  
He gets rabbit; he gets anything.

When Coast Indians came, they want Indian woman.  
Whiteman, too, they wanted Indian woman.  
Without it, they can't survive.  
Me, I'm Yukon woman!

Coast Indians used rafts, but in Yukon they made moosehide boats.  
I made one.  
Down at Snag we were ratting.  
Just nothing but lakes down there, Snag.  
My husband bought two bull moose skins.  
You've got to join them this way, hind leg side,  
You sew it with babiche.  
Then you put it meat side up so it will dry tight.  
You could make a frame out of little trees - birch.  
No nails, just tree roots to tie it up, and moose skin rope, babiche.  
We used nails though, that time,  
Big boat! About six people sit on it.  
Kándáy dhū nalát.  
They're strong enough to jump in.  
Coast Indians never made it though;  
They've got no moose; they can't kill moose up there.  
They just make rafts, come down to Selkirk long ways,  
Then they walk back.

#### Section IV: Stories from Kusawa Lake

"I think about Coast Indians a long time ago.  
That's the one I'm telling  
What I know, I tell."

These three stories were all told in conversation about events in the previous chapter. The first is meant to illustrate the stature of Nuġata the Wolf headman who stayed at Nakhú, Kusawa Lake narrows. The second story tells about a man who became stranded, and nearly died on the face of Gah Dhāl the mountain overlooking the upper Takhini River. The third story, about a man who fell into a crevasse while returning to Klukwan after a trading trip to the interior, illustrates the perils of travel over glacier-covered mountain passes.

#### Nulata

I'm going to talk about Nuġata, yeah.  
Well, down at Lake Arkell, narrow place,  
They call it Nakhú.  
Nakhú. Narrow place.  
That's where rafts cross.  
From there, he's got corral for moose long time ago.

My grandmother told me the story about him.

He stayed there all the time.  
When he snared moose, caribou, sheep -  
They've got some place for sheep too -  
Then he got it.  
Lots of fish there too, Nakhú.

People come around to him all the time,  
Visit,  
To get meat.

Then that Nulata, he's got daughters.  
People come from Carcross, any place,  
To marry his daughters.

The first girl got married to Carcross.

Her name is Goonxáket (\*later changes this to Goonxáda)  
That time, after Coast Indians came across to this Yukon,  
That time, I guess, some kinds of things they've got.  
Goonxá, Goonxá.

It's high (expensive) that time from Coast Indians. [20]  
Those ones, he threw away.  
That daughter is going to go to to that man to marry:  
He threw them on the ground,  
Then she goes on top of them to get married with this man.

Then after, another one is going to get married somewhere too.  
Datlanatl'áda (\*later says her name was Aatthándlaya).  
That one there, he put beads -  
Beads, but they look like bone -  
He threw that one.  
On top, she walked to her husband.  
Now she got married.

Next one Goonkhaket (\*later corrects to Aakegántth'at).  
From that place, Nakhú, narrow place, that Lake Arkell.  
Moose skin, he threw in there too.  
Big moose skin.  
That's the one, moose hoof blanket,  
And she goes on top of that skin.  
Then she's married.

That's all Nuáata dúnyen ke, for his children.  
His daughters married that way from that Nakhú.

He's the one that's got that moose corral.

Now finished, this story.

Story of Kwanshalta Who was lost on Kusawa Mountain  
[21]

Well, those people were a big family from Dalton Post.  
They were packing fish to the head of Lake Arkell.  
They come there, to the head of Lake Arkell,  
Packing that fish over to the Lake.  
They came by raft - they're going to make a raft.  
That man is coming.  
He's got a wife from Laberge - Shuwuteen.

He came to the head of the lake.  
Then they made a raft.

Lots of game that time - sheep goats, moose,  
Standing right on the shore.

This is before me - I don't know that man.  
But the rest of them I knew when I was smart  
    (i.e. when she began to understand things  
    about ten years of age).

They killed lots of moose and they killed lots of sheep  
And they had that fish they packed from Dalton Post.  
Moose, moose, moose, sheep, sheep, sheep.

Finally they came to that place that's narrow at Lake Arkell.  
Right there, they stay.  
They dry a little meat.

Then they started with a raft down Lake Arkell River  
    (Takhini River).

When they got to that canyon a little before steamboat landing,  
Right there they towed their boats through.  
Must be strong people, see?  
They took the load off - too heavy -  
And they towed the raft.  
Then they had no trouble to Laberge.

So they go there, and end of this lake, they camp.  
From there that man saw sheep.  
Why should people go? he thinks. Gee.  
In the morning he tells people,  
"I'm going to climb up that hill,  
Lots of sheep."  
That man is Albert Allen's namesake.  
This was long time ago, but people had guns that time,  
Coast guns.

He climbed up.  
Oh, that sheep, he shot him. He shot one.  
Then he followed one up that mountain.  
Oh, bad, that mountain.  
Gah Dhāl they call it. 'Rabbit Mountain'.

Now! He got stuck right there.  
He's got no way to turn. It's bad, that mountain.  
You should not go there for sheep!

He stayed there.  
He held on like this (with one hand).  
Rock on one side.  
He's got gun, but he can't do nothing.  
Way down, there's good landing, but he held that rock, one hand.

He stayed there one night.

Next day, oh, he's getting weak.

Going to fall down any time.  
Then he said,  
"Which way am I going to be saved?"

That's the time those rafts all go.  
He sees them down there.  
He's not too far from there.  
He sees them - lots of rafts go down.  
He tries to holler, tries to holler.  
No.  
Nobody.  
Where do those people think that man is?  
Crazy, eh?

The last boat went.  
That's the time he sang - but I don't know that song.  
Used to be I know, but I can't sing:

"Which way am I going to get help here?  
I'm all in now."

He said that in that song. That's half of it I know.

Oh, he feels bad, feels bad.  
Nobody with him.

So he talks, talks.  
"They go, they go..."

Then, just like somebody said,  
"We're going to save you;  
We're going to save you.  
You jump on that place."

Yes, this is how old people believe, long time.  
I guess that's how he got help.

He held up his gun.  
He put it up this way.  
"I'm going to try now."  
Just like that. He can't stand anymore.  
"If I fall down, that's all right too," he thinks.

Just one hand he's holding.  
He looked down. He finished his talk.

"Who's going to help me from here?  
How am I going to get off?  
I think I'm just done now, just done now."  
Oh, he sang a long time that song.  
"Help me. My time (to die) is now."

He jump!

The rock stands up - willows come this far.

(Claps)

He pretty near falls back.

Just like they put it (helped him).

He stayed right there.

He had lunch, though.

Next day afternoon he lay down there,

Water running through there from the mountain.

It's a good place there - he lay down.

After a while he took water.

Must be a long time he lay there.

It gets dark, gets dark.

Then he looked for his packsack.

He got that lunch, got that water, chew.

Falls asleep.

Well, sun comes up.

Must be twelve o'clock, I guess. Daytime.

He knows everybody is gone.

Then he ate his lunch.

He got up that time, sat down good.

It feels good to chew.

There's something (some power) there too.

Two nights, he was just about going to fall off there.

That's the time he jumped.

Name Kwansháltá.

This is long time ago.

I don't know the man in this story.

He started good in the morning.

He ate his lunch. That's all the lunch he's got.

He's good now.

He's good to walk down the side of that mountain.

He made it!

Gee, how close. He sees them land.

He should try.

His wife is with them too!

Those people stay at Steamboat Landing.

"Oh, that man will go to Laberge, I guess," they said.

They start off from Steamboat Landing.

"I guess he took off."

So he came along.

He's got nothing to eat.

He walked down slowly.

He's hungry, hungry.

He was nearly all in - nothing to eat.

He hollered across there at Steamboat Landing.

There's nobody.  
No raft there.  
He hollered...Nobody.

Then he thought about it.  
He's got gopher snare in his pocket, I guess,  
Two or three snares.  
Men are always like that when they go hunting.  
So he figured he's played out now.  
But lots of gophers so he set it -  
He caught two or three gophers.

"Might as well I sleep here."  
Two nights in the mountain he held to that rock!  
He's got to be weak that time he jumped.  
He lay like that a long time, saw that last raft leave.  
He can't shoot, too, because he left his gun above him.

So, he eats now.  
He eats two gophers.  
He's got to go to the other side,  
But he's got no way to cross that Takhini....  
He comes down, comes down:  
At Thirty-one Mile, he crosses.

He's getting strong now, but it's a long way.

Must be people wait for him over there.  
He shouts. No answer.  
Crazy people, eh?

He figures that they go down to Laberge  
Come down already to Laberge.  
Then he stayed there 'til afternoon. He set it, that snare.  
He got it, got gopher.

Then shortcut, this way.  
He gets two or three gophers and he gets tough.  
Now he goes down.

Now he gets to mouth of Takhini.  
Nobody there.  
He figures he can cross that river on log.  
Nothing, no rope. He gets on, hold it with his leg, goes across.

Those people go to Laberge.  
No man - nothing.  
Oh, everybody cries.

Three nights, right here he comes.  
Not much to eat.



That time he said he's not going to take back his wife, Shuwuteen,  
That Mrs. Henry, at Laberge, that's her namesake.

So he went away from there to Tagish.

That's bad rock there!  
You can't climb up, can't go that way!  
You have to go around.

That song he sang says:

"Who's going to help me here?  
I keep on this rock.  
Might as well be I jump.  
Man is man."

That's what I know of that song.

He never came back to his people.  
He stayed someplace, way out.

I've been up there, but not that way, back way.  
My old man killed caribou.  
Nice place up on top.

### Story of the Man Who Fell through a Glacier [22]

At the head of Lake Arkell (Kusawa) they've got that ice,  
glacier, you know.  
That's the place that Coast Indian fell in, when he's going back  
to Haines.  
They should do it the same time; they should get him!  
But they didn't.  
They go.

He fell through to a little island there, dry place, and he stayed.  
He's got lunch in his pack, some grease.  
They've got no rope, I guess; that's why they go.  
Well, he's gone already, I guess they think.  
He went through a crack.  
He should holler there!

Well, they went back now.  
They put up potlatch in Klukwan.  
Everybody cried.

He hears them...Cold.  
They should have tried to get him!  
Ah, people are crazy!

Just pretty soon, now, he's feeling cold.  
Don't know how many days it is now.  
He's got moose skin in his pack and he put it on.  
When it gets wet, he gets another one.  
He put beaver skin - you know how it can't get wet through -  
He put it.  
Big place, they say that is: more water than sand.  
He sleeps and eats. Cold though.

Oh he's strong.  
He eats his last grease now.

So then they came back with that rope and they put it down.  
They send one (person) in.  
They had to get that body, I guess.  
So that man slid in that way too.

Pretty soon something came down.  
Ice. Big chunk of ice.  
Something is coming down - he touched it.  
"Ahhhh. Oh my."

Well, that man is just about all in!  
He moved his head.  
Over ten days by now.

He (the man who went down) told them,  
"If I've got his pack, got his body, I'll do this,"  
he said (pulling the rope).  
Everybody cried!

They should have done that the same time (that he fell in),  
Cut up moose skin (to make a rope to rescue him).  
They've got lots of moose skin.  
But they just let him go.  
But that man saved himself, wrapped himself in moose skin,  
in gopher robe.

They pulled him out.  
His head went just like that.  
They make fire already.  
They cover him up.  
They gave him something hot.  
They took off his wet clothes.

They put up camp there.  
He ate lots of grease, gets stronger.  
He moved.

Already they had potlatch!  
He told them that potlatch, he saw it.  
Why? Did they see body? What for they want a potlatch!  
They should have taken the body out first.  
Awful, eh?

They stay there maybe two days, feed him.  
So, he started to go, get strong and go.  
They carried him half way there in a moose skin.  
About half way there, he got strong and he started to walk.

People coming.  
They were coming to help, I guess.  
Here's that man walking around. Goodness!

This happened at the other end of Lake Arkell.  
I've been there, but I've never seen that glacier.

## Section V: Childhood

"Just like you're learning things  
Just like you're going to school  
(They tell stories) to make your mind strong."

My name is Ntthénada.  
I was born at Hutshi.  
That's what my father, Hutshi Jim told me.

My mamma died when I was six years old.  
After she died, Hutshi Jim married her sister, my auntie.  
She took it over. [23]  
That was my mother's sister, my stepmother; Kitty, they call her.  
Mrs. Hutshi Jim.  
Gach'émá.  
That was Big Jim's daughter but she had a different mother.  
They want to raise me.  
But she won't let us go, Grandma. My grandma raised me, Dakwa'äl.  
And sometimes I stayed with Däk'älämä.

I'm the oldest. I've got two behind me, one sister and Frankie Jim.  
Frankie was next to me. My sister was the youngest.  
After my mamma died,  
Then my mamma's mamma, Mrs. Big Jim, raised me, Dakwa'äl.  
And sometimes I stayed with Däk'älämä.

After six, I stayed with Grandma.  
Girls that age play all the time - play dolls, friends.  
By eight or nine, you should know something about your own people.  
After that, ten or eleven they tell us how to go round,  
Set snares with grandma.  
No gun, but we get along good.

Pretty soon, I know my way, started to sew.  
Then we give to my uncle what I make.  
Then they pay me, furs.  
That's when people heard about Taylor and Drury (traders),  
So they started saving fur.  
Before that, kids use it for blankets.  
I'm ten years old, what I'm telling now.

Then my auntie married Jack Pringle, Dalton Post policeman.  
I stayed with them.  
I went to Klukshu when they put up fish.

Then Pete Anderson married my mamma's mamma's sister.  
I stayed with them and went to school in Whitehorse for one year.  
I called him Dad.

Then my grandma took me back (and out of school).

My daddy was a big doctor but I can't talk about that.  
Might be it won't go right.  
Might be no good to us.  
He didn't drink or smoke or chew - it just came to him.

I'm going to tell you a story about what I saw that time at Hutshi.  
This is a special story about which ways they did long time ago.

We learn from our grandma, grandpa.  
What they do, they explain it to us.  
I think everyone knows that, but I know what they say.

My grandpa was going to fix up his mother's grave that first  
time I remember.  
Carcross people, he calls them.  
Dalton Post people, Hutshi people he called them.  
Nobody staying at Little Salmon that time - just Big Salmon,  
Little Salmon together.  
Two men he sent down to Carcross, two to Aishihik.

If Crow person dies, Crow people make party and they invite Wolf.  
First time I see that, gunny sack he put on.  
Then that coal he put on his face.  
Gee, lots of people there, dance.  
Gee, I held on to him (frightened).  
He started to sing.  
Then people started to dance.  
I let him go then - didn't cry, nothing.  
He made me scared.  
I was a little girl.  
I thought, "what for he's doing that?"  
They came from a long ways - from Dalton Post, Champagne,  
Selkirk, Kluane Lake,  
They walk.

Then when I was ten years old, they put up my mamma's grave.  
Big Jim did it for his daughter, my mother.  
I remember that good; I'm big that time.  
I see and I remember; that's how I learn.

That time all the people came.  
First came Aishihik people.  
Then Dalton Post people.  
These ones don't come quick: Little Salmon, Big Salmon.  
Then comes Carcross.

That time I saw it, "old fashioned."  
They danced with it.

Clothes, blankets, button blankets, moose hoof blankets -

That kind I got it too; I fixed it myself.  
What I've seen, I fix it right.  
I don't use this kind of cloth - just old style beaver cloth.  
It costs too much now! Eighteen dollars a yard.  
I made that one myself; we use it down there.

They've got a big canvas there; they put it on the other side.  
They're going to go inside the house now; that's where they're  
going to dance.  
They (visitors) haven't showed up yet.

Grandpa cut a gunny sack like this - holes for his arms.  
Then he made his face black.  
Gee, I'm afraid they're going to kill him.  
Me, I hold it; I hang onto that Grandpa.

Grandma goes first; then another wife comes behind.  
I hang onto Grandpa.  
I don't know what they're going to do!  
They're going to kill him or what? I think.

As soon as he goes outdoors, he starts to sing.  
People took down that canvas, start to dance.

Gee! Lots of people.  
Lots of women, too.  
They called them all in:  
Kajit called them in.  
Early supper, they eat.  
They go in.

Oh, they (had) fixed it up for people already.

Me, I laughed!  
Why do they do that?  
It's funny to me, I tell you.  
(imitates sounds of guns shooting in welcome and sings  
song telling that people are coming).

That many people came in, I got scared.  
"Come on, Grandpa."

After I see it, I let go and I look at people dancing.  
Blue! Blue blankets.  
Coast Indians keep a big cache (of blankets), all blue!

Guns shoot.  
They're not too far across the lake.  
Big raft, they put in there.  
They put everybody across there, just stop down there.

Now I know it's no use holding my grandpa.  
Same thing again.  
Then, they feed them.  
Dance going on.  
They go in the house.

Pretty soon, hear guns, same kind.  
Little Salmon people come.

Lots of people - big place, meadow, good place.  
They leave their packs there.  
Guns shoot: when people come, they shoot.

These ones start to dance, too.  
Aishihik people dance, too.  
All big place.  
There's some good dancers.  
All go in.

Carcross people come next day, I guess.  
Ah...one lady's got looking glass - my, she danced good.  
Big fat woman!  
She danced in backwards - Hu, Hu, Hu, that way.  
Big house, my grandpa's house.  
What do you think they're going to get, those people?!

Porcupine quills, moccasins, caribou skins.  
Gee, nice. And the blankets!  
Gee, you ought to see the dancing.  
This Carcross song, I got it.

That way, red blankets - those Klukshu people.  
Humpback fish, little red fish come to that Klukshu.  
That's the dance they're making.  
That's the story I tell you that time.  
People were dancing just like little fish!

They put a white Crow on my Mamma's headstone.  
People came from Carcross, from Dalton Post, from Aishihik.  
I know (remember) but I don't know (understand) what is  
going on.

My grandpa put black on his face, put on gunny sack.  
I was frightened when I saw that.  
I held onto my grandpa.  
Then people started dancing and I let go of them, watched him.

People ate. They danced. They sang their songs.  
I still know those songs, even how long that is.  
When kids play, after that, we do like those people.  
It's fun for us, that's why we do that.  
We don't know.

Us kids learned those songs, those dances from watching  
at potlatch.

That's the way I learn.

There's different dances: Klukwan dance, Hutshi dance,  
Ayan dance.

They put white Crow on my mamma's grave.

Doesn't look much like Crow: it looks like seagull.

It's from long time, first time,

Before it got it that way (blackened)

That time Crow got trapped in smoke hole,

That's the time he turned black.

Before that, all white. [24]

Everybody knows that story.

Crow must be partner with Jesus!

Kids used to do jobs for old people - get wood, water.

They pay us with stories!

We bring wood:

Now! Time like school. We stay there. We listen.

One time we get wood for one old man.

He's smoking his pipe, wants to finish first.

Us kids wait, wait,

Then finally, my brother, Frankie Jim, he took that wood back to  
where we got it!

Gone now! He goes home.

"Why you're back?" my grandma asked.

"Oh, that man is too slow."

That old man is mad when he finds out:

"Why you do that?"

Next day we work like hell, us.

Now that I'm old lady, I think about how those people feel.

Even when my grandma is blind, she still taught us

How to snare, how to make spring trap.

I wish she were here now...I'd give her tea.

My grandma is the one who raised me.

From way back, old ladies what they see, they tell the stories.

That's how they teach kids.

By ten years, they can go by themselves, help their mothers.

That's the way we learned from our grandma.

I think about it after.

I think what they talk about.



I believe it!

When I became woman, they put me away for three months.  
Still I've got my teeth!  
My grandma helped me then, my mother's mother.

When she's a woman, that time  
They teach you lots of things.

When you're wearing long hat first,  
Lots of things you have to do.

You don't scratch your head with your hand.  
You've got something to scratch it with (a special stick).

You take off that hat at night to sleep but you wear it daytime,  
all the time.

You can't drink from a cup full of tea.

They give you swan feathers:  
You put them on your hand and blow them.  
When the feathers rise,  
It means you put your hand on someone and you help them.

When you stand up, you can't use your hands to help you.

You can't talk to your brothers,  
Only to your younger brothers,  
Not to your older brothers.

You eat only dry meat, not fresh meat.  
Don't eat too much of it.  
Young girls should be careful what they eat.  
These ones now don't.

You put beaver teeth in your mouth so your teeth will last.  
Look how young girls now have false teeth.  
Me, I've got my own teeth.

You wash your hair with nunch'ru (?) 'soap from the ground'.

All those things I did.  
That's why I'm old woman and still I'm good yet.

You think these young girls going to learn something?  
(Indicates writing with a scathing gesture - implying that's  
all they do)  
This time they go in bush, can't get it.

This tattoo I got when I'm fourteen years old.  
My brother-in-law made it when first I stayed with my husband

Needle and thread (and charcoal), he made it.  
One mistake here, though:

It says ANWIE +

## Section VI: 'Since I Got Smart...'

"Old style words are just like school...  
Since I know, old people tell us stories;  
That's the ones I show you."

Mrs Ned is less inclined to talk about her own childhood than to talk about what children should know. She regularly shifts the ground from discussion of her own life to a speech, using this form of oratory, rather than stories, to discuss 'what kids should know.' Because this is her conventional form of instructional narrative, I include three examples of her oratorical descriptions about the time "since I got smart."

The first was recorded at her home on July 9, 1985. We had been talking much of the day about her childhood and the things she learned as a young woman. Another older woman was also visiting from Teslin. Late in the day Mrs. Ned invited me to stay overnight so we could continue, and in the evening she asked me to record this 'talk'. Although the three of us were the only people present, Mrs. Ned was clearly delivering it to an implicitly larger audience:

I want these people, all friends of mine  
To listen to me,  
What I've been doing since I was girl.

When I'm a baby, I don't know it.

But since I got smart  
I want to say something for you to hear me.

These grandchildren are all over.  
All over white people's kids, Indian kids.  
All over grandchildren now.  
I'm their grandma.  
Sit down.

I don't know my age.  
I've been born before Whiteman came around,  
That's why I don't know.

Well, thank you very much, to tell you.

This time, I stay in Takhini.  
This house I stay inside, I enjoy.  
I say thank you very much for it.

My grandmother told me everything.  
That's the one I tell you this time, all this.

Used to be people love each other -  
Your cousins, your uncles, all your sisters.  
You learn how to keep your Old Man;  
You learn what Grandma said.

So, I'm all alone now, this time.

When I hunted, I hunt in the bush, way up the mountain.  
I had snowshoes on.  
I packed my babies.  
I didn't want them to get hurt at home,  
So I take them.

Then my son, Roddy Smith, when he knew his age -  
That's the time I kept them at home -  
He looked after his sister and his brother.  
So I don't worry, go hunting, go trapping.

My Grandpa, Hutshi Big Jim,  
That's the one who helps me.  
So I go with it, trapline, camp out,  
Yeah.

We got everything.  
When he got caribou, we put mattress.  
We got good mattress of moose skin.  
That's enough for your bedding.  
It's not cold when you stay out.  
This time, I stay.

It must be pretty close, my age.  
This time, I can't walk.  
But I don't feel sorry for that!  
More friends!

No more snowshoes, me.  
When I go, I get on Whiteman rig. Car!  
I go.

Well, I say thank you for that,  
I say thank you for that.  
I love good people,  
No matter who, I love.

(When) somebody is going to be old, they're going to feel it.  
That time, I'm young, I go anyplace.  
Go anyplace. Hunt.  
Hunt for my kids and what they want to get.

(Now) From the store, buy anything  
For my kids.

When I stay at Steamboat Landing,  
I put my fishnet,  
I get lots of fish and dry, dry.  
I do it for winter.

Well, my kids are not with me that time,  
Out hunting, out working.  
When they come back, I do this for my sons.  
Hunt gophers, rabbits with a snare.  
Put up what they need.

They got song for that rabbits.  
Rabbit made this song because they're satisfied for people.  
I'm going to show you (sings).  
Old people long time, they know this song.

Old people, when they go hunting, they sing.  
That's for good luck (song is causal).  
Everything has got a song.  
They want to get something: they get it.  
They've got no gun this time: bow and arrow.  
They're satisfied.

I remember eclipse, one time.  
I'm a woman, that time, trapping with my grandpa.  
People have song for that, too.  
They go outdoors and sing.  
I just saw night eclipse, myself,  
But I hear about others, before my time.  
That time people sang to make the sun come out.  
The one I remember people sang,  
That makes the moon come out.  
Old style words are just like school!  
This song is what Indians think about long time,  
So you got to think about it! [25]  
Since I know, old people, they tell us story.  
That's the one I show you.

Everything has got a song, Indian people. Everything.  
Long time, they know it.  
Same as this time radio, tape.  
They got no tape, that time, and still they sing.  
I know those songs from old people.

That's the best I could tell you, what I know.

Long time what they know, what they see  
That's the one they talk about it, I guess.  
(i.e. only what they know)

Tell stories  
Which way you learn things.  
You think about that one your Grandma tells you.  
You've got to believe it, what Grandma said.

That's why we got it.  
It's true, too, I guess.  
Which way they work at moccasins.  
Which way they make sinew.  
Which way to fix that fishnet....  
Some lazy women don't know how to work,  
Don't believe what old people tell them.  
And so...short net!

This second speech was recorded on October 29, 1981, again at Mrs. Ned's home at Takhini Crossing. She began by telling a story in Southern Tutchone, and then said she wanted to speak 'Whiteman way' so more people could understand it, that she wanted to talk about what young girls should be learning. Her topic is how to tan a moosehide, but it is really more a statement that young girls should know how to tan hides, than actual instruction. Her own skills in this regard are legendary. Her hides are soft and thick, her beadwork designs combine original patterns with traditional design. A number of years ago she was commissioned to make a jacket to be given the Prime Minister of Canada when he visited the Yukon.

Well, long-ago-people -  
My grandfather, some old grandmothers -  
Told me this story.  
They told me.  
They teach us.  
They teach us how to make moccasins, how to make sinew.  
We sew with sinew - I got that kind here.

You cut the skin with a knife, show grandma.  
Same thick, you measure there.  
Right here, at the knee, you make it even.  
Then you fix it. That's why it's so much thick.  
Kendhât, they call that board.

Then after you clean it, you wash for blood, blood comes out.  
Then you dry it,  
Put on smoke. Keep on smoking.

Then you put in moose brains.  
Four times I put it under water, my own skins.

Then I start to sew moccasins,  
I make some sinew.  
That's what grandma used to do long time ago.

And that gopher skin, they hunt gopher in the bush.  
And we wash it, clean it up good, nice.  
That's the one I use in dance this time, use it for a blanket.

Caribou skin, you fix it all over.  
Tough though.  
Oh my, hard to clean it!  
My old man helped me; we fixed three a day.

What Grandma does, you do.  
You tan, you smoke.  
What colour you like - light brown, dark brown.  
Not much smoke, it comes out light.  
It looks good, that time they work.  
This time, I don't think these girls know it.

You make rabbit snare, spring.  
You've got little stick, like this.  
Where rabbits chew, you've got to move it,  
Fix it back this way (indicating with hand movements).

Lots of things: snowshoes.  
But I didn't make that one, me.  
Old man made them all the time.  
But we worked on babiche, and that skin you fill it with.  
Babiche, caribou skin. Snowshoes.  
You make little holes around (the frame) then fill it up.  
Looks nice.

Then you make fishnet.  
Use long sinew from the back of moose.  
That's before me, but they got it still.  
I see my grandmother, my grandfather.  
Coast Indian stuff I see too.

Toboggan, they make it from their own birch bark.  
They fix skin toboggan, too.  
Everything good, strong.  
Then you put one moose in.  
My brother, Solomon Charlie, pulled one moose up hill  
that way. [26]  
Sometimes they have two.  
The woman handles one, the husband handles the other.

This third talk was given the day we travelled to Kusawa Lake. We were going to visit two archeologists, Sheila Greer and Brenda Kennett who had invited us to their camp so they could talk with Mrs. Ned about their work in this region. They had visited Mrs. Ned at her home, and she was quite interested in learning what they were doing. She recorded the first part of her 'talk' at her home, before we left:

Long time (ago),  
What they know, what they see,  
That's the one they talk about, I guess.  
Tell stories which way to learn things.  
You think about that one that your grandma told you.  
You've got to believe it, what grandma says.  
That's why we got it.

I want to talk only about proper things, old time -  
How they work for their own life.  
They work by themselves to get their game.  
That time no guns, no knife.  
How is it that white people don't believe (understand) this?  
So long as you've got your sinew in your pocket  
You'll get it (game)  
If you know the right way.

You sew; if you don't, you'll get no moccasins.  
But they do fine. Buy groceries with what they catch.  
They've got sharp knife made of rock.  
When it gets dull, they sharpen it.  
No matches! Can white man figure this out?  
Who told them how to do that?

This story that I tell  
Lots of people tell it.  
Same story, same story,  
That's the one I use,  
What they get taught from grandma, grandpa,  
That's right too.

The second part of her talk was delivered as a formal speech to four of us at Kusawa Lake: myself, two archeologists, and a wildlife officer. We all had lunch together, and after, while we were drinking tea, Mrs. Ned began talking:

Old people have been here before me.  
I know their names.  
My grandmother told us the story about these people, so I know.  
My father-in-law was Goonxaxtsáy, Johnson.

From there, these people come,  
From Dezadeash, from Klukshu, Dalton Post.



All the families, Wolf, Crow, enjoy themselves.  
This time, no people now -  
Just school kids.  
They don't know what I'm talking about, this time.  
These old grandma words, old grandpa words.  
Hutshi Chief is my grandpa, my dad's side.  
My mother's side, Hutshi Big Jim.

Just here (indicating mountains)  
Just covered up (with) sheep, caribou.  
When they've got enough meat,  
Enough fish from Klukshu,  
All go home.  
Then winter time they go trapping, since those Coast Indians  
came.  
(since Tlingit Indians began encouraging people to trap  
furs for trade).

Before Coast Indians came,  
They didn't care (about trapping for the fur trade).  
They skin them and keep the fur.  
They use it for themselves.  
Then after that when winter comes,  
The families come here  
(To) my father-in-law's ground, my mother-in-law's.  
(i.e at the junction of the Mendenhall and Takhini Rivers)  
We travel here for fur,  
Put up dry meat.

When people first (see) stores in Whitehorse, (see) train -  
Taylor and Drury got store first time -  
Then we get something from there,  
Then we stay here.

When we want to go, we go to Hutshi, to my grandpa.  
We can trap there too, if we want to.  
This time all over with trapline now.  
I finished mine now.  
(i.e. she has turned her trapline over to a grandchild)  
But too many grandchildren,  
Too many young people (for everyone to have a trapline).

They (Whitemen) wanted Indian women  
When they first strike (gold).  
Same time, they married Indian women. Yeah!  
Just like our people, whiteman  
(i.e. we treated them as our people).  
But it's a little too much.  
Now we can't get game.  
When ducks come from outside, we don't get it.  
We don't get lots of things.  
So I don't think about it too much, me.  
But now there are too many kids, schoolkids.

I don't think they can go into the bush and get something to eat...

Long time (ago) though, a ten year old kid gets his own living.  
But this time it's pretty hard for kids.  
They can't hunt in the bush.  
Pretty near all halfbreeds.  
Long time (ago) though, your grandpa teach you "do this."  
You go. That's how they teach them.  
When you get married, you look after your grandma,  
All your family.  
That's what we do.

(Then she begins talking about Nakhú):  
That winter time (it's) open, that place,  
That narrow place.  
That's the place you set your fishnet, old people.  
Long time before me.

Sinew fishnet -  
They've got everything good.  
That old man has got corral for moose.  
He snares them; everybody comes.  
He gives it away, that moose  
That's (a) long time (ago), they say.  
I didn't see it, but I know my father-in-law travelled there.  
Laberge Chief is his cousin.  
They all come, want to go to Hutshi  
All come like that, long time.

## Section VII: Marriage

"I want to talk only about proper things, old time."

Long time people, when you get married,  
If a man wants you, he sends his mother.  
His mother, his father come to your mother, father.  
They bring lots of stuff.  
They got to pay.  
If they say they want him, alright.  
It's not only me, long time.  
She knows too. (indicating an older woman friend).

Then your mamma talks to you:  
"You got to treat right your husband."  
And his mamma says,  
"Your wife doesn't like something, you've got to take her word.  
See how much we've done for you?  
You have to believe your mother and father."  
Your Mamma says, "Your husband doesn't like what you do?  
You've got to take his word."

This is love song  
You listen.  
The same thing, long time,  
Indians - old people - their song.  
Their song to boyfriend or girlfriend, long time.  
When they're going to get married, they sing.  
That means that after they get married, no quit!  
Stay with him.  
You love your husband, must be that man loves his wife too,  
long time.  
This time girls, they hear song...they like it,  
But after a while they go to another one.

Long time ago, not like that now,  
Their mother teach them.  
Dad say yes, yes.  
(Then) they go.  
Then they're married.  
They get along good.

You've got to do some cooking for your husband, right time.  
You've got to give two moccasins, two warm socks  
Mukluks when he goes to the mountain, so your husband's feet  
won't get cold.  
That's what they've been doing, long time people.  
My husband I give two moccasins,  
When it gets wet, he comes back and puts on dry ones.

This time, nothing, I don't think.

That's why we get along good, everybody, long time.  
My grandmother and my grandpa  
They stayed together 'til they died.  
My grandpa and everybody's grandpa, long time.  
They go like that.  
No quit. No runaway. Yeah!

This is long time old song they sing together -  
A wife, her husband.  
Crow and Wolf are married, no trouble, long time.  
You've got to explain right that song, see?  
You've got to say it to the right person...  
Not like radio!

(See songs, section VIII)

Before I'm married, Skookum Jim wants to marry me.  
But he drinks too much.  
Who's going to stand for that?  
I'm a girl then.  
Soon I got engaged to my husband.

My first husband was Paddy Smith, Kakhnókh  
His mother came; his father came.  
They bring blankets, money.

My mother died. My grandma raised me.  
After we're married we come back all the time.  
Look after Grandma, Grandpa.  
That's what we do. We don't let it go.  
Now Indian woman when she marries Whiteman, he takes her home.

But this time they turn to Grandma's side, this time, woman  
You hear about that?  
I don't know how come.  
That way is good, too. [27]

First I left my grandma here.  
My Grandpa Big Jim and my Grandma.  
And I go with my husband.  
That's the first time.  
Just married.

Then we went down to Fifty-Two Mile.  
My husband was trapping there, Paddy Smith.  
That's near that lake, Lú Shóa.

We go back to Hutshi all the time.  
Got to go back to look after my grandma and grandpa.  
Yeah, Hutshi Chief.

Anything you bring to them, food. Meat.  
When my daddy got old, we looked after him, we kept him.  
That's what we do. We don't let it go.

After we're married,  
My husband, Paddy Smith, worked all the time.  
I don't know his work: I don't check on him!  
I don't want to follow around!  
He worked on train trail to Pueblo (mine).  
Then he's interpreter for police, when hard case comes.  
After that, my husband goes to work for big game hunters,  
for Eugene Jacquot.  
He worked at McCauley (Alaska) too.

I stayed with Grandma at JoJo (Mendenhall River).  
I stayed home, looked after kids.  
I sold sewing to Sewell's store and in Taylor and Drury,  
Moccasins, mitts, coats.

When moose are fat, I go hunting with my uncles:  
I cut meat, dry meat, make tallow, make grease.  
When you kill moose, you got to pack baby up the hill.  
These young ladies, I don't think they make it.

"...I'm tired...got to get the car..."

It's true I think, what old people did! [28]

Then I go fishing at Klukshu,  
Put up maybe five hundred fish so we won't go short.  
Some people put up one thousand fish!

He sends money to Shorty's store [29]  
When he comes back in October,  
Pretty near everything I've got before he's back.

When it gets to be wintertime, he comes and kills moose.  
Then people settle at Hutshi, or Fifty-two Mile, Laberge.  
Winter camp.  
They enjoy themselves. Do nothing!  
Talk about themselves, which way they're going to be.  
Then more hunting.  
He hunts for me, I fish for him.

Sometimes we go to Steamboat Landing, Dúuchuga,  
Summertime.  
That's his father's home, my father-in-law.  
That's my father-in-law's country.  
He stayed there all the time.

Taylor and Drury boat used to come there,  
Bring groceries.  
People cut wood for that boat, to buy their groceries.

We got eight kids.  
Lots, my sons.  
Roddy, Elijah, Percy, Matthew, Walter.  
My daughters are Lydia, Mary, Stella.  
I had lots of adopted kids too.  
When their mothers die, I take them -  
Annie Broeren, Grady Smith, I raised them.

When you have babies Indian way, it's easy.  
You do what Grandma tells you,  
Keep moving around, don't sit down.  
I had mine quick.  
You have two sticks, sit up.  
My daughters had theirs in hospital. It's harder that way. [30]

Fifty-two Mile is up Dawson Road.  
We had a house there. My son, Elijah, keeps it now.  
My sons went to Carcross school, but they got sick.  
Nobody told us.  
So when we found out, we took them out.  
Their daddy said, "No use to send it. We'll try another place."

My daughter Mary got sick one time, her liver.  
Nothing I could do.  
I got no doctor power that time.  
That came later.  
You know it when you get it. Game teaches man.

Flu came in with Charlie Baxter's hunters, big game hunters.  
1920.  
Paddy Smith, my husband, got it because he went on hunt.  
Just like somebody shoot them, people died. [31]

I was at Champagne alone.  
I went down to Ten Mile lake with my two kids.  
Old people with us, too.

Then Charlie Jackson came and told me my husband is just about  
all in.  
I took all that food we dried, put it in dog pack.  
When I got there, he didn't know me.  
I tried Indian medicine and next morning he's alright.  
But old John Jack died and his wife,  
Then my grandma,  
Then my grandma's brother "Canyon" and his wife.

I thought my grandpa is safe in Hutshi, me.  
I start to worry about him.  
Two more people died at Ten Mile Lake.  
Hutshi Bill - Charley Bill's daddy - they pull him back in sled.  
Both my grandma's died at Hutshi with that flu...

Then my uncle and auntie, Charley Jackson's parent died.  
And then my grandpa died.

Police came then.  
They tried to keep people away from Hutshi.  
But I went there anyway.  
Police brought in beef so we could make soup for sick people.  
But not just Hutshi - people got sick everywhere:  
Champagne, Canyon, Hutshi, Dalton Post - all.  
I didn't get sick.  
Not so many kids got sick.  
Mostly old people die.

My second husband is Johnny Ned.  
We raised that kid, Johnny Ned, because his mother died.  
After she died, Paddy brought him to stay with us.  
That's his younger brother.  
Their mothers are sisters.  
We looked after him, raised him up.

Later they gave me Johnny Ned.  
That's how they do it, old days.  
We don't let it go.  
Just have to take it.  
Paddy died so I stayed with him.

Paddy Smith died after a hunt.  
He worked too much (had been ill).  
He's older than me.  
Well, your brother's wife, you can't let it go.  
Got to get his brother  
All over, us Indians (do this).  
You can't marry other man.  
Johnny Ned is younger.  
He's good though, looks after kids.  
We married too.

Indians are like that.  
You can't let it go.  
That's why my husbands' people keep me company now I'm alone.

Then we moved to Stony Creek, next to Sánkāla, near Níchāla.  
His grandpa is Ajangakh, his daddy's daddy.  
That's Wolf.  
He's the one who owned that Sánkāla.  
After I stay with him we used to hunt on that (next) hill,  
right there,  
Níchala.

Lots of people lived at this Jojo (Mendenhall River) that time:  
My uncle Hutshi Jackson.

His wife Dzagwa Ma,  
My father Sakuni  
My grandpa Hutshi Big Jim, Kakhnókh, that's my mamma's daddy,  
Then Hutshi Charlie,  
And Takhini John and his wife, my auntie Lazha.  
That valley next to there (east of Mendenhall) is Kosändaga. [32]

I can't talk about Johnny (about how he got his powers)  
Might be we make mistake.  
I can't speak for other people.  
I can't show my husband's song (on tape). [33]

I can tell you what happened, though.  
To start with, he's got Indian song.  
That man doesn't know anything (about English), doesn't talk.  
How come he talks that time?  
(He began speaking and reading English).

He starts to talk.  
I thought he's gone crazy!  
So I get Mr. Young (the missionary).  
He (Mr. Young) said,  
"Don't bother Annie.  
I think he's going to go somewhere.  
He's believing".

My husband took control all over.  
Carmacks, Dawson, all over.  
He took it around, that control.  
It didn't come from God! He got it himself! [34]

After he got it (power) he can heal people.  
But he can't cut moose!  
He can kill it, but someone cuts it for him.  
Then one time he cut it, and he died from that.  
I tell him "Don't! We've got lots of grub."  
Still, he did it.  
"I'm not going to stay very long."  
That's when he's gone.

I think he came back.  
One little baby came to me (Nedlin). [35]  
When they're like that, they've got a mark.  
When kid comes like that, he says he knows you.  
But when he grows, he forgets.  
That Nedlin (means) 'come back'.

When war came, my son was in the Army, overseas.  
I was going with Red Cross, that time.  
I stay with it, Red Cross.  
Sometimes those Army socks we fix.  
You've got to go and pray for your son.



I go there and work at socks -  
Just white people there.  
Every time I go to Whitehorse, I go Red Cross.  
Her. Taylor and Drury. (Mrs. Taylor, wife of trader).

One time I'm going to talk about it.  
When I stay Whitehorse, they work on steamboat.  
That time, Army comes.  
My son is out.  
We got letter all the time; policeman brings to me.  
That time policeman comes  
"American soldiers are going to come to Whitehorse.  
You got to come."  
Red Cross lady, Mrs Taylor is there.  
I stand alongside white ladies.

After that we moved to Takhini.  
My husband Johnny has got trapline from Stony Creek to Lake Arkell.  
I want my grandchildren to have that one,  
But too many grandchildren!

My last husband, Henry Dakota, is Frenchman.  
I'm married to him for more than thirty years.  
Good man.  
But we're not talking about that.

## Section VIII: Getting the Words Right

"This song is what Indians think about, long time  
So you got to think about it."

Songs are as much part of Mrs. Ned's construction of her life as are her spoken words. Because they are usually sung whenever and wherever the context is appropriate, the audio quality of the recordings is not always the best.

In an effort to make several clear recordings, we used the office of the Yukon Native Language Centre in Whitehorse to record the following songs on October 27, 1983. They have been translated here with the assistance of Gertie Tom, Language Specialist with the Centre, and linguist John Ritter, the Centre's Director. The attempts to reproduce the musical score are my own. While they are imperfect, they make it possible for me to sing the songs back to Mrs. Ned in a form which she considers 'correct', although my singing abilities are far inferior to hers.

A word by word translation, a rough English translation and Mrs. Ned's comments appear on one page, in each case, and the musical notation appears on the following page. A tape accompanying this translation is filed with the Yukon Native Language Centre (Tape 525A).

## SONG # 1

This song belongs to Wolf people. Mrs. Ned says that the singer is a Wolf man, and that he is singing:

My girlfriend cannot look at me  
I wish you could fly to see me.

Transcription and Translation:

(lines 1 & 3):

dzedze	dadɔ	nadāla	ts'ezha	kuna
I wish	this	she is	it happens	
to fly	way	coming		

dăn	ʔaya	dăn	k'anutaya
person's	friends	person	he/she looks after him/her

(lines 2 & 4)

dzedze	dadɔ	nadāla	ts'ezha	kuna
I wish	this	she is	it happens	
to fly	way	coming		

dăn	zua	dăn	k'anutaya
person's	sweetheart	person	he/she looks after him/her

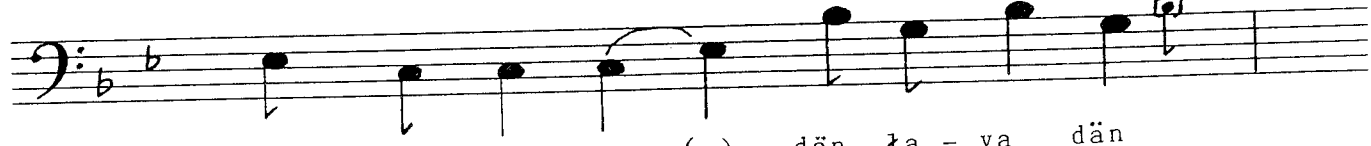
Loose translation:

"I hope (my girlfriend) would come back this way.  
I want to look after my friend, my sweetheart."

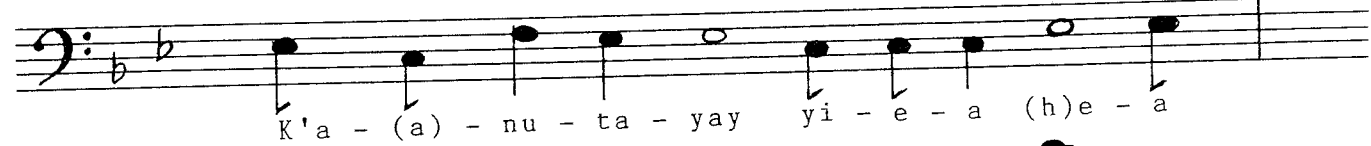
Song #1: WOLF SONG



(i) - dze - dze da - do na - däl - (a) - a



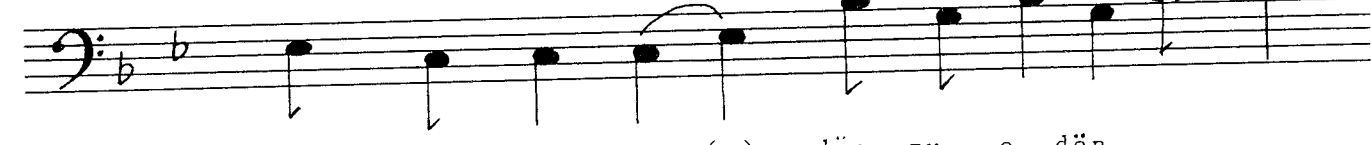
Ts'e - zha ku - na - (a) dän za - ya dän



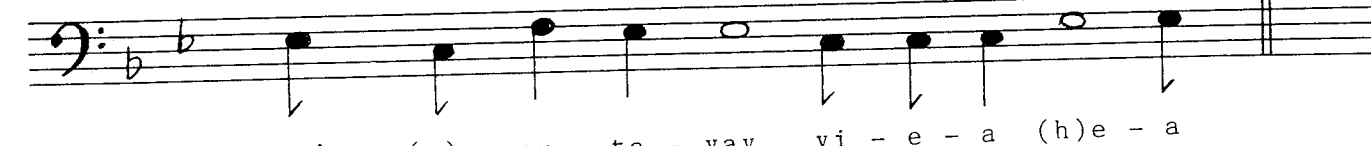
K'a - (a) - nu - ta - yay yi - e - a (h)e - a



(i) - dze - dze da - do na - däl - (a) - a



Ts'e - zha ku - na - (a) dän zu - a dän



K'a - (a) - nu - ta - yay yi - e - a (h)e - a

## Song # 2

This is another song made by a Wolf man, Casey Fred, for his girlfriend. He was at one end of Dezadeash Lake, and she was at the other end. The wind came up, making it too dangerous to cross the lake. He wanted to see her, and he could see her fire, so he sang:

Pretty soon, I'm going to make it to the other side,  
My zua, my sweetheart.

Transcription and translation:

Jeneda	nerts'eni	kwäna [no-a]	Titl'at
she feels bad	they say of you	it happened at the same time	Dezadeash Lake

kwäts'an	ningha	kwädura	le-hi-e-haya
from	over you	they make a story	

lutla	na	nets'eduni	no-a
truly	question	are they telling	question

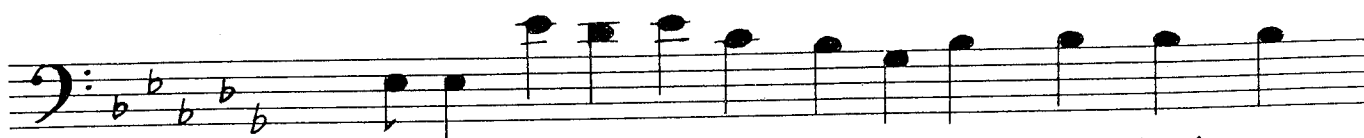
ningha	kwädura	le-hi-a-haya [zua]
over you	they make a story	

(She sometimes substitutes the no-a question form for kwäna, and zua (sweetheart) for le-hi-a).

## Free translation:

They say that you are feeling badly at Dezadeash Lake  
Is this story they are telling about you really true?

Song #2



je-ne-da nerts-e-ni kwä-na Titl'-at kwäts'-an



nin - ghä kwä - du - ra le - hi - e - hay - ya



zu tla - (a) na - nets' - e - du - ni no - a



nin - ghä kwä - du - ra - (a) lee - hi - a - hay



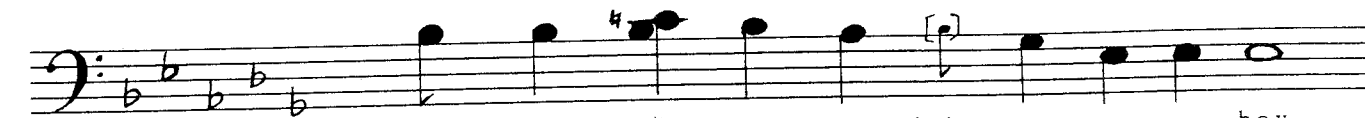
je-ne-da nerts-e-ni no - ha Titl'-at kwäts'-an



nin - ghä kwä - du - ra le - hi - e - hay - ya



zu tla - (a) na - nets' - e - du - ni no - a



nin - ghä kwä - du - ra - (a) zu - a - a - hay

## Song # 3: Jimmy Johnson

This song was made by Copper Lily Johnson, for her husband, Jimmy Johnson. She was Crow, and she made this song as a kind of joke which people hugely enjoy. This is probably one of the most popular songs in the southern Yukon. Mrs. Ned comments: "They were just married. She should sing love song to him! Instead she calls him down in this love song:

Jimmy Johnson-ah  
I cook for you  
I boil meat for you.  
Your legs are crooked!"

Translation and Transcription:

Verses 1, 2 &amp; 3)

Jimmy Johnson	Jimmy Johnson	mekeshäna *	deghwäda
		[wezat k'aya]	

Jimmy Johnson	Jimmy Johnson	your foot bones	are crooked
		[shin bones]	

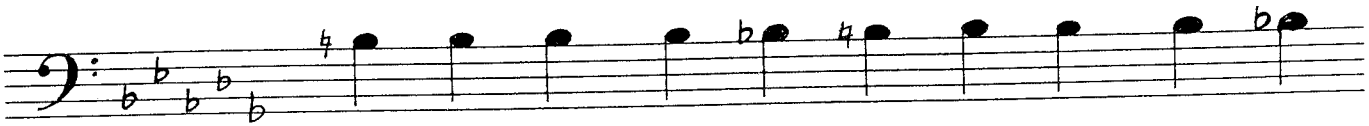
nidaw	izhüra	a-ha-ya-a-hi-ya
for you	I did it	

Jimmy Johnson	Jimmy Johnson	dadḡa	nintläla
Jimmy Johnson	Jimmy Johnson	you come back toward us	you are hopping along

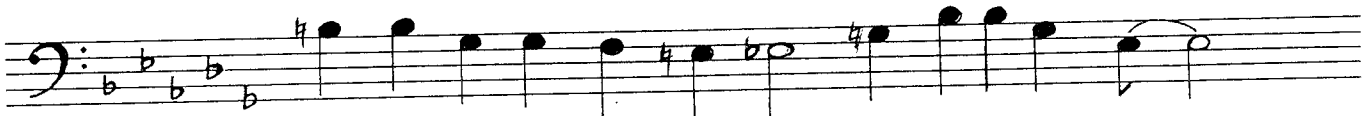
Verse 4:			
Naghaya	lach'ia	(o) wekeshäna *	daghwäda
Wolverine	looks like	foot bones	crooked

\*'m/n' and w are interchangeable in Southern Tutchone so  
'footbones' can be pronounced either mekeshäna or wekeshäna.

Song #3: JIMMY JOHNSON SONG



1. Jim - my John - son - ah, Jim - my John - son - ah,  
2. Jim - my John - son - ah, Jim - my John - son - ah,  
3. Jim - my John - son - ah, Jim - my John - son - ah,  
4. Jim - my John - son - ah, Jim - my John - son - ah,



1. me-kesh-ä-na      da-ghwä-da,      ni-daw i-(i)-zhur-a  
2. da - do - a      nin-tla-la      ni-daw i-(i)-zhur-a  
3. da - do - a      nin-tla-la      ni-daw i-(i)-zhur-a  
4. ni - daw      i-(i)-zhür-a      da - d<sub>o</sub> - a      nin-tla-la



1. a ha - ya - ha - oo ah-hi-ya-hi-ya u-ah-hi-ha-hi-ya  
2. me-kesh-ä-na da-ghwä-da ah-hi-ya-hi-ya u-ah-hi-ha-hi-ya  
3. we-zat k'aya da-ghwä-da ah-hi-ya-hi-ya u-ah-hi-ha-hi-ya  
4. a ha - ya - ha - oo ah-hi-ya-hi-ya u-ah-hi-ha-hi-ya



Song # 4: Nadaya song

This song was made for Nadaya, Fred Boss' namesake, Jimmy Johnson's father. He had two wives. One time he went trapping and left his wives at Aishihik. He was supposed to be gone for only two days, but he didn't come back for a month.

His wives felt badly; they were running out of food and were sure that he had died. They made a song about him and went looking for him, singing it. On the way, they met him:

"He's got skin toboggan loaded with fur - fifty fur!  
That's the time that old man got mad!  
What's the matter? Do you wish me to die?  
When I stayed alone I had hard time.  
Nobody cooked. Nobody helped me."

Those women ran to him:  
"What's the matter Nadaya?  
You get married in the bush?  
We missed you. That's why we made song for you.  
We're glad to see you!"

Transcription and Translation:

Seku	dazua [ghadeya]	lach'e	natlâla
comes back	our sweetheart [our nephew, opposite moiety]	seems like	hopping along
Nadaya	lach'ea	natlâla	
lynx (his name)	looks like	hopping back	

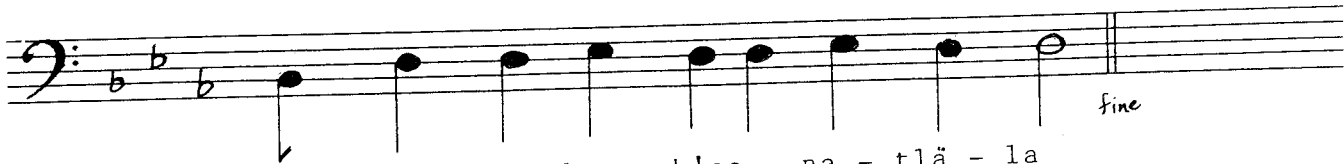
Song # 4: NADAYA SONG



1. Se - ku da - zu - a la - ch'e na - tlä - la

2. Se - ku gha - de - ya la - ch'e na - tlä - la

3. Se - ku da - zu - a la - ch'e na - tlä - la



1. Na - da - ya la - ch'ea na - tlä - la

2. Na - da - ya la - ch'ea na - tlä - la

3. Da - zu - a Na - da - ya lach'e na-tlä-a



1. Se - ku da - zu - a la - ch'e

2. Se - ku da - zu - a la - ch'e



1. Na - da - ya la - ch'e na - tlä - la.

2. Na - da - ya la - ch'e na - tlä - la.

## Song # 5:

This song was made at Dalton Post. In the days before there was a road, people used to travel to Haines, Alaska, by toboggan trail. When they got above tree line, they would sing south wind song:

"You need wind? You start song.  
Old people's song.  
Then south wind blows."

Transcription and Translation:

Nits'i	dhäl	tl'e ]	] (repeated throughout)
wind blows	warm	]	

Nighra	ke	kwätü	däjela ]	] (repeated)
your sons	(plural)	summit	they went]	

Nikaghwa	kudejela
for you	they are travelling

Song # 5: SOUTHWIND SONG



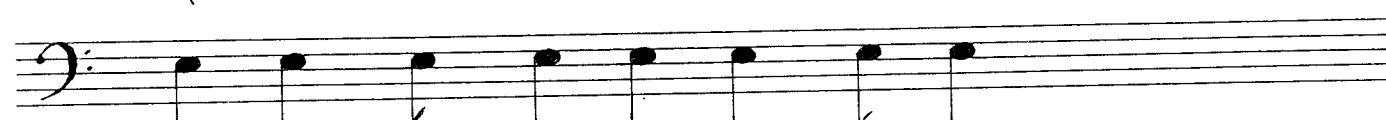
Ni-ts'i dhäl tl'e [oo-ah] Ni-ghra ke kwä-tü-ü Dä-je-la



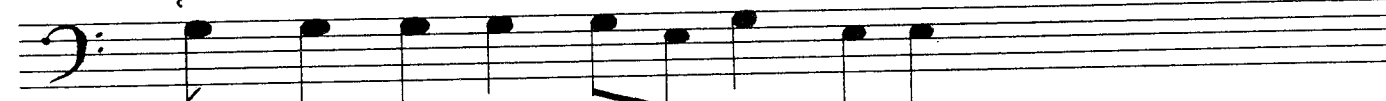
Ni - ts'i dhäl tl'e, Ni - ts'i dhäl tl'e



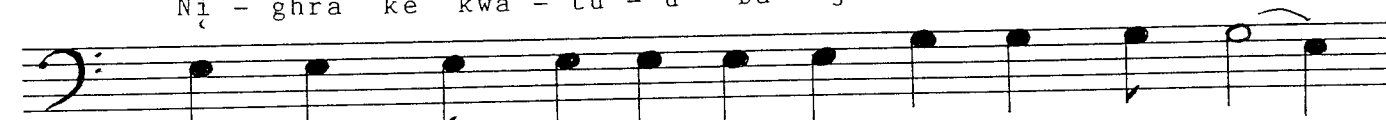
Ni - kwa - ghwa ku - de - je la



Ni - ts'i dhäl tl'e, Ni - ts'i dhäl tl'e



Ni - ghra ke kwä - tü - ü Dä - je la



Ni - ts'i dhäl tl'e, de - je - le, Ni - ts'i dhäl tl'e



Ni - ts'i dhäl tl'e, ni - ghür ke kwä-tü de-je-la



Ni - ts'i dhal tl'e, Ni - ts'i dhal tl'e



Ni-ghra ke kwä-tü-ü Dä-je-la, Ni-ts'i dhäl tl'e Ni-ts'i dhäl tl'e  
Gwa! Gwa!

## Section IX: Changes in the Land

"This land, he comes out. Grows anything."

This final section presents two accounts by Mrs. Ned about land and landscape. In the first, she talks about recent glacial surges in the southern Yukon and their possible causes. In the second, she discusses traditions about changing caribou and moose populations in this area.

### Glaciers

The first account is in response to questions about surging glaciers. In 1852, the Lowell glacier surged, damming the Alsek River and creating Glacial Lake Alsek. The filling and catastrophic emptying of this lake has been documented, but not for as recent a period as the one Mrs. Ned and other Athapaskan women describe (see also Mrs. Kitty Smith's account). Current research by glaciologists indicates that the Lowell glacier may indeed have surged at some time during the first decade of this century, refilling Glacial Lake Alsek.

Older people regularly assert that glacial surges are caused by careless human beings cooking with grease near glaciers. Glaciers are considered to have been dens of giant animals, at least in the past, and 'something inside' the glacier smells the grease, triggering the glacial flow. Mrs. Ned tells the story of the flood at Bear Creek (a meadow which was part of the old lake bed) and then talks about narrowly averting a similar disaster near the glaciers at the head of Kusawa Lake.

This is the story about that Bear Creek.  
My grandpa, Frankie Jim's namesake, he told me this story.  
Lots of people tell it too.

That time, they say, the water raised,  
In this Yukon, long time ago.  
You heard about it?  
That time, the water raised, they say.

He said this happened at Bear Creek, when he's young.  
They put up gophers for wintertime..  
Meat, too, they dry.  
He's pretty old, that time he died, Grandpa.

So, him, his wife, both, and lots of people hunt.  
You know, put up for winter everything.  
That time they worked.  
Water's getting high!  
They didn't know it.

That water came to the meadow where they stay.

So he said to his wife,  
"We got to pull out those snares."  
And they go half way up that hill.  
It's high, there.  
Bear Creek.

Then what they're going to do after?  
Well, glacier, he opened, I guess.

Then, they went on top of there,  
Half way up that hill,  
Above that lake.  
Just like a wave, half way, that water.

Well, they think about believing that.  
That's Coast Indian, he told them that, long time people  
(told them about when it happened before).

Well, they stay there.  
As soon as it comes up half way,  
It's just like a wave, they say.  
Everybody feels bad.  
They don't know what they're going to do.

In the morning, he gets up, measures that water.  
They're going to go to the mountain if he comes out. [36]

But that water doesn't come out quick.  
You can see waves (markings) on the hill, this time still.

So he tells his wife,  
"That water's going down!"  
He measures that water with a stick.  
"It goes two sticks down," he said, where he measured.

Gee! Then they stay, they stay.  
Someone got raft - they want to go to the mountain.  
But then it went down quick, that water.

Then, meadow again!  
Oh gosh!  
He goes down to that meadow.  
Talk about gophers!  
Dead gophers! [37]

He's packing dog pack, him.  
Now people don't go! Got to stay.  
Grandpa, he walked around.  
Bunch of gophers; everybody is just packing gophers.

From then on, those gophers are gone.

How many years it took those gophers to come back!  
That's what they say.

When you fry grease by fire,  
That's the time it cracks, that glacier.  
Then lots of water comes.  
That's what they say.  
Then the water is all full.

One man did not believe that - Frank Stick, his name.  
He didn't believe it.  
He put goat grease, thick like that. Khe.  
He burned it.  
Then that glacier started.  
Then he threw a blanket in the fire.  
That made it stop again.

At this point, she switches to her own experience,  
describing how she and her husband went to the head of Kusawa  
Lake (she uses the old name Lake Arkell) with another man who  
foolishly cooked with grease near a glacier. Tremendous winds and  
rain followed and the sky darkened. Only by throwing a blanket on  
the fire were they able to stop the process. If one does  
accidentally manage to burn grease near a glacier, burning a  
blanket may reverse the damage.

We had it, one time, head of Lake Arkell.  
My first husband.  
Old man tells me,  
"Don't put grease. It spoils everything."  
He tells me. It's no good.

(Why does a blanket stop it?)  
Well, there's something inside that glacier.  
He smells it.  
Then it quiets down.  
I don't know myself what is going on that time.

That one story my grandpa tells me, Bear Creek glacier.  
Then this time, myself.  
That time I tell you story.

We wanted to meet his (Paddy Smith's) mother from Dalton Post.  
We've got kid that time.  
That glacier, that head of Lake Arkell,  
We got Njäl there, his daddy.  
Njäl, long time people. [38]  
(Near) where they dry meat is Njäl.  
Inside, good.  
You dry your meat there.

He say he killed three caribou there close to that glacier,  
that mountain,  
Close to that place that man fell through the ice. [39]

We got in there.  
Just small kids with us  
My son, Johnny, is with us.  
He's a man though, that time.

We got to those caribou, three, bulls. Fat.  
We got little tent.

I don't know what for he wants to hunt, hunt, hunt.  
My old man, I tell him not to go that way (toward the glacier).  
"Around here, lots of caribou," I tell him.  
Just willows, no trees there; just little trees on top  
of mountain.  
That's the ones we burn them.

Then he's the one put grease (another man with them).  
He's Indian! He knows! (knows better than to do that)  
I don't know what for!

We just came out from down there.  
Then Old Man, he wants to go hunt.  
I don't know, me too.  
Pretty dangerous, that way.

So pretty soon, we brought in meat.  
Johnny wants to take meat down where boat is.  
Pretty steep hill down.  
I tell him, "Don't go that way!  
You come where your brother is going to come this way."  
You go down and look for him.

He goes that way.  
Gee! Well, we start to eat now.  
Ha! Big wind!  
Just first time he comes out, that rain put it out (the fire).  
All wet.

It gets dark.  
Johnny, he cuts on mountains those little trees.  
They made fire.  
Then we try to put strong way that tent.

Just like that! Rain.  
Gee, I worry about Old Man.  
"Shoot!" I tell Johnny. "Shoot!" (imitates shots).

It's alongside that glacier, it happened.  
He's got slicker coat, though.



Gosh, nothing.

Then I hear something broke.  
You know he carries around blanket in bush.  
I smell something burning.  
He burned up his blanket.  
He stopped that rain!  
But dark, though.

Gee, we holler, we holler.  
How come he goes that long way, that glacier?  
He doesn't know where to go.  
He started fire under that kind of bushy little tree in mountain.  
He put light there, but it's raining.  
He goes there under that little tree.  
Thick.  
He stays there under.

Then pretty soon that rain stops.  
He knows, he says, which way that rain goes.  
Gee, that glacier is close.

That time he brought that, Johnny,  
He talked.  
"He's going to come back," he tells me.

Then he heard that gun. Right!  
Goes right through.  
"Shoot some more."  
Little longer he shoots.  
Then he found out his way.  
Pretty soon we hear shot.  
Then we shot.  
Just soaking wet!  
Hole in his blanket he throw in the fire.

Jack Smith is pretty old; just the same he do that  
(i.e. made that mistake of burning grease).  
When Old Man came back, he said,  
"There's no kids here! Who did that?" he said to us.  
Well, we don't know, us, he did that.  
Gee, he got mad at himself.  
"That's me," I did that, he say after he burns that grease, fat.

His wife is Emma Burns mother he married.  
"Oh gosh," I tell Old Man, "I tell you not to go."

There used to be lots more thunder than now.  
Thunder comes from cracking glaciers.  
He makes big noise when he wants to do something.

Caribou

Mrs. Ned regularly talks about the large numbers of caribou which used to be in this region, particularly when she discusses the caribou corrals which used to be at Kusawa Lake (see Section III). While biologists are still unclear about the reasons for such changes, a number of historical reports indicate that sometime late in the last century, caribou replaced moose as the primary big game animal in the southern Yukon. Reports by biologists are rare for this period, but Mrs. Ned's observations about the changes are consistent with information presented in Olaus Murie's Alaska-Yukon Caribou published by the U. S. Department of Agriculture in 1935.

Already moose were getting short when caribou came.

Lots of caribou around here when I got my kids,  
Used to be (1910-15).  
When lake froze in winter,  
When caribou came,  
It was just like horses, same.  
You could hear their feet making noise,  
Making noise (imitates hoofs on ice).  
Lots of caribou covered up these hills.

I want to talk about this story.  
Old people tell this story.

One time, caribou took people.  
That man had a little bit of doctor, I guess.  
Well, caribou took him.

Well, everybody felt bad.  
He was gone.  
His wife was left alone.

Right in the middle of the lake, they heard caribou singing his song.  
(So they know it was really him, turned to caribou).  
People don't know what to do;  
They tried to get him.

That man said, "Well, let's go.  
We're going to try."  
Yeah!

They got bow and arrow, that's all.  
They have no gun yet.  
It was a long time ago, I guess.

They heard that man's song.

I think it was wintertime.  
Wintertime.

That caribou just lay down in the middle of that ice.  
All the time he stayed in the middle.  
Whenever they tried to come to that caribou,  
All the time he watched them.  
He looked from person to person,  
And all the time he didn't sleep.

One man told them he was going to do it.  
Then he sneaked in.  
(He wrestled with the caribou and held it: she shows this  
by gestures.)

The caribou spoke:  
"You smell," he told people.

Well, that man knew how to talk to caribou.  
They took him home!  
I guess his wife is glad.  
He's got kids too!

Well, they take him back.  
They told him.  
Then they watched him  
They made a camp for it (away from the human camp).  
Somebody watched him there.  
He wanted to go!  
He doesn't eat their food: he only eats willows.  
You know what that means!

For a long time, they watched him.  
"What about your kids?" they asked him.  
"Your kids are crying for you," his own brother told him.  
"What's wrong with you?"

He couldn't help it.  
So they brought him. They brought him home.  
But they kept him the other side of the fire. [40]

His wife came, and his kids.  
He held his kids' hands, but for his wife, nothing.  
He doesn't know her yet.

Then he came back to person. [41]  
But he doesn't hunt caribou.

This was way before my time, but I saw lots of caribou.  
They came back, caribou.  
All this mountain was covered by caribou.  
Used to be we had caribou not too long ago when my kids were  
growing up.

One time lots of caribou fell through the ice, one lake.  
I called my husband back to get the meat.  
My mother-in-law came to get the skins.  
She got enough that time. She had her son with her.  
But you can't clean it (easily) when they fall in that way.  
That's the last time caribou came this way.  
That's the last time we saw caribou come.

But they didn't come back? How come?  
That man came back to person.  
Then he knew where moose are, where caribou are.  
He tells them, but he can't hunt them.

That's the last time caribou came this way.  
Since, nothing.

After Skookum Jim found gold, everything changes.  
White people came to this country.  
They learn everything from Indians.  
Now they want the whole thing, the land!  
I've got sixty-four grandchildren in Yukon.  
I worry about them, what's going to happen.  
White people, where's their grandpa? their grandma?  
Indians should have their own land.

## Notes: APPENDIX C

1. Elsewhere she says that this grandma was from Klukwan. Like Mrs. Kitty Smith, she uses 'Coast Indian' to mean 'Tlingit', and since Klukwan and Carcross are both identified as Tlingit communities in her accounts, it is the Tlingit ancestry rather than the community she wants to emphasize. For clarification, see her family tree, p. 159.
2. A variation on the word Dän, or Dene means 'the people' and is also used to mean 'our language' in Athapaskan languages. When it is followed by k'e in Southern Tutchone (or k'i in Tutchone) the intention is usually to distinguish it from other Native languages such as Tlingit.
3. 1016 is the old milepost number on the Alaska Highway for Haines Junction and is still used as a place name by older people even though mileposts have been removed since metrification.
4. Kájit refers to the Crow clan or moiety. The clan name is different from Ts'erk'í, the word for crow the bird and the character in Crow stories, although the two are sometimes used interchangeably. In the same way, the name of the Wolf moiety or clan is Agúmdá, while wolf, the animal is agay.
5. She is referring to preferred initial matrilocal residence after marriage. By custom, a man was expected to contribute to his wife's parents' household after marriage. A common reference to this comes in the way a woman may refer to a new son-in-law: "he's working for me, now."
6. T. and D. refers to Taylor and Drury, long time traders in the Yukon.
7. The phrase 'long-ago-people' is a direct translation from Southern Tutchone Kwaday Kwadān or Tutchone hudé' hudān, used as a regular marker for beginning lines in stories told in that language. It gives authority to the account because it comes from 'long ago'.
8. See note [5], above.
9. The Gaanaxteidi clan is a Tlingit-named subdivision of Crow. She says her father's people did not have a separate clan name.
10. Her unconventional interpretation that the Athapaskans had

rich resources and that Tlingits were impoverished remains an underlying theme in much of her discussion.

11. Throughout her account, she uses the name 'Lake Arkell', a toponym used during the last century but later abandoned, to refer to Kusawa Lake.

12. Her comment refers to the time at the beginning of the world when the sky came down to the earth at the horizon and it was possible for people to be stolen away to the 'far side' where everything was in perpetual darkness and perpetual winter.

13. Asuya recognizes two indicators that this individual is not truly human. First, he will not eat human food. Secondly, beings who disguise themselves as humans characteristically distinguish themselves by sleeping on the opposite side of the fire from people.

14. See footnote [12], above.

15. She is secluded at puberty, under the conventional 'long hat'.

16. Beaver (capitalized) refers to Asuya; beaver (uncapitalized) refers to the animal. There is some interplay between concerns which beavers and human beings share in the following dialogue.

17. After Crow went to the coast, he established drainage patterns so that only Klukshu drains to the nearby Pacific coast, all other lakes draining north to the Yukon River and ultimately to the Bering Sea.

18. The international boundary between Canada's Yukon Territory and the state of Alaska cross-cuts this old trade trail and all goods transported across are subject to a tariff.

19. She makes regular reference to the idea that when she was young a marriage was viewed as a contract between kin groups, not between individuals. A second marriage required someone in an appropriate category (usually a sibling or maternal nephew of the first spouse) to 'take over' the widow or widower, and a polyandrous marriage might put this structure in place while the first spouses were still living.

20. Later she says that these were special buttons which Tlingits used in trade.

21. A brief note on context and the importance of sense of place: Mrs. Ned wanted to wait until we were actually able to travel to this mountain before she told the story. Our early efforts were thwarted by rain, so she told the story at her home one evening, and then repeated it when we drove there a few days later.

22. Mrs. Ned told this story on four separate occasions on

February 25, 1981, on October 27, 1982, on November 22, 1983 and on July 11, 1985. In each case it was part of her description of Athapaskan and Tlingit trade. This story is widely told in the southern Yukon and also appears in Mrs. Sidney's and Mrs. Smith's accounts.

23. See note [19], above.

24. This is a reference to a well-known Crow story. Crow was blackened by smoke when he tried to escape through the tent smoke hole.

25. At this point she sang the song, and another woman visiting from Teslin joined her; normally this song is only sung at funerals, she says.

26. He is her classificatory brother because they had the same paternal grandfather; that is, their fathers had the same father but different mothers.

27. She is referring to preferred initial matrilocal residence after marriage. Secondly, she refers to a recent bill passed by the Government of Canada revoking a longstanding controversial section of the Indian Act. The relevant section of that Act compelled Indian women who married a non-Indian man (or a man not defined as 'Indian' under the Act) to forfeit Indian status for herself and her heirs.

28. She consistently applies the metaphor of 'words' to 'behavior'. If words can be true or false, then behavior, too, can be true or false.

29. Shorty Chambers was the trader at Champagne for a number of years.

30. She is not interested in talking about childbirth on tape and discusses it terms of what 'Grandma tells' rather than in terms of her own experience.

31. A worldwide influenza epidemic in 1918 caused numerous deaths in the Yukon. Indian people lacked immunities to the illness, there were no antibiotics, and traditional shamans were helpless to cure them.

32. Place names around Steamboat Landing, Duúchuga, are associated with first marriage. Place names around Stoney Creek tend to be associated with her second marriage. The hills around Steamboat Landing were owned by her first husband's father; the hills around Stoney Creek were owned by her second husband's father's father. They are all part of the same river drainage, but her account of her lineage is strongly attached to particular landscape features; for example, she concludes with the phrase, "That's all Stoney Creek, what I said."

33. Compare this with her statement about her father's power, earlier. Both her father and her second husband were well known shamans and part of her own power comes from her understanding of the importance of discretion when she discusses this.

34. The attention attracted by her husband's powers is discussed in volume 1, chapter 7.

35. Nedlin refers to a deceased person being reborn as a new baby. A young child who is Nedlin will provide evidence of this by speaking to an older person in a way which indicates that he or she knew that person in a former life. The child is always someone of the same moiety or clan as the deceased person. As the child grows older she forgets this former life.

36. This refers to a tradition that glacier dens were once the home of giant animals which may emerge at any time.

37. 'Gopher' is the local term used to refer to Arctic ground squirrels.

38. This refers to the common aboriginal housetype in the southern Yukon, the double lean-to. According to Catharine McClellan's description in her two volume ethnography My Old People Say:

"The double lean-to had back and side walls of horizontal poles and brush built up to a height of about four feet. Poles and brush were laid alternately, beginning with a long back pole followed by the side poles and brush. A tied framework of poles slanted from the back wall up to a ridge pole at the front which some informants estimated to be about 10 feet high and 20 feet long. More brush and moss were laid over the framework, and the whole structure was covered with bark (1975:241).

39. See the story of the man who fell through the glacier, Section IV.

40. See note [13], above.

41. He was resocialized to the human world.