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THE CHANDALAR KUTCHIN

By

ROBERT A. MCKENNAN

PUBLISHED SEPTEMBER 1965

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THE CHANDALAR KUTCHIN

Robert A. McKennan

Preface

In the summer of 1933 I spent nine weeks of anthropological field work among the Chandalar Kutchin, at a time when our knowledge of the Alaskan Athapaskans was still based almost entirely on the accounts of the early fur traders, explorers, and missionaries. Although the culture of all the Alaskan Athapaskans had changed greatly as the result of contacts with the white man, my previous field work with the Upper Tanana Indians had shown that much of the aboriginal culture still persisted among the most isolated groups. A chance reading of the Edingtons' 'Tundra' (1930) suggested that the Arctic Village area in the mountain fastness of the East Fork of the Chandalar River might hold another such group, a surmise that was confirmed by correspondence with the geologists, Mertie and FitzGerald, the last white men to visit the area previous to my own trip there. (The Indian settlement of Arctic Village on the East Fork of the Chandalar should not be confused with Robert Marshall's "Arctic Village" on the Koyukuk River. The latter settlement of Eskimos and white prospectors, well publicized through Marshall's book of the same name, is actually the village of Wiseman (Marshall, 1933)).

Having determined on a visit to the Chandalar Kutchin in their home territory, I left for Fairbanks, Alaska, early in June 1933, stopping *en route* at Washington, D.C., for a final briefing by Gerald FitzGerald and at Portland, Oregon, for a visit with Esaias Simon, a Chandalar native who had been committed to Morningside Mental Hospital there. As the Mertie-FitzGerald party had found approximately 75 natives at Arctic Village in 1927, I had decided to spend my entire field season there. My plan called for chartering a pontoon-equipped aircraft which would land me and my small camp outfit as near to Arctic Village as possible and return for me at the end of the summer. Accordingly, I took off from the Chena Slough on June 27 with Joe Crosson, the well-known bush pilot, at the controls. At that time he had never flown into this particular area and no adequate maps of the intervening territory existed. As a consequence, shortly after flying over the Yukon River, we found ourselves lost amidst the jumble of peaks that make up the Brooks Range and our fuel supply had nearly reached the point of no return when we finally sighted Arctic Village. Fortunately, we were able to land on the river immediately in front of the settlement and it was with a very real sense of relief that I completed my first air journey. Much to my dismay, however, I discovered that in the period since the Mertie-FitzGerald visit the Arctic Village group had split into two separate bands with the result that only about 25 Indians were now living in the vicinity. Since such a small population could not provide the

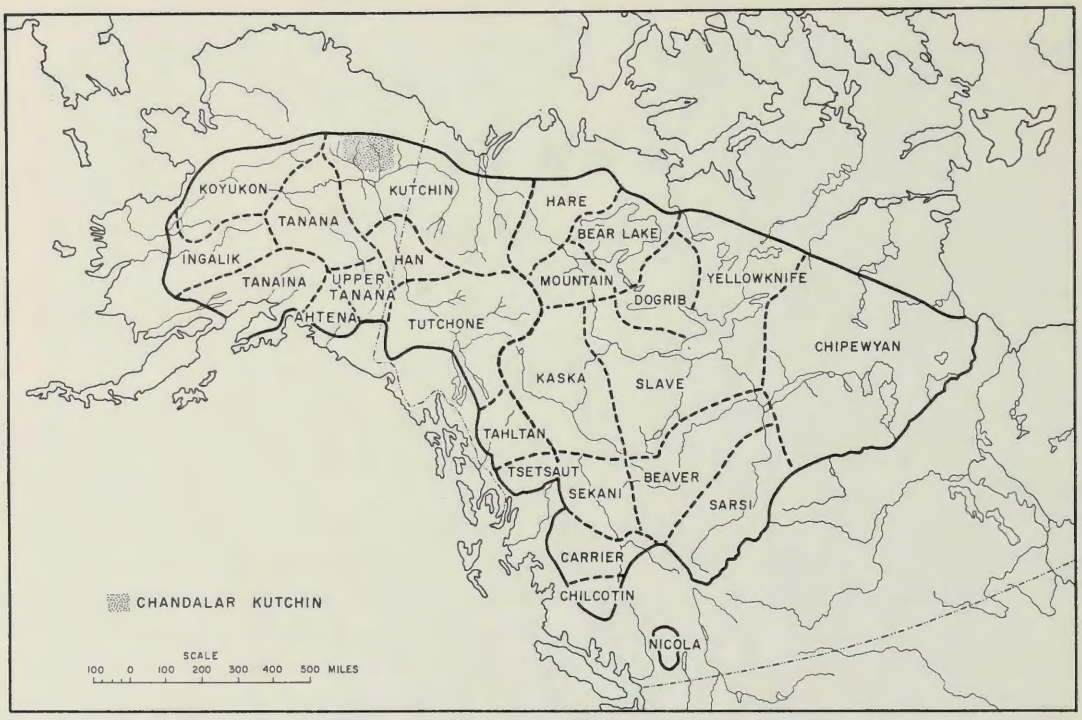

Fig. 1. Distribution of the Northern Athapaskan Indians (based on Osgood, 1936a).

anthropometric series I desired and some of the informants I had counted on had now moved elsewhere, I had to change my plans hastily before my pilot left me.

I worked with the Arctic Village band until July 20 when I started down the East Fork of the Chandalar River in a caribou-skin boat accompanied by a native, Elijah Henry, together with his wife, their small son, and two dogs to serve as pack animals on Elijah's return trip. FitzGerald had advised me not to make such a river trip because of the rough water, but the dispersal of the natives now made it necessary. After two days on the river we interrupted our boat trip to travel overland to the forks of Smoke Creek where the members of Christian's band were in summer hunting-camp. We spent several days with them before resuming our boat journey. On July 27 we arrived at Chandalar Village (now known as Venetie) where I remained until August 7 when I left for Fort Yukon with a native in his small powerboat. This river journey was broken by an overland trip across the Yukon Flats to the fishing settlement of "Suko",[1] where I spent three days. Returning to the river I continued on by boat, making a brief stop on the Yukon River at the fishing camp of Paul Solomon, a Chandalar Kutchin native whom I had previously met at Chandalar Village, and arrived at Fort Yukon on August 11. While at this interesting settlement I enjoyed the generous hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Grafton Burke of the Protestant Episcopal Mission and Hospital there. This welcome respite from camp chores coupled with the presence of several valuable informants and an excellent interpreter made my stay unusually pleasant and profitable. On August 24 I left Fort Yukon with a Chandalar Kutchin native in his powerboat

[1]Place names given in quotation marks are not official.

and continued up the Yukon River to Circle, arriving there the next day. I worked here with excellent informants until the end of August when I was forced to bring my field work to a close in order to reach Seward before the departure of the S.S. *Aleutian* on which I had booked my return passage. On my arrival at Fairbanks I was startled to learn that the S.S. *Aleutian* had been wrecked on her northward journey. A number of other travellers were similarly stranded and after some delay we were eventually able to arrange with the Pacific Alaska Airways for what proved to be the first passenger flight from Fairbanks to Juneau. This air trip was of particular interest to me since it took me over the Upper Tanana country, which I had traversed by dog sled and small boat only a few years before. Thus, quite unexpectedly, I ended my Alaska travel as I had begun it, by air, still a novel means of transport in 1933.

My field work among the Chandalar Kutchin had a twofold aim: first, to obtain as complete an account as possible of their aboriginal culture, as well as to note any significant changes resulting from contact with the white man; second, to secure bodily measurements and observations together with blood types on a series of adult males for comparison with a similar series from the Upper Tanana Indians. The data obtained under this latter objective have been incorporated in an article on the physical anthropology of the Alaskan Athapaskans (McKennan, 1964). The cultural material is in the present monograph. I can only apologize for the long time-lag between field work and publication. To a large extent this results from a series of unfortunate delays in the publication of my earlier and more general study, 'The Upper Tanana Indians' (McKennan, 1959, pp. 3–5), a monograph that contained both the results of my own field work among the Upper Tanana and considerable comparative data from the literature on other Athapaskan groups. The present monograph draws on both aspects of the earlier study and for the sake of simplicity, when dealing with comparative material I have referred the reader to my Upper Tanana study. Since the primary objective of my Chandalar field work was ethnographical, the resulting monograph naturally reflects this interest. Although I am well aware of the limitations of essentially descriptive material, some thirty years' experience in teaching cultural anthropology to college undergraduates has strengthened my conviction that ethnography still provides the hard core of this subject. In the course of my own field experience I have seen the old, hunting way of life virtually disappear among many northern groups and I am glad to have been able to record some of it while it was still a functioning thing. Anthropologists working among these peoples are focusing their studies increasingly on the problems involved in culture change. I applaud such interests and hope that my own study will help provide a cultural base-line for more such research. I hope also that my monograph may be of some service to that growing body of archaeologists whose cumulative research is gradually uncovering the story of cultural development in the north.

A social psychologist (Lindgren, 1935, p. 177) has suggested that field work is most successful when carried out in a cultural milieu congenial to the investigator. Such a proposition is certainly debatable, but as I look back over my own field experience I am forced to the conclusion that my fondness for the outdoor life has tended to focus my anthropological research upon the cultures of nomadic collectors, hunters, and fishermen: the Walapai of northwestern Arizona (1929), the Upper Tanana (1929–1930), the Chandalar Kutchin (1933),

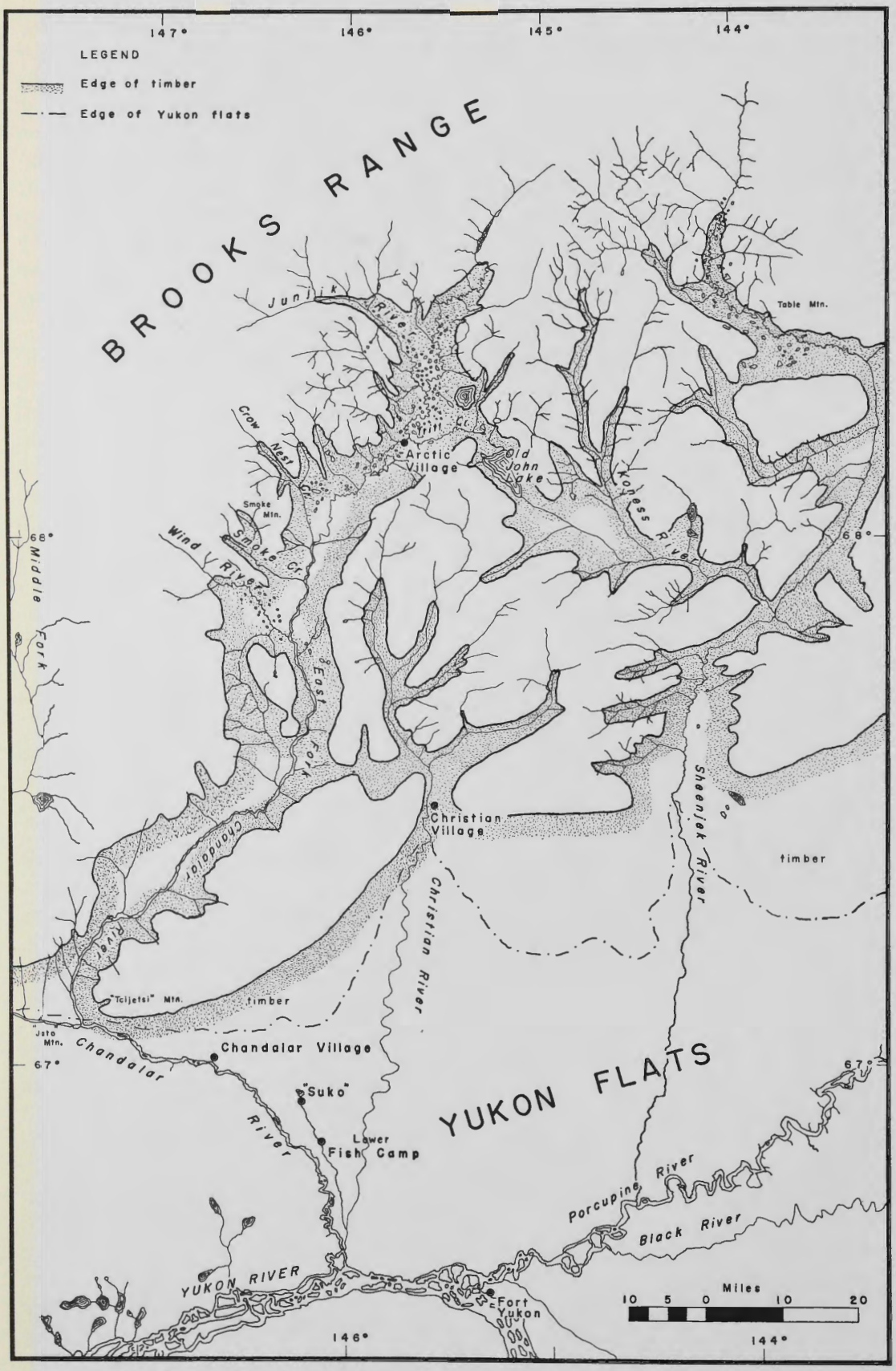

Fig. 2. Territory of the Chandalar Kutchin (based on Mertie, 1929).

incidental work with both the Ahtena (1930) and the Koyukon (1943–4), some contact with the Caribou Eskimos in the course of an archaeological reconnaissance along the Thelon River in 1958, and most recently a return to the Tanana Valley in the summer of 1962. As far as the present study is concerned, I readily admit that I liked the Chandalar Kutchin, their country, and their way of life, but I trust that I have balanced empathy with objectivity in my depiction of the native culture.

Help from many sources has made the completion of this monograph possible. The original field research was supported by grants-in-aid from both the Social Science Research Council and the National Research Council. Although my field work in Alaska under a National Science Foundation grant in 1962 was focused on quite another problem, it gave me the opportunity to study some Chandalar Kutchin material in the archives of the University of Alaska and to clear up a few questions with the help of some of my former Chandalar informants who chanced to be in the Fairbanks area. Dartmouth College lightened my teaching schedule during one term to facilitate the writing of the manuscript, and its preparation into final form was aided by a grant from the College's Faculty Committee on Research. Final publication was made possible by the Arctic Institute of North America. My wife, Catherine Laycock McKennan, has been a constant source of encouragement and help. Miss Mary E. Wesbrook, secretary for both the Department of Anthropology and the Museum at Dartmouth College, has transformed poor copy into final manuscript with skill, intelligence, and interest. Three of my Dartmouth students have also made contributions: Steven W. Kimbell, who prepared the map of the Chandalar Kutchin territory (Fig. 2); Anthony S. Kaufman, who did the illustrative drawings, and Paul F. Kaplan, who worked out the Chandalar Kutchin family lines.

As was customary under the frontier conditions that then prevailed in Alaska, the few white people I encountered while in the field were invariably helpful, and I am particularly grateful to the late Dr. and Mrs. Grafton Burke for their hospitality during my stay in Fort Yukon. In the final analysis, however, my greatest debt is to the Chandalar Kutchin themselves, for it was their willing cooperation that made this study of their culture possible.

ROBERT A. MCKENNAN
Dartmouth College, 1963

PHONETIC KEY

When recording native terms in the field I made no attempt to obtain a phonetically accurate transcription, although I did try to distinguish between the vowel sounds. For the sake of consistency I have used the same orthography for the vowels that Osgood employed in his 'Contributions to the ethnography of the Kutchin' (1936b).

a – as in German *Mann*
a – as in English *bat*
ɛ – as in English *met*
e – as in English *late*
θ – as in English *thick*
ɪ – as in English *bit*
i – as in English *feet*
o – as in English *coat*
ɔ – as in English *law*
u – as in English *fool*
ʊ – as in English *full*
ʹ – accent (often omitted in transcribing)

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR COUNTRY

Name and Language

Name

From the time of the first white trader-explorers, the least known of the various Kutchin groups trading at Fort Yukon were the people inhabiting the mountain fastness to the north. The voyageurs of the Hudson's Bay Company called them *gens du large*, a name that stressed their highly nomadic existence in the wide expanses between Fort Yukon and the Arctic Ocean (Murray, 1910, pp. 10, 11, 83). This term was easily corrupted into Chandalar, and came to be applied to both the natives and the principal river that flows through their territory (Stuck, 1925, p. 248).

The Indians' name for themselves as I heard it is *nedsɛ kutcɪn*, which is strikingly similar to the Neyetse-Kootchin recorded in 1847 by Alexander H. Murray (1910, p. 83), the first white man to mention these people. Hadleigh-West (1959, p. 114) prefers Netsi Kutchin, while Osgood recorded the name as *nɛd'si* Kutchin, which his Crow River informant interpreted as meaning "those who dwell off the Flats (i.e., Yukon river)", thus emphasizing the mountain habitat of these people (Osgood, 1934, p. 172). Many other variants occur in the literature, namely, Natsit, Natche, and Natsik, reflecting the different orthographies and informants of the particular recorders.

The problem of the proper nomenclature is always a vexing one when dealing with Athapaskan groups, a point already discussed in my previous monograph (McKennan, 1959, p. 15). I agree with Osgood (1936b, p. 13) that the simple geographical term eliminates much orthographic confusion and so I shall use Chandalar Kutchin, or sometimes more simply, Chandalar, in this study.

Tribe or band

Unfortunately, when dealing with the Kutchin terminological difficulties are not confined to group names. Do the various Kutchin groups constitute "tribes", the term preferred by Osgood (1934, pp. 170, 178), or "bands" as Slobodin (1962, p. 66) argues? The issue, it seems to me, is largely a semantic one and hinges on the definition of "tribe". If, like many ethnographers, one thinks of a tribe as a group set off by certain dialectical and ethnic characteristics and inhabiting a given geographical area but lacking any political organization, then the term "tribe" as used by Osgood (1934, p. 170) fits the Kutchin groups nicely. It does make awkward, however, the proper classification of the totality of the nine Kutchin tribes who in a more general sense are also set off by common language, distinct territory, and essentially common culture. Osgood (1934, p. 171) has suggested that this larger group be called a "nation" although for some people such a term suggests a political institution definitely lacking among these Indians.

On the other hand, Kroeber (1955, pp. 304, 305) argues that the term "tribe" connotes political sovereignty and territorial ownership together with a population size of 1,000 to 5,000, and hence is a misnomer when applied to most

Indian groups. Kroeber's concept of the "tribelet" (Kroeber, 1955, p. 307) whose population ranged from 100 to 600 might be applied to the Chandalar Kutchin, although the term has not gained much currency outside the California area where it applied neatly to the typical village-community. "Band", it seems to me, is a term better reserved for the three sub-groups of the Chandalar, rather than for the group as a whole. Hence when dealing with the Chandalar Kutchin I must fall back on the more common, although perhaps less precise, use of "tribe", with the explicit understanding that this carries no connotation of either political organization or population size. In spite of the absence of any tribal political organization I was struck by the feeling of group unity that characterized the Chandalar Kutchin. This seemed much more evident than among other Alaskan Athapaskan groups such as the Upper Tanana, Ahtena, and Koyukon with whom I have worked.

Language

The Chandalar Kutchin term for man is *dɪndji*. This in itself would label them as belonging to the Kutchin branch of the Athapaskan language, and such a classification is supported by statements of my informants that their tongue was "all the same but a little bit different" from the languages of the other Kutchin tribes. Indeed, except for minor differences in orthography, my informants corroborated the Kutchin tribal names and territories as outlined by Osgood (1934) but they also added a ninth tribe, the Dihai Kutchin (McKennan, 1935, p. 369).

Since I claim no proficiency as a linguist, there is little I can contribute to that specialized subject other than to express the hope that someone properly qualified will make a study of the various Kutchin dialects before it is too late to record them. Time is running out in this important area and a number of factors have probably already tended to blur dialectical differences. Chief among these are: (1) missionary work among the Indians and the resulting use of a Bible, Book of Common Prayer, and Hymnal translated into the dialect of the Upper Porcupine River or Takkuth Kutchin by the indefatigable Archdeacon Robert McDonald; (2) the increasing tendency for many Kutchin to live more or less permanently about the white settlements, particularly Fort Yukon, thus increasing the opportunities for tribal intermarriages.

Indeed, according to my informants, the Chandalar dialect has already changed considerably in the past few generations. They attribute some of these changes to the use of the Upper Porcupine River Kutchin version of the Bible, some to their absorption of the remnants of the Dihai Kutchin tribe, and some to their increased association with Yukon Flats (Kutcha) Kutchin speakers along the Yukon River and at Fort Yukon. Even before these relatively recent changes, they believe that their language had changed radically as the result of a movement of people from the Tanana River area to the Chandalar. Six different informants scattered from Arctic Village to Fort Yukon mentioned such a migration from the Tanana. Several others also mentioned a movement of peoples up the Yukon and into the Chandalar country. Although native legend is a notoriously poor source of fact, this widespread belief in a Tanana origin for the language may have significance. It may also have some bearing on the origin of Kutchin clans (cf. Clans, p. 61).

The Country

Territory

The Chandalar Kutchin were originally a mountain people whose territory centred about the drainage of the East Fork of the Chandalar River (Pl. 2). It also included the headwaters, at least, of the Sheenjek River to the east, together with the intervening valley of the smaller Christian River. I was unable to secure definitive information as to the eastern extent of their territory and Hadleigh-West (1959, p. 115), who has since visited these people, seems to have had the same difficulty. One of my better informants said that his people had formerly ranged eastward as far as the Coleen River, a northern tributary of the Porcupine east of the Sheenjek. Dall, who visited Fort Yukon in 1867, says that the Chandalar Kutchin territory extended to the Porcupine River (Dall, 1870, p. 430). When I visited them, their hunting and trapping activities were largely confined to the region of the East Fork of the Chandalar River, the Christian River, Old John Lake, and the Koness River. All my informants agreed that their territory did not extend westward into the valley of the Middle Fork of the Chandalar, an area that was inhabited until recently by the little-known Dihai Kutchin group. Informants agreed also that only within the last forty or fifty years had their people moved into the Yukon Flats to the present settlements of Chandalar Village and "Suko". Their southern boundary then would have begun about where the East Fork joins the Chandalar River and continued east along the edge of the piedmont and the Yukon Flats to some point on or near the Coleen River. The summit of the Brooks Range may be considered the northern limit of their territory, although the Indians are quite familiar with the Arctic Slope and were trading with the Eskimos there in Murray's time (Murray, 1910, pp. 10, 11). I was told that individual families still lived occasionally with the Eskimos for periods of several months. The fact that the timber-line does not extend much beyond the present Arctic Village, however, would set an ecological boundary for Indian culture.

In connection with my anthropometric measurements I secured data as to birthplaces whenever possible, and the distribution of these may throw some light on the question of the Chandalar Kutchin territory:

Birthplaces of 36 adult Chandalar Kutchin males

Upper East Fork of Chandalar River, including Arctic Village and Old John Lake	18
Wind River and Smoke Creek (western tributaries of East Fork of Chandalar River)	3
Christian River, headwaters	1
Christian Village	2
Sheenjek River, place unspecified	1
Chandalar Village	6
Yukon River	4
Porcupine River, place unspecified	1

These thirty-six individuals were approximately two-thirds of all adult Chandalar Kutchin males living within and outside the tribal territory. The figures make it quite clear that within the immediate past, at least, the drainage of the East Fork of the Chandalar River has been the heart of their territory.

Geography

Beyond the Yukon Flats, a broad thickly timbered, alluvial plain, the valleys of both the East Fork of the Chandalar and the Sheenjek rivers fall into two well-marked physiographic provinces, piedmont and alpine. The piedmont, an area of rather gradual and generally lower relief, includes the valley of the East Fork from its mouth to Arctic Village and the valley of the Sheenjek from the Yukon Flats to Table Mountain. Both rivers flow rapidly through the lower reaches of the piedmont, but farther upstream they become quite sluggish and meander over broad, lake-dotted valley bottoms. The native settlement of Arctic Village lies in such a valley. Above these valley basins the rivers enter the alpine province of the Brooks Range and become rushing, mountain streams. Christian River is much shorter and does not extend beyond the piedmont. As they reach the alpine province, the valley floors have an altitude of about 2,000 feet and the mountain tops reach 8,000 to 9,000 feet (Mertie, 1929, pp. 97–103).

The climate is typical of the Alaskan interior, with short, fairly warm summers and long, cold winters. United States Weather Bureau records for Fort Yukon give an annual precipitation of 7 to 8 inches a year, with a snowfall of 45 inches. The summer days are long and moderately warm although temperatures as high as 100°F have occasionally been recorded. Frost may be expected from September to May, and extreme lows of -70°F have been recorded. Presumably somewhat similar conditions prevail in the piedmont and alpine provinces, except that winters are longer and the summers a bit shorter and cooler (Mertie, 1929, p. 104).

Moose, caribou, and mountain sheep are the large game animals of importance to the Indians. Moose are usually found along the valley bottoms while caribou are hunted in the rolling, piedmont hills. Large herds of these animals, sometimes numbering 1,000 or more, were moving south along the ridge to the east of Arctic Village during July 1933. Mountain sheep inhabit the heights of the Brooks Range. Bears, both black and grizzly, wolves, and coyotes are found in the area. Smaller mammals, some used as food and others chiefly valuable for their fur, include rabbit, ground squirrel, porcupine, fox, lynx, marten, wolverine, beaver, otter, mink, and muskrat. Birds of use to the natives include the ptarmigan, spruce hen, eagle, and sea gull, together with migratory geese and ducks.

Lake trout, whitefish, grayling, loche,[1] pike, and suckers are found in the lakes and streams. Salmon, however, do not run up the East Fork of the Chandalar River and the absence of this food source definitely sets off the Chandalar Kutchin from their more riverine neighbours to the south and east. Salmon do run up the Sheenjek River, as its alternate name, Big Salmon River, attests, but whether they ascend as far as the Chandalar Kutchin territory I cannot say. My informants made no mention of it, nor did they include salmon fishing in their descriptions of the yearly round of their activities.

Spruce is the principal timber of the area, and this and birch are the two most important trees for the Indians. Poplar, willow, and alder are also found. Timber-line ranges from 2,000 to 2,500 feet, sometimes a little higher along the major streams (Mertie, 1929, p. 105). This means that, with the exception of the river valleys, much of the piedmont and virtually all of the alpine province is without timber, another ecological factor that distinguishes the Chandalar culture from that of the other Kutchin tribes.

[1]Burbot.

Plants of importance to the Indians include lupine, Labrador tea, hedysarum, arctic dock, wild rose, bearberry, salmonberry, and both mountain and high-bush cranberries. A more precise identification of the flowering plants of this region has been made by Paul C. Standley of the Smithsonian Institution from an extensive collection made by J. B. Mertie (Mertie, 1929, pp. 106–9).

Recent changes

My older informants all maintained that in an earlier day there was much less timber in the area. At that time spruce and birch were said to have been scarce in the Chandalar country and these trees were also absent from the Yukon Flats which were then covered only with willows.

In those days moose also were very scarce, and one old man stated that the first moose had come to the Chandalar country in his grandmother's day. Various other informants corroborated this story of the relatively recent appearance of the moose and said that for some years after the first appearance of these animals they were so rare that the killing of them was taboo.

Muskoxen, now extinct in the area, were said to have frequented the Chandalar territory in former days, and a small mountain near the forks of Smoke Creek is known to the natives as *vvθaiik*, which they translate as "Muskox Shirt Mountain."

Although more accurate data than that provided by native traditions would be required to demonstrate that there had been significant changes in the regional ecology, it might be noted that in 1847, little more than a century ago, Alexander Murray found both spruce and birch in extremely short supply about the Fort Yukon site (Murray, 1910, pp. 66–7), a situation that has changed markedly since that time. Although moose were abundant in the Fort Yukon area in Murray's time (1910, p. 80), there is an accumulating body of evidence that this animal has gradually been spreading into the predominantly tundra areas north of the Yukon River. This movement seems to have been associated with the extension of the range of tall willows, which in turn may be correlated with a gradual holarctic warming that seems to have taken place (Leopold and Darling, 1953, pp. 87–8). Such an hypothesis finds corroboration in the Indians' statements that the winters have gradually become milder.

Muskoxen certainly frequented the Brooks Range and the Arctic Slope in the early nineteenth century (Young, 1942, p. 319; Leopold and Darling, 1953, p. 97). Of particular interest in this connection is the statement by Irving McK. Reed, a one-time member of the Alaskan Game Commission who grew up in Alaska, that the two last muskox herds in Alaska had both been wiped out in the general area of the Chandalar River. One slaughter occurred in 1892 or 1893 when a band of Chandalar Kutchin and other Indians destroyed a herd of these animals on the height of land between the Christian and Sheenjek rivers; the other took place in 1897 or 1898 when two French-Canadian trappers killed an entire herd of eighteen muskoxen somewhere to the east of their cabin on Chandalar Lake (on North Fork of Chandalar River) (Reed, letter).

More scientific data on the climate, flora, and fauna of the Chandalar area are needed before any such changes can be considered as proven, but it does seem quite likely that there have been environmental changes in the last century and a half.

Plate 2. Looking west across basin of East Fork of Chandalar River from ridge east of Arctic Village.

Plate 3. Arctic Village, looking south across slough.

Plate 4. Chandalar Village, looking east from bar of Chandalar River.

Plate 5. A caribou hunting camp of Christian's Band at forks of Smoke Creek.

The People

Bands

In 1933 the Chandalar Kutchin were living in three separate bands, each having a semi-permanent settlement consisting of cabins and tent frames. The settlements were not inhabited throughout the year but did serve as bases and storage places. From them the Indians ranged out over the surrounding territory following the seasonal round of their hunting, trapping, and fishing activities. To a certain extent membership in these bands was flexible and families could and did shift from one band to another. Such shifts were facilitated by the fact that the bands did not claim exclusive hunting or fishing rights over any particular territory. Within recent years, however, some Indians had built auxiliary trapping cabins, which tended to give them priority rights to certain trapping grounds. Although there was a feeling of group unity among the members of each band, there was no formal organization of a political nature other than a tendency for the oldest individual or best hunter to be considered leader or "chief". An analysis of the population of each band reveals one or more family lines or "kindred" as described by Murdock (1949, pp. 46, 56–7), generally running into three generations, together with occasional collaterals. When there was more than one family line, as was the case at both Arctic and Chandalar villages, the families were tied together through intermarriages. Otherwise, spouses came to the band from the outside, generally from one of the other bands. In such cases there was a marked predominance of matrilocal residence. Occasionally spouses came into the band from outside the Chandalar Kutchin, e.g., the Arctic Village band contained one husband from the lower Tanana. On the other hand, each of the bands included at least one wife from some other Kutchin tribe.

The salient features of the three bands can be outlined as follows:

1. Arctic Village Band—*Settlement*: Arctic Village (Pl. 3) in the upper basin of the East Fork of the Chandalar River, consisting of six or seven log cabins, native church, and unfinished school. Established by Christian about 1910. *Territory*: Drainage of the East Fork of the Chandalar River from about Crow Nest Creek up, including such other tributaries as the Junjik River and Tritt Creek, together with Old John Lake and the Koness River, which drain into the Sheenjek River. *Major families*: Tritt, Frank, Peter John. *Population*: 36.

2. Christian's Band (Pl. 6)—*Settlement*: Christian Village in the lower piedmont on Christian River, consisting of several log cabins. (Village not visited since I met the members of this band at their caribou-hunting camps at the forks of Smoke Creek, Pl. 5.) Established by Christian about 1901 previous to his moving to Arctic Village, and reoccupied about 1930 as a result of a schism at Arctic Village. *Territory*: From the headwaters of Wind River and Smoke Creek, tributaries of the East Fork of the Chandalar, eastward through the middle and lower piedmont to the Sheenjek River area. *Major families*: Christian, Simon. *Population*: 25.

3. Chandalar Village Band—*Settlements*: (1) Chandalar Village (Pl. 4) (also known as "Old Robert's Village" and Venetie), a salmon-fishing settlement consisting of about fifteen cabins on the main Chandalar River approximately 45 miles above its upper mouth; reportedly established by Old Robert about 1895 although not mentioned by Schrader (1900), who came upriver in 1899; (2) "Suko", an outlying camp for freshwater fishing, located in the Yukon Flats some 12 miles east of Chandalar Village where a small stream called Suko River emerges from a small lake of the same name; a few cabins and tent frames; (3) "Lower Fish Camp", similar freshwater fish camp about 5 miles farther down the Suko River. (Not visited

since I had already met its inhabitants at Chandalar Village and "Suko".) *Territory*: Fishing sites for salmon and for freshwater fish such as whitefish, suckers, and pike at settlements indicated; hunting and trapping in the adjacent Yukon Flats and the southern edges of the piedmont. *Major families*: Robert, Leviti (also called Old John Sucker). *Population*: 63.

It will be noted that the territory of the Chandalar Village Band extends beyond the former tribal area of the Chandalar Kutchin, and also that fishing is much more important in the economic life than is the case with the two other bands. My informants were agreed that this increased emphasis on fishing was relatively recent, as were their settlements at Chandalar Village and its outlying fishing camps. Old Robert, the founder of the village and the progenitor of most of its families, said that these fishing sites had been used by his father, a Dihai Kutchin.

Population

In 1933 the population of the three Chandalar bands totalled 124, a figure based on my personal count of all families except two that were away in distant hunting camps. Tabulated in terms of age, sex, and band this figure breaks down as follows:

	Men	*Women*	*Children*	*Total*
Arctic Village Band	10	8	18	36
Christian's Band	6	5	14	25
Chandalar Village Band	17	14	32	63
	33	27	64	124

In addition to the Chandalar Kutchin included in the three bands, approximately 73 others were living at Fort Yukon and its immediate vicinity and at Circle. The exact figure is uncertain, since my contact was often limited to a hasty visit, and in some cases consisted merely of taking physical measurements on the man, without visiting his family. It is also quite possible that I missed some individuals or households. All the men listed were born in the Chandalar territory, and most of them were members of the families already mentioned. The data on their wives are incomplete, but some of them, at least, were also of the Chandalar Kutchin tribe. This emigrant population was distributed as follows:

	Men	*Women*	*Children*	*Total*
Yukon River (between Chandalar River and Fort Yukon)	3	3(?)	6	12
Fort Yukon	13	8	23	44
Circle	5	4	8(?)	17
	21	15	37	73

Population data for former years are scanty, and not always comparable. Mooney (1928, p. 32) estimated the total population of the Chandalar Kutchin to have been 200 as of 1740, a figure somewhat above my present figure for the area. In 1847 Murray (1910, p. 83) estimated that the tribe contained 40 hunters, again a figure somewhat above the present number. Petrof (1900, p. 68) in the 10th Census of 1880 estimated the Chandalar Kutchin population at

Plate 6. Christian's Band at Smoke Creek.

Plate 7. Elijah Henry and his family at Arctic Village.

Plate 8. Old Robert, Chandalar Village.

Plate 9. Christian, Smoke Creek.

Plate 10. Albert Tritt, Arctic Village.

Plate 11. John Fredson, Fort Yukon.

120. Schrader (1900, p. 457), whose travels in 1899 took him up the Chandalar River but not up its East Fork, estimated the native population of the latter valley to be about 50. The 13th Census of 1910 (1915, p. 16) gives the number of Chandalar Kutchin as 177, and quite possibly this figure represents an actual, on-the-ground count (Edington, 1930, p. 218).

According to native traditions the population was much larger some four or five generations ago. Famine, resulting from several extremely cold winters, killed off many people, and the population is said to have been further decimated by warfare with both the Eskimos and the Dihai Kutchin. My oldest informant also vividly recalled the devastating effects of the scarlet fever epidemic of the 1860's.

Some diminution of population has unquestionably resulted from all these causes. Nevertheless, when the Chandalar Kutchin Indians now living outside the tribal territory are added to the number still living in the three bands, the resulting figure of 197 is not dissimilar to Mooney's estimate of 200 in aboriginal times, or the figure of 177 recorded in the Census of 1910. The disastrous effects of the scarlet fever epidemic of the 1860's on all the Yukon tribes is well known (Mooney, 1928, p. 31). On the other hand, population losses caused by the introduction of the white man's diseases have been counterbalanced by the more secure existence resulting from the introduction of the white man's firearms, trade goods, and medicines. As was the case among the Upper Tanana (McKennan, 1959, p. 19), another isolated group of Northern Athapaskan hunters and trappers, I am inclined to think that ecological factors have kept the population of the Chandalar Kutchin at a relatively constant figure of about 200 people for the past century and a half.

Informants

Most of my time in the field was spent accompanying the Indians in their daily activities, visiting with them about their campfires or in their cabins, or travelling from one band to another with one of their number as guide and mentor. Such a method falls somewhere between participant observation, in the Malinowski sense of that term, and the interview. On the few occasions when I used a native as a guide or boatman for an extended period, I paid him for such services, but I made no payments for information or for interpreting. In the camaraderie prevailing in camp and along the trail information was freely and generously given. Communication was the chief problem, since the older people often did not speak English and the younger people were not always satisfactory interpreters. Whenever possible, I used a grown son as my interpreter when talking with his parents. Only at Fort Yukon and at Circle did I use the structured interview. By this time I had accumulated a list of items about which my information was either vague or conflicting. Fortunately both settlements contained some unusually old Chandalar Indians, and good interpreters were available. In questioning these older people it became evident that some of the apparent conflicts in my data simply represented cultural changes that had taken place over the years.

Although the circumstances under which I worked made nearly everyone an informant of some sort, the following list of my principal informants

together with a word or two about them may be helpful in evaluating their statements.

Elijah Henry, Arctic Village. Age c. 43. (Pl. 7) Skilful with his hands and an outstanding hunter and trapper. He and his wife, Mary, a member of the Tritt family, accompanied me downriver as far as Chandalar Village. Both were valuable informants, in spite of limited English, and true friends.

Peter John, Arctic Village. Age c. 65. (Pl. 21) Well-informed and interested.

Albert Tritt, Arctic Village. Age c. 53. (Pl. 10) A former shaman, turned native deacon for the Episcopal Mission. An excellent source of information on intellectual aspects of culture, but away in hunting camp during much of my stay.

Isaac Tritt (son), Arctic Village. Age c. 25. Willing, but lacking his father's knowledge.

Guinness Solomon, Fort Yukon area. Age c. 56. Keen, well-informed, and speaking good English. Born in the vicinity of Arctic Village, he had left the area as a boy, and returned for his first visit during my stay there.

Johnny Frank, Arctic Village (but interviewed at Chandalar Village). Age c. 45. (Pl. 20) Willing and well-informed. A shaman, lively raconteur, and a good source for mythology.

Christian, Christian Village (interviewed at Smoke Creek camp). Age c. 55. (Pl. 9) Impressive both physically and mentally. Well-informed and cooperative, but contact limited to a three-day visit at his camp.

Old Robert, Chandalar Village. Age c. 85. (Pl. 8) A truly old man whose marriage, performed by Bishop Bompas at the Lower Ramparts of the Porcupine River, could have taken place no later than the winter of 1869 (Cody, 1908, p. 108). A shaman and also helpful on historical points.

Ned, Jimmy, and Andrew Roberts (sons), Chandalar Village. Chiefly useful as interpreters.

Henry John, Chandalar Village. Age c. 45. A former shaman. Brother of Peter John of Arctic Village, and equally well-informed.

John Leviti, "Suko". Age c. 65. Also called Old John Sucker because he now lived at his fishing camp throughout the year although he formerly lived on the headwaters of the Chandalar River. Keen, extremely well-informed, old man whose eagerness to tell me of the old days was hampered by the inadequacy of my interpreter during my three-day stay at his camp.

Silas John (son), Chandalar Village and "Suko". Age c. 21. Chiefly useful as guide and interpreter for his father, but also a source for some ethnographical information.

Paul Solomon, Fort Yukon area (but first interviewed at Chandalar Village). Age c. 45. Brother of Guinness Solomon and, like him, an intelligent and alert informant. Thoroughly acculturated but well-informed as to pre-white culture. Wife was also helpful, but contact with her was limited to a short visit at their Yukon River fish camp.

John Fredson, Fort Yukon. Age c. 34. (Pl. 11) Born on the East Fork of the Chandalar River, this unusual Indian early attracted the attention of Archdeacon Stuck, and accompanied him on his many travels in the capacity of dog driver and boatman. Sent to college at the University of the South, he had once served as a linguistic informant for the late Edward Sapir. Keenly interested in the culture of his people, thoroughly bilingual, intelligent, and cooperative, he was both an ideal interpreter and an understanding friend.

Old John Vendequisi, Fort Yukon. Age c. 100. Born in the area of the present Arctic Village, this very old Indian had been a boy when Fort Yukon was founded. In spite of his great age I was able to secure valuable data from him thanks to a good interpreter.

Old Lucy Frank, Fort Yukon. Age c. 70. Widowed matriarch of the Frank family of Arctic Village, she was able to supply both ethnographic data and mythology.

Moses Peter, (son-in-law), Fort Yukon. Age c. 35. Collaborator with Old Lucy Frank for mythology, and a story-teller in his own right. Since he was not a Chandalar Kutchin some of these myths may be from other Kutchin tribes.

Joe Number Six, Circle. Age c. 80. Born only a few years after the founding of Fort Yukon, this older brother of John Leviti was an extremely knowledgeable informant, and his son, Esaias, was an excellent interpreter.

Woodchopper Joe, Circle. Age c. 50. Older brother of Elijah Henry, and like the latter, well-informed and helpful.

As will have been noted from these brief personality sketches, my Chandalar Kutchin informants were uniformly cooperative. Indeed, they seemed almost as interested as I was in recapturing the culture of their people as it had existed at the time of the first white contact. Their age combined with their tribe's isolation greatly facilitated this objective, and, of course, many aspects of the old culture were still in existence when I visited the area. The preponderance of males among my informants has inevitably resulted in ethnographical lacunae in the woman's side of the culture. I can only regret these gaps, but it has been my experience when working in the field with Northern Athapaskans that one's rapport with his informants is jeopardized if he turns his attention to their women folk.

Dihai Kutchin and other neighbouring tribes

Of the various neighbours of the Chandalar Kutchin, the group they most frequently mention is the tribe immediately to the west, whom they knew as the Dihai Kutchin. These people escaped the attention of the early writers, and no mention seems to have been made of them until my own note in the *American Anthropologist* some years ago (McKennan, 1935, p. 369). My observations have since been confirmed by Hadleigh-West (1959). There was no question in the minds of my informants that this group existed as a distinct Kutchin tribe. The Dihai Kutchin language was quite intelligible to the Chandalar Kutchin, although somewhat different dialectically, and the former's term for a man was *dindji*, which further stamps them as a Kutchin people. The term Dihai Kutchin may be freely translated as "Those who dwell farthest away", or more accurately, "Those who dwell farthest away in a downriver direction". Apparently this is the same group known to the Peel River Kutchin as the "Downriver Kutchin" (Slobodin, 1962, p. 7). The emphasis, however, should be on "farthest away" rather than on "downriver", for the Dihai Kutchin, like the Chandalar, were distinctly mountain people and not riverine. Their territory included the Middle and North forks of the Chandalar River and the headwaters of the Koyukuk River. Like the Chandalar Kutchin the Dihai were in contact with the Eskimos, who bordered them on the north and west. Relations apparently were warlike with victory going to the Eskimos, who gradually encroached upon the Dihai Kutchin, and forced the surviving Indians to take refuge in the Chandalar Kutchin territory, where they intermarried with the latter people. The Eskimo settlements at "Little Squaw" on the North Fork of the Chandalar River and at Coldfoot on the Middle Fork of the Koyukuk River are said to be in the heart of territory formerly inhabited by the Dihai Kutchin. Native tradition has it that the Dihai Kutchin originally came from the Tanana River, whence they made their way down the Yukon River as far

as Nulato and thence up the Koyukuk River, establishing themselves on its headwaters. This is the same route by which the trade items of dentalium shells, copper, iron, and beads are said to have first made their way to the Chandalar territory (cf. Trade relations, p. 25).

The present Chandalar Kutchin families of Frank, Tritt, John (Peter and Henry), and perhaps Robert, all stem from the marriage of Dihai Kutchin men with Chandalar Kutchin women in the preceding generation. Estimates based on the informants' ages would date this emigration of surviving Dihai Kutchin into Chandalar Kutchin territory somewhere between 1870 and 1880. The genealogical data regarding Old Robert of Chandalar Village is conflicting and it is possible that his mother was of the Yukon Flats (Kutcha) Kutchin. This would explain his statement that this fishing site had been used by his father. Although it is possible that the territory of the Dihai Kutchin extended down the Chandalar River beyond the mountains into the edge of the Yukon Flats, this is at variance with Chandalar Kutchin statements that the Dihai Kutchin were strictly a mountain people like themselves. I think it much more likely that Old Robert simply returned to the edges of the Yukon Flats after that country had been vacated by the Yukon Flats Kutchin, following the decimation of the latter by scarlet fever in the 1860's. Indeed, I was told that some old graves near Chandalar Village were those of a camp of Yukon Flats Kutchin who died in an epidemic long ago. With the exception of a fishing camp just above the confluence of the Chandalar and Yukon rivers, Schrader (1900) found no natives along the entire length of the main Chandalar River when he ascended it by canoe on his way to the Koyukuk River in 1899. This would indicate that this portion of the Yukon Flats was relatively uninhabited at that period and would tend to confirm informants' statements that the Dihai Kutchin had moved from their former territory on the Middle and North forks sometime earlier. Schrader's is the first account of the Chandalar area, and it is easy to see how the Dihai Kutchin could have escaped mention by the earlier explorers along the Yukon River. The failure of Murray and other fur traders to mention the Dihai Kutchin probably means that they seldom came down to Fort Yukon to trade. There can be no question, however, that they formerly existed as a separate tribe, the remnants of which have been absorbed into the present Chandalar Kutchin.

Probably because of the great decline in numbers of the Yukon Flats (Kutcha) Kutchin in recent times, the Chandalar make less mention of these people although there are a few cases of intermarriage between the two groups. The names of Saviah, famous and fearsome Yukon Flats(Kutcha) Kutchin chief of Murray's day (Murray, 1910, p. 89), and Senati, his equally famous brother (or nephew according to some informants), are still spoken of in tones of awe.

The Chandalar Kutchin had more contact with the Crow River (Vunta) Kutchin whose territory bordered their own on the east. On occasion these contacts were warlike. As a rule, however, relations were friendly. Two Chandalar Kutchin men have wives from the Crow River group, and several others list members of that tribe among their ancestors.

Unlike the Dihai Kutchin, the Chandalar Kutchin seem to have enjoyed relatively peaceful relations with the Eskimos to the north of them, although hostilities occasionally broke out. From the time of the first white contact the Chandalar Kutchin were in the habit of visiting the Arctic Coast (Murray,

1910, p. 10) where they traded with the Eskimos there (Dall, 1870, p. 431). Indian families still make protracted visits to the Eskimos who in turn journey to the Chandalar territory. Many of the Chandalar Kutchin enter into *sitcli* relationships with Eskimos, i.e., institutionalized "partnerships", or bond fellowships, formalized by the ceremonial exchange of gifts. In spite of the considerable interaction between the two groups, intermarriage is not considered desirable and I could find no instances of it in the genealogies of the Indians.

Trade relations

Trade was carried on in pre-white times with Indians from the coast, presumably the Tanaina. Dentalia and copper were the prized articles obtained in such commerce, with the Indians of the lower Tanana River serving as middlemen. Somewhat later, iron adzes and axes as well as beads came to the Chandalar via this same trade route. These articles could have been of either English or Russian origin since representatives of both nations had traded with the Tanaina of Cook Inlet before the end of the eighteenth century (Osgood, 1937, p. 19). Later the Chandalar Kutchin themselves made the overland trip to the white man's post which they call *onda* and locate in the Cook Inlet-Prince William Sound region. Although the route followed is uncertain, it must have approximated that of either the present Alaska Railroad or the Richardson Highway; in any case it did not traverse the upper Tanana River region, whose inhabitants secured their first white man's goods from the traders on the upper Yukon (McKennan, 1959, p. 29).

The Eskimos provided another source for white man's goods before the coming of the Hudson's Bay Company to Fort Yukon. It was from them that the Chandalar Kutchin say they first obtained iron kettles, bartering wolverine skins and woven, spruce-root baskets in exchange. This trade with the Eskimos was both social and economic in nature, and large parties of each people would meet together for a period of some days which were devoted to feasting, singing, dancing, and organized games as well as to trade (Edington, 1930, pp. 292–7). Such meetings were held in the territory of either group. Old John Lake, near the present Arctic Village, was a favourite site for these gatherings and in recent years the Episcopal Mission at Fort Yukon has sometimes sent a native catechist to the affair in order to present the gospel to the Eskimo visitors (Stuck, 1920, p. 340). This Indian-Eskimo trade relationship has resulted in many arctic pelts, such as polar bear and white fox, being brought to Fort Yukon by the Chandalar Kutchin (Stuck, 1920, p. 333).

Ever since the building of Fort Yukon in 1847 the trading activities of the Chandalar Kutchin have centred there. This trading takes place in the winter since both the East Fork of the Chandalar and the Sheenjek rivers are too swift for practicable upstream travel. The men travel to Fort Yukon by toboggan and dog team, timing their arrival there to coincide with the Christmas season which is spent in a holiday fashion not unlike their old trading festivals with the Eskimos. After disposing of their furs they load their toboggans with a year's supply of goods and set off on the 150- to 200-mile return journey to their winter camps. Since a toboggan can carry only a limited load, these supplies are restricted to small, easily portable goods such as ammunition, traps, cloth, tobacco, sugar, and flour. As a result the members of both Christian's and the

Arctic Village bands were still living a relatively simple life in 1933, even though they were thoroughly familiar with the white man. The women and children, however, seldom make the long journey to Fort Yukon, and since no white men had visited Arctic Village since the Mertie-FitzGerald party in 1927 the younger children there had never seen a white man until my arrival.

Source Literature

The early descriptions of the Chandalar Kutchin must be sought in the accounts of the Fort Yukon fur trade, since even now few white men have penetrated the Indians' territory and until 1929 no published account of the East Fork of the Chandalar River existed. In all probability the first European to reach the present site of Fort Yukon was John Bell, a Hudson's Bay Company trader at Fort McPherson, who explored the Porcupine River in 1844. He was followed in 1847 by another Hudson's Bay Company man, Alexander Hunter Murray, who built the trading post of Fort Yukon on the east bank of the Porcupine River about three miles from its confluence with the Yukon, and a few hundred yards above the site of the present settlement. Murray's 'Journal of the Yukon, 1847–48' (1910), enlivened by his own drawings of the Indians, is the source for most of our knowledge of the aboriginal Kutchin, and much that has been published since concerning these people has its origin in his journal. Because Murray did not penetrate the Chandalar Kutchin territory, however, his observations on this particular group are limited. Two other Hudson's Bay Company traders, Strachan Jones and William Hardisty, wrote early accounts of the Kutchin people for the *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution* for 1866, but like Murray, they tell us little concerning the Chandalar Kutchin. This same lack is found in the account of the earliest missionary, Rev. W. W. Kirkby (1865), who visited Fort Yukon in 1861. Kirkby's description of this visit was published in the *Annual Report of the Smithsonian Institution* for 1864. For some reason the pioneer missionary's name was printed as Kirby and as a consequence the latter spelling is the one that has found its way into most Athapaskan bibliographies. Dall (1870), who was briefly at Fort Yukon in 1867 in connection with his work as leader of the Western Union Telegraph expedition, gives a careful account of the Yukon River area, but he too has little to say regarding the Chandalar Kutchin.

The first explorer to leave any account of the back country was the geologist, F. C. Schrader (1900), who travelled up the main Chandalar River by canoe in 1899 en route to the Koyukuk River. His route took him past the mouth of the East Fork, but apparently he met no natives beyond the mouth of the main river. While sheep-hunting with two Eskimo families, Rudolph M. Anderson ascended the Hulahula River and, after crossing the Brooks Range, camped briefly on the extreme headwaters of one of the forks of the Chandalar, probably the East Fork, in December 1908. Anderson apparently met no Indians for he describes the region as "an uninhabited wilderness." (Anderson, 1913, p. 11). It remained for the geologist, J. B. Mertie, Jr., (1928 and 1929) to publish careful descriptions of the country inhabited by the Chandalar Kutchin. In 1926 Mertie travelled about 160 miles up the Sheenjek River by canoe and outboard motor. The next year Mertie and Gerald FitzGerald made a thoroughgoing

topographical survey of the area of the East Fork of the Chandalar River. Mertie's account of this area, written in the best tradition of the United States Geological Survey, gives an accurate picture of the geography of the area together with the distribution of the Indians at that time. Quite different is the Edingtons' (1930) account of Deputy U. S. Marshal A. H. Hansen's winter sled-journey to Old John Lake in 1910 to investigate the death of a white prospector in the Wind River country. The chief merit of this unduly lurid account rests in the fact that it is probably the earliest, first-hand description of the Chandalar Kutchin in their native habitat.

It is unfortunate that Archdeacon Hudson Stuck (1917 and 1920) never visited the region of the East Fork of the Chandalar (1917, p. 250) for he knew the Chandalar Kutchin from his many years of contact with them at the Protestant Episcopal mission at Fort Yukon, and his accounts of his wide travels throughout the Yukon area are full of insight and well written.

Not until Cornelius Osgood's field trip to Fort Yukon in the summer of 1932 did a professional anthropologist turn his attention to the Kutchin, and the resulting publications (1934, 1936a, and 1936b) are now the definitive ethnographical studies of the Kutchin in general, and the Peel River and Crow River groups in particular. Although I was unaware of this field work at the time I planned my own trip, I did learn of it shortly before I left for Alaska, and consequently confined my own field research entirely to the Chandalar Kutchin. Since then Richard Slobodin (1962) has worked among the Peel River Kutchin, focusing his attention on their social groupings, and Frederick Hadleigh-West (1959) has studied the ecology of several western Kutchin tribes including the Chandalar. The specialized and topical nature of this recent field research has further confirmed the original objective of my own field work, namely, the delineation of the Chandalar Kutchin culture both as it existed in the minds of the older people and as it was still to be observed when I visited these Indians in 1933. I have tried to distinguish between these two aspects by using the present tense when describing culture traits that were still practised at the time of my field work and using the past tense for traits that have been given up in recent years.

GETTING A LIVING

Food

Subsistence based on hunting

The aboriginal life of the Chandalar Kutchin centred largely around the hunting of big-game animals. Of these the caribou was definitely the most important, although mountain sheep, muskoxen, and occasional bears were also hunted with enthusiasm. When big game was lacking, many small animals including porcupines, ground squirrels, rabbits, muskrats, and beavers provided an alternative food source as did the ptarmigan and spruce hen. Ducks, geese, and even young sea gulls were also eaten during the summer months. Although both berries and roots were relished, they were hardly important as a food source. Unlike the other Kutchin tribes, the Chandalar made little use of fish, except in the winter when they were taken through the ice. In spite of this variety of foodstuffs the food quest in this subarctic environment was hard and uncertain, and famines are common in the legendary history. At such times the Indians say they survived by making a broth from boiled animal dung and by eating the inner bark of willows. Under such stress cannibalism occasionally occurred, and several of my informants could recall specific individuals who were said to have eaten their fellows. As one informant described it, "In the old days life was so hard that when the old people talked of it they would burst into tears. In those days the people lived in large groups and depended largely on the caribou, which they took in surrounds."

Since the coming of the white man, life has become more secure. The fur trade has provided new foods, such as flour, sugar, rice, and beans. Fishing has become more important, largely because of the introduction of the fish net. The migration of some Chandalar Kutchin into the edges of the Yukon Flats has provided an important new food source in the salmon which does not ascend the East Fork of the Chandalar River. The white man's rifle has replaced the bow and arrow and the surround, and the steel trap has replaced the snare and deadfall. Moose have replaced the now extinct muskoxen. But in spite of such changes the Chandalar Kutchin life continues to follow the old, basic pattern of hunting nomadism, reinforced now by the trapping of such fur-bearing animals as marten, fox, wolverine, mink, otter, beaver, and muskrat.

Big game, butchering and preserving

Big-game animals such as caribou are butchered on the spot. If camp is not too distant, the sections of meat may be carried there. Often, however, it is less laborious to move camp to the site of the kill and remain there until the meat has been consumed or prepared for storage. Since much of the ground is permanently frozen, it is quite easy in the summer to keep meat fresh by placing it in a pit sunk below frost-line and covering it with a few boughs, and this is the method we used at Arctic Village. Similarly in the winter meat is stored on a simple platform cache resting on two sets of scissor supports.

When large kills are made during the summer months, the meat is dried in thin strips. In preparing a caribou for drying the Indian first severs the head. The skin is then slit down the abdomen and peeled off from both sides of the carcass, thus providing a clean surface for further butchering as well as for catching the blood which is made into broth. The layers of muscles are then removed in strips from both the ribs and the quarters and the strips are hung up to dry on nearby bushes or on improvised scaffolds (Pl. 12), followed by the two slabs of ribs which are broken off from the backbone. The paunch and stomach are emptied of their contents by being turned inside out and then hung up to dry. The small intestines are emptied of their contents and dried, as is the heart. The web and the long bones are saved for their fat. The horns, if still in the velvet, are roasted and gnawed as a delicacy. The head and legs are generally eaten on the spot and the liver is often roasted on the coals. The little that remains of the carcass is fed to the dogs, and even the hoofs are saved to be boiled for dog food during the winter.

The long hours of sunlight prevailing in July and August make it possible for the strips of meat to dry within a couple of days and they are then ready for storage. In the old days dried meat was generally stored in an underground cache, which was lined with stone slabs and covered with heavy stones to prevent its being broken into by bears and wolverines. With the coming of the steel axe the Chandalar Kutchin found it simpler to build a cache of notched logs, using the construction of a normal log cabin. Such caches have a log floor and rest directly on the ground; when filled with dried meat, they are covered with heavy logs. The one that Christian's band had built at Smoke Creek was a rectangle, about 8 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 3 feet high (Pl. 15). Since much of their caribou hunting is done above timber-line, the Indians still use the stone-lined cache as well as the log one.

The marrow, rendered from the long bones, is an important source of fat. It used to be mixed with soup. Today it is often mixed with small bits of meat and beaten into a delicacy known as "Indian ice cream". Pemmican, in both its plain form of pounded dried meat mixed with grease, and also with berries added, is now made by the Chandalar Kutchin, but they say they knew nothing of this food until they learned the technique from the early Hudson's Bay Company traders.

Division of game

A Chandalar Kutchin customarily enters into a partnership or bond fellowship with some member of his own band. There is no set rule, other than friendship, governing the selection of such a partner, who is termed *sitcá*. Sometimes an especially good hunter may have more than one *sitcá* in his band, or often he may possess both a male and a female partner. Although there is no exact formula governing the division of a big-game animal, it is the *sitcá* who has first claim to a hunter's kill and often he is given the entire animal.

Small game

Small animals like ground squirrels, tree squirrels, rabbits, and muskrats are either boiled or roasted. In the case of squirrels, at least, the animal is not even skinned; instead, the hair is singed off in the fire and the carcass is tossed into the pot. Although the belly is slit open, the entrails are not removed. Quills of

the porcupine are removed by rolling the carcass in the fire; the skin is then scraped clean, and the body is disjointed for boiling.

The carcasses of squirrels and muskrats are also dried and stored. This dried meat is cooked by boiling. The roasted tails of squirrels and muskrats are sucked by children as between-meal snacks.

In former times the marten was occasionally eaten, but the eating of fox, wolf, wolverine, and dog has always been taboo. Ravens and eagles are also taboo but, contrary to the practice among some Northern Athapaskans, there is no restriction on the eating of cranes.

Fish

Whitefish, grayling, lake trout, pike, and suckers are eaten fresh or are dried and stored. The loche is particularly prized for its rich liver, which adds welcome fat to the native diet. Fish are prepared for drying by removing the head and slicing the flanks off from the backbone, leaving the resulting filets joined at the tail. The roe is also dried. The fresh heads are made into a soup, which is much relished, and the entrails are fed to the dogs. With the coming of the Hudson's Bay Company the Indians learned to make a fish pemmican of dried fish mixed with animal fat.

Vegetable foods

Vegetable foods play an unimportant part in the diet of the Chandalar Kutchin, but they do add variety to it. Bearberries, salmonberries, bilberries or mountain cranberries, high-bush cranberries, and rose hips are all enjoyed. They are eaten in a variety of ways: raw, boiled, or mashed and mixed with marrow fat and bits of meat.

Berries are also placed in shallow, covered containers made of birch bark and stored in underground caches.

In the spring the roots of both the hedysarum and the arctic dock are dug up and eaten; later in the season the Indians also search out mouse caches and rifle them of their stores of hedysarum roots. Roots are generally boiled.

The Indians learned the use of Labrador tea from the Hudson's Bay Company and use it as a beverage when the real article, which they greatly prefer, is unavailable.

Tobacco

The fur trade brought tobacco to the Chandalar Kutchin, who smoke it in pipes, but do not chew it. When their store of tobacco is exhausted, they smoke dried lupine leaves, a practice they say they have also learned from the white man.

They maintain, however, that even before the white man introduced tobacco they made birch pipes in which they smoked the dried leaves of an unidentified, leguminous plant. The use of the pipe could have diffused to them from either the Eskimos or the Russians, but they have no recollection of its source.

Cooking and eating practices

In the old days the people were quite abstemious about their meals. These were eaten but twice a day and generally consisted of a little meat and water in the morning and more meat, often accompanied by a blood soup, in the evening.

Plate 12. Drying caribou meat in a hunting camp on ridge east of Arctic Village.

Plate 13. Scraping hair from caribou skin, using a two-handed scraper. (Hunting camp near Arctic Village).

Plate 14. Remains of old caribou fence at Smoke Creek.

Plate 15. Cache for caribou meat at Smoke Creek.

Such moderation is definitely a thing of the past and, if food is available the Chandalar Kutchin now eat whenever they are hungry.

Cooking has always been done by the women and the entire family eats together. Children, however, are not allowed to eat either the young of any animal or the head or legs of big-game animals. The head, which is considered the choicest part, is likewise taboo to women until they have borne several children.

Boiling with hot stones and roasting in a pit oven were the customary means of preparing food when in camp. A quartzite type of stone was preferred for the stone boiling since it was believed that other types of stone gave the food a poor flavour. As quartzite was not everywhere available, these cooking stones were often packed with the other camp gear. In boiling ptarmigan and other birds the body cavity was simply filled with water, and a hot stone was dropped in it. The pit oven is said to have been favoured for cooking all kinds of meat since it required less wood, often a scarce item in the Chandalar Kutchin hunting territory. Although they no longer use either stone boiling or pit ovens, the Chandalar Kutchin often roast meat or fish by impaling it on a stick set at an angle over the fire.

Hunting

Caribou are the centre of the economic life of the Chandalar Kutchin. Small herds of these animals inhabit the piedmont area throughout all months of the year. The largest herds, often numbering into the thousands, pass through the area in July and August on their annual southern migration from the summer fawning grounds north of the Brooks Range. Large numbers are killed at this time and the meat is dried and stored for the winter. Bulls are preferred since they are then at their fattest in contrast to the cows, which are thin from nursing calves. In the old days the favoured method for taking caribou was by means of the surround or pound. This was a collective enterprise, requiring the cooperation of men, women, and children. It also required the construction of the surround itself, no mean enterprise in the days of stone adzes.

The surround consisted of a circular enclosure made by lashing poles to standing trees (Pl. 14). Such pounds were sometimes a mile or more in diameter. An opening was left at one end, and two drift-fences extended from this at diverging angles. The lines of the drift-fences were continued farther by lines of posts or tree stumps spaced at about 30-foot intervals. Clumps of moss were placed on top of these to give them the appearance of men. Snares, made of twisted or braided rawhide, were set at intervals within the surround and men were posted near by to kill the animals as they became entangled. The women and children were assigned the task of driving the caribou herd into the funnel-like opening between the two converging fences, and thence on to the waiting hunters. Occasionally a simpler form of surround was used consisting of a fence built in a straight line with openings at intervals in which snares were set. The introduction of the white man's rifle has made the construction of such surrounds unnecessary, but remains of the old structures are still standing in the area. I saw several in the Smoke Creek region, the logs of which gave every indication of having been cut down with stone adzes. As late as 1914 a

large surround was built not far from Arctic Village in connection with a nativistic movement that had gripped the community (cf. A nativistic movement at Arctic Village, p. 87).

Although such collective hunting was the most effective method for taking caribou and as many as four hundred caribou reportedly were taken in a single surround, the Chandalar Kutchin also hunted the animals individually. On such occasions the hunter often made use of a decoy consisting of the head and cape of a caribou. By means of a stick thrust into the skull the hunter was able to keep such a decoy constantly in front of him while he crawled within bow-and-arrow range of an animal. Additional realism was sometimes supplied by a caribou-hoof rattle which imitated the hoof clicks so characteristic of a caribou on the move. Dogs were not used in caribou hunting except occasionally to run down wounded animals.

Moose hunting was, and still is, more of an individual operation although sometimes this animal was chased into the straight type of snare-fence. When the snow is deep, and particularly when it is crusted, moose are run down by Indian hunters on snowshoes. Dogs are sometimes used to assist, particularly if the crust is strong enough to support the dogs but not the moose. During the rutting season in the fall the Chandalar Kutchin lure the bull moose imitating the call of the cow. This is done by voice without the aid of a horn. The hunter also plays on the jealous instincts of the bull at this season by scraping a moose shoulder-blade on a bush, thus imitating the sound of a bull moose travelling through the underbrush.

Sheep are found in the high mountains of the Brooks Range. Because of the difficulty of the terrain they are not hunted when other big game is available. Informants say, however, that in the winter when other game is scarce sheep are eagerly sought. At such times, in order to scale the icy cliffs the Indian hunter makes handholds by urinating on pieces of fur and then freezing them to the rocks.

Bears formerly were taken in snares and deadfalls, preferably in the spring when they were fat. In the winter a group of hunters on coming to a bear den would rout out the hibernating animal and kill him by means of caribou-horn clubs and stone adzes. This method is still used but the modern rifle has replaced the club.

Muskoxen, though now extinct, were formerly hunted. Sometimes they were killed by being driven off a bluff or cliff.

Rabbits are still taken in snares. In the old days rabbits were also taken by communal drives, not unlike caribou drives. On the occasion of such a drive the leader would awaken the camp with the call of *wɛhʊ, wɛhʊ*, the summons for a rabbit drive. Snares would be set on a line at one end of a large patch of brush. Men and women would drive the animals to the snares, which were tended by the women. Rabbits, like all small animals, were killed by pinching their hearts.

Beaver were not plentiful when I visited the area, but in an earlier day they were important both as food and in the fur trade. In the winter when food was scarce, the Indians used an ice chisel to break into a beaver house and then speared the animals as they sought to escape.

Occasionally a hunter comes upon an otter travelling overland in the snow. In such circumstances the animal will seek to escape by diving into the snow

Plate 16. Elijah Henry tending whitefish net in slough at Arctic Village.

Plate 17. Canoe and skin boat on shore of slough at Arctic Village.

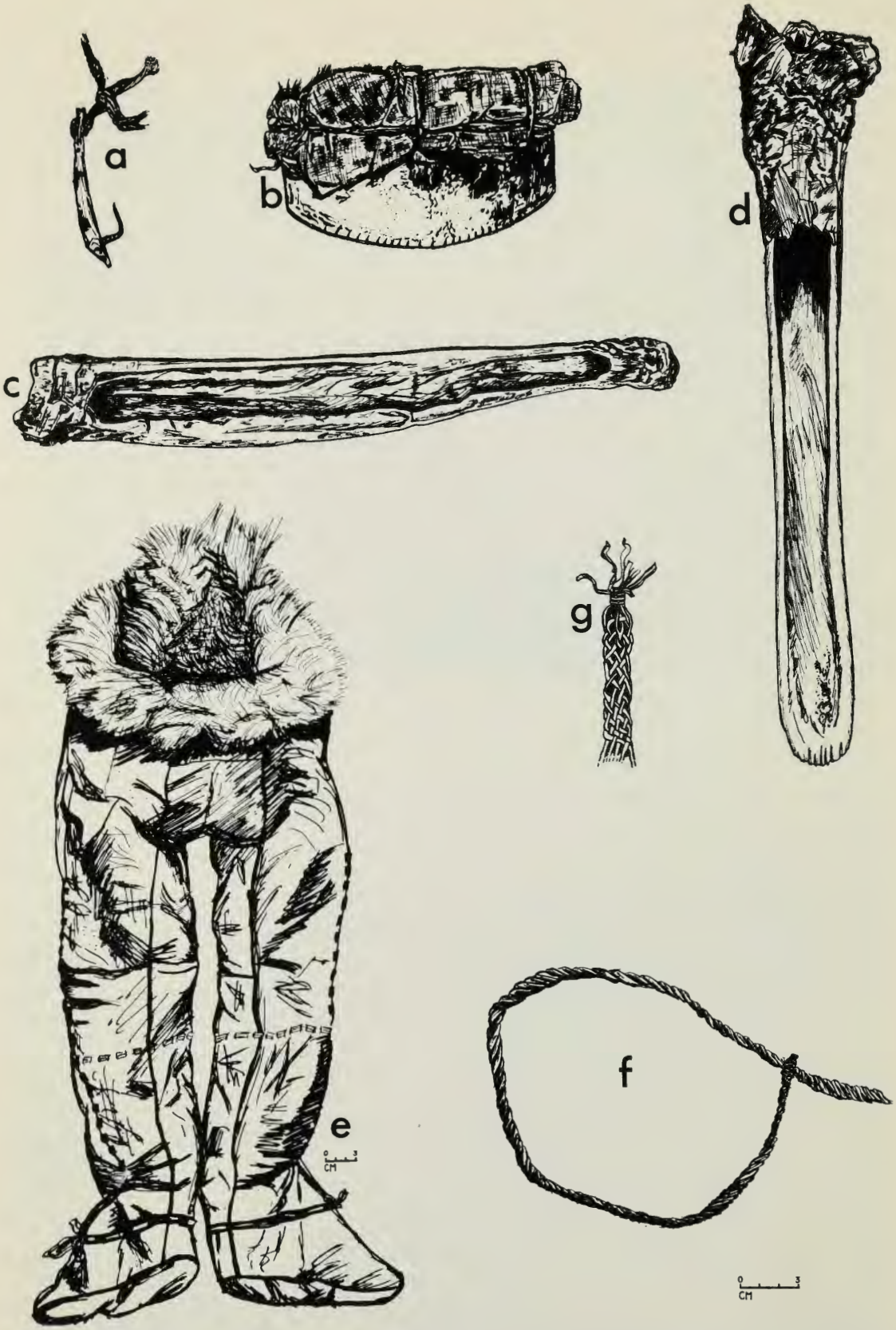

Plate 18. *a.* Fishhook made from a nail and the tip of a mountain sheep horn (Dartmouth College Museum No. 33-2-4636); *b.* Metal scraper made from a piece of saw blade (D.C.M. 33-2-4640); *c.* Two-handed scraper made of a caribou ulna (D.C.M. 33-2-4637); *d.* One-handed scraper made from a caribou tibia (D.C.M. 33-2-4638); *e.* Moccasin-trousers made of sheepskin with hair on inside (D.C.M. 33-2-4633); *f.* Noose of caribou snare made of twined babiche (D.C.M. 33-2-4635); *g.* Flat, braided 9-strand line of babiche (D.C.M. 33-2-4641).

and burrowing underneath it. The Indian hunter attempts to prevent this by tramping down the snow in a large circle about the animal. When the otter emerges, he is shot.

Ducks formerly were killed by bow and arrow. They were also taken in snares suspended from willow hoops set in the soft mud about the ponds and marshes.

Ptarmigan, spruce hens, and eagles were more often snared than shot with the bow and arrow.

Calling game

The Chandalar Kutchin still use a wide variety of animal calls in connection with their hunting. The use of caribou-horn rattles and moose shoulder-blades has already been mentioned in connection with the hunting of these two animals. Caribou are also called by imitating their cough-like grunt. Bears are called by imitating the call of the raven; presumably the bear responds in the thought that the raven has located an animal carcass. Wolves are called by imitating their howls. Rabbits and muskrats both respond to a peculiar sucking-squeaking noise, particularly when they have young. When hunting from a canoe, the Indian also calls the muskrat by scratching the water with the paddle.

Snares and deadfalls

Snares used in connection with fences or surrounds played an important part in taking caribou and moose. Smaller snares were equally important in taking small game and birds. Deadfalls, before the advent of the steel trap, were the chief method of taking fur-bearing animals varying in size from marten to bear. Before the coming of firearms, snares and deadfalls provided a far surer method of obtaining food than did the bow and arrow and their importance in the economic life of the Northern Athapaskans needs to be emphasized. In describing the snares and deadfalls of the Chandalar Kutchin I have employed the terminology developed by the late Rev. John M. Cooper (1938) in his excellent discussion of the use of these devices by the northern Indians.

The tether snare used for taking caribou, moose, and bear consisted of a running noose in a line made of twisted or braided rawhide strands with a large loop on the other end for attachment to either a clog or a tether. The Chandalar Kutchin specimen now in the possession of the Dartmouth College Museum is 18 feet in length and ¼ inch in diameter (Pl. 18f). It is made of eight individual strands of babiche or rawhide, each about ⅛ inch in width, which have been twisted together into a line of great strength.

Ground squirrels are taken by means of a running noose on the end of a 30-foot line of twisted sinew or babiche. The noose is set over the animal's burrow and the other end is held in the hand. Ground squirrels, rabbits, and other small animals are also taken by spring-pole and tossing-pole snares. The line and running noose of twisted sinew used in such snares is set by means of the small wooden toggle which is so typical of other Alaskan Athapaskan tribes (McKennan, 1959, p. 61). Ducks and ptarmigan are taken in simple tether snares without use of trigger or pole. Spruce hens are also taken by means of simple pole snares, i.e. long poles with a sinew noose on one end. These are

manipulated by hand so as to slip the noose over the bird's head as it sits in a tree, and thus lift it from its perch. A similar pole snare with a noose made of copper wire was being used to catch suckers when I visited the fishing camp at "Suko".

In former times eagles were also taken in snares. These were of two kinds: the first seems to be a variant of the well-known perch snare (Cooper, 1938, p. 19) in which a bait and a noose are set in the top of a long upright; the second is similar to the first, except that a stone cairn is used instead of an upright pole and a forked stick, to which is attached both noose and bait, is set in the rocks in such a way that the eagle must fly through the noose in order to get at the bait. Although my informant was not clear as to the details of the trigger arrangement of these snares, he emphasized that any Indian who secured an eagle was a lucky and wealthy man.

The Chandalar Kutchin use at least two types of deadfalls. The first type, used largely for wolverine and marten, is the well-known, samson-post deadfall (Cooper, 1938, pp. 59 ff.) consisting of a bed log over which the animal steps and a fall log or stone held apart from the bed log by an upright samson post, which in turn rests on one end of the horizontal bait stick. When this is dislodged, the heavy fall descends upon the animal. A variant of this deadfall is used for ground squirrels. In taking these animals the fall, which consists of a flat stone set over the runway, is dislodged by the action of the animal in running for its hole, rather than in reaching for a bait.

The second type of deadfall is used for bear, wolverine, wolf, and fox and involves more elaborate construction. This is the overhung deadfall with vertical lever and kicker tread bar (Cooper, 1938, pp. 97 ff.). The fall consists of a number of parallel poles or logs lashed together at the lower end and lashed to a cross-pole at the upper, with a length of braided line attached to the ends of the cross-pole. The frame consists of a pair of uprights to which a horizontal cross-pole is lashed. The threshold is lashed loosely at about mid-length to another upright so that it pivots on this lashing as a fulcrum, and the tread bar is notched and fitted to a vertical lever which is held against the horizontal cross-pole by having the rawhide loop from the fall slipped over the upper end of the lever. In entering this structure to get at the bait the animal steps on the tread bar, which pivots on its fulcrum, thus releasing the vertical lever and bringing down the heavy fall.

Fishing

Although the Chandalar Kutchin are primarily a hunting people, fishing does provide an additional source of food. Whitefish, grayling, suckers, bullheads,[1] pike, loche, and lake trout are the important food fishes. Salmon is also important for those Indians who now live at Chandalar Village. Whitefish, which run upstream to the lakes in May and June and return in the fall, are probably the most important fish because their seasonal migrations make it easier to take them in fish traps.

The old Chandalar Kutchin fish trap was made of willow withes. It was cylindrical in shape, 8 to 10 feet long and 2 to 3 feet in diameter. One end was

[1]Sculpins.

closed and the other was shaped like an inverted funnel. A weir or fence was built across the stream by driving stakes and intertwining them with brush. An opening was left in the weir, and the trap was placed here with its open end facing the direction of the fish migration. Such weirs are still made, but a dip-net of woven babiche is now used in place of the fish trap. Sometimes fish are taken by a pole snare when their passage is stopped by the weir. The Chandalar Kutchin now make and use gill nets, a practice they have learned from the white man (Pl. 16). They say, however, that before the coming of the white man their neighbours, the Yukon Flats (Kutcha) Kutchin, made fish nets of twined willow bark (*contra* Murray, 1910, p. 89).

Fish are taken through the ice by means of a hook and line. The hooks formerly consisted of an attractor-like body into which a hawk or eagle claw had been set. Today a bent nail is used in place of this claw. Such hook attractors are attached to a line of twisted sinew, and fished from a short jigging-pole about 2 feet long. One such hook, now in the Dartmouth College Museum, consists of a body 2½ inches long made from the tip of a mountain sheep's horn with a bent nail set in one end (Pl. 18a). Such lures are said to be particularly effective for taking pike and lake trout. A similar, but smaller, lure made from the canine tooth of the bear is used for grayling. The Indians speak of making hooks out of bone, but are not clear as to the details of their construction. Possibly these were gorges.

Fish are also speared in both summer and winter. The spear is the typical, three-tined leister, and those I saw had been made with a spliced, two-piece handle, which could be taken apart for easier carrying. In the old days the tines were made of caribou horn, but iron is now used. Weirs are sometimes built below large pools or eddies so that a number of fish are impounded there when the freeze-up comes. They are then speared as needed throughout the winter. Fish are also speared through a hole in the ice to which they have been lured by jigging a bait, often a fish head. An ice chisel, consisting of the shovel tine of a caribou antler lashed to a handle, is used to cut the hole in the ice. The modern gill net is now used for winter fishing. In setting these nets a series of holes are cut through the lake ice about 4 feet apart, and the rope carrying the net is run from hole to hole by means of a long stick.

MAKING AND DOING THINGS

Weapons

Bow and arrow

The Chandalar Kutchin used a simple longbow. A guard consisting of a wooden tang about 3 inches long was lashed to the inner side of the bow, and slightly off centre, to take the impact of the string. This distinctive guard-piece was used by most of the Athapaskan tribes of Alaska (McKennan, 1959, p. 52). In shooting, the weapon was grasped in the left hand from the upper side, and held slightly off the horizontal. The Mediterranean arrow release was used with the arrow held between the first and second fingers. Birch was used for making the bow. After the wood had been whittled to size, it was lashed to a form to give it a recurved shape and held near the fire until it was thoroughly browned. It was then taken from the form and polished by rubbing, usually with caribou knee-fat. The string was made from twisted sinew. When hunting, the Chandalar Kutchin carried an extra string in case the first one should get wet and lose its elasticity, or should break.

The Indians are familiar with the sinew-backed bow, whose use they attribute to the Eskimos. Such a bow was made like the simple longbow, but was reinforced along its back with two parallel strands of twisted sinew which were lashed to the bow at 6-inch intervals. My informants said that these bows were rarely used by the Chandalar Kutchin, since the simple longbow, when properly made, was equally efficient.

Arrow shafts were made of spruce. Three feathers were commonly used although exceptionally heavy arrows might have four. Hawk and eagle feathers were preferred, and it was believed that better results were obtained when the feathers of both these birds were used on the same arrow.

Arrowheads were made of both stone and caribou horn, later of iron. The stone arrowheads were pressure-flaked and lanceolate in shape. Those made of horn were longer, and were serrated on only one edge in a fashion common among other Alaskan groups. Iron arrowheads were made in simple, broad-headed form from metal first obtained in trade from the Cook Inlet-Prince William Sound area. All arrowheads were inserted into the shaft and bound in such a way that the shaft would be disengaged and fall free on impact. Whenever possible, both the shafts and the arrowheads were recovered and used again.

Bunt-ended arrowheads of caribou horn, and later of iron, were used for shooting rabbits and birds. A special, two-pronged arrow with twin points of sharpened bone was used for ducks.

Spears and clubs

Thrusting spears, or lances, seem to have been used but rarely. They consisted of a caribou-horn point lashed to a long handle. Special-purpose clubs were made from caribou horn. One form, used largely for combat, had a single

sharp tine projecting from the main antler beam, in the fashion of a single-bladed pick. My informant did not say how these horn clubs were given the weight necessary to make them effective weapons, but they could have been saturated with grease (McKennan, 1959, p. 60). Spears and clubs were chiefly used for killing bears when routed from their dens, and for warfare.

War Weapons

Knives

In addition to the spear and club already described, two forms of knives were used in the hand-to-hand fighting that characterized much of the native warfare. The first was the two-edged dagger with handle terminating in flaring, voluted antennae, a form that was characteristic of Alaskan Athapaskans (McKennan, 1959, p. 58). These knives, called *tlɛθgo*, were originally made of copper which was obtained in trade from the Tanana region. Later they were made of iron, old files often being worked into this distinctive shape. The second form of knife was a unique, double-ended form called *kleθkán*. These were so rare that only a few wealthy warriors could afford them. They are said to have had a prototype made of caribou horn, but were chiefly made of native copper, and later of soft iron. The central handle was of caribou horn or hoof.

Armour

The Chandalar Kutchin did not use armour or shields, nor did their enemies. They say that since war took the form of surprise attacks such protective armour would be of little use. They do say, however, that occasionally a warrior might wear a breastplate, called *ɛkain*, made from the shovel antler of a caribou.

Tools

Adzes and mauls

In former times the Chandalar used the adze rather than the axe. The stone head was long and pick-like, and was grooved for hafting. Both straight and elbow-type wooden hafts were used. In cutting large trees the Indians alternately hacked and burned until the butt was cut through. Although the white man's axe has long since supplanted the stone adze, many stumps in the region have every appearance of having been cut with the older implement.

The Chandalar Kutchin say that they once used a double-ended adze as well. These are said to have resembled a small pick. My oldest informant had never seen such an implement in use, but one informant said he had seen a double-ended adze head which had been found at a depth of 16 feet in a mining shaft on Black River. He described it as being made of a blue-gray, slate-like rock.

Stone mauls were used for driving posts in the construction of fish weirs. The ends of such posts were previously sharpened by burning.

Knives

In addition to the daggers already mentioned as weapons for war, the Chandalar Kutchin formerly made a variety of knives. Of these, the simplest and commonest was a cutting knife made from a caribou rib and kept sharp by a stone hone. Stone knives were also made, both by stone polishing and by pressure flaking. The polished stone form is described as having been made from a glassy, fine-grained rock. Pressure flaking was done by means of a caribou-horn point.

A semilunate knife, similar to the Eskimo *ulu*, is still used, particularly for scraping skins (Pl. 18b). It formerly was made of stone, but now iron is used and a wooden handle or a cushion of rags is fastened along the back.

Drills and awls

Simple drills, or borers, are made by inserting the tooth of a fox, marten, or beaver into a wooden handle. The Chandalar Kutchin also use the bow drill with mouthpiece, but my informants were not sure whether this was an ancient tool with them, or a recent import from the Eskimos.

Sewing was done by means of the bone awl and this tool is still used for this purpose, although it is now supplemented by an eyed needle. The latter is generally a modern steel one purchased at Fort Yukon, but it is sometimes made of bone. Various bones are used for making awls depending on the size desired. Large awls are made from the fibula of caribou or bear, while the penis bone of a marten is favoured for finer work such as embroidery.

The Indians say they have always used a netting needle for making snowshoes. This is simply a thin piece of bone about 4 inches long with a hole drilled in its centre. Now that they have learned to twine fishnets they also make the conventional fisherman's netting needle of wood.

Snowshovels and ice chisels

Snowshovels, consisting of a straight handle and a flat blade, are hewn from single logs.

Ice chisels are made by lashing a piece of caribou horn to a long handle.

Tanning

Tanning skins is one of the tasks of the Chandalar Kutchin women. The inner surface of the skin is first scraped clean with the aid of a single-handed scraper made from a caribou tibia (Pl. 18d). If the skin is to be tanned with the hair off, it is soaked in water and the hair is then removed by means of a two-handed scraper made from a caribou ulna (Pls. 13 and 18c).

The tanning is done by thoroughly soaking the skin in a liquor made from rotted caribou brains. When it is removed from the liquor, a tourniquet is used to twist it dry. The skin is now hung over a horizontal beam and worked over with a scraper. This process of soaking and scraping is repeated as many as five times before a large skin is completely tanned and softened. It is then suspended over a small fire of wood punk, whose smoke gives it a rich, brown colour.

Rabbit-skin Twining

Rabbit-skin twining was also the work of the women. Two different methods were used in producing the long strips of skin. In the first, the fresh rabbit skin was cut into long, narrow strips which were wrapped spirally about small sticks until dry. The second method involved pulling the skin off the rabbit without slitting the abdomen, i.e. "casing" the skin so as to leave it in roughly tubular form. A cut was then made at the head and continued spirally down the tubular skin. When skilfully done, a rabbit skin could be reduced to a single, long strip. In either case, the resulting strip was twined into a blanket by means of the loop technique common to other Alaskan Athapaskans (McKennan, 1959, p. 84).

Cordage

William H. Dall, the explorer-scientist who visited Fort Yukon in 1867, wrote of the Chandalar Kutchin, "They trade with the Innuit of the northern coast, though the barter is often interrupted by hostilities. They are noted for the babíche which they manufacture. They are migratory, few in number, and live by deer-hunting." (Dall, 1870, p. 431).

It is perhaps significant that in this short statement, which so succinctly stresses the traits that distinguish the Chandalar Kutchin from the other Kutchin tribes, their skill in making babiche is emphasized. Babiche is still important in the native technology. The women make babiche by cutting wet rawhide into thin strips the width of which varies with the intended use; namely fine babiche for snowshoe netting, coarse for toboggan lashings. In lashing a joint, the babiche is thoroughly soaked before being used. It shrinks as it dries, thus providing a tight binding. Babiche is twisted into strong lines for use as snares. It is also braided. A flat, braided line now in the Dartmouth College Museum is ½ inch wide and 4⅓ feet in length. It is braided from nine rawhide strands, each about ⅛ inch in width (Pl. 18g).

Split spruce-root is also used for lashing. Since such a binding swells and thus tightens when wet, it is favoured for the lower joints in canoes and boats.

Sinew is twisted into lines for use as bowstrings, sewing splints, and small-game snares.

Utensils

In the days of stone boiling the cooking was done in vessels made of either wood or birch bark. The wooden cooking vessels, called *datcvntia*, were bucket-shaped. They were made of two pieces, a bottom piece and a side piece; the latter was bent around the bottom piece and the joints then sewn together. The birch-bark vessel was also bucket-shaped. When on the hunt, a temporary cooking vessel was sometimes made by digging a hole and lining it with either the skin or the paunch of the freshly killed caribou.

Shallow, birch-bark baskets, really little more than trays, were used for storing berries and pemmican.

Small, wooden bowls were used as eating utensils by the wealthier men, but as a rule simpler plates or bowls were made from birch bark. The skulls of ground squirrels and other small animals were often used as cups.

Large dippers or ladles are still made from the horn of the mountain sheep. In making such a spoon the horn is first boiled to soften it and then cut to shape. While it is still soft, the bowl of the spoon is turned inside out to give it a better angle with the handle.

Children frequently sucked liquid food through a tube made from a swan's wing-bone. These tubes, which were often ornamented with incising, were carried on a string worn around the neck.

Basketry

My older informants were agreed that before their time the Chandalar Kutchin made twined baskets of spruce roots. They were not in agreement, however, as to whether such baskets had been woven tightly enough to be used as cooking vessels. These baskets are said to have been a favourite item of trade with the Eskimos.

Pottery

Pottery, like baskets, ceased to be made by the Chandalar Kutchin before the birth of my oldest informants. They all said, however, that their people had formerly made pottery, although the exact details of its manufacture are obscure. Several informants thought that pottery had been made by coating a basket with clay, both inside and out, drying it near the fire, and then polishing it. One informant stated that a form was made by digging a hole in the ground and then lining it with clay, which was allowed to dry in the sun. Another said that a form was first made of thin stones and this was coated with clay, which was then dried. The clay and rock together constituted the pot, which had to be handled with great care lest it break. The best pottery clay came from a source near the mouth of the Tanana. The Indians there are said to have made pottery, presumably also unfired, of local clay tempered with grass.

Fire

The common method of making fire within the lifetime of my Chandalar informants was by means of flint and pyrites. For tinder they preferred the birch fungus (*Fomes igniarius*) so generally used by Northern Athapaskan groups (McKennan, 1959, p. 69). Two different methods were used to make the fungus more readily inflammable: (1) boiling it and then squeezing it dry; (2) pulverizing it. Flint for making fire, as well as for making knives and arrowheads, was secured from a source near the head of the Junjik River. A site on the Porcupine River, just below the Ramparts, was a favourite source for pyrites. It was attached to a wooden handle for ease in striking. Flint, pyrites, and tinder were carried in a bag of muskrat skin suspended on a cord about the owner's neck.

Previous to their use of flint and pyrites the Chandalar Kutchin made fire by means of the bow drill, and my informants were sure that this was the older method.

Plate 19. Packing a dog, Chandalar Village. (Sophia, wife of Henry John).

Plate 20. Johnny Frank holding a pair of snowshoes.

Plate 21. Caribou-skin parkas. (Peter John and his two daughters, Arctic Village).

Plate 22. Native women at Smoke Creek. (Left, Rachel, wife of Christian, and right, Mary, wife of Elijah Henry.)

On rare occasions the natives preserved and carried fire in a bag filled with wood punk.

Transportation

Packing

In overland travel the Chandalar Kutchin carry their loads by means of the breast strap made of braided babiche. The women, who traditionally do most of the packing, often supplement this with a tumpline fashioned from the leg skin of a caribou. Formerly a carrying net of twined babiche was used in conjunction with the breast strap for bringing in game, but this practice has since been given up. Willows, properly curved to serve as lodge frames, and dried to lighten their weight, used to constitute an important part of the women's load, since camps were often made above timber-line.

Today dogs are pressed into service for packing whenever possible, although the breast strap and tumpline are still in use. Dog packs are made from leg skins of the caribou, sewn together so as to form two connected panniers. These are suspended from the dog's back and lashed firmly to the animal. The task of packing the dogs falls to the women whenever they are present (Pl. 19).

Carrying cradles

Like other Alaskan Athapaskans (McKennan, 1959, p. 89), the Chandalar Kutchin carry their infants in a hod-shaped, carrying cradle made of birch bark. Such a carrying cradle, called *tcilo*, is lined with moss or hair, and the baby is carried in a sitting position. The cradle is usually equipped with a pommel or straddle-piece although this feature is sometimes omitted. When travelling, the child faces the rear and the cradle is carried by means of a breast strap.

In the winter the cradle is dispensed with and the child is carried snuggled-up against the mother's back inside her parka, which is made unusually full for this purpose. A breast strap outside the parka holds the infant secure.

Sleds

Double-ended sleds were originally used for winter travel and were pulled by the women. Toboggans and dog traction have long since replaced the double-ended sled, and the exact details of its construction are unavailable except as revealed in Murray's excellent drawing of a Kutchin winter camp (Murray, 1910, facing p. 85). Apparently such sleds were small and narrow, with the runners lashed to the ends of three sets of wicket-shaped supports. The body slats were lashed to the tops of these and to the turned-up ends of the runners. Except for its double-ended design, this construction is similar to that of the so-called Yukon sled which is used by white trappers throughout Alaska.

Snowshoes

The original Chandalar Kutchin snowshoe had a two-piece frame of birch with rounded toe and tailed heel (Pl. 20). This form, which is typical of Alaskan Athapaskans (McKennan, 1959, p. 90), is still popular, but in late years it has been supplemented by a two-piece, pointed-toe form which the Indians quite rightly term a "Canadian snowshoe". As Osgood (1936b, pp. 77–82) has already described the manufacture of the Chandalar Kutchin snowshoe in all its details, it is unnecessary to repeat these here.

Dogs

Although other Kutchin tribes apparently used the dog as a pack animal in aboriginal times (Osgood, 1936b, p. 64), my Chandalar Kutchin informants were not in complete agreement on this point, some stating that their people, too, had always used the dog for packing, while others thought this practice was recent. They all agreed, however, that in an earlier day dogs were very scarce and were not used for pulling sleds. The few dogs they possessed were said to have resembled the white fox in both size and colour. They were sometimes used in connection with hunting to run down wounded animals. Although dogs were not eaten by the Chandalar Kutchin, they did not hold the animal in any particular reverence or taboo its killing, as is the case among many Northern Athapaskans (McKennan, 1959, p. 162).

Water transport

In aboriginal times the raft was the only method of water travel used by the Chandalar Kutchin. This is not surprising since much of their life was spent hunting in the piedmont and the mountains, and water craft were needed only for crossing rivers. The rafts used for this purpose were pointed both fore and aft and consisted of several logs which were lashed together with willow withes.

Skin boats (Pl. 17), which are now used for this same purpose, are said to have come in with the Hudson's Bay Company. The one that Elijah Henry built at Arctic Village to take me down the river was 16 feet in length, 46 inches in width, and 13 inches high at mid-point. The keel, forepost, sternpost, gunnels, and four thwarts were made of spruce. The eight sets of ribs were made of willow. Lashings which might become wet were of split spruce-root; all others were of babiche. Six caribou skins were sewn together and stretched together tightly over the frame. Seams were kept waterproof by daily applications of marrow grease. Since the skins easily become water-logged, such a craft must be taken from the water and dried carefully each night. On the other hand, since the skin covering is stretched on so tightly, it must not be allowed to become too dry lest the seams split. Broomstick paddles of hewn spruce are used to propel skin boats.

Canoes (Pl. 17), likewise, are not native to the Chandalar, nor are they much used today. The few that I saw showed the same light and narrow construction used by other Alaskan Athapaskans (McKennan, 1959, pp. 92–3), with decking over the fore-end only. The paddle is of the broomstick type.

House Types

Today the Chandalar Kutchin have two types of shelter, both of which are of European origin: namely, log cabins for semi-permanent living, and canvas tents. In aboriginal times their dwellings showed more variety and included domed, skin-covered lodges of both winter and summer types, conical lodges or teepees, gabled, moss-covered houses, and both single and double lean-tos.

The frame of the domed lodge consisted of a number of willow poles which had been bent and dried so as to have a permanent curve. These arc-shaped poles rested against two parallel crosspieces carried on scissor supports so as to

Plate 23. Moccasins with porcupine quill decoration from Chandalar Village.

Plate 24. Beaded mittens from Arctic Village.

Plate 25. Graves with grave poles at Arctic Village.

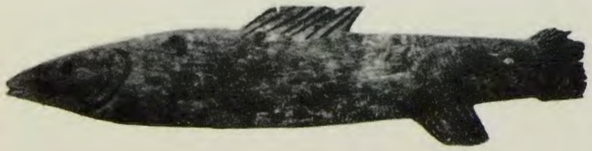

Plate 26. Carved wooden fish from an old grave pole at Arctic Village.

form a semi-spherical frame. A covering, consisting of a number of caribou skins sewn together, was then stretched over this frame. For the winter lodge the covering consisted of tanned skins with the hair on the inside. Skins of animals killed in winter pelage, when the hair was heavy, were preferred for these lodge covers. Lighter skins were used for the summer lodge, often with the hair removed. A skin, suspended over the single entrance, served as a door. The two crosspieces which supported the curved lodge-poles served also as racks for hanging clothing and other articles. Snow was banked high about the sides of the winter lodge and it was heated by a central fire. Smoke escaped through a hole in the centre of the dome, and to ensure a draft a small opening was made in the wall opposite the doorway. No fire was used in the summer lodge and consequently it had no smoke hole. Domed lodges were often decorated on the outside by having the seams outlined in red ochre and in addition two parallel lines might be painted in red ochre around the entire lodge covering. The inside of the lodge was sometimes decorated by suspending eagle feathers from the framework. My informants all agreed that these lodges were the property of the women.

Two families usually inhabited such a domed lodge. Often the second family consisted of a married daughter and her husband, who remained with the girl's parents until her children were sufficiently numerous to require a dwelling of her own. Sometimes the second family was that of a man's partner or *sitcá*.

Conical, skin-covered teepees were also used as a temporary shelter, particularly in the summer when on the trail. The foundation was made of three poles, one of the poles having a crotch at its end. Often the skin cover of such a temporary shelter was the same one used for the domed lodge but with the hair side turned out.

A semi-permanent house was also constructed of poles stuck in the ground. This house was rectangular and had a gabled roof consisting of a ridge-pole with lashed rafters over which sod was laid. These dwellings had a smoke hole and also a small hole in one corner to supply a draft. They were inhabited by two families.

Both single and double types of lean-tos were much used, particularly by families who did not possess sufficient caribou skins to cover a skin lodge. Lean-tos were sometimes covered with skins, but they were more often covered with moss and sod. Double lean-tos were formed by building two lean-tos facing each other, a single fire sufficing for both. The moss-covered, double lean-to is described as being more circular than rectangular in floor plan. The frame consisted of poles of varying lengths resting against two parallel crosspieces supported on crotched sticks. The frame was then chinked with moss and covered with earth or sod. A single fire served the two families, the smoke escaping through the opening between the two crosspieces. One of the openings between the two lean-tos was closed in, while the other served as an entrance. As I have previously indicated (McKennan, 1959, p. 75), both the structure and form of such a double lean-to suggests that it may well have been the precursor of the domed Kutchin lodge.

When the occasion requires it, the Chandalar Kutchin still build overnight shelters of snow. Snow is heaped up in a large mound and in the intense cold it will quickly harden enough to allow its being hollowed out in the form of

a crude shelter. Such snow houses are used as shelters when fishing through the ice.

Special huts

Special huts called *tsɛtci* were formerly built for girls at puberty. These are described as being small and either domed or conical in shape. Unlike some of the other Kutchin tribes (Osgood, 1936b, pp. 52, 55), the Chandalar Kutchin did not use sweathouses although they occasionally induced sweating for medical reasons (cf. Sickness and medicine, p. 71).

Clothing

The original costume of Chandalar Kutchin men and women consisted basically of a long pull-over shirt and moccasin-trousers, i.e. trousers with attached footgear. In addition to these basic items both mittens and caps were worn when the situation required them; or, instead of a cap, a hood might be attached to the shirt, thereby making it a parka. As is the case among other Northern Athapaskan groups (Osgood, 1936b, p. 46; McKennan, 1959, p. 80), precise details of aboriginal Chandalar clothing are next to impossible to secure because changes took place so quickly after the coming of the white man.

Shirts and parkas

The summer shirt was made of caribou skin, tanned with the hair removed. It was of poncho, or slip-over, type and was belted at the waist. The man's shirt was tailed both front and back. The woman's shirt was somewhat longer. It was square cut rather than tailed, but was longer in back than in front. The shirts of both sexes were fringed along the bottom and these fringes were often wound with porcupine quills for additional decoration. The tough sinews from muskrat tails were similarly wound with porcupine quills and shirts were further decorated with strings of this fringe around the neck, across the shoulders, and around the sleeves. Beads were later used for decoration in place of quilled fringes, and a decorative line of beads often ran down the front and back of the shirts.

The winter shirts were essentially the same as to cut, decoration, and sex differentiation except that they were made of skins tanned with the hair left on. They were worn with the hair on the inner side. Generally they were made of caribou skin, but the skins of ground squirrels and other animals were sometimes used. Parkas were also made of twined rabbit skin, but this form was more common among the Yukon Flats (Kutcha) Kutchin, who often lacked caribou skin. Usually a hood was attached to the winter shirt, thus making it a parka. Such hoods were often made from the cape and scalp of a caribou, which gave them a natural bonnet-shape without the need for additional tailoring. Mothers' parkas were cut large about the shoulders to permit them to carry their infants underneath. The sleeves of children's parkas were often closed at the bottom, but with a small slit left open in the side, which permitted the child to extend or withdraw his hands at will.

Caribou-skin parkas are still used on the trail in winter, but they are now worn with the hair to the outside (Pl. 21). The few that I saw during my

summer travels were square cut for both men and women. They were decorated with fringes at each shoulder, and with rows of beads along the bottom. On each side of the neck a gore of white sheepskin extended down the chest. This decorative feature probably reflects Eskimo influence.

Moccasin-trousers

Moccasin-trousers were worn by both men and women. The winter form differed from that worn in the summer only in the fact that the hair was left on the skins. As was the case with the winter parka, these garments were worn with the hair on the inner side. Moccasin-trousers are no longer made except as a winter garment for children. A pair of such moccasin-trousers now in the Dartmouth College Museum is made entirely of mountain sheepskin with the hair turned inside (Pl. 18e). The leg seams are on the inside and are coloured with red ochre, as is the seam around the flat sole. The seams of the V-shaped insert over the instep are likewise outlined in red ochre, as is the line of the tightening string which runs around the ankle. Further decoration is provided by a line of beads down the front of each leg and around each knee. As I have previously suggested, this particular form of footgear apparently represents an adaptation of the Eskimo type of inner-boot or stocking to the requirements of a snowshoe-using people (McKennan, 1959, pp. 81–2).

Headgear

The common form of headgear for both men and women was the two-piece cap or bonnet with seam along the crown and a tie under the chin. It was generally made of caribou skin and, like the shirt, it was made in two styles: a summer form of skin tanned with the hair removed, and a winter form with the hair left on and worn on the inside. Both summer and winter types were fringed along the margins. Although they resembled the parka hood in general shape, they were of different construction, since the latter was made in one piece. A winter cap of similar shape was sometimes made of twined rabbit skin.

In addition to the two-piece cap just described the men sometimes wore a one-piece cap. This was little more than a fillet made from a single narrow skin such as that of a marten, which was worn over the crown of the head and tied under the chin. Sometimes a second such fillet was worn, overlapping the first, and tied under the large queue which was a feature of the male hairdressing.

None of these types of headgear is made today.

Mittens

Mittens, suspended from a cord around the neck, are a traditional part of the winter costume. The mitten that the Chandalar Kutchin now use is a short, gauntlet type, with separate front and back pieces (Pl. 24). The palm is of one piece, but instead of an excision being made for the insertion of a separate thumb, a flap is cut from the palm and folded back, thus making the inside of the thumb of one piece with the palm. The outside of the thumb consists of a separate piece of leather, which is sewed to the flap which constitutes the inside thumb-piece and inserted in the hole left in the palm by the folding back of the inner thumb-piece. Such mittens are now made of tanned moose-hide and lined with pieces of woollen blanket. In earlier times rabbit-skin

duffel presumably was used for a lining. The cuffs and backs of modern mittens are profusely decorated with beadwork in floral designs.

Footwear

Although the moccasin-trouser was the original Chandalar Kutchin footgear, moccasins are now generally worn both summer and winter. These are made in a three-piece style with toe seam and consist of a wrap-around upper, a single foot piece with toe seam and T-shaped heel seam, and a U-shaped insert for the tongue which is often highly decorated with either porcupine quills or beads (Pl. 23). The Indians say that they have only adopted this moccasin form in recent times and that it came to them from the Mackenzie River region.

In addition to this three-piece moccasin, the Indians also use a soft-soled version of the Eskimo sandal-boot with sole strings when on the trail in winter. They are quite sure that this boot is a recent importation from their Eskimo neighbours.

Moosehide is now favoured for footgear, because it is tougher than caribou hide, but the skins of both animals are used.

Sleeping robes

Caribou skins and twined rabbit-skin robes still serve as sleeping robes, although they are supplemented by the white man's woollen blankets. In an earlier day the Indians frequently wore their heaviest winter clothing to bed in cold weather.

Personal Adornment

Both men and women allowed their hair to grow long. That of the men was bound together in a single, thick queue hanging down the back. A mixture of grease, spruce gum, and red ochre was worked into this queue, and it was then sprinkled liberally with either the down of waterfowl or cut-up eagle feathers. These long queues were much prized by their owners, who sometimes purchased additional hair to add to their own. Cutting off a man's queue was regarded as a deadly insult.

Women likewise wore their hair in a queue or pony tail, but in addition wore a braid or queue at each temple.

Combs were made from the horns of caribou and mountain sheep.

No effort was made to remove any facial hair, axillary hair, or pubic hair.

In former times a bone awl was used to pierce the nasal septum of both men and women, and several of my older informants had pierced noses. An ornament of dentalium shells was worn in the nose (Jones, 1867, p. 321).

Among the Chandalar Kutchin both sexes had their ears pierced for the wearing of ornaments. Although Murray's drawings of the Yukon Flats (Kutcha) Kutchin show a series of three holes along the lobe and helix (Murray, 1910, facing pp. 89, 90), the several Indians of both sexes that I observed had only two perforations in each ear.

Tattooing was confined to the women and was limited to a few lines on the face. The only case I observed consisted of a single vertical line on the chin, but I was told that formerly a number of vertical lines were used, extending to

the corners of the mouth. Tattooing was done with an awl and thread. A passage was made underneath the skin by means of either a porcupine quill or bone awl, and a sinew saturated with black pigment was then pushed through. The pigment was obtained by grinding up charcoal, or a certain, soft black rock which I was unable to identify.

Face painting was the privilege of the men. Red ochre was used for pigment and the patterns were quite simple, such as painting only one side of the face or tracing a single line from the forehead down the bridge of the nose.

Circumcision was unknown. On festive occasions the men wore a penis sheath. The sheath worn in winter was made of fur, and the summer form was of leather.

Decorative Art

In aboriginal times the Indians apparently expended little time or effort on decorating anything other than their persons. Their simple, decorative art has already been mentioned in connection with the various aspects of their technology. This decoration consisted for the most part of a few lines painted with red ochre upon baskets, clothing, and dwellings, or incised upon their bone tools. The porcupine quill decorations sometimes used on their garments involved a rather more elaborate technique since the quills were first dyed and then flattened and either wrapped about sinews to make decorative fringes, or embroidered into narrow bands using varicoloured checkerboard and twill patterns.

Porcupine quills were dyed in several colours by being steeped in various vegetable decoctions, namely, red from the high-bush cranberry; pink from the bilberry; blue from the rotten wood of willow; yellow from an unidentified leaf.

Modern decoration

Although some use is still made of porcupine quill embroidery, modern analine dyes are now used to colour the quills. For the most part modern decorative art uses the small, many-coloured glass beads which are obtained from the traders. Moccasins, mittens, straps for carrying infants, and cartridge bags, are usually elaborately decorated with bead embroidery. Floral designs, ranging from two petals to six, are employed, and frequently this bead work is done on a background of black velvet. Mitten strings, carrying straps, and even dog harnesses are often embellished with tassels of brightly coloured, woollen yarns.

This modern artistic tradition contrasts sharply with the aboriginal one, not only as to the media used but also as to the designs, and the time and effort expended on them.

Recreation

Music

Music, like decorative art, was little developed among the Chandalar Kutchin, and consisted almost entirely of singing. Time was kept by beating two sticks together. These so-called "slap sticks", which were simply thin

strips of wood about 1½ feet long and 3 inches wide, were the Indians' only musical instrument in aboriginal times. They did make whistles out of willows in the spring for the children as toys. They were made by slipping the bark off a willow stick, shaping the core, and then replacing the bark cover in the fashion known to generations of American youngsters.

Dancing

Dancing was likewise simple in earlier times. Neither the Cossack-like dance pictured by Murray (1910, facing p. 87) for the Yukon Flats (Kutcha) Kutchin nor the animal dances described by Mason (1924, pp. 69–70) were originally performed by the Chandalar Kutchin, although they now know these dances. They say that these forms originated with the Han and thence spread to the Yukon Flats Kutchin from whom the Chandalar Kutchin got them. Their own aboriginal dances were performed standing erect, and were accompanied by songs with the time beaten out by slap sticks. I was unable to obtain any details as to the form of these aboriginal dances except that they varied with the particular songs used. Sometimes the dancers wore small, tin thimbles fringed with leather upon their fingers. Before the coming of metal these dance regalia, called *jutsúl*, were made of caribou horn.

Sports and games

In the old days the Chandalar Kutchin devoted much of their leisure time to playing games. The men in particular enjoyed games and sports that featured physical skills like running and jumping which would also stand them in good stead in hunting and warfare. High jumping was and is a popular sport among the boys and young men. A crossbar is placed on two uprights and the young men take turns running and jumping over it, using the "scissors" technique of clearing the bar. Nowadays they also enjoy pole vaulting, but this is a recent development. Another ancient sport involved driving a row of upright posts about four feet apart into a river bed. The young men would then attempt to cross the river by jumping nimbly from post to post. Wrestling was also popular among both men and women. Sometimes the men would hold what amounted to an elimination contest, with the wrestler who defeated all challengers being declared the champion. No wagers accompanied wrestling, nor was it a means for obtaining wives.

Rawhide ropes were used in a number of sports. In one such sport a long line was stretched loosely between two trees. An Indian would then try to maintain his seat firmly astraddle this line, while his friends swung it violently from side to side by means of two ropes attached to it. This was said to require great skill. A jumping sport was practised at festivals. For this a caribou skin was folded over and then folded again until it made a leather platform, just large enough for a man to stand on. Rawhide lines were attached to each corner of the skin, and then run out tautly and made fast to the tops of four trees. The resulting contrivance was not unlike a modern trampoline. In using it the performer jumped and bounced on and off the small, leather platform, striving all the while to keep his balance and land on the small target. If he missed, the onlookers attempted to catch him in the air so he would not get hurt, and another performer then took his place. In another popular jumping

sport, which is still practised, one man keeps jumping as long as possible over a rope which is swung rapidly by two of his fellows.

In a variant of the well-known, hoop-and-pole game, a willow hoop about 2 feet in diameter was rolled along the ground while the young people chased it, or attempted to shoot arrows or throw sticks through it. In a somewhat related version of this sport, called *nehilvk*, one willow hoop would be placed inside another, and the two lashed together at right angles so as to form an open globe. This would be thrown into the current of a stream and the boys would attempt to catch it by throwing out wooden hooks attached to hand-lines. Such play was believed to develop a boy's agility.

Another popular pastime used a ball made of caribou skin stuffed with hair. This was kept in the air by being batted with the hands. Sometimes the ball was kicked as well, but unlike some Alaskan Athapaskans (McKennan, 1959, p. 101) the Chandalar Kutchin made no use of rackets in connection with their ball game. Any number of people could participate in ball games since there were no rules, teams, or scores. My informants could not supply the details for another type of game in which a stick was used in place of a ball and teams of two men played against each other.

Much merriment accompanied a game called *zvndilvk*, or Caribou Eyes. To play this the group clasped hands and formed a circle around a player in the centre who was "it". He in turn would place his hands on each of the group and ask who he was. The answer was always the name of an animal. The central player then would try to break out of the circle by stepping on the toes of his captors, who would jump nimbly about to avoid this. If the player succeeded in breaking free the group would pursue him amidst shouting and laughter.

The Chandalar Kutchin played several types of guessing games, but as far as I could ascertain these did not involve gambling. Perhaps this absence of associated wagers which are so common among other Athapaskan groups (McKennan, 1959, p. 101) reflects the mission influence. The guessing game most commonly played is the well-known hand game in which one player shuffles a single, small stick from hand to hand, and then, extending his two clenched hands, asks the others to guess which one contains the stick. Details are lacking for another form of hand game in which no stick is used but, instead, the player rapidly passes his open palms past each other with a slicing motion. In still another guessing game the participants squat in a circle around one Indian in the centre. They sway to the accompaniment of a song while they rapidly pass a mitten back and forth between their semi-flexed legs. The central player has the task of locating the moving mitten.

The skull-and-pin game is still played. The skull of a small animal such as a squirrel or rabbit is attached to a small, bone pin by a short length of sinew. The player tosses the skull into the air and attempts to impale it on the bone pin by means of one of the natural openings such as an eye socket or a zygomatic arch.

The Indians amuse themselves in their leisure moments by making string figures, of which they know an exceedingly wide variety. They also have many string tricks.

Probably the most popular leisure-time activity is story-telling, and this is reflected in the richness and variety of their folklore (cf. Mythology, p. 89).

The Indians say that in the old days whenever two men met, who did not normally see much of each other, it was customary for them to engage in a story-telling contest, particularly if they were members of different clans. The man who could tell the most stories was declared the winner, and presents were then exchanged between the contestants.

Toys

Small boys get much pleasure today from using pea shooters and compression guns, and my oldest informants said that they too had used these toys when they were youngsters. The pea shooter (*kaisha*) is simply a tube of willow bark about a foot long, and either berries or small bits of wood are used as pellets. The compression gun (*kaisha dɪnqɛ*) consists of a similar tube of bark. A bit of chewed spruce gum is thrust into one end to serve as wadding, followed by a pellet. When the round stick which serves as piston is thrust rapidly into the other end of the tube, the pellet is suddenly expelled from it.

As is the case among other Alaskan Athapaskans (McKennan, 1959, p. 102), males of all ages get much fun out of seeing who can throw a pebble the farthest by means of a snapping stick. These sling sticks, or snappers, are thin, flat sticks about 2 feet in length. One end is held firmly while the other end is bent backward as far as possible. When this tension is suddenly released the spring of the stick drives the pellet a surprisingly long distance, and the Indians maintain that in the old days a strong and skilful man could drive a pebble more than 100 yards with such an implement.

Bull roarers are also a popular plaything for both children and adults. Those I saw were notched along both edges and were blackened with charcoal.

SOCIAL RELATIONS

Social Groupings

The important social units of the Chandalar Kutchin are the tribe, band, and family. Some aspects of the tribe and band have already been discussed in earlier sections of this monograph (cf. Tribe or band, Bands, pp. 14, 19). Although a marked feeling of tribal unity exists and all members are known to each other through periodic meetings and intermarriages, the modern Chandalar Kutchin do not come together as a group. The closest approximation to a tribal gathering takes place during the Christmas season when most of the adult males make the long, sledge journey to Fort Yukon to trade their furs and participate in the holiday festivities held there. Exact information is lacking regarding the situation in an earlier day. One gets the impression, however, that, although the Indians were formerly more nomadic than now, they occasionally met as a tribal group for purposes of festivals, trade, and war (cf. War legends, p. 67).

Today the band is the largest unit of social interaction. Although the band, composed of one or more extended families, is the common unit of social organization among most hunting and food collecting peoples, I am inclined to think that this social unit has become increasingly important among the Chandalar Kutchin in recent times due to a number of factors. These would include the development of the fur trade and the consequent importance of the fixed trap-line, the substitution of the white man's log cabin for the more mobile winter-lodge, and the increased importance of fishing as a result of the introduction of the fish net. While membership in the various Chandalar Kutchin bands is often transitory, the bands' subsistence activities have tended to become more and more confined to the areas near their semi-permanent villages.

The Family and Family Life

The nuclear family has always constituted the basic social unit. It was, and still is, a relatively permanent institution since divorce is rare. Aboriginal dwellings were normally of the two-family type and it was customary for a newly married daughter to occupy the other half of the lodge until her own family increased to a size that required a separate lodge. In such cases the young people usually remained near the wife's parents, particularly if her father were a strong skilful hunter (*ɦaclí*) or a wealthy man (*ɦaqóιε*). As a result the band consisted of one or more extended families, each comprising several generations. Genealogical analysis of the membership of the three modern bands demonstrates that this is still the case (cf. Bands, p. 19).

Division of labour and status of women

Division of labour is based on sex. The men do the hunting and trapping, make the tools and weapons, and drive the dog teams. The women prepare

game and fish for storage or cooking, gather vegetable foods, cook, tan the skins, sew, pack the dogs, carry the larger burdens when on the trail, and care for the children. Both sexes tend the fish nets.

This allocation of the more strenuous and exciting roles to the men tends to make the female role appear more inferior than it actually is. Like that of most hunting peoples, Chandalar Kutchin society is male-centred since, in the final analysis, it is the man who provides the food. It is not completely dominated by the male, however, and it should be noted that the women own property in their own right including not only their tools but the dwelling itself. Moreover, the predominantly matrilocal nature of marriage helps to preserve a certain balance in the relative status of the two sexes.

Although marriages are based on utilitarian considerations rather than romantic love, it is my purely subjective impression that among the older couples, at least, a very real affection develops between husband and wife based on interdependence and mutual respect.

Training of children

The Chandalar Kutchin value children and the birth rate is high. Four of my Arctic Village informants, for instance, had fathered thirteen, twelve, eleven, and seven children respectively, although due to the high rate of infant mortality nearly one-half of these had died. If a man had only a few children, he often adopted the child of a friend or relative who had many. Thus Elijah Henry, who had fathered twelve, had given a baby boy to Christian, who brought up the child as his own son. In former times it was customary to kill the first child by abandoning it to the elements since it was believed one's first-born would grow up to be lazy and undesirable, but this practice has long since been given up.

Although I made only limited enquiries as to child-training practices, as far as I could observe these are quite permissive. Children are never punished physically, a few words of reprimand being considered sufficient. Weaning and toilet training are similarly permissive. A girl learns her female role by helping her mother with the camp tasks. A boy similarly learns the male role from his father. This learning by imitation is supplemented by toys and games, precepts, and listening to stories of a moral nature.

The Indians say that in former days children were tended very carefully. Boys particularly were encouraged to play games that involved running, jumping, shooting, and dodging arrows. They were discouraged from undue eating, drinking, or sleeping and were forbidden to eat the young of animals, watery foods such as berries, or to drink hot water. As they approached the age of puberty, boys and girls were not allowed to play together and association of the two sexes was held to the minimum.

At about the age of puberty the boys were separated from their families and placed in charge of an older man, ideally the band's best hunter and warrior. He directed the group's games and activities, stressing those that emphasized hunting skills and warlike agility. This rigorous training persisted for some months. My informant likened it to the white man's school and said that this was why the Chandalar Kutchin were such feared warriors.

Moral tales

Moral tales or fables are considered a particularly effective way of teaching proper behaviour. The inclusion here of a few such stories will indicate their didactic flavour.

The two following bear the age-old maxim that appearances can be deceiving:

Nahatzik, the Rich Man in Disguise

A man called Nahatzik ("Face blackened with pitch") once came up the Yukon from Steven's Village together with his two wives. He settled among the Yukon Flats (Kutcha) Kutchin who made fun of him, since they thought he was poor. Actually he was rich, but he had hidden his wealth in his sled. The people moved on to Old Crow, and since Nahatzik was considered of little importance he was forced to travel in the rear. One young man objected, saying that he thought the stranger was really a rich man, but the people paid no attention. Because Nahatzik wore old clothes and was constantly picking up discarded equipment, the people considered him a person of no importance.

One day when there was no food in camp, Nahatzik went out hunting. In the meantime the main camp moved on without waiting for him. He killed many caribou. When he finally overtook the band again, he built a large fire and started to cook the meat. His hungry neighbours crowded about him, holding out their arrows so that he could put meat on them, but he ignored them all except the young man who had befriended him. He gave this man a large piece of meat and asked him to take some to his father. When the young man brought the meat to the father, the latter said, "You were right. I think that stranger must be a chief."

The entire camp now realized that Nahatzik was really an important man. That is why today people never make fun of a poor man.

(John Leviti)

The Poor Boy Who Became Rich

Once a large group of young men and women were gathered together. All the boys removed their trousers and put them in one pile. Then they went hunting barelegged. When the boys had gone, the girls formed a circle about the pile of trousers. At a given signal the girls rushed for the pile and each grabbed a pair of trousers. One pair was very ragged, and no one wanted them, so they finally fell to the lot of an old woman.

When the young men returned, a small boy told each man which girl had secured his trousers. The man then went to the tent of that girl and took her for his wife. The poor boy who had owned the ragged trousers had to be satisfied with the old woman for his wife. All the girls had thought that anyone who wore such ragged clothes would make a poor husband, but this boy eventually became the richest man of the group.

(John Leviti)

The following story emphasizes the value of parental selection of a wife:

The Shrewd Father

A young man was living with his father, who was a chief. The young man wished to marry, but he dared not do so without his father's consent. One day he said to the older man, "My father, I should like to get married."

The father, who was lying down in his domed skin lodge, jumped to his feet at these words and said, "You don't have enough caribou skins to make even the door of a lodge."

The young man said no more. The next morning the father arose before daylight while the son still lay in bed. "You say you wish to be married and yet you lie in bed", said the older man.

At this the boy got up. In company with his father he went through the camp, passing the lodges of many attractive girls. Finally they came to a tent on the edge of the camp where an old woman lived with her ragged daughter. Turning to his son the father said, "Here is a wife for you."

Although the boy was greatly disappointed at his father's choice, he did not dare dispute it. The father knew, however, that the old woman had been a good wife, and he thought that her daughter would probably be the same. The boy married the ragged girl and for a long time they lived with her mother, who taught them both many useful things. The girl proved to be a fine wife, and eventually the boy became a chief. The father had made a shrewd choice indeed. That is why today young men follow the advice of their fathers when selecting a wife.

(John Leviti)

And finally, the value of perseverance and hard work finds expression in this fable:

THE TEST FOR SUITORS

An old man had two attractive daughters and many men had sought them for wives. The old man used to gather sticks of knotted and twisted timber from which he made stools, and a number of these crooked sticks were always drying by the fire. Whenever a young man came to court the daughters, the father would put him to work whittling on these sticks. Since this was a long and tiresome job, the young men would always give up in disgust.

One day an ordinary appearing youth from an unimportant family came to seek the girls. The father put him to work on the sticks. Unlike the others the young man persisted until he had worked every stick smooth. When the young man got up to go, the father said, "My boy, you are not going to leave my camp. Instead you are going to stay here and have my daughters for your wives."

Then the young man realized that he alone among all the suitors had won the girls.

(Elijah John)

Old age

Old people customarily enjoy high status among the Chandalar Kutchin because their long experience is believed to give them superior wisdom. Under the harsh conditions that accompanied a nomadic existence in a subarctic environment there came times when the old people could not keep up with the group on the trail. On such occasions they are said to have asked their companions to kill them, persisting in this request until it was complied with. This was done by putting a half hitch in a line around the old person's neck, and a man then pulled on each end until strangling resulted. Sometimes an old person hanged himself by putting a noose around his neck and jumping from a tree.

Hospitality

Hospitality is exchanged freely among the various families comprising a band. When food is plentiful, one household or another is apt to be cooking at almost any hour of the day so that individuals are able to pass from the hospitality of one campfire to that of another.

Individuals, particularly the men, like to make visits to other bands. On these occasions they can count on a hospitable reception at the lodge of either a relative or a fellow clansman. In an earlier day presents were also given to such visitors, and some vestiges of this custom still persist. Thus I was given presents of food or beaded clothing at the many camps I visited.

Daily life

In the old, domed lodges the wife slept next to the door, her head to the wall and feet to the central fire. The husband slept beyond her. If there were additional wives, they slept on the far side of the husband. Today the people sleep in the rear of their tents and cabins, with heads to the back wall.

After eating the natives customarily pick their teeth, using a splinter or porcupine quill for this purpose.

When de-lousing themselves the Indians crack the lice between their teeth. They do not eat them, but they say the latter practice is customary among their Eskimo neighbours.

Following defecation they clean themselves with a small piece of wood used as a scraper.

They make a sign of contempt by first doubling the fist with the thumb protruding between the first and second fingers, then suddenly unclenching the fist and extending all the fingers. This gesture was said to have been a sure method of arousing anger in the old days.

The Chandalar Kutchin seem to have only one oath, but they use it frequently. This is a phrase *na' ɪntcá*, which means "Brushman's excrement" (cf. Supernatural beings, p. 77).

Sex

Reliable data regarding sexual practices are difficult to come by in any society as the critics of Alfred Kinsey's studies have made clear, and my information for the Chandalar Kutchin is both fragmentary and based largely on the statements of one informant.

Sexual intercourse between husband and wife is said to take place at least once every night, sometimes more frequently. The side position is generally used, although the "husband superior" method is occasionally practised.

I have no reliable information regarding premarital promiscuity other than the fact that female virginity does not constitute an important consideration in marriage. I listened to enough gossip about adultery to satisfy me that it does occur, but I ran across no verifiable instance of it. White residents at Fort Yukon, including both trappers and missionaries, spoke of the easy virtue of Kutchin women. There unquestionably has been considerable promiscuity at the trading settlement, exacerbated, no doubt, by the presence of unattached white men and the availability of liquor. I am inclined to think that there is less promiscuity among the Chandalar Kutchin bands, if only for the reason that the smallness of the group combined with the incest taboo severely limits the opportunity for clandestine sex relations. Erotic incidents feature many of their folk tales, but in my contacts with the Chandalar Kutchin in the field I did not get the impression that sex played any greater part in their lives than in our own. My informants specifically denied that their peoples had ever practised sexual hospitality, although they were familiar with this practice among the Eskimos. They said also that rape and similar sexual offences were unknown in the old days and had come to their people in recent times from the Crow River Kutchin.

Masturbation was also said to have been virtually nonexistent in former times although it is now practised by both sexes.

Pederasty is known, but is uncommon. Lesbianism is said to be more common. Bestiality with bitches is sometimes practised.

In spite of the strong taboo against incest, there apparently have been cases where a man had intercourse with his daughter or his sister. This charge, at least, was made by several of my informants. It should be noted, however, that in each instance the alleged culprit was either my informant's chief rival or a

member of another clan. Some years ago a Chandalar Kutchin was committed to the mental institution at Morningside, Oregon, on the charge of incest.

Marriage

Marriages as a rule were arranged by the parents and girls were sometimes betrothed at birth. Although marriages based on individual choice did occur, they were not believed to be as successful as those arranged by the parents.

According to my oldest informant marriage followed a sequence of actions approximating a ritual. The match having been decided upon by the parents, the young man placed a bit of moss on the end of a stick and thrust it in the door of the girl's lodge. He might have to wait several years until she attained puberty. During this period he made frequent gifts of meat to her parents. Once she came of age, he moved into her parents' lodge but still did not sleep with her. He would give any game he killed to the mother, who would cook it for the family. When the father served it, he would give a portion to the man who in turn would give some to the girl. The girl also might make moccasins for the man. Eventually she would make an elaborately decorated shirt for him. Instead of giving it to him directly she would give it to her mother, who would present it to the young man, saying, "If you don't like this shirt, you may return it."

The shirt was turned inside out, so not until the young man examined it did he realize how carefully it had been made. If he accepted the shirt, the mother turned to the daughter and directed her to take her place next to her future husband. The young people still slept apart for some days more, however, before the marriage was finally consummated. They continued to live with the bride's parents for some months or even years. During this period the mother instructed the girl in her wifely duties by means of such homilies as telling her to get up early and cook for her husband so he could get an early start for hunting.

The foregoing sequence no doubt represents the ancient Chandalar Kutchin ideal rather than their actual behaviour. Indeed the old man who gave me this description had a somewhat different experience himself. He was living in the vicinity of the present Arctic Village, and made a trading journey to the Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Yukon. When he returned to his lodge, he found that a young woman had moved into it so he took her for his wife.

It was common for successful hunters and important men to have several wives. The first wife enjoyed superior status, with the secondary wives definitely subservient to her. Sororal polygyny occasionally took place, but it was not considered desirable. Cross-cousin marriages occasionally took place, although such marriages were frowned upon and terminologically all cousins were classed as siblings (cf. Kinship terminology, p. 62). Polyandry was not practised by the Chandalar Kutchin. The one instance of it recorded in their folklore is said to have occurred among the Dihai Kutchin (cf. Legends, p. 153). Strong men often seized the wives of others. If the aggressor was a chief or important man, the aggrieved husband accepted his loss in silence. Sometimes a payment was made to him. When the two men were nearly equal in strength, a fight usually followed wife seizure, often resulting in death or in war.

Divorce was permitted to the man but not to the woman. It rarely occurred, however, and when it did take place is usually involved only the secondary wife.

When a man died, his brother was expected to marry the widow (cf. Death, p. 60). If he chose not to do so, he might arrange for her marriage to some friend, or the leaders of the band might arrange for her remarriage.

Because of the influence of the Mission at Fort Yukon the old Chandalar Kutchin marriage practices have been largely replaced by Christian ones. A tendency toward matrilocal residence still persists, as an analysis of the family organization of the bands makes clear (cf. Bands, p. 19). A number of Kutchin from other tribes have married into the Chandalar Kutchin. I suspect that such intermarriages have increased in recent years, although some definitely took place in the pre-white era. Interestingly enough there is no record of intermarriage with the Eskimos although the two groups have long been in contact with each other.

Life Cycle

Birth

A Chandalar Kutchin woman assumes a kneeling position for childbirth, supporting herself by grasping a horizontal bar which is lashed to two upright supports. Two women, who are selected simply on the basis of experience or availability, serve as midwives. One stands behind the expectant mother and assists by massaging her abdomen and kneading the small of her back. The other takes a position in front and, placing her hands in the mother's armpits, exerts upward pressure. No parturifacients are used, but in former times a shaman was called to assist in difficult births by singing magic songs. The baby is received on a caribou skin or in a shallow pit lined with moss.

Two ligatures of sinew are made around the umbilical cord about 4 inches from the navel and the cord is then cut between these bindings. In an earlier day an older woman of the mother's clan had the responsibility of wrapping the placenta and attached cord with successive coverings of skin and birch bark, and the bundle was then placed in a tree or suspended from a tripod. Today the placenta is either burned or thrown into a stream. When the navel stub shrivels and sloughs off, it is carefully preserved by the mother for a year or so for it is believed that this will prevent the baby from crying. In earlier times this stub was placed in a decorated skin sack which was tied to the top of a supple tree, but the latter practice has now fallen into disuse.

Previous to childbirth a pregnant woman avoids eating a number of foods including the head, legs, and marrow fat of big-game animals, and tough meat. She must not drink much liquid, and what she does drink should be cold. The pregnant woman is encouraged to eat birds and small game, sleep little, and massage her abdomen with snow each morning. It is believed that such practices both facilitate childbirth and make the child lively, healthy, and successful. For some time after childbirth the mother is subject to the same taboos that accompany female puberty.

The husband of the pregnant woman is also subject to numerous taboos since the child's health and good fortune depend on their observance. He also

avoids drinking hot liquids, and eating the head, legs, and marrow fat of big game. He has no sexual intercourse with his wife and erects a partition of willow withes between her bed and his. As is the case with the mother, he continues to observe these precautions for about a month after the baby's birth.

I am unable to say just how many of these taboos are still observed by either men or women. I suspect that many of them are now either ignored or observed only indifferently, but, unlike many aspects of the culture, these practices are still remarkably clear in the minds of my informants, both male and female.

There is no fear of twins or any special observances in connection with them. It is believed, however, that twins do not enjoy long lives. On the other hand, should one of the twins die, the other will live a long time. Several cases of multiple births are known, including one set of triplets.

Names

Chandalar Kutchin names followed no particular pattern. As a rule a child was named after an animal, an object, or some event or personal characteristic. Since any person could name a child, Chandalar Kutchin names were essentially nicknames. Teknonymy was practised in regard to the father, who was thus called by the name of his son or daughter coupled with the suffix *ti* (father). Should a man be childless he might be known as the father of his dog. Considerable derision accompanied such a name.

Today the Chandalar Kutchin all have Christian names, mostly of Biblical origin, reflecting the influence of the mission at Fort Yukon, but they also use Indian names as well.

Puberty

At the time of her first menses a young girl formerly went into seclusion, living by herself in a small, skin lodge set up for this purpose a short distance from her parents' camp. Whenever she ventured out, she wore a conical head covering, whose sides fell to her knees, thus confining her gaze to the ground and preventing her from looking at either men or the sun. The edges of this hat were decorated with caribou hoofs which she was expected to rattle vigorously on occasion in order to drown out the sounds of people's laughter. The food that her mother brought her was previously cut into small pieces, which the girl ate by means of a pointed stick since she was not allowed to touch food with her hands. Liquids were sucked through a special tube of bird bone which she carried on a sinew string worn around her neck or attached to the mittens which she was required to wear during this period. Eating the head, legs, or marrow fat of big-game animals was also forbidden. When on the trail, she walked in the rear of the main party and avoided stepping on the ice of lakes and streams where people were fishing.

At subsequent menstrual periods the women observed these same taboos in regard to food, but they were not secluded nor did they wear special headgear. During menstruation married women slept apart from their husbands and avoided any contact with hunting or fishing, or with fresh meat, which was brought into the lodge through the smoke hole at such times.

Chandalar Kutchin girls no longer go into seclusion at puberty, and one of my informants, a middle-aged woman, stated that during her lifetime she had

seen but three cases of this practice. The conical hat worn at puberty has also been shortened so that today it serves largely as a symbol. The taboos regarding food and the handling of freshly killed animals by menstruating women are still observed, and any neglect of them is believed to bring bad luck to their husbands. Thus the great difference in hunting success of two of my Arctic Village informants was attributed to the difference in the training of their wives during puberty. On one occasion when I failed to hit a goose with my pistol, my Indian companion explained that this was because on a previous hunt I had unwittingly given a freshly killed caribou to a menstruating woman.

Although male puberty was not regarded as seriously as that of girls, it was surrounded by a number of distinctive practices and taboos in a previous day. These persisted for about one month from the time when the boy's nipples began to harden and his voice began to change. During this period he wore a short, conical cap whose fringe hung down over his eyes. He also wore mittens and avoided handling fire or anything hot. Eating of the head, legs, or marrow fat of big-game animals, and the young of any animal was taboo. Water was taken only through a bird-bone tube. Failure to observe these precautions was thought to bring bad fortune in later life. At about this time also the boys were separated from their families and underwent a rigorous period of group training under the direction of an older man (cf. Training of children, p. 52).

Death

Immediately following death, the corpse was dressed in new clothes made for the occasion. When death was anticipated these were made in advance. If the deceased were a man, his face was cleansed and then painted in red and black with the designs he customarily had used. His tent was torn down and his widow, relatives, and friends singed their hair and wailed in mourning about the large death fire that was built for the occasion. This went on for one or two nights before the body was disposed of.

Burial was the customary method of disposing of the dead. The body was bound in a flexed position and placed in the grave in a sitting position facing the rising sun. When possible, the grave was dug to a depth of 4 or 5 feet and was lined with poles. If the ground was rocky or frozen, a shallower grave was used and the body was simply covered with a mound of stones. Tools, weapons, snowshoes, and dentalium shells were placed with the body. A pole bearing a carved animal figure was often erected over the grave (Pls. 25 and 26). Similar poles are still to be seen in the modern graveyards, but in most other respects the old burial practices have been replaced by Christian ones.

Cremation was also practised, but it was not common and seems to have been confined to important and wealthy people. On the death of such a person a relative might say, "I don't want the worms to eat a member of my family. Let him be burned."

Following such a burning the ashes were placed in a decorated skin-bag, which was either covered with rocks or tied to the top of a tree. Although all my informants were familiar with cremation and several mentioned specific sites where such burning had taken place, none had actually witnessed a cremation ceremony. This would indicate that this practice, which was never common, had been given up by the Chandalar Kutchin before the coming of the white man.

After the advent of the steel axe, interment was often on an elevated cache. A large log was split and the two pieces were hollowed out so as to form a rude coffin. The body was placed in the hollow and the two parts lashed together with rawhide line. The coffin was then elevated on four posts or bound to two standing trees. As trees of sufficient size for coffins are scarce in the Chandalar country, this method of interment could not have been used very often.

The work involved in a burial was performed by members of one of the other clans. In return for their labours they received presents of beads and other articles from the relatives of the deceased. These assistants, generally four in number, earned any reward they received, since they were subject to a whole series of restrictions for a period of two or three weeks following the funeral. During this time they were not allowed to return to their own lodges, but instead lived together in an open lean-to. Their fingers were interlaced with sinew and they wore mittens when they ate. Since they were not allowed to touch meat with their hands, they ate the food their wives brought them by impaling it on sharpened sticks. When drinking water, they sucked it through a bird-bone tube. Even after they had returned to their own camps, they could not have intercourse with their wives' for some weeks more, and their beds were separated from their wives' by means of a screen of willow withes.

Any property that was not buried with the dead person was divided among the family and immediate relatives.

As has been previously mentioned, a widow normally married the brother of her deceased husband or someone of the brother's choice (cf. Marriage, p. 57). To ensure her subservience to his wishes in this regard the brother sometimes thrust a knife under the widow's Achilles tendon and cut upwards into her calf. This practice is said to have been particularly common among the Dihai Kutchin.

Although most deaths were the result of natural causes or of violence, suicide was not unknown. Old people, and very occasionally young women, would hang themselves by putting a noose around the neck and leaping from a tree. Old people also were sometimes strangled at their own request.

Clans

Probably no aspect of the social organization of the Alaskan Athapaskans is as confusing or blurred in outline as the clan system, a situation that has been commented upon in other studies (Osgood, 1936b, pp. 107, 122, 128; McKennan, 1959, pp. 123 ff.). Unfortunately the Chandalar Kutchin data do little to clarify the general problem.

My informants all agreed that in former times their people possessed three clans: (1) *jʉtsa*, (2) *natsai*, (3) *tɛnjɛratsai*. These clans, or sibs in the Murdock (1949, p. 47) terminology, were exogamous and matrilineal, and were tied together in a network of reciprocal obligations which found their principal expression on occasions such as marriages, funerals, and potlatches. There seems once to have been some difference in rank between the clans, the *natsai* having been wealthy and important while the *jʉtsa* played a somewhat servile role. There is some indication that the latter two clans originally formed a

moiety system, with the *tɛnjɛratsai* only coming into existence later. Some informants held that children resulting from endogamous marriages within either of the other clans became *tɛnjɛratsai*, but others denied this. All agreed, however, that the *tɛnjɛratsai* had an intermediate position relative to the other groups, and one Indian said the term itself meant "between two sides".

There is some feeling that members of the three clans had once differed in skin colour and in size. The majority of my informants thought that the *natsai* were the darkest and the largest, the *jɪtsa* the lightest and the smallest, although some held just the reverse. All agreed that the *tɛnjɛratsai* were intermediate in these respects as in others.

One origin myth traces the three clans back to a fish. The *natsai* came from its head, the *tɛnjɛratsai* from its middle, and the *jɪtsa* from its tail. Another legend derives the three clans from separate migrations to the Chandalar area. According to this story the *jɪtsa* originally inhabited a region called *kuhɛli* located somewhere between Cook Inlet and the Kuskokwim River. They came overland to the Chandalar, crossing the lower Tanana River and continuing across the hills. The *natsai*, on the other hand, came to the Chandalar from the Kobuk River, following along the Brooks Range and traversing the territory of the Dihai Kutchin. There is some uncertainty regarding the origin of the *tɛnjɛratsai*, but one version has them coming directly up the Yukon River from the territory of the Koyukon.

The population and relative importance of the two major clans is said to have shifted back and forth over the years. Originally the majority of the people were *jɪtsa*, but in the course of a few generations the *natsai* increased in numbers and in status and the *jɪtsa* came to occupy a subservient position. Within recent times their relative positions have again been reversed and today the great bulk of the people are *jɪtsa*. As a consequence most marriages now take place within the clan and the children born of these unions are considered to be *jɪtsa*. The *tɛnjɛratsai* apparently were never numerous although there are still a few members of this clan among the Chandalar Kutchin. Matrilineal clans and matrilocal marriage when combined with tribal exogamy could, of course, produce this alternating predominance of *jɪtsa* and *natsai*. This explanation is a tempting one and calls to mind Hardisty's (1867, p. 315) statement regarding the Kutchin clans: ". . . the divisions are always changing. As the fathers die out the country inhabited by the Chit-sangh becomes occupied by the Nah-tsingh, and so on vice versa." I could find no evidence, however, that the Chandalar Kutchin practised tribal exogamy with the possible exception of their absorption of the remnants of the Dihai Kutchin, predominantly male, some two generations ago. I am inclined to think, therefore, that among the Chandalar Kutchin as among other Athapaskan groups (McKennan, 1959, p. 127) the changing clan structure is the result of several variables operating within a small population. These would include migrations, emigrations, and extinctions of families due to war or disease.

Informants at Circle, who were familiar with the clan organization of neighbouring tribes, equated the *natsai* clan with the Crow or *nɛltsin* of the Han, Healy River, and Upper Tanana and the Crow or *andit* of the Tutchone. The *jɪtsa* clan in turn was equated with the Sea Gull or *jɪtsil* of the Han, the *jɪtcilyu* of Healy River, and the Wolf or a*gudené* of the Tutchone. They were unable to supply counterparts for the *tɛnjɛratsai*.

Relationships

Kinship terminology

In the course of my field work I secured kinship terms from several of my keenest informants, both male and female, checking one against the other. With the services of an excellent interpreter, John Fredson, I then checked the list with my oldest informant, John Vendequisi, who made the additions (or corrections) which I have enclosed in brackets. Since Old John was a young boy when Fort Yukon was founded in 1847, his additions may represent terms which are no longer used by the Chandalar Kutchin. I have used m.s. (man speaking) and w.s. (woman speaking) to indicate those cases where the term varies with the sex of the speaker. I have substituted a dash for the appropriate pronominal prefix. Although my phonetic transcription leaves much to be desired, I believe the following list of Chandalar Kutchin relationship terms is reasonably complete:

1.	—*ɪtsi*	father's father, mother's father, father's father's brother, father's mother's brother, mother's father's brother, mother's mother's brother, husband's father, also vocative for an older male, [stepfather].
	—*ɪtsu*	father's sister, father's mother, mother's mother, father's father's sister, father's mother's sister, mother's father's sister, mother's mother's sister, husband's mother, also vocative for an older female, [father's brother's wife, stepmother].
2.	*tia*	father (vocative).
	naɛ	mother (vocative).
	—*ɪti*	father's brother, [father's sister's husband].
	—*ɛi*	mother's brother.
	—*ɛkai*	mother's sister, stepmother.
3.	—*ondɛ*	older brother; also, if older than Ego, father's brother's son, father's sister's son, mother's brother's son, mother's sister's son.
	—*ɛji*	older sister; also, if older than Ego, father's brother's daughter, father's sister's daughter, mother's brother's daughter, mother's sister's daughter.
	—*ɪtca*	younger brother; also, if younger than Ego, father's brother's son, father's sister's son, mother's brother's son, mother's sister's son.
	—*ɪtcu*	younger sister; also, if younger than Ego, father's brother's daughter, father's sister's daughter, mother's brother's daughter, mother's sister's daughter.
4.	—*ɪnji*	son (m.s.).
	—*ɪtci*	daughter (m.s.).
	—*ɪzu*	son (w.s.).
	—*ɪɛtsi*	daughter (w.s.).
5.	—*izi*	brother's son (m.s.).
	—*ɪtcu*	brother's daughter (m.s.).
	—*uu*	sister's son or daughter.
	—*ɪtzɛ*	brother's son or daughter (w.s.), grandson or granddaughter (w.s.), also vocative for a young person.
6.	—*ɪtcɛ*	grandson or granddaughter (m.s.), son's wife, also vocative for a young person.
7.	—*akai*	husband (—*tigɔn daik*, an earlier term for husband).
	—*ɪtinja*	wife (—*aat*, an earlier term for wife).
8.	—*iyɛθvn*	wife's father.
	—*otrɛ*	wife's mother.
	—*ɪtcikai*	daughter's husband (m.s.).
	—*ɛdɛnia*	daughter's husband (w.s.).
	—*aa*	wife's brother, any fellow clansman (m.s.), [mother's sister's husband], (self-reciprocal).
	—*ohoi*	wife's sister, husband's brother, husband's sister, [mother's brother's wife], (self-reciprocal).

Since an analysis of the significance of the Chandalar Kutchin kinship system is best left to the specialist in social anthropology, only a few summary

observations will be included here: (1) Terminology for the first ascending generation is basically of the bifurcate collateral type. (2) Cousin terminology is of the Hawaian, or generation, type. (3) There are two terms for grandparents with the husband's father also included with the grandfather, and both the husband's mother and the father's sister included with the grandmother. (4) The use of a single term for mother's sister and stepmother supports informants' statements that the sororate was occasionally practised. (5) Although the levirate is said to have been much more customary than the sororate, the only indication of the levirate in the kinship terminology is in Old John's corrected version. (6) There is a tendency for tertiary relatives to be lumped together in terms of age, using vocatives and frequent self-reciprocals.

A few years ago Harry Hoijer (1956, pp. 309 ff.) made a study of Athapaskan kinship systems with the aim of reconstructing a hypothetical proto-Athapaskan system on the basis of both linguistic and comparative data, including those from other Kutchin tribes. In general the Chandalar Kutchin material confirms Hoijer's conclusions in regard to Kutchin kinship terminology, but certain deviations should be noted: (1) Like the other Kutchin tribes the Chandalar Kutchin have two grandparent terms, but they differ by their inclusion of husband's father, stepfather (?), husband's mother, father's brother's wife (?), and stepmother (?) in this same category. (2) Although there is essential similarity in the parental generation, the Chandalar Kutchin differ slightly in that they classify stepmother with wife's sister and include father's sister with grandmother. (3) All the Kutchin tribes share essentially the same system in both the son-daughter and sibling classes, using four terms for each together with sex and age distinctions. (4) The Hoijer study contains no Kutchin data for the nephew-niece relationship. The Chandalar Kutchin employ four terms here, with one, brother's child (w.s.), being the same as grandchild (w.s.). (5) In the grandchild class Hoijer lists four Kutchin terms. The Chandalar Kutchin use but two, one of which is also used for brother's child (w.s.).

Partnerships

A Chandalar Kutchin man customarily has one or more "partners" within the band. This relationship is based solely on mutual friendship and is not affected by considerations of kinship, clan membership, or affinal relationship. Partners provide each other with mutual support, particularly in regard to the division of big game. In addition a man generally has a female partner within the band. Close friendship, but not sexual privilege, characterizes the latter relationship. Partners of both sexes customarily address each other as *ʂutcá* (my partner). Although this term resembles *ʂutc*a, "my younger brother", the two relationships are quite different.

In addition to his partners within the band, a man also has partners among neighbouring groups. Such a partner is called *ʂutcli* and the relationship is recognized by a mutual exchange of presents. The practice is said to have come from the Eskimos, with whom the Chandalar still maintain *ʂutcli* relationships.

Special relationships

A joking relationship existed between a man and his brother's son.

Brothers-in-law were expected to protect and aid each other, as were fellow clansmen.

No special restrictions governed a man's relations with his mother-in-law.

Festivals

Festive occasions were characterized by feasting, singing, dancing, and the playing of games (cf. Sports and games, p. 48). The only regularly scheduled festival celebrated by the aboriginal Chandalar Kutchin took place on the rare occasion of a lunar eclipse. At such a time it was customary for the people, led by the oldest man in the band, to form a procession which went from lodge to lodge. Each participant carried two sticks to which were attached pieces of meat. He slung the sticks over his back and walked as if they constituted a heavy load. The participants stopped at each camp and gave the meat to the occupants, who ate it, and then gave bits of food in return. Much merriment accompanied this exchange. A special song was also sung. This had two verses, the first telling about a shrew mouse who went from country to country, and the second centring on the drinking of caribou-blood soup. The ceremony itself stems from the myth of "The Man in the Moon" (cf. Mythology, p. 146).

Feasts were customarily given following the birth of a child, a boy's first killing of game, and the marriage of a daughter. On his return from a successful hunt a man often gave a special feast called *ditcurai* (from the native term for boiling). The owner of a caribou fence often gave a *ditcurai* after a particularly successful drive. He might use such an occasion to honour the head man of the other clan, saying, "Here is a small caribou calf for you." Presents would then be exchanged.

Although the natives now refer to all such festivals as "potlatches" they are quite positive in stating that the true potlatch, which is celebrated by so many Alaskan Athapaskans as a death memorial (McKennan, 1959, pp. 138–9), was not practised by their people in aboriginal times.

The potlatch

Although they do not practise it, the Chandalar Kutchin are quite familiar with the potlatch, or death memorial, which they term *tcakwitil*. They say such a death festival was common among the Crow River Kutchin, the Yukon Flats Kutchin, and the Han. Its function was to help the giver assuage his sorrow following the death of a member of his family and at the same time to reward the members of the opposite clan for their assistance at the funeral. Potlatches were held in an unroofed enclosure (*nɪtsa*) about 7 feet in height. Gifts, which were distributed later, were hung from this fence, and dances, games, and feasting took place within it. At one stage of the ceremony a caribou skin was tossed into the midst of the guests, who struggled good-naturedly to cut off small strips from it. At another stage a caribou bladder or paunch filled with marrow fat was tossed into the crowd, and everyone tried to get a little of the fat to eat. The actual feast and the gifts were confined to the members of the other clan. In the old days the gifts consisted of dentalium shells, tools, and weapons, which were supplemented by blankets and furs following the development of the fur trade. Elijah Henry told me that his paternal grandfather, *qiati*, a well-known Yukon Flats Kutchin chief, had distributed nearly 1,000 marten skins at the potlatch given for his dead wife.

The potlatch giver was subject to a number of taboos for some time preceding the ceremony. During this period he avoided eating fresh meat and his fingers were interlaced with sinew bindings. When these bindings were

removed after the potlatch, it was believed that goods would now come easily to the man. Although a number of games and sports accompanied the festival, the jumping, or bouncing, game was not played at such times.

Rank

Social classes

Social classes are normally associated with surplus economies and it is hard to see how they could have functioned in a subsistence economy like that of the Chandalar Kutchin. Nevertheless there does appear to have been some difference in prestige between the two major clans, *natsai* and *jɪtsa*, the latter having occupied a subservient position in the early nineteenth century (cf. Clans, p. 60). In other contexts the term *jɪtsa* means servant. Informants said that in the old days the rich men and leaders possessed "servants", but closer questioning revealed that these actually were neither servants nor slaves, but simply less able hunters and warriors who followed the leadership of some abler, and perhaps older, man. One is tempted to speculate that the assignment of an inferior status to an entire clan may have been the result of a new group forcing its way into the territory of the former, but there is no real evidence to support this hypothesis.

Chiefs

There were marked differences in rank between individuals. Chiefs, or leaders, were of two types: (1) *haqóɪɛ*, successful hunters and trappers, and consequently, wealthy men; (2) *haclí*, strong, aggressive men, who dominated through physical strength and served as war leaders. The Hudson's Bay Company found it expedient to conduct its dealings with a native group through its own leader. As a result the latter came to be known as a Hudson's Bay Company "chief" and his prestige was further enhanced. Before white contact, however, a Chandalar Kutchin chief exercised considerable power and, on occasion, is said to have killed persons who did not obey his orders. The position of chief was not hereditary, although if a man's son chanced to possess the requisite personal characteristics he might eventually succeed his father. Clearly the role of chief was that of natural leader, rather than political instrument.

History of native chiefs

Some notion of the chief's role can be gleaned from a paraphrased bit of tribal history as told me by a knowledgeable informant, Joe Number Six:

> "One of the early Chandalar chiefs was named *tuoθin*, which means 'He watches'. He was called this because he had lost his brother through drowning and for a long time afterwards had kept watch for the body to come to the surface of the lake. *tuoθin* was the man who brought the first iron kettle from the Eskimos to the Chandalar country. This was before the people had the axe. He had traded wolverine skins for the kettle, which was large enough to boil an entire caribou. He used this kettle until it was worn through. Then he broke it up into small pieces from which his people made knives. Before that they had made their knives from caribou ribs. When the neighbouring people heard about iron, they, too, began trading with the Eskimos, exchanging one wolverine skin for one small

piece of iron. *tuoθin* was a member of the *jɪtsa* clan. He was very wise and everything he advised the people to do worked out the way he said it would.

"When *tuoθin* died as a very old man, he was succeeded by *vvnsi*, whose name means 'End of the lake'. He was a *natsai*, and was not related to *tuoθin*. *vvnsi* proved to be a wise chief, and his advice always worked out for the benefit of the people. He died as a result of accidentally hamstringing himself with his knife.

"Following the death of *vvnsi* the people debated for a long time as to whom they would select as chief. They delayed selecting anyone for nearly a year, and much starvation resulted. Some people thought they should move camp, and others wished to remain where they were. Since they could not agree, they finally persuaded a relatively unknown Indian called *lvt* to give them his opinion. After some hesitation *lvt* stepped forward, and said, 'To move camp now would be the worst thing you could do. I think you had better reset the snares in your fence and try to drive some game into them'.

"This sounded like good advice, so the people staged a drive and chased a large number of mountain sheep into the snares. Then they reset the snares and repeated the drive with equal success. Since they were well satisfied with his advice, they made *lvt* their chief and gave him the name of *gɪnhi*, which means 'Speaker'. My father was the son of *gɪnhi*.

"After the death of *gɪnhi* the Chandalar had no single chief, although there were a number of 'small' chiefs. Before the people got around to selecting a head chief, all the small chiefs had died. Eventually they selected *draθli*, the father of the present Christian, as chief, but Peter [Roe] was jealous, and tried to take his place. Finally MacDougall, the Hudson's Bay Company trader at Fort Yukon, settled the dispute by making them both chiefs."

At the present time each of the three Chandalar Kutchin bands possesses a so-called chief, although none of these has the influence attributed to his predecessors. Christian, who leads the band bearing his name, most nearly approximates the old time ideal. Old Robert was formerly the head man of the Chandalar Village band, whose membership is largely composed of his descendants and their families, but since he became old, Henry John has taken his place. Arctic Village, which was established by Christian, has rotated the chieftaincy among the available males. Although this practice began before a cleavage caused by a nativistic movement resulted in Christian and his followers withdrawing from the band, chieftaincy has become increasingly transitory since that time (cf. A nativistic movement at Arctic Village, p. 86). In the period from 1909 to 1933, the Arctic Village band has had no less than six chiefs in the following order: Christian, Elijah Henry, Esaias Simon, Peter John, Gabriel, Isaac Tritt.

Customary Law

The Chandalar Kutchin had no formal political institution and, as is the case among most small groups, normative behaviour was ensured for the most part by the social rewards of praise and prestige, and informal sanctions such as ridicule, gossip, and social avoidance. The society can be said to have possessed customary law, however, since flagrant and persistent violations of the norms resulted in physical punishment of the offender at the hands of a group surrogate, who was often the aggrieved party himself.

Crimes against property were limited by the fact that very little private property existed. Hunting territories and fishing sites were the common property of the tribe. Caribou fences, to be sure, were often the property of a single individual, but they could hardly be stolen, and were of no use to anyone except in connection with a cooperative caribou drive. Food was customarily shared in accordance with a pattern of reciprocal rights. Lodges, which were the property of the women, did not lend themselves to theft. That left little of

value for a potential thief except articles of use such as clothing, utensils, weapons, and, latterly, trade items such as beads, furs, and blankets. The theft of such articles was considered a crime and was punished by thrusting a bone awl through the ball of each finger and ripping it open, or the helixes of the ear might be torn open instead. Wife seizure, however, did not fall in the category of stealing.

Lying was punished by mashing the liar's lips against his teeth.

Murder could be atoned for by means of the wergild, or death payment, to the deceased's family. This payment was made in the form of arrows, dentalium shells, trade beads, and the like. More often such homicide resulted in reprisal killings by close relatives of the victim's families. These in turn could develop into family vendettas, eventually pitting clan against clan.

Inheritance

Because of the limited nature of private property, inheritance was a simple matter. Some of the weapons or utensils of the deceased were buried or burned with the body. The remainder was divided into small lots, called *kai,* which were given to the close relatives.

War

War was largely a matter of surprise attack. It usually was the result either of the abduction of women or the invasion of Chandalar Kutchin territory by hostile groups. The fact that war provided an opportunity for the appropriation of the victim's property may have provided additional motivation. Warfare was largely fought on a hand-to-hand basis using knives, thrusting spears, and a special pick-like club of caribou horn (cf. Weapons, p. 37). The Eskimos and the Dihai Kutchin were the most frequent adversaries of the Chandalar Kutchin. None of these groups took scalps, but the Indians say that occasionally their territory was invaded by a group from the upper Yukon, perhaps the Tlingit, who were fierce warriors and did take scalps. With the development of the clan system among the Chandalar Kutchin, warfare often took the form of clan vendettas fought within the tribe.

War legends

Something of the nature of Chandalar Kutchin warfare is revealed in their legends of earlier wars. Like much legendary history these stories have undoubtedly acquired fictional embellishments in the course of many tellings, but both stories purport to be true accounts of former conflicts with the Eskimos. Kleviti, the hero of the first account, was a contemporary of the grandparents of the narrator, Johnny Frank. Datculti, the protagonist in the second story, was the maternal grandfather of the present Christian and had been known personally by my informant, Joe Number Six, a man in his eighties, when the latter was a boy.

Kleviti Defeats the Eskimos

The Chandalar Kutchin were often at war, mostly with the Eskimos, or Huskies, as we called them. The bravest fighter of the Chandalar tribe was a little man called Kleviti who lived near the site of the present Arctic Village. His daughter, Klevi by name, was a contemporary of my father and mother.

One time Kleviti and his family, together with two other men, were camped on the far side of the range west of Arctic Village. They were living in two conical tents of caribou skin, one belonging to Kleviti and his family and one belonging to the two men. Since there was no timber about the camp, it was possible to see a great distance.

One day a large band of Eskimos came up one creek while a second band came up another. They came together at Kleviti's camp. The latter gave no sign of fear, but sat calmly in his tent. When some of the Eskimos went to the creek to get some water, Kleviti went down and watched them, but he did not drink himself.

When one of the Chandalar Kutchin in the other tent lay down to sleep, Kleviti warned his companion to keep an eye on the Eskimos. Kleviti had a double-ended knife of soft iron, which he carried up his sleeve. Finally some of the Eskimos came into Kleviti's tent, taking places on each side of him. One of them gave him an arrow as a present. Suddenly the Eskimos by his sides grabbed for Kleviti, but he was too quick for them and killed them both, one with each end of his knife. Two more Eskimos were standing by the entrance of the tent, and others were outside. Kleviti leaped through the door, stabbing each of the two Eskimos in the neck, and then ran right through the group outside.

The Eskimos then seized the sleeping Indian in the other tent and ripped open his belly with a knife. When Kleviti came running up, they shot arrows at him but did not hit him. When their arrows were exhausted, Kleviti killed these Eskimos with a short spear. Other Eskimos came running up, but as soon as they had exhausted their arrows they ran away. At the start of the fight Kleviti's son and daughter had taken refuge under a low bank. Kleviti's wife had been wounded by an arrow, but not until after she had killed one Eskimo. Kleviti continued running, jumping, and dodging arrows, some of which fell near his children. Finally only a few Eskimos remained, the rest having retreated. Kleviti now took his own bow and arrows, and the Eskimos cried in fright for they were afraid of him.

In the meantime one Eskimo crept up behind the bank and let drive an arrow from close range. At the twang of the bow string Kleviti jumped aside so deftly that the arrow merely grazed his thumb. The Eskimos ran across the stream, but Kleviti followed them, picking them off one by one. When he had used up all his arrows, he turned to his spear and his club. He shot his last Eskimo off the top of a small bank, using the same arrow that the latter had given him as a present. Kleviti continued his pursuit while his children watched from their hiding place. Only five of the enemy remained. They had but a few arrows left so they dodged in and out of the brush. As often happens when men fight, the sky suddenly became dark, and a heavy fog drifted in. Kleviti had no wish to follow the enemy farther into the brush, so he returned to his family. On the way back he picked up many spent arrows and, when he arrived at camp, he built a fire with them. He kept guard all night but the surviving Eskimos did not return.

The next morning he removed an arrow which had pierced both breasts of his wife. He cleaned her wound by tying a piece of wet caribou skin to a string and pulling this through. That night he heard a man crying near the spot where he had shot the Eskimo leader. The next morning he went to this place and found the man dead. The Eskimo's clothes were decorated with many big beads. Kleviti took these and then returned with his family to his camp near the present Arctic Village.

Kleviti had an elder brother called Herilu who lived down the river from Arctic Village. Herilu was very wealthy, but he was not a warrior like his brother.

The next year Kleviti and his brother went back to the scene of the fight. There is a glacier near this place and the Indians met a large party of Eskimos here. The latter were determined to revenge themselves on Kleviti. Because Herilu was a wealthy man (*haqoɪɛ*), rather than a warrior, they told him of their intentions, but Herilu advised the Eskimos that if any harm came to Kleviti he would make presents to all the Chandalar Kutchin warriors and thus organize a war party that would wipe out the Eskimos.

Because of this threat the Eskimos gave up their idea of revenge. Instead they engaged in friendly contests of skill with Kleviti, using the glacier as a playing field. First, all the Eskimos tried to lay their hands on Kleviti, but no one could catch him. Then they piled three of their sleds on top of each other, but Kleviti was able to jump over the entire pile. Next, they played "football" on the glacier, and Kleviti outplayed them all. Following these games, they all decided to camp there together for the winter. They became good friends and agreed never to fight each other again. Herilu had many wolverine skins with him and he traded these to the Eskimos. (Johnny Frank)

Datculti and the Last War with the Eskimos

Near the head of the East Fork is a small lake, surrounded by a low, timberless ridge. A hard battle between the Chandalar Kutchin and the Eskimos once took place here. The two war parties chased each other around the lake, but in the end neither side won.

Following the battle this band of Chandalar Indians moved to the territory of the Yukon Flats (Kutcha) Kutchin along the Yukon Flats. The next winter famine came and wiped out most of the people along the Flats. This occurred some time before the establishment of Fort Yukon. Only one Chandalar Kutchin, a boy about eight years old, was left alive. He made his way back to the Chandalar country and then crossed on over the Brooks Range, for he remembered that some of his people were living on the arctic side. One day a Chandalar Kutchin hunting party came upon the boy just as he was taking a marmot out of a rock deadfall. The hunters took him back to their camp where he grew up with them. They named him *tcodunhazi*, which means "He came out of hardship". Eventually he became such a smart man and leader that his people gave him two wives. He used to sleep between them, but still they were jealous of each other. Each of them slept under a shelter, but neither built a shelter for him because each woman hoped to force the man to sleep with her. He did not dare to show any favouritism, however, lest his wives fight; consequently whenever it rained, he got wet. He finally decided that it would be much better to be killed fighting the Eskimos, so he set off alone for the latter's territory. When he came to the Eskimos, they welcomed him and took him into their camp as a guest. Since he really desired death, he killed the Eskimo leader, and the Eskimos were forced to kill him in return.

The Chandalar Kutchin did not know what had happened to him, but they feared that the Eskimos had killed him. Since they had killed many caribou and hence were short of arrows, they feared the Eskimos might attack them. There were two active young men in camp who took turns doing sentry duty from the top of a nearby mountain. The people watched their actions carefully, and one day they saw one of the boys look intently over the landscape and then start running down to camp. He had seen a group of Eskimos on the other side of the mountain making "medicine" by using the blanket of the dead man. The Indians knew they could not fight without arrows so they started to move their camp to the other side of the Brooks Range.

When they were about halfway up the slope they saw the Eskimos coming after them. One of the men was a powerful shaman (called *eyɛhɛθʋl*) and his wife begged him to save them by making "medicine". He promised to do this, and so, sitting down, he held out his hands with the request that someone put a piece of dirt in each of his palms. When someone did this, the dirt immediately disappeared. At once a thick fog appeared between the Chandalar Kutchin and the pursuing Eskimos. Soon this fog, which lasted for a month, spread over both parties. The Chandalar shaman now tied a weasel skin to the end of a stick and, using this as a guide, led the people through the fog. Eventually the shaman led the band by means of this magic to another camp of Chandalar Kutchin who had killed much meat. The Eskimos on the other hand wandered blindly in the fog and fell to their death from the cliffs of the Brooks Range.

The two Chandalar Kutchin bands now joined forces and set out for the country of the Crow River (Vunta) Kutchin around Crow Flat. Here they picked up additional warriors and continued on to the Mackenzie River side of the mountains and thence on to the arctic coast. The Kutchin warriors then turned west along the coast, killing any Eskimos that they met.

There was one Eskimo who was so strong and active the Indians did not know just how to kill him. When they came to his camp, they decided to make a sudden rush and kill all the Eskimos before the latter could recover from their surprise. When they attempted this, however, this one Eskimo threw off his attackers as though they were small children. Only one Indian, Datculti by name, was able to hang on. He seized the Eskimo's arm and hung on for dear life while he called to his companions for help. The latter finally rallied to his aid, and the Eskimo was killed. The Kutchin then continued their journey and succeeded in killing many Eskimos although they did not reach the more westerley groups.

About a year later four of the Chandalar Kutchin families, including that of Datculti, crossed back over the Brooks Range to the Chandalar country. Datculti kept a constant watch, for he knew there were still some Eskimos about. As the days began to shorten in the fall, it was often after dark when he returned to his camp from the hunt. One night as he was coming down a ridge in the dusk, he saw what looked like many sticks approaching him. He guessed that these were enemies, but since he had no alternative he continued

toward them. He took off his trousers in order to ford a small creek and then continued on barelegged with his trousers suspended over his shoulder by means of their string belt. When he came close to the strangers, the biggest Eskimo charged toward him. The Eskimo approached him and began to circle. Datculti seized the Eskimo's quiver and tore it loose. The Eskimo withdrew a bit and demanded the return of his arrows, but Datculti replied, "You cannot have your quiver unless you are willing to pay for it."

The Eskimo then returned to his party. After some consultation he came back with the proposal that if Datculti would return the arrows the Eskimos would promise to stop fighting the Chandalar Kutchin. Datculti refused at first, but after considerable coaxing he agreed to the proposal. He insisted, however, that the Eskimos should come with him to the Chandalar Kutchin camp, but they must remain on the opposite side of the stream. This they did. Someone then proposed that both groups meet together and trade, leaving behind all their weapons except their knives, which they might need in case a bear should charge the camp. This was agreed, and the Eskimos crossed over to the Chandalar Kutchin camp and began trading with the Indians. At first each group was a bit careful in its dealings with the other. By the time they had finished trading, all were agreed that from now on they would live in peace. Datculti then returned the quiver of arrows to its owner.

The Indians knew that the Eskimos always keep their word, and from that time on there has been peace between the two groups. Because of the astuteness of Datculti, the Eskimos and the Chandalar Kutchin have enjoyed friendly relations ever since, and with the ending of warfare both peoples have increased in numbers.

(Joe Number Six)

INTELLECTUAL LIFE

SCIENCE

Sickness and medicine

My data regarding aboriginal medical practices of the Chandalar Kutchin are scanty. The Indians say that there was no sickness in the old days, and undoubtedly most of the infectious diseases that have plagued them in recent times such as measles, scarlet fever, smallpox, tuberculosis, diphtheria, influenza, and gonorrhea were brought to them by the white man. In precontact times the treatment of physical ailments was customarily the province of the shaman (cf. Shamanism, p. 78), but some folk medicines, mostly herbal, were also used. To a large extent both types of treatment have fallen into disuse due to the twin influences of the mission and the modern hospital at Fort Yukon.

Only a few native remedies are now known. Cuts and wounds are covered with a poultice made from boiling the macerated leaves of the anemone. This compress is said to be highly astringent and consequently is applied for only a few minutes at a time. The roots of the arctic dock are eaten as a cure for colds. Juniper berries are eaten for pain in the chest. A decoction made from boiled alder buds is drunk as a cure for venereal disease.

Although the sweathouse, as such, is not used by the Chandalar Kutchin, they do use both steaming and sweating in connection with sickness. The vapour resulting from boiling the leaves of a small, flowering plant that grows in bunches on mountain tops is believed to alleviate colds and chest pains. The sick person disrobes, and after wrapping himself in a blanket, stands over the steaming vapour. Simple sweating is used for a variety of ailments. Heated rocks are covered with a protective layer of moss and the patient lies on this, naked except for a blanket cover. After he has perspired freely he arises, wipes off the sweat, and puts on his clothes.

Bloodletting is a favourite remedy for many ailments, particularly aches and pains. A small lancet is used, consisting of a triangular point set in the end of a short, wooden handle. The incision is made directly over the afflicted part; namely, snow-blindness is treated by making incisions over the eyes; kidney pains and backache, by incisions over the kidneys.

In the old days the natives say they made soap by boiling birch leaves with grease, but the exact details of the process are not clear.

Records and signs

Knots were formerly tied in string as mnemonic aids in recording counts of various kinds. A variation of this ancient device is now used in connection with the Christian calendar whereby notches are cut in a stick to record the passage of weekdays, and crosses are used to represent Sundays.

The Chandalar Kutchin do not make picture records or pictographs. They say, however, that there is a cliff on the Tanana River some distance below the

mouth of the Chena where the mythical Raven drew pictures on the rocks of Jateaquoint, Tcetco, Kaihenjik, and other mythological heroes (cf. Mythology, p. 89). These pictographs, though faded, are said to be still visible. Their location on the Tanana River is of interest, since it seems to confirm the Chandalar Kutchin belief that some of their ancestors came to their present territory by way of the Tanana Valley (cf. Clans, p. 61).

When they are travelling, the Indians set up inclined sticks at the junction of trails to indicate the direction they have taken. Smoke signals are used to call members of the band back to camp and to indicate that strangers have arrived. A traveller signals his approach with gunshots when nearing a strange camp. Gunshots are also used as signs of welcome and farewell.

Numbers and measures

The numerical system is a decimal one based on counting the fingers of the hand. Its essential features are illustrated by the native terms for the cardinal numbers:

1	*jiθluk*	
2	*niqɛ*	
3	*tyɪk*	
4	*dong*	
5	*tciθlonli*	"One hand"
6	*nɪqi tyɪk*	"Twice three"
7	*tciθ ahɛ jiniqɛ*	"One hand plus two"
8	*nɪqi dong*	"Twice four"
9	*vvntco nɪgaqa*	
10	*tcɪθ latɛn*	"Both hands"
11	*tcɪθ latɛn jɪθlvk*	"Ten plus one"
12–19	Employ same principle of adding requisite integer to ten.	
20	*niqɛ tcɪθ latɛn*	"Twice ten"
20–30	Employ same principle of multiplying ten.	
100	*tcɪθ latɛn dʋnilʏkgɪjatɛn*	"Hands of ten men"

Although I did not secure the native terms for numbers above 100, the logic of the system permits its extension by the addition of the necessary multiplier.

The Chandalar Kutchin measure short distances in terms of the body. Beginning with a single finger's width they have an ascending series of measures including the doubled fist, the doubled fist with thumb extended, the cubit (measured from doubled fist to elbow), the half span, and the span.

Calendar

Like most Northern Athapaskan peoples (McKennan, 1959, p. 112) the Chandalar Kutchin use a lunar calendar of the descriptive type. They begin their year with the rutting of the moose, which they roughly equate with our September, and continue on through thirteen months or moons, each one named after some characteristic feature of nature. I obtained calendars from informants at Arctic Village, Chandalar Village, Fort Yukon, and "Suko". The calendars of the first three agreed in all particulars. That of the fourth, John Leviti of "Suko", differed in its terms for five of the thirteen months and no

doubt reflected the informant's long residence along the Yukon River. The Chandalar Kutchin calendar together with the "Suko" variants follows:

September	*dɪnjɪk ri*	Moose moon
var.	*nɪtsv ri*	Moose rut moon
October	*vvtzai ri*	Caribou moon
var.	*nakoi nai*	Moon for travelling and visiting
November	*davi ri*	Sheep moon
var.	*jasi*	Moon for splitting green wood
December	*jutsvl ri*	Moon of short days
January	*jvnja*	Foremost moon ("Like old man, head of all of them")
February	*vegaθut*	Next to foremost moon ("Second boss")
March	*jɛθɪn ri*	Eagle moon
April	*jɪtsɛ ri*	Hawk moon
May	*galu ri*	Moon when the snow crusts at night
June	*vanunjiho*	Duck egg moon
July	*vanun jɪtco*	Fledgling duck moon
August	*vanun iats aji*	Moon when the ducks fly
var.	*klvk ri*	Salmon moon
Intercalary	*vanun ditjɛli*	Moon when the caribou rubs his horns clean
var.	*hi ri*	Dog salmon moon

Astronomy

Because my field research was done during the summer months at a latitude north of the Arctic Circle, I had little opportunity to make enquiries regarding specific stars and constellations. My informants said their people had never been much interested in the heavenly bodies, and this is borne out by the paucity of star lore among the Chandalar Kutchin. They are familiar with lunar eclipses which they formerly celebrated with a special festival (cf. Festivals, p. 64). They know the Big Dipper (Ursa Major) as *yati*, "The Seat", and the Little Dipper (Ursa Minor) as *yatiqvl*, "The Little Seat". The intervening constellation of Draco is called *gaigvlsvt*, "The Crotch". They have a myth that "The Seat" and "The Little Seat" once got into a fight. "The Crotch" forced them apart by stepping in between them. This explains why his legs are still spread apart. "The Crotch" then threw a spear at "The Seat" hitting him in the back, and nearly cutting off his tail. A star in the latter constellation is the scar from this old wound.

The Indians designate the cardinal points of the compass in terms of the summer sun as follows:

South	*drɪnθan*	"Sun at midday"
West	*haθat*	"Sun sets"
North	*tvngθlan*	"Sun at midnight"
East	*vanθ*	"Sun rises"

To these might be added:

Up	*ziaklvng*	"Half a house"
Down	*yɛazvk*	"Under the ground"

Geographical knowledge

The Chandalar Kutchin show a keen knowledge of the geography of their territory, bespeaking people who have spent their lives as nomadic hunters. In addition they are remarkably well-informed regarding the geography of

adjacent areas. This latter knowledge results from their frequent visits to the territory of neighbouring Kutchin tribes and Eskimos, together with their intercourse with other Indians at Fort Yukon. In addition some of the older men once served as members of the old fur brigades of the Hudson's Bay Company in which capacity they travelled as far afield as La Pierre House and Fort McPherson and, on occasion, to Lake Athabasca.

Stories about local geography

Many stories and legends surround the various features of the local geography. These are told and retold as the natives travel through their country. The inclusion of a few of these here may convey some of the feeling the people have for their homeland.

A flat-topped mountain near the head of the Koness River is said to have got its distinctive shape because Jateaquoint, the mythical culture hero, once sat down upon it. Two separate stories are told about "Jato" ("nest") Mountain, the long, flat ridge to the south of the Chandalar River immediately below the mouth of the East Fork:

The Man-Eating Eagle of Jato Mountain

Formerly a huge eagle had a nest on Jato Mountain. His feathers were bright silver, and in the sunlight their glitter could be seen from afar. Whenever a man chanced by the mountain, the eagle would seize him and carry him to its nest as meat for the young eaglets. Finally a powerful Chandalar shaman caused the nest to fall down into the river, whereupon the large eagle flew away and was seen no more. The talus slope at the foot of this mountain is part of the old nest.

(Elijah Henry)

The Cannibals of Jato Mountain

A group of man-eaters formerly lived at the foot of Jato Mountain. Many Indians who passed this spot never returned, for they were killed and eaten by these cannibals.

One winter a Birch Creek Kutchin man and his wife set out for a hunting trip up the Chandalar River. When they left home the woman's uncle, who was a powerful shaman, gave her a wolf's tail and told her that if she ever needed help she should put this tail into the fire. The couple hunted for a while in the canyon of the East Fork of the Chandalar. When they began their return journey, the man went on ahead to look for game. His wife followed his trail down the river as far as the foot of Jato Mountain where she found the ice covered with blood. As she stood there puzzling over the fate of her husband, she heard voices on the bank. A number of men seemed to be quarrelling over the division of their kill. She heard someone say, "I want his legs." Another voice demanded, "Give me his arms." And so it went.

The woman realized that some man-eaters had killed her husband and were now preparing to eat the body. She hurried in fright past the spot and continued down the river. She travelled for some time without a stop until she became weak from cold and hunger. Suddenly she remembered the wolf's tail which her uncle had given her. She made for the timber along the river bank where she built a fire and tossed the wolf's tail into it. Immediately a large wolf appeared from the flames and leaped into the brush. Soon it returned dragging a caribou which it had killed. The woman made a good meal and then went to sleep by the fire. When she started for home the next day, the wolf produced a harness with which he dragged the caribou along behind them.

When the woman finally returned to Birch Creek, she told her uncle of her experience. He immediately began to make medicine with the help of his brother, who was also a shaman. When they had completed their preparations, they gathered a war party together and set out for the Chandalar. On their arrival at Jato Mountain they sought out the cannibals and killed them all. Since that time the Indians have had no more trouble with man-eaters.

(Silas John)

Another story pertains to nearby "Tcijetsi" Mountain:

THE GIRLS OF TCIJETSI MOUNTAIN

At the time the war party killed the cannibals of Jato Mountain two young girls were living in a menstrual hut which was located on the other side of the river from Jato Mountain and a few miles farther downstream. Although these girls were expected to live in strict seclusion, they persisted in coming to the door of their hut whenever a hunting party came up the river. Because of this the party would be unable to kill any game.

As the two Birch Creek shamans returned down the river, they determined to put a stop to this practice since it was spoiling the hunting. Accordingly they made medicine and turned the girls and their hut into stone.

That is why today this mountain is shaped like a conical menstrual hut. If one climbs to its top, he will find a stone figure there which was once one of the girls. She is half reclining and holds a bowl which rests on her knees. The Indians call this mountain Tcijetsi, which is the term for a girl at her first menstruation.

(Silas John)

The Chandalar Kutchin believe that each of the principal lakes in the area is inhabited by a huge fish and many stories are told of experiences with these leviathans. Thus it is said that the huge fish inhabiting the lake behind Chandalar Village has been known to swallow entire herds of caribou which were swimming across the lake. Similarly the big fish of Old Squaw Lake once swallowed an Indian and his raft, making a tremendous whirlpool as he did so. As befits the largest lake in the area the most famous fish inhabits Old John Lake, a few miles east of Arctic Village. The venerable John Vendequisi is the source for the following stories regarding this monster:

THE BIG FISH OF OLD JOHN LAKE

An Indian called Shaketcun ("My Shoulder Blade") told me this story. He was once walking along the ridge behind Old John Lake when suddenly he heard the sound of rushing water. He looked to the sky, but found it clear. Then he looked down to the water of the lake and saw there a figure as large as a mountain ridge slowly rising from the depths. After coming to the surface it slowly sank out of sight again.

A crippled Indian called Ehdit ("The lame one"), who was Christian's maternal uncle, used to spend most of his time by the lake since he was unable to travel very far. One day he wounded a caribou with his horn spear. The animal swam across the lake and died on the far side. Ehdit crossed over and butchered the caribou. As he was returning across the lake in his canoe, he chanced to glance down into the water which was clear. There he saw a vast expanse of the mottled back of the big fish. The sky was clear at the time so this could not have been a reflection.

In the old days there was a caribou fence along the north side of the lake. A group of Indians were hunting here one time. A large herd of caribou was seen swimming across the lake. Suddenly they all disappeared leaving only a swirl in the water to mark where they had been. The big fish had swallowed them all.

RELIGION

Ever since 1861 when the first Anglican missionary, Rev. W. W. Kirkby, visited Fort Yukon, the western Kutchin tribes have been exposed more or less continuously to mission influence with the result that today most of them profess membership in the Protestant Episcopal Church. To a large extent this is also true of the Chandalar Kutchin. Although the remoteness of their territory has limited their contact with white missionaries to periodic visits to Fort Yukon, a Christian veneer, at least, colours their present religious beliefs. Many

of them have been baptized in the church; Sunday services are conducted in the small, log chapel at Arctic Village by Albert Tritt, the native deacon, using hymnals and prayer books translated into the Takkuth (Upper Porcupine River) Kutchin dialect years ago by the indefatigable Archdeacon McDonald; nomadic bands, such as Chief Christian's, eschew hunting on Sunday. Underneath this layer of Christianity, however, a surprising number of aboriginal beliefs and practices still persist. The varying degree of emotional intensity that still surrounds them probably gives some indication of their relative importance in the religious life of the precontact period.

For purposes of description and analysis the salient features of the old religion may be grouped as follows: (1) cosmogonic and theogonic ideas; (2) beliefs regarding human and animal spirits, essentially animistic in nature, and beliefs about various supernatural creatures; (3) practices designed to influence or interpret the actions of spirits, particularly shamanism, divination, and observance of taboos.

Cosmogony and theogony

Although one does not get the impression that the Chandalar Kutchin were ever greatly concerned with such questions, their mythology does provide a series of answers to most of the great unanswerables (cf. Mythology, p. 89). A cycle of myths tells how Raven created the world, the sun, and the moon. Man apparently was always in existence, but Raven is credited with the creation of woman. Another myth cycle centring about Jateaquoint (*jatéaqoint*), a transformer and culture hero, tells how he recreated the world following a flood. In a long series of adventures involving ogres, giants, and animal monsters he transformed bad animals into good ones and also gave the Indians the basic elements of their native culture. Still a third myth cycle recounts the adventures of the trickster, Sagithuk (*sagiθvk*), with a number of different animals as a result of which they obtained their present traits and features. The Chandalar Kutchin, like many other American Indian groups, believe that during this mythical period men and animals possessed essentially the same characteristics. As the natives put it, "In those days all men were animals and all animals were men". Many of the myths in these three major cycles together with a number of other animal tales explain how the animals came to have their present characteristics. Thunder and lightning are believed to be caused by a huge bird, thunder resulting from the flapping of his wings, and lightning from the flashing of his eyes.

Although they all possessed varying degrees of magical power, none of the three mythical figures is considered to be a deity nor are there any rites connected with their memory. Jateaquoint, perhaps, invokes the most respect and the Jateaquoint myths seemed to be told with the most emotion. Sagithuk is considered to have been a trickster and buffoon, and something of the same feeling surrounds Raven. One informant tended to equate Jateaquoint with Jesus and Sagithuk with the Devil, but such deification was generally denied and is clearly the result of mission influence.

Spirits

The Chandalar Kutchin believed in the existence of a human spirit or soul. On a person's death this spirit went to live in the land of the dead, called *jatsain*

and variously located by different informants as being to the north, east, south, and upstream. Temporary departure of the spirit could cause sickness in which case a shaman was asked to recapture it. Spirits also might linger around a camp in the form of ghosts which were a source of terror to the people. Spirits were often reborn. Such reincarnations always involved a change in sex and a shift to another family. People with reborn spirits could be identified either by some distinctive bodily feature such as squint eyes, or by the ability to recall some event long past. A number of the present Chandalar Kutchin are thus identified as reincarnations of deceased tribesmen. Rebirth is more likely to occur when a person dies young.

My informants disagreed as to whether or not a human spirit could be reborn as an animal. Animals, however, are believed to possess spirits and a variety of magical practices and taboos are used to placate them.

Supernatural beings

In common with other Alaskan Athapaskans (McKennan, 1959, p. 161) the Chandalar Kutchin still believe in the existence of a type of bogey man called *na'in*, or Brush Men. According to one account these are descended from some Chandalar Kutchin who resorted to cannibalism in a time of famine. Later they left the group in remorse and became hermits, living in holes which are still to be seen in the territory. They are believed to steal women and meat. Nearly every adult can tell of at least one terrifying experience with Brush Men, and the natives still live in fear of them.

The natives also believe in the former existence of a werewolf type of monster called the "ice-bear" (*jʊtθʊn*). They say that certain grizzly bears grow unusually large and fierce from robbing human graves. Before hibernating in the fall these bears coat their bodies with ice, and consequently they are very difficult to kill when routed from their winter dens. When an ice-bear is killed, the body is burned since the bear's scent alone will kill a dog and his meat will poison a man.

Although there are no snakes in the area, the people have many beliefs regarding them. Stories about them are so numerous and emotion-laden that it is hard to attribute the belief entirely to mission influence. Descriptions are varied and confusing, but all informants agree that they were large and dangerous. They are called *tcɛθri*, the term that is also used for eels and worms. Many Indians report that they have seen snake "tracks", and some claim to have seen the actual reptiles.

The Indians have an interesting belief in a man-like creature called *jɛtgɪni jɪtθeakvl*, who was a gossip and general troublemaker. This now-extinct creature is said to have had a long tail and his body was completely covered with hair except for his ears which were hairless. One of my more sophisticated informants likened him to a monkey. A bird-like monster is said to have once lived on a cliff on the headwaters of the East Fork of the Chandalar. It had the general appearance of a man and, although it had wings, it could not fly. Its feathers were like metal knives. An Eskimo finally killed it while it was sleeping by thrusting a spear in its one vulnerable spot underneath its wing. My informant claimed to have once seen a knife that had been made from one of its feathers.

Mention has already been made of the common belief in huge, man-eating fish (cf. Stories about local geography, p. 75). The myths make references to many other supernatural monsters (cf. Mythology, p. 89), but these do not appear to have taken such a firm hold on the natives' imagination as the creatures just described.

Shamanism

The shaman (*dejɔn*) and the magico-religious practices he used to control the spirit world were the most important features of Chandalar Kutchin religion. As one informant put it, "In the old days life was so hard it is a wonder that people pulled through. In those days there were two or three shamans in every Indian camp, and it was thanks to their power that the people were able to live." Shamanistic activities were of several kinds, although individual shamans tended to specialize in a single field: (1) Shamans brought game, controlled the weather, and, acting as "seers", foretold the future. These were communal services for which they received no pay. (2) They cured sickness and sometimes assisted at childbirth. They were paid for such private service by the patient or his family. (3) Acting as sorcerers, they brought death or bad luck to their enemies, and in general used "black magic" for their personal advantage.

Although Christian beliefs and practices have tended to diminish the importance of shamanism, they have not entirely displaced it. A surprising amount of shamanistic lore still persists among the natives, and their descriptions of former shamanistic practices are charged with emotion and awe. Albert Tritt, Johnny Frank, Henry John, and Old Robert were once active shamans. With the exception of Albert Tritt, all of them still practise occasionally. Avowedly they confine their activities to community services such as bringing caribou or good weather, but individual misfortunes are still attributed to the machinations of shamans of neighbouring tribes including Eskimos. Since the father of John Vendequisi was a shaman, and many of my other informants had been treated by shamans, much of my information is based on their actual experiences rather than on traditions.

The Chandalar Kutchin shaman was normally a man, although a woman might practise. Any person could become a shaman, and as a rule the power was not inherited. The first sign of the calling appeared at about fifteen years of age. At this time the young man began to dream a good deal and, when he awoke, he would sing. In these dreams the neophyte's spirit travelled extensively and acquired an animal helper, or spirit, called *yɪtsotci* ("The animal to whom he sleeps"). It is this spirit who talked through the shaman when the latter conducted a seance. During the period when he was dreaming and singing, the young man often lost his appetite and became very thin. Experienced shamans were called in to diagnose his trouble and ascertain where the neophyte's spirit had been travelling during his dreams. They would mention a number of places and, when the right place was named, the boy involuntarily jumped several feet into the air. They then knew that he was destined to become a shaman. They watched his activities carefully and at the first sign of shamanistic success they recognized him as one of them.

A powerful shaman gradually acquired a variety of spiritual helpers, each one having its special sphere of magical power. Often two shamans would engage in a contest, each trying to outdo the other in the variety and power of

his spirit helpers. Every shaman possessed a "medicine bag" whose contents symbolized his various magical powers, e.g., Johnny Frank's bag contained a small ermine skin, a bear claw, and some dirt resembling wet ashes which he said was the excrement of a large snake. Each shaman also owned several magical songs. If one failed to produce the desired result, he would then try another. Shamans made no use of drums in connection with their rites, but they occasionally used rattles made of caribou hoofs. They likewise made no use of magic staves or wands. When a shaman was unable to effect a cure he might run a spear through his body, sawing it back and forth, or shoot himself with a gun. After apparently killing himself in such a fashion, the shaman would regain consciousness and not even a scar would show on his body.

The Chandalar Kutchin held two distinct theories of sickness whose lack of congruence bothered them not at all. The first theory held that some foreign object had got into the body and must be removed in order for the individual to get well. According to the second theory, sickness was the result of the human spirit's leaving the body and the patient's recovery required that it be recaptured.

Under the first, or intrusive, theory shamanistic treatment consisted of removing the foreign object by sucking, blowing, or pulling to the accompaniment of the proper magical songs and incantations. A more dramatic treatment involved magical surgery with a special wooden knife. Several informants mentioned this rite and it evidently was somewhat conventionalized. One informant, Joe Number Six, who claimed to have undergone it, described his experience as follows:

> "When I was a boy I used to be troubled by bad stomach aches and diarrhoea so my father took me to a shaman at the head of the Porcupine River. The shaman made a knife of wood and painted it with charcoal. He thrust this in my belly right under the breastbone and cut down as far as my navel. He took out my windpipe and blew through it before putting it back. He pulled out my intestines and washed them off in a bowl of water. When he put them back, he pressed the wound together and rubbed it until it healed. There is not even a scar there today. I saw him do all this, but I did not feel a thing. After he had finished, the shaman sat down in the back of the tent and said, 'You will get better now. If I die before you do, you may have a touch of your old trouble again.'
>
> "I had no more trouble for a long time. Years later when I was camped below Fort Gibbon (Tanana), the trouble suddenly came back. I remembered the shaman's prophecy and felt sure he must be dead. I learned later that he had drowned at just about this time."

A number of my informants had either witnessed or undergone the spirit-chasing rite and their recollections of it were equally vivid. One such description, somewhat paraphrased, will give the essential features of this type of shamanistic performance called *tco'zık* ("under water"):

> "When a man was seriously sick it meant that his spirit had started on a journey. To try to get it back the shaman used to strip naked and crawl under a large blanket. An ordinary man would suffocate. The sick man is under the blanket also, but lies at one side where he can get air. The shaman gets to his feet under the blanket and begins to sing. Finally he falls in a faint. The onlookers sit firmly on the edges of the blanket so no air can escape, for even a breath of it would kill them.
>
> "Now the shaman's spirit helper takes off in pursuit of the sick man's spirit. As the spirit helper runs, it describes the country it is traversing and the obstacles in its way. Sometimes several shamans go under the blanket together in which case their spirits

mutually aid each other. For instance, the one who has a special power over water helps the others get past water, and so on. All the while the sick man's spirit is zigzagging in an attempt to throw off his pursuers. Whenever the spirit helpers of the various shamans meet each other, they utter their special cries. The onlookers outside the blanket can always tell just what is going on.

"When the spirit helpers overtake the spirit, they try to surround it. The spirit lies there just like jelly. When the spirit helpers rush in, they are careful to seize it all and not let any of it get away. They agree in advance just what part each will grab. Before they take the spirit back, they first separate the sickness from it. Then they make a direct line for home. When they were pursuing the spirit, they travelled with difficulty as though they were under water, but now they return as though borne along by a swift current on top of the water. While they are carrying the spirit home, the blanket shakes and tosses wildly and the onlookers must be careful to hold it down tightly for anyone who lets a spirit escape would die. Finally the spirit helpers near home. They smell smoke and are happy. They return to the shamans' bodies and the shamans gradually regain consciousness. The sick man regains consciousness also.

"When the blanket is removed, it is wet on the inside. The shamans are wet also as though they had been under water. If they have succeeded in catching the spirit, the sick man begins to improve immediately."

Another type of shamanistic performance was commonly used to bring success in hunting caribou. The shaman first built a small fire and near it piled up a small mound of snow termed "The Spider". The people formed a close circle about both, but left one small opening. The shaman first walked around the outside of the circle, singing a special song. He then entered the circle, which was immediately closed behind him to prevent the caribou from escaping. He sang a second and different song while he circled the fire. He then went to the mound of snow and, thrusting his arm into it, slowly pulled out the head of a caribou. He quickly returned this to the snow mound and told the people where and when they would find some caribou.

Shamans frequently displayed their magical power simply for the amusement and edification of the people. A favourite demonstration was to transform an animal's skin into the live animal and then change the animal back into a dried skin.

In addition to the more or less conventionalized practices already described, every shaman had his individual practices which generally featured his particular guardian animal. Thus some years ago when Henry John was asked to prevent the spread of a forest fire, he picked up a handful of sand. When he held this in the air, a large fox leaped forth and disappeared in the sky. Soon a large, dark cloud appeared over the East Fork, followed shortly thereafter by a rain which put out the fire and saved the camp.

Legendary shamans

The stories told about shamans of an earlier day reveal something of the attitude of the people toward shamanism as well as the nature of shamanistic practice, even though both fictional and Christian embellishments probably colour this legendary history. One of the famous Chandalar Kutchin, called Deatzi, had the colour red as one of his spirit helpers. He would dive into the ground and reappear wearing red clothing and carrying red objects. He would often fly away on long trips, leaving no tracks except the marks of his wings in the snow. The informant who related the following incident said that it had

taken place about 1800 in the vicinity of the present Arctic Village and his mother had witnessed it:

DEATZI

Deatzi was one of the Chandalar Kutchin's strongest and most feared shamans, but he was eventually killed by a Dihai Kutchin shaman. This second shaman had a son called Veathinjek. This son was also a shaman. He could dive through the ground, fly through the air, and dodge all the arrows that the people shot at him. Deatzi killed him by sorcery, but the dead body informed his father of this action and the latter then used his magic to kill Deatzi. In order to make sure that Deatzi would not come back to life, the Chandalar Kutchin removed his brain and filled the skull with dirt.

(Old Robert)

Ditcizik was another famous shaman. The following story about his exploits possibly shows some mission influence:

DITCIZIK

Ditcizik ("Slender") and Diniltho ("Blond Whiskers") were powerful shamans who lived long ago; the former was a man who always used his power to help people, but the latter used his to harm them. One day the two were out hunting together. They had spied a herd of caribou and were stalking them, when Diniltho suddenly began to sing. Ditcizik asked him to stop singing lest he scare away the caribou, but he only sang the louder with the result that the caribou ran away. Ditcizik was angry but he said nothing, biding his time because he felt sure that his magic was stronger than his companion's.

Diniltho decided to make more trouble for Ditcizik, since he was jealous of the latter's power. In order to do this he dreamed that night and thus made medicine. As a result when the morning came, Ditcizik's dog bit the shaman's small son. The boy sickened and soon died. Although Ditcizik knew that Diniltho was responsible for this misfortune, he took no action. Both of his wives died as a result of Diniltho's evil magic, but Ditcizik still held himself in check.

He was now alone in the world, his entire family having been killed. He was short of meat and set a caribou snare along a game trail. When he visited it the next day, he found that the snare had been moved to one side of the trail and consequently had caught nothing. He knew that his rival had done this.

As he was returning empty-handed to camp, he saw Diniltho sitting happily in the midst of his family. At the sight of this all the pent-up memories of his own family rushed before Ditcizik and he determined to have his revenge. Passing his hands rapidly back and forth through the air in front of him, he produced from nowhere a bit of frozen sea water. He knew that Diniltho did not understand the sea and hence his magic would be of no avail against it. Ditcizik now threw this bit of ice at his enemy's back. The latter did not feel the blow, but shortly afterward he began to feel cold although it was the height of the mosquito season. Diniltho and his wives went to their tent and built a huge fire, but the shaman continued to shiver as though it was the dead of winter. As the night wore on, he became colder and colder. The next morning he and his family were found frozen to death in their tent, their bodies congealed into ice. Ditcizik had revenged himself.

There was an Eskimo woman on the Kobuk River who was a powerful shaman. Nearly every night she would kill a man by dreaming of him. She nearly killed Ditcizik in this way and her magic was unusually powerful at that particular time, for she dreamed of him when she was menstruating. While Ditcizik was asleep, he felt a hand pass over him. He knew this was because of the power of the Eskimo woman and he immediately called for the backbone of a loche. When this was brought to him, he put it in bed with him. This caused the Eskimo shaman to cry out in her sleep. She gradually wasted away from that time on and she died soon afterwards.

There were many Eskimos camped on the Kobuk River and one of their shamans determined to kill Ditcizik. He suspended a drum in mid-air, tying it to four ropes which were made fast to bedrock, while the drum swung freely in the air in some miraculous

manner. Then the shaman called the people together and they all climbed into the drum as though it was a house.

The shaman now called to Ditcizik. The latter heard him and after some delay he also came to the drum. Out of curiosity he, too, went into the drum, but before doing so he turned himself into an eagle. The inside of the drum was so crowded that Ditcizik could find no place to sit down so after flying twice around its interior he flew out and sat down on the drum's top. The shaman kept calling to him to come inside, but Ditcizik sat quietly where he was. Finally he flew high into the air and then dived down and hit the drum with his breast in the fashion of an eagle striking its prey. The drum split down the middle at the impact and the four guy ropes were broken. When the drum fell to the earth, all the Eskimos inside it were killed and within a year every Eskimo on the Kobuk had died. Ditcizik's medicine had been too strong for them.

Ditcizik did not practise his medicine for a long time after this experience with the Eskimos. He gradually grew old and could walk only with the help of two sticks. He decided that it was time for him to die. When he informed his married sons and daughter of this decision, they burst into tears. Ditcizik assured them that there was no cause for sorrow for he was going to "heaven" [sic]. Then he went to sleep and dreamed of his guardian animals. When he awoke, he sent his children out to search for a hole that would serve as a grave. They returned with the report that they had found a suitable hole. Ditcizik hobbled to it, supported on his canes and accompanied by his weeping children. As he crawled into the hole, he bade farewell to his family, saying, "My children, do not cry. I am old and poor now and I am going to my father where I will be warm and comfortable and will no longer be a burden to you. If you will listen in the sky on the third day after my death you will hear my voice."

Then Ditcizik blocked up the opening behind him with rocks and his children returned sadly to camp. Early on the morning of the third day following his death, there was a terrific noise in the sky much like the report of a large gun. Everyone rushed from his tent and gazed to the sky which was entirely clear except for a huge ball of smoke. Then they went to the dead shaman's grave and opened it. Most of Ditcizik's body was gone and only the saddle remained. That is how Ditcizik finally came to his end.

(Johnny Frank)

A shaman's ability to return to life after death is revealed in the following story about Takneha, a contemporary of the informant's parents:

Takneha

Takneha ("He comes back after death") was a famous shaman who used to live on the headwaters of the East Fork of the Chandalar above where Arctic Village now stands. He was more powerful than any of his fellows, but he was well liked since he never used his magical power to kill other men.

Takneha always knew one year in advance when he was going to die. One year, following a prophecy of the previous year, he died, but before he passed away he promised that he would return again in five months. His family continued to camp in the area in company with some others. Food was scarce and they were living largely on porcupine, rabbits, and birds. Just before the five-month period was up, one of the men killed a porcupine. He put all of the animal into the cooking pot except the anus, penis, and bladder which he left in his lodge.

The people were camped on the side of a knoll opposite the side on which Takneha was buried. On the following day, exactly five months after his death, the people heard the shaman singing and they soon saw him coming over the knoll along the trail to their camp. All the Indians surrounded him in an attempt to catch him. One man finally succeeded in seizing Takneha, while another gave him the porcupine anus. The shaman ate this with relish and then disappeared. The man who had caught Takneha had torn off the shaman's parka. The Indian put this on and wore it while he sang a song to the effect that someone had died and gone north only to return to the camp again. Takneha hung around near the camp all the following winter but no one could catch him. He ate only porcupine anuses for food. He would walk up to a porcupine, pat the animal on the back, and then eat out its anus. This went on for three years. Then he died again. Before he went, he foretold his death and said, "When I die, tie my body up in a flexed position and leave it on the shore of a lake."

This time he died in early spring and the people tied his body up as he had instructed and left it by the shore of a lake. It lay there all spring. When the ice went out, the blow flies swarmed about the body so it soon became a mass of crawling maggots. Early one morning when the mosquito season was at its height, the voice of Takneha was heard singing. All the people got up and there was Takneha singing and dancing on the middle of the lake. As he danced, he approached closer and closer to the shore and soon was dancing on the beach. The people rushed in and surrounded him. Finally one man caught him and gave him a rabbit anus which he ate greedily. Immediately Takneha came back to life again.

The shaman settled down with his people, but he prophesied that in four years he would again die. At the end of four years he was near death, but before he died he directed them to place his body on the ice of the frozen East Fork of the Chandalar River. The people did this and camped by the spot all spring. When the ice began to move down the river, the body went with it. The Indians remained camped by the spot until the ice had all gone. Then one day Takneha was seen walking up the river on top of the water, singing as he came. In his song he said, "I have come back with the morning clouds."

When he stepped out on the bank, the people caught him. They were almost out of food, but someone gave Takneha a piece of caribou penis which he ate eagerly. Again the spirit became a man and Takneha settled down with his people and lived to a ripe old age. He finally died a natural death. When his time came, he crawled into the hole of his guardian animal. The people think this was the goose. This hole can still be seen in a bank on the headwaters of the East Fork and sometimes strange noises are heard issuing from it.

(Johnny Frank)

Other magico-religious beliefs and practices

In addition to the shamans, certain other individuals possess special powers of a magico-religious nature. This is especially true in regard to divination. Some people are subject to a peculiar itching or "feeling alive" sensation on some particular part of the anatomy, often the nose. When this occurs on the right side of the body, it means that good luck will be forthcoming in the form of success in the hunt, good health, or welcome visitors. If this sensation occurs on the left side, it forebodes bad luck. Some people have the power to foresee the future in their dreams, a power that is sharply distinguished from that of the shaman whose spirit is believed to leave his body when he dreams. Thus the night before I arrived at Arctic Village, the wife of Elijah Henry dreamed that a strange white man would arrive in an aircraft, and my arrival at Chandalar Village was likewise anticipated by Abraham Esaias. Old John Vendequisi said that as a young man he had always been able to predict his success in killing mountain sheep by means of his dreams.

Gifted individuals can foretell the success of a forthcoming hunt by a method closely akin to scapulimancy. An arrow is first burned into charcoal, which is pulverized by rubbing it between the hands. This is placed on either a stone scraper or a moose shoulder-blade and is set on fire. The fortune-teller, usually an old woman, then covers herself and the glowing charcoal with a blanket. If she can detect the odour of burning meat, she knows that the hunt will be successful. The pattern that the fire makes, or the marks that it leaves, indicate the direction the hunters should take. With the coming of iron kettles, the patterns formed on them by the burning soot are similarly interpreted by soothsayers.

Some hunters also possess magic songs which give them power over particular kinds of animals, but the means by which these songs are acquired is not clear. The Chandalar Kutchin also have a war song which is sung while turning the right palm up to bring good luck to the singers and turning the left palm down to bring bad luck to the enemy. Its words, which were composed by a

woman following the defeat of the Chandalar Kutchin at the hands of some Eskimos, can be freely translated as follows:

"You have killed our men and we have cried a great deal;
We hope that you will now have cause to cry as much as we have."

An attenuated form of bear ceremonialism exists in the practice of placing the head of a slain bear on top of a tall tree or pole. A special song was also sung to commemorate the killing of a bear. Some informants said the women were forbidden to eat the flesh of the bear, but others denied this. Apparently the bear is the only animal whose killing is ceremonialized. Unlike some of the Northern Athapaskan tribes (McKennan, 1959, p. 163) the Chandalar Kutchin have no special beliefs or taboos regarding the otter.

A number of beliefs of a *post hoc ergo propter hoc* nature still persists: If a person hears a ground squirrel bark after dark, the person will die. Certain calls of both the raven and the camp robber mean that someone will die soon. A baby that cries much will soon die. Men who have long noses are both smart and good story tellers.

Several magical practices are used in connection with rain. It can be induced by suspending a bullhead from the neck of a child for a few days, or by killing, or otherwise "bothering", a raven. On the other hand rain can be forestalled by the use of a bull roarer, or by rolling up sticks of willow bark and pointing them toward the approaching storm.

Taboos

In keeping with the animistic nature of their religion the Chandalar Kutchin carefully observe a number of taboos, for they believe violation of them would offend the spirits and "bad luck" would result. These restrictions tend to cluster about food, hunting, and the critical periods in the life cycle of the individual, and many of them have previously been mentioned in connection with such activities. The following recapitulation, although far from complete, indicates the general nature of these taboos.

Food and hunting

Dog, wolf, fox, wolverine, raven, and eagle must never be eaten.

Heads of game animals must not be fed to dogs.

Bodies of fur animals must not be fed to dogs or left where the dogs can get them. Otherwise the hunter will take no more fur. The carcasses are placed in a tree or thrown into a stream.

A hunter must not count the dead animals after a big kill lest he offend their spirits.

Bones of caribou and moose must not be thrown into the fire, for if these animals smell the burning fat they will leave the country.

Lynx and fox must be strangled when caught in a trap and not clubbed to death.

Marten and rabbit, when caught in a trap snare, must be killed only by pinching the heart. Otherwise the hunter will take no more of them.

A hunter must never speak slightingly of any animal, lest it overhear him and consequently become hard to kill.

Fish hawks must not be killed.

Pregnancy and childbirth

Pregnant woman must not eat the head or legs of any big-game animal.

Pregnant woman must not eat marrow fat, lest her baby be covered with grease at birth.

Pregnant woman must not drink warm liquids.

Husband must observe the same taboos regarding food and drink.

Husband must not have sexual intercourse with his pregnant wife.

Husband must not touch fire.

Husband must wear mittens.

Following the birth of the child both the woman and her husband must continue to observe these same taboos for a period of about one month.

Baby's navel stub must be carefully saved. If it is destroyed the child will cry continually.

Youth

Young boys and girls must be together as little as possible while they are growing up. Otherwise the boys will not develop into successful hunters.

Young people must not eat the heads or legs of big-game animals.

Puberty and menstruation

For approximately one month following the first signs of maturity a boy must avoid the following:

Eating any hot foods;

Eating the head, legs, marrow fat, or young of big-game animals;

Drinking liquid except through a swan-bone tube;

Handling anything hot except when wearing mittens.

For a period of several months following her first menses a girl must avoid the following:

Eating fresh meat;

Touching any food with her fingers. It must first be cut into small bits by her mother and eaten by means of a pointed stick;

Drinking liquid except through a swan-bone tube;

Scratching her body with anything but a special scratching stick;

Crossing any frozen body of water where men are fishing;

Gazing on men or having any contact with them.

During her menstrual periods a woman is subject to the same taboos regarding eating and drinking that apply to a girl at her first menstruation. In addition she must avoid the following:

Handling freshly killed game or fish;

Sleeping with her husband.

Death

For approximately ten days following a death the assistants at the funeral must observe the following:

They must camp apart from the group;

They must not eat fresh meat;

They must not touch food with their hands, but eat it with the aid of sharpened sticks after it has been cut into small bits;

They must drink liquids only through a bird-bone tube;

They must wear mittens when eating.

After their return to their own camps they must not sleep with their wives for the first few days.

A nativistic movement at Arctic Village

Although the primary concern of this study has been the ethnography of the Chandalar Kutchin, frequent references have been made to the changes taking place in the native culture as the result of contact with the white man. Because of their growing interest in acculturation process, anthropologists have become increasingly interested in nativistic or revitalization movements (cf. Wallace, 1956). In spite of the rapid changes that are now taking place in the north, there is little information available regarding nativistic movements among the northern peoples of the New World; consequently a brief description of such a movement at Arctic Village may not be out of place here, particularly since one student of cultural revitalization has suggested that all religious phenomena may have had their origins in the revitalization process (Wallace, 1959, p. 268).

The revitalization movement at Arctic Village centres about the personality and activities of Albert Edward Tritt. This unusual Indian was born near Smoke Mountain about 1880. For many years he had been an active and powerful shaman in the isolated Arctic Village band. When I knew him, he had forsworn all shamanistic activities and was busily engaged in teaching the children to read and write in the native language and serving as lay reader in the small, log chapel which the Indians had built at Arctic Village. His zeal in these activities was so great that he was known in Fort Yukon as "the mad bishop of the Chandalar". Although he professed to be unable to speak English, when I gained his confidence I discovered that he not only could speak the language, but spoke it in a truly biblical manner, for he had taught it to himself by patiently comparing the Takkuth Kutchin translation of the Bible with the King James version. It was indeed a shock to find an informant in this distant spot who described a shaman as "a sorcerer who performs miracles and witchcraft privily" and referred to young women as "damsels" or "virgins"! Tritt was compiling a Kutchin-English dictionary and I was told that he had also written out the story of his life, but I was unable to persuade him to let me see the several large ledgers in which all this was transcribed. In the summer of 1962 I had the opportunity of reading this material, now fortunately in the possession of the University of Alaska. Naturally I found it intensely interesting, although it adds but little to my field notes taken nearly thirty years earlier. During much of the time Tritt and I were together our roles were reversed and I played the part of informant and teacher as he read sections of the Bible and Prayer Book to me in English. His pronunciation was strictly phonetic. Although somewhat halting, it was remarkably precise in view of the fact that it was largely self-taught. It is perhaps significant that during Tritt's stay at Arctic Village my other informants all absented themselves in distant hunting camps, leaving the two of us alone in camp. After four days of such intensive interaction I had somewhat mixed emotions when Tritt departed, stating "I must now pick up my burthen and go into the wilderness."

Tritt's conversion to Christianity took place following one of the annual trading visits that the men make to Fort Yukon each winter, although due to the influence of his father, a Christian convert, he had long been aware of the white

man's religion. On this particular visit he attended the Christmas service at the Mission, and became much interested in the mission school's program for teaching native children to read and write by means of a Kutchin syllabary. On his return to Arctic Village he pondered a good deal about these matters and apparently decided that the white man's superior status was based about equally on his Christian religion and his ability to read and write. As Tritt told me, "For forty days I wandered crying in the wilderness." All the while, according to his journal, he was struggling to understand the meaning of the Bible, a copy of which had been given him by the Mission. The pertinent journal entry reads as follows: "I try to make sence go in it, surely, surely I can make it, praying and crying. I go up then on top of the mountain with holding pray books. I hold it up to heaven crying. I put my tounge [sic] on it to. And my lots of tears on it and some of it I eat to . . . I don't even know what I do. Sure sure I sure want to know it." (Tritt, MS.) During this quest for understanding, in true apocalyptic fashion he was struck by a blinding flash of light and fell in a faint. When he recovered consciousness, he was a new man and was sure that his vocation lay in bringing the gospel to his people together with reading and writing.

When he went to Fort Yukon the next winter, he stayed on at the mission school for some weeks until he had mastered the rudiments of the Kutchin syllabary. On his return to Arctic Village he brought a supply of native Bibles, Prayer Books, and Hymnals with him together with a determination to lead his own people into Christianity and to teach them to read and write. Although he preached an orthodox Christian gospel, he also advocated that his people return to the old hunting ways of their ancestors. To this end he persuaded the band to build a caribou fence some miles in length around the base of a nearby mountain. Work on this was spread over several seasons preceding its completion in 1914. Apparently it was poorly conceived or improperly located, with the result that the Indians never succeeded in taking caribou in it, and it came to serve only as a symbol of the old hunting life. Shortly after the completion of the caribou fence, Tritt persuaded the band to build a small, log chapel in which he officiated as a native deacon. The original chapel was replaced in 1922 by the present Bishop Rowe Memorial Chapel. The latter was formally dedicated in December, 1922, when Dr. Grafton Burke, the medical missionary at Fort Yukon, made a ten-day toboggan trip to bring a bell for the little church (Burke, 1923, pp. 171 ff.). As of 1933 Dr. Burke's trip represented the only visit of a white missionary to Arctic Village. Because of its location at the edge of timber-line, the building of the chapel had required the expenditure of much communal effort since many of the logs had been hauled as far as twenty miles by dog team. As a result Albert Tritt's next proposal, the building of a two-story schoolhouse, met with some opposition. The log building was never completed, although its walls were still standing when I visited the settlement. At about the same time Tritt persuaded his people to hew a twenty-foot wide swath through the timber on a straight line toward Fort Yukon in place of the narrow and twisting toboggan trail then in use. He explained to me that he was moved to do this by the Biblical injunction:

> "The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."
> (Isaiah 40: 3)

He further explained that it had been his hope that any traveller crossing this broad trail in the long winter twilight would be drawn irresistibly along it until he reached the chapel at Arctic Village.

At about this juncture Tritt's zeal apparently outran that of his followers, and considerable personal friction developed between Tritt and Christian, the group's two most dynamic personalities. Dissension developed within the band, and as a result Christian and his followers moved downriver to their present hunting territory. Although Tritt continued his preaching and teaching activities, when I knew him his influence was pretty well confined to his immediate family and close relatives.

Although a detailed analysis of this revitalization movement is out of place in this present study, students of acculturation will undoubtedly recognize certain typical features. In terms of the four basic types of nativism outlined by Ralph Linton (1943) the Arctic Village movement would be classified as "revivalistic-rational", but with strongly religious overtones. According to the Linton thesis this is a form of nativism which may develop after a long period of contact between two groups which stand in a mutually recognized relationship of superiority and inferiority, but with no factors of actual dominance involved (Linton, 1943, pp. 233, 235). This is the situation at Arctic Village.

In a more detailed study of revitalization movements in general, of which nativism constitutes only one form, A. F. C. Wallace (1956) has suggested that when, following a period of cultural deterioration, cultural revitalization occurs, the movement will be characterized by a number of sequential features: (1) A reformulation of the "mazeway" or mental image of the cultural system by an individual who has undergone a personality transformation as the result of an hallucinatory vision or dream. (2) The evangelical communication of this revelation to the people, who in turn become followers of the prophet. (3) Organization of the followers into an action program under the charismatic leadership of the prophet. (4) Adaptation and modification of the program in the face of the strong resistance it inevitably engenders. (5) Cultural transformation and revitalization marked by enthusiastic embarkation on some organized program of group action. (6) "Routinization".

In terms of the Wallace schema the Arctic Village movement clearly had reached the fourth stage at the time of the band's schism and the remaining group of Tritt's followers seems to have reached the final stage of "routinization".

MYTHOLOGY

Story-telling has always been a popular pastime among the Chandalar Kutchin (cf. Sports and games, p. 49) and their mythology seems richer and more varied than that of the other Northern Athapaskan groups for which published material is available. The cosmological content of Chandalar Kutchin myths has already been summarized (cf. Cosmogony and theogony, p. 76), but they also give valuable insights into many other aspects of the aboriginal culture. The overweening importance of the food quest, ways of taking game, and the importance of sharing it—these are all themes that occur with great frequency. Considerable ethnographical information is scattered through the myths, e.g., living arrangements, war practices, interpersonal relations, and shamanism, together with the beliefs, attitudes, and values associated with these activities. Sex and body functions are treated with a casual frankness that imparts a markedly earthy quality to many of the stories.

I did not make textual recordings of the myths when in the field, but merely took them down in English translations. Inevitably these reflect the varying abilities of my informants and interpreters with the English language. In transcribing the stories I have paraphrased as little as possible in order to convey something of the spirit and style of the original telling. Because the myths seem to fall naturally into six major categories, I have arranged them as follows:

1. Raven Cycle—myths dealing with the exploits and adventures of Raven, a transformer and trickster.
2. Jateaquoint Cycle—myths dealing with the exploits and adventures of Jateaquoint, a culture-hero and transformer.
3. Sagithuk Cycle—myths dealing with the exploits and adventures of Sagithuk, a trickster and buffoon.
4. Animal myths—short folk tales featuring animal characters and usually containing a strong explanatory element.
5. Miscellaneous—myths concerning a variety of human heroes, miraculous transformations, and supernatural animals.
6. Legends—stories concerning ostensibly historical figures, but containing supernatural and mythological elements.

Since the myths are an integral part of Chandalar Kutchin culture as well as an important source of information regarding many aspects of it, their inclusion in this monograph completes the ethnographical record. I have made no attempt to analyse them here from the standpoint of comparative folklore, but a few generalizations seem readily apparent. As Stith Thompson has observed, the mythologies of the Northern Athapaskan tribes tend to reflect those of their neighbours (Thompson, 1929, p. xx) and this appears to be true of the three major myth cycles of the Chandalar Kutchin. The Raven Cycle seems definitely of Northwest Coast origin as both references to the sea and the stories themselves attest (Boas, 1916, pp. 567 ff.). The Sagithuk Cycle, on the other hand, shows many resemblances to the trickster myths of the Central

Algonkians, particularly those of the Cree (Fisher, 1946, pp. 226 ff.). One of my old informants has since assured me that these stories were not of Chandalar origin, but were "French," a term that suggests that they were brought to Fort Yukon by the French-speaking *coureurs du bois* in the early days of the fur trade. It is the Jateaquoint Cycle that most closely resembles the culture hero-transformer cycles of other Northern Athapaskan groups, specifically those of the Upper Tanana (McKennan, 1959, pp. 175 ff.), Han (Schmitter, 1910, pp. 22 ff.), and Kaska (Teit, 1917, pp. 427 ff.). The Chandalar Kutchin culture-hero, however, also shows some similarities with the Cree figure, Nanabozho, particularly in the lost wolf-brother and the rollinghead incidents (Fisher, 1946, pp. 228 ff.). Quite possibly, Jateaquoint has become a composite character, based on more than one culture-hero cycle. This would explain the attempts of those of my informants who had spent much of their lives at Fort Yukon to identify Sagithuk with Jateaquoint or to attach the one cycle to the other.

Raven Cycle

Raven Makes Land

Formerly the world was nothing but water from which only a small mountain top projected. All the men in the world lived on this one island, occasionally venturing out a short distance in their canoes. Now and then a small bit of land would appear on the horizon. When this happened, the people would attempt to hit it with their spears. They had no bows and arrows then and they used spears to kill the water animals which provided them with food. The people knew that if they could only hit this bit of land, a great deal more land would appear.

One day Raven came along in his canoe, and everyone begged him to make more land since the island was greatly overcrowded. Finally Raven promised to catch the bit of land the next time it appeared. He set out in his canoe, taking only one spear with him for he was ambidextrous. He held his spear in his left hand and waited for the spot of land to appear. When it did, he hurled his spear and hit the land squarely in the centre. Immediately a vast expanse of dry land appeared.

All varieties of water animals were left stranded on this land and the people made haste to gather them in for grease, paying no attention to Raven who still remained in his canoe. Finally one man went back to the island to get his personal belongings, but when he arrived there he found that everything was gone. Raven had stolen the peoples' belongings and had disappeared.

(Johnny Frank)

Raven Steals the Sun

Bear formerly possessed the sun which he kept jealously guarded in a sack which hung by his bed. He never opened it, for he desired that the world always be kept in darkness. All the other animals wished greatly for some daylight. Many had attempted to steal the sun, but without success because Bear was too wise and powerful. Finally Raven decided that he would secure the sun.

Bear had an only daughter over whom he kept a careful watch, allowing no man to come near her. One day Raven hid himself by the stream where she came to get water. When Bear's daughter leaned down to fill her bucket, Raven turned himself into a small black speck which she dipped up with her water. When the girl saw the black speck, she emptied the bucket and dipped up a fresh pailful. Since the speck was still present, she again emptied her bucket. When she refilled the bucket for the third time, the speck was still there. This time her thirst overcame her and she drank the water, speck and all.

That night when she had returned to her camp, she realized that she was pregnant. The next day she was well along on her term, and on the third day she gave birth to a baby boy. In reality he was the reincarnation of Raven. Her father was greatly puzzled since he was sure that no man had come near her, but since he was greatly attached to the baby he did not reprimand his daughter too severely. The boy grew very rapidly. At the end of the first day he was crawling about on his hands and knees, and by the second day he was playing about like any young boy.

When he saw the bag by his grandfather's bed, he immediately began to cry for it. Bear at first paid no attention to him, but when the boy continued to cry Bear finally turned to his daughter and said, "What is that child crying about?"

"He wants to play ball with the sun which you keep in your bag. You will have to give it to him if you wish him to stop", the girl told him.

Bear hesitated to let the sun out of the bag, but since he was so fond of the little boy he found it hard to refuse him anything. Finally he untied the bag and gave the sun to the child, after cautioning him not to roll the ball out of the house. The boy stopped his crying and began to play with the ball, rolling it along the floor. Each time he rolled it a bit nearer the door. Finally the ball rolled outside. The boy ran out after it, but instead of bringing it back he hurled it high into the sky where it remains today.

When Bear saw the sun go hurtling off, he gave a roar of anger and rushed for his grandchild. The boy ran to the edge of the stream with Bear in close pursuit. Just as he reached the water Bear leaped for him, but the boy turned into Raven and flew off, crying, "Caw, caw, caw," while Bear landed headlong in the stream.

From that time on there was sunlight and all the animals rejoiced.

(Johnny Frank)

Raven and Fox Secure the Moon

Bear also possessed the moon which was a big, round ball like seal oil. Many of the animals desired moonlight, but since Bear preferred darkness he kept the moon tied up in a bag by his bed.

Fox was anxious to have moonlight, and so he decided to steal the moon from Bear. To this end he enlisted the help of Raven, who was Bear's uncle. They went together one evening to Bear's camp where Raven proceeded to entertain him with story after story. Soon Bear became drowsy, but Raven still continued telling stories. Occasionally Bear dropped off for a short nap. While he was in the midst of one of these naps, Fox seized the bag. Quickly opening it, he ran outside with the moon and hurled it into the sky. Bear awoke just in time to see the moon go sailing off into the heavens. He at once called out, "Stop, moon. Let there be no moonlight."

But Fox called out, "Sail on, moon. Let there be plenty of moonlight."

That is why every month some of the nights have moonlight while the others do not.

(Johnny Frank)

Raven Makes Woman

A large group of men were once camped together. At that time there were no women in the world. One man, however, possessed the female organs which he kept in a sack. Everyone desired these, but he would allow no one to come close enough even to see them. He lived alone up the river, but all the men were constantly coming up to visit his camp. One man at last succeeded in peeking into the sack and catching a glimpse of its contents. That is why today men always try to catch a glimpse of a woman's privates.

One day Raven came to the lower camp. When he heard about the man up river and the prize which he guarded so jealously, Raven determined to see it. First he put something in his eye so that it became inflamed. Then he set out for the camp accompanied by a number of the men. On his arrival he said, "I would like to see those organs."

The man brought out the sack and opened it a bit, but kept it at a distance.

"My eye is bad and I can hardly see", said Raven. "You will have to come closer."

The man approached a little closer and opened the sack a bit wider, but Raven still complained that he could not see anything so the man opened the sack still more. "I can nearly make it out, now, but not quite. Won't you open the sack a little wider?" asked Raven.

Raven had now come quite near, and when the man opened the sack wider Raven suddenly seized the organs and threw them between the outspread legs of a young boy who was sitting near by. The female organs clung there and the boy was now a woman. Then all the men had intercourse with her and that is how Raven made woman.

(Johnny Frank)

Raven and Mallard Girl

A large group of people were camped beside a stream and among them was Mallard Girl and her parents. She was extremely beautiful and many suitors had sought to marry her, only to be rejected by her parents. Finally Raven decided to try. He put on his best clothes and painted them so that they appeared to be covered with beads. Then he set off down the river in his canoe. As he neared the camp Mallard Girl's brother called out, "Mother, here comes a wealthy man who would make a fine brother-in-law."

The mother hastened to spread out two nicely tanned moose skins on to which Raven stepped from his canoe, and then he strode proudly up the bank to the house. As he entered he spied Mallard Girl dressed in her best clothes. All kinds of food were set out in front of Raven, but just as he started to eat he noticed a dog tied in the corner, and said, "I don't like the looks of that dog. Take him out and strangle him before I eat."

After the dog had been strangled, Raven completed his meal. When it came time to go to bed, Raven said, "I hope it doesn't rain tonight."

That night it rained, and during the night Raven went out and ate the eyes of the dead dog. He got thoroughly wet and his painted finery was damaged.

There was considerable excitement the next morning and someone said, "Somebody with three toes has eaten the eyes of the dog. Let us all take off our moccasins and see who among us has three toes."

Everyone then took off his moccasins except Raven. Finally he untied the upper part of his moccasins, but just as he was about to pull them off he called out, "See the ducks."

When everyone looked up to see the ducks, Raven slipped off his moccasins and then hurriedly replaced them. One little boy, however, saw him and called out, "He has three toes."

Raven turned to him and said "My boy, you have lied and anyone who lies will die early. This is the first time in all my life I ever knew anyone to tell a lie."

Raven finally succeeded in getting Mallard Girl for a wife, and they started down the river in his canoe. It soon began to rain, and Raven's painted finery was washed off. Mallard Girl now realized that she had been tricked and that Raven's wealth was only painted on. His wife leaned over as though to caress him, but in reality she was tying him to the canoe. A bit later she asked to go ashore for a few minutes. Raven consented, but before he put her on the bank he tied a long line to her. As soon as Mallard Girl got into the brush, she tied this line to a tree. After a short time Raven called to her to return, and when she did not appear he started pulling on the line. When he discovered that the line was fast to something, he realized that he had been fooled. He tried to go ashore to look for her, but found that he was tied fast to his canoe. By the time he had untied himself Mallard Girl had made her getaway and had returned to her camp.

(Old Lucy Frank, Gilbert)

How Raven Became Black

Formerly all the birds were of one colour, a dull, featureless gray. At that time Swan was chief. Because all his people wished to have brighter colours, he had tried for a long time to find some way to bring this about, but to no avail. Finally Raven, who was a rather clever fellow, agreed to undertake the job.

Raven first collected a large variety of coloured pigments. He then called the birds together and set about painting them, giving each a distinctive colour. Loon was the last bird to be painted, and he in turn had agreed to paint Raven. The latter determined to play a joke on Loon and so instead of giving him a fancy colour he simply painted his back a dull black. Loon in his turn determined to fool Raven and to this end he gathered together a large pile of powdered charcoal which he hid near the water. The he asked Raven to step down closer to him so he could see him better, cautioning him to keep his eyes closed lest the paint get in them. When Raven complied, Loon suddenly seized him by his bill while the others seized him by his feet, and together they rolled him thoroughly in the pile of charcoal. When Raven came out, he was coal black. In his anger he made a lunge for Loon, but the latter had craftily dived into the nearby water. When he came to the surface, he was so far away that all Raven could do was to throw a handful of mud at him which hit him on the neck and spattered along his back.

That is why today Loon has a mottled back while Raven is coal black. All the birds know the trick that was played on Raven and delight in chasing and

making fun of him, for today he is a helpless fellow who depends upon the carrion from the kills of others for his food.

(Jimmy Roberts)

Raven Fools the Birds

Back in the days when all animals were like men, all the birds had long hair except Raven whose hair was short. Because his friends made fun of him, Raven determined to do something about his short hair. One day, as Raven was walking along, he came to a large village. On entering it, he announced, "All your relatives have been killed."

Immediately the people began to weep and wail and they singed off their hair in mourning. Raven cautioned them not to burn off their hair too closely. When they were through singeing their hair, he asked them to take him by the arms and legs and throw him into the fire with his belly up. The people did as he requested but instead of landing in the fire Raven flew away, laughing, because now everyone's hair was short like his own. Today the fish duck still shows the effects of this mourning rite in the burned gray colour of his feathers.

(Old Lucy Frank)

Raven Kills Bear

Bear and his family had a fish camp on the banks of a stream. The camp of all the other animals was farther down the stream where it emptied into the lake. These people were always hungry because Bear's fish trap completely closed off the stream so that no fish could pass. They had often tried to kill Bear but had never succeeded because he was too powerful. Finally Raven promised to kill Bear. All the people rejoiced although they secretly doubted if Raven would be successful.

Raven first went into the woods and made himself a large knife of spruce gum, polishing it to resemble a real knife. He took this knife up to Bear's camp and gave it to him, saying, "My uncle, some of the people camped down below are coming up to kill you. I have made this large knife so you can protect yourself."

When Bear had thanked him profusely, Raven continued, "Since you are my uncle, I will stay here and fight for you if you will give me your knife for a weapon."

Bear gave Raven the knife, which was long and sharp. Bear had a young child who was still crawling on its hands and knees. Raven crawled underneath the young one and clung to its underside whereupon the little bear covered Raven with excrement. This made Raven angry and he threw the youngster to the ground with such violence that its back was nearly broken against a stick. Hearing his child's howls of pain, Bear came rushing up to kill Raven, the spruce-gum knife in his hand, but at the first blow the knife shattered in many pieces. Raven easily killed both Bear and his family using Bear's own knife.

Raven ate up all Bear's cache of fish and grease and tore up the fish trap in which many fish were impounded. These went on downstream and the people below rejoiced and praised Raven for killing Bear and making it possible for them to catch fish.

(Johnny Frank)

Raven Regains his Beak

A group of people were camped by a stream where they were busy catching and drying fish. Raven decided to steal the fish, but when he tried to do so a man caught him and broke off his beak. Raven begged and begged for the return of the beak, but the man refused to give it to him.

The next day Raven went up the river where he remained all day, returning late in the evening. He repeated this for several days. He was busy building rafts. On top of each raft he placed figures of a man and a woman made from moss. He dressed the figures in clothes made from birch bark. When everything was completed, he floated the rafts down the river. In the meantime Raven hurried back to camp through the woods.

The people at the fish camp were hard at work when suddenly they saw a lot of strangers coming down the river on rafts. They stopped their work, and rushed to greet the visitors. The man who kept Raven's beak was at a loss as to where to put it. Raven drew close to him and in the excitement the man did not recognize him.

"I will hold that beak for you so that you can join the people", said Raven.

Without looking the man handed Raven the beak and Raven quickly put it back in place and flew off. In his haste, however, he put the beak on backwards. That is why Raven has such a large beak now, and he can only make a harsh, croaking noise with it because it is put on so poorly.

(Johnny Frank)

Raven Tries to Secure Caribou Fat

One time when the animals were people, all the men in camp went out hunting. When they returned, each carried a load of caribou back-fat. Raven alone was empty handed. He hurried on ahead to camp where he found an old woman tending a snare. Seizing her by the neck and buttocks he broke her back. He tried to make back-fat from her, but she was nothing but skin and bones.

(Johnny Frank)

Raven is Killed and Comes Back to Life

Because Raven was always playing tricks on people, one man decided to do away with him for good. He succeeded in catching Raven and after blindfolding him, he put him on his back and started up a steep mountain with the idea of throwing his victim over a cliff.

"You are climbing a hill, aren't you?" asked Raven.

"No, we are still on level ground", the man replied.

When he reached the edge of the cliff, the man threw Raven from it and the body fell to the rocks below where it was dashed to pieces. When the man attempted to return to his camp, he could not locate it for Raven had magically caused it to disappear. The man now realized that he had made a great mistake in killing Raven, for he had lost his village and his people. Accordingly he rushed back to the foot of the cliff and began putting the body back together. He succeeded in assembling all of Raven except one toe, which he could not find. Finally Raven said, "Well, let it go. If you cannot find it, I will manage to get along without it."

That is why today Raven has only three toes.

The man now desired to return to his village and Raven consented to help him. He pointed out a large fish which was sleeping in the river and directed the man to jump on its belly. When the man did this, both his camp and his people came out from the fish's belly.

(Old Lucy Frank)

Raven Steals Fox's Arm from Bear

One warm summer's day Bear was trying to sleep in his den but his nap was constantly interrupted by a family of foxes who were playing outside. Several times Bear warned them to go away but they paid no attention to him. At last Bear pretended to be asleep. When one fox ventured too close, Bear suddenly arose and seizing Fox's paw wrenched the arm loose from the shoulder. The foxes ran off and Bear retired to his den wih the paw.

Since Bear was both smart and fierce, Fox was at a loss as to how to recover his arm. At last he enlisted the aid of Raven, who said he would retrieve the arm. He instructed Fox to keep the wound moist and soft and to remain near the mouth of Bear's den while Raven went inside. After entering, Raven began to tell story after story to Bear who soon began to doze. Every time his listener started to nod Raven would awaken him by rattling a bundle of caribou hoofs which hung by Bear's bed. When Bear failed to respond to this noise, Raven was satisfied that his host was sound asleep. He quickly seized Fox's arm, which Bear kept under his head, and ran from the den carrying it in his left hand, for Raven was left-handed. As Raven ran past Fox with Bear close on his heels, he threw Fox's arm at the latter's shoulder where it stuck firmly in place. That is why today one of a fox's shoulder blades is always slightly different from the other, and the scar of this old wound can still be seen in the marking of a cross fox.

(John Leviti)

Raven Tricks the Big Fish

One July day Raven was walking along by Old John Lake. A big fish, about five miles long, lived in this lake and because the water was warm the big fish was lying on the bank. Since Raven was hungry, he wished to kill the fish but he realized that the fish was so large that it could only be killed by trickery. Raven approached the fish and said, "Don't you find this water pretty shallow in the winter?"

"Yes", the fish replied, "Every winter my back fin freezes into the ice."

Then Raven said, "Did you know that on the other side of that low pass there is a large lake? It is so deep I cannot see the bottom."

When the big fish expressed some doubts about this, Raven took a long pole and set out to measure the depth of water in the other lake. Actually he went into the brush, and urinated over the entire length of the pole. When he showed the wet stick to the fish, the latter was satisfied and decided to move to the other lake. Turning to Raven, he said, "You had better get out of the way for I am going to jump."

The fish then backed off to the far end of the lake and, making a tremendous rush, leaped into the air, but in spite of his efforts he managed to get only half his body on to the land. He backed off again for another jump.

This time he landed high and dry on the shore. Try as he would he could not get back to the water. It was a hot day and his eyes soon dried up. This made him blind and he soon died. Raven then made a hole in the fish's belly and crawled inside to eat.

Soon a man came along. At his approach Raven came out from the fish's belly and flew across a range of mountains to a willow flat. In the meantime the man gathered his people together and told them of the stranded fish which would supply food for a long time. The people flocked eagerly to the carcass and soon were busy cutting up the flesh and rendering it into grease. When the snow fell, Raven returned wearing a pair of snowshoes that he had made out of willows. When he saw the stores of meat and grease, he determined to have them for himself and so concocted a story.

"Too bad, too bad", he said, "My uncle, who knew all about this carcass, told me that anyone who ate it would soon die. I am sorry for you all since I am sure you will die." Then as an afterthought he asked, "When you first came here, did a little black object leave the body and fly high into the air?"

When the people said that they had seen such an object, Raven shook his head sadly and continued, "Too bad, too bad. That is just what my uncle said would happen. There is just a chance, however, that if you leave this carcass at once you may be able to avoid death."

The people immediately set off through the woods, leaving all their stores behind them. Raven settled down to enjoy the food. The winter was a long, hard one and soon the people were dying of hunger. Finally one old man said, "I think that stranger was Raven. Let us go back to that fish before we all starve."

Raven had been living in the fish's belly. When he heard the people approaching, he dashed out of the animal's gullet, but a man was waiting at the fish's mouth and seized him as he came out. They built a large fire and prepared to toss Raven into the flames. Just as they were about to burn him Raven said, "If you really wish to kill me you will have to throw me into the fire with my back downward."

His gullible captors did as he had directed and when Raven was thrown through the air, he turned right side up and flew off, calling "Caw, caw, caw."

Sometime later he returned to find the people busy making grease. As they rendered out the oil, they poured it into a long tube made from the fish's intestine. Raven joined in the work, but he periodically complained of stomach trouble and retired to the brush to relieve himself. Actually he went to the far end of the tube to empty out the grease. The people wondered why the tube did not fill up with grease. The next time Raven retired to the woods one of the men followed him and saw him greedily drinking the grease as it ran out of the tube. When Raven left, the man set a sharp hook in the end of the tube. The next time Raven went to the tube he caught his tongue on this hook. He called and called for help, but no one heeded him. Finally he disentangled himself and returned to camp.

"What were you calling about?" someone asked him.

"While cleaning myself I ran a sliver in my anus", said Raven.

The big fish lasted the camp of almost a thousand people for three years.

(Johnny Frank)

Raven Tries to Starve the People

A large group of people were travelling together through the country, but they were unable to kill any game because Raven constantly flew ahead of them and warned the animals that the hunters were coming. One by one the people perished of hunger until at last only an old man and his wife remained alive. The man realized that if they were to live he must somehow outwit Raven. He managed to keep out of Raven's sight by crawling underneath the snow, and in this manner he finally came upon a herd of caribou and killed a large number. Carrying a piece of meat, he started back for camp, staggering as though weak with hunger so as to deceive Raven. The latter could not understand how the man could possibly have left camp without being seen. Thanks to the meat the man and his wife were able to make a good meal and regain some of their strength. The next morning the man said to his wife, "Leave me here as though I were dead while you go on alone."

The woman carried out her instructions and, as she broke camp, she kept crying for her dead husband while Raven sat laughing on his perch in a nearby tree. When she left camp, the woman made a bed for the old man and covered it with blankets. Weeping, she set out along the trail while Raven still laughed.

As soon as she was out of sight, Raven flew down to the body and began to eat out the man's eyes. Immediately the man seized him. He pulled off Raven's wings, plucked out all his feathers, and threw him into the fire to die. Then the old man overtook his wife and they went together to their kill of caribou. They were the only survivors of the camp, but they had finally succeeded in killing Raven.

(Gilbert)

Jateaquoint Cycle

Jateaquoint: His Boyhood

No one knows just where Jateaquoint was born before he came to this country, but it was probably in the Mackenzie River country on the other side of the mountains from the Upper Yukon.[1] Some people say that he came down the Porcupine River to the Yukon while others say that he came overland and hit the Yukon near the present settlement of Circle. In any case when he arrived in this country, he found it inhabited by beings who possessed animal attributes, although they looked and lived like Indians. In those days all the animals ate people. Jateaquoint reformed all the bad animals so that they no longer bothered man. Before he left he taught the Indians all that he knew, and thus they obtained their canoes, bows and arrows, and most of their other habits and customs.

Jateaquoint's mother and father were both shamans, the mother being the more powerful of the two. Jateaquoint had a younger brother and the two boys lived with their parents by a lake. One winter when Jateaquoint was

[1]A different version of Jateaquoint's origin was obtained from John Vendequisi, my oldest informant, who said that Jateaquoint came to the Yukon from the Eskimo territory. After marrying a Kutchin woman Jateaquoint continued down the river alone while his wife went up the Yukon River to its headwaters and then crossed the mountains to the Pacific coast.

about fifteen years old, a severe famine struck the country. The father was constantly away from camp spearing fish through the ice, although by this time timber had come in and moose and caribou were beginning to appear. The mother would go out each morning to cut wood with her stone axe. After bringing the wood to camp she would again disappear. When she returned, she always brought back large pieces of fat which she shared with the children but concealed from her husband. Since the father did not catch many fish, he grew steadily thinner while the wife and children remained fat.

One day the father unexpectedly returned from his fishing while the mother was still away seeking wood. Turning to the boys he said, "My sons, every day I grow weaker, while you remain strong and healthy. How do you explain this?"

Jateaquoint answered, "Father, after my mother has brought in her wood she always disappears only to return soon with meat. She shares this with us, but she is too selfish to give any to you."

On hearing this, the father asked Jateaquoint, "My son, should I try to find out how your mother is securing this meat?"

On his son's advice the father decided to follow his wife. As he watched her from the distance, he noticed that as she walked through the woods large insects appeared. When the woman turned to the insects and said, "tcethtri",[1] they gave her pieces of fat which she took back to camp. This fat came from mudworms and ants. The man was angered at his wife's deception and when he returned to camp he said to Jateaquoint, "My son, your mother is not doing the right thing. I would like to kill her. What is your advice?"

Since he realized that his father was determined to kill his mother, Jateaquoint said, "Father, your medicine is not so strong as mother's and I am afraid that if you try to kill her you will lose in the end. If you are determined to make the attempt, however, do give my brother and myself something with which we may protect ourselves in case mother is not killed."

The father gave his son a sharp, stone point, a bone awl, a stone knife, and a beaver's tooth, and the two boys started out from camp. The younger boy was in tears, and in spite of the little difference in their size Jateaquoint carried him on his back to quiet him. Shortly after their departure the mother returned to camp, and the father killed her. He severed her head from her body, but so great was her magic power that the headless body immediately set out in pursuit of the father while the head pursued the children. When Jateaquoint saw his mother's head pursuing him, he was frightened and, throwing the sharp stone over his shoulder, he said, "Stone, turn into a high mountain."

The stone immediately turned into a high mountain. Although this delayed the rolling head somewhat, it soon surmounted the obstacle, saying, "When I was a young girl I dreamed about this."

Soon the head was close on the children's heels again. This time Jateaquoint threw the bone awl behind him, saying, "Awl, turn into sharp thorns."

The awl turned into sharp thorns, but the head rolled right through them, saying, "When I was a young girl I dreamed about this."

When Jateaquoint saw the head overtaking him again, he threw the stone knife behind him, saying, "Knife, turn into a sharp ridge."

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[1] *tcɛθtri*—The native term for both worms and eels. Now that the Indians are acquainted with Biblical stories involving snakes, the word is also used for snakes.

The knife turned into a sharp ridge, but the head rolled across it, saying, "When I was a young girl I dreamed about this."

Only the beaver's tooth now remained in the boys' possession, and the head was fast overtaking them again. Jateaquoint threw the tooth over his shoulder, saying, "Tooth, turn into a large river."

It so happened that the younger boy was playing with a willow branch at the time. The tooth chanced to strike this branch and, bouncing forward, turned into a large river in front of the boys. The boys were at a loss as to how to cross the stream when they saw a swan swimming by. Jateaquoint said, "Brother, please take us across this river."

Swan consented, and had just ferried them to the opposite shore when the mother's head arrived at the river's edge. "Husband, come over and take me across", called the head.

"You are nothing but a head. Why should I be your husband?" asked Swan.

Swan then swam across the river, but he promised the boys that he would not bring the head all the way back. He took the head on his back, but when he got to the middle of the stream he tilted back and the head fell into the current. As it floated off it turned into a big fish, saying, "My sons, I am going to be a big fish."

The younger boy was still crying, so Jateaquoint made him a ball out of willows. While the boys were playing, an old man came down the river in a canoe and landed near them. As the boys threw the ball into the air it fell into the canoe, and Jateaquoint said, "Grandfather, please give me back the ball which belongs to my younger brother."

"Come and get it", said the old man.

When Jateaquoint stepped into the canoe to retrieve the ball, the man pushed the craft away from shore, taking the boy with him. As the canoe floated away, the younger brother ran tearfully along the bank, crying, "Brother, what do you wish me to do?"

"Turn into a wolf", replied Jateaquoint.

Immediately the boy turned into a wolf and disappeared in the brush. The old man paddled Jateaquoint to his camp where he lived with his two daughters. The older girl had previously expressed a desire to be married, so the father said, "Since you wish to be married I have brought you a husband."

When the girl went down to the canoe she was disappointed to find only a tearful boy, and complained, "This is not the kind of a husband that I want."

She returned to camp, and her younger sister asked her, "Where is your husband?"

"Go down and get him yourself", replied the girl.

The younger sister went down to the canoe and found Jateaquoint. She wiped his tears away and brought him back to camp. She took care of him for some time and Jateaquoint became so fond of her that when she asked him to marry her he readily consented. By this time the older sister had changed her mind and she now wished to marry Jateaquoint. She suggested to her sister that they share him as a husband, but the younger girl refused. Jateaquoint then married the younger sister and they lived together in her father's camp.

(Old Lucy Frank, Maggie)

Jateaquoint: The Son-In-Law Tests

After marrying the younger daughter, Jateaquoint continued to work for his father-in-law as was the custom. The old man professed to need an arrow and directed Jateaquoint to secure the wood for the shaft from a certain tree. This tree was very dangerous for it constantly threw out large splinters which could kill a man. When Jateaquoint arrived at the tree and realized his danger, he spat upon his hand and hurled the spit against the tree. The tree immediately became quiet, and Jateaquoint easily secured a long splinter which was suitable for an arrow shaft. He carried this back to his father-in-law who could scarcely conceal his surprise at seeing his son-in-law still alive.

The old man now required some pitch for binding on the arrowhead and directed his son-in-law to secure this from a certain tree. When Jateaquoint arrived at this tree, he found boiling hot pitch gushing from it. Standing at a safe distance he again threw some spit against the tree and immediately the pitch ceased to boil forth. Jateaquoint then put some spit on the end of a long stick. When he touched the tree with this stick, some pitch adhered to it which he took back to the old man.

The father-in-law now asked for some sinew and directed Jateaquoint down a trail where he said he would find animals to supply it. Soon Jateaquoint came to two of these beasts, one sleeping on each side of the trail. They were huge, skeleton-like animals with hair so thick and stiff no arrow could penetrate it.[1] Sandpiper had made a nest in their horns and it was his duty to awaken them should any danger approach. Jateaquoint was wondering how he could kill them, when he saw Mouse. He asked Mouse to chew a little hair from behind the shoulder of each animal. While Mouse was doing this, one of the monsters awoke and asked. "What are you doing?"

"My children are cold and I need a little hair to keep them from freezing", said Mouse.

The animal grunted an assent and went back to sleep. When Mouse had removed a little hair from over the hearts of the animals, Jateaquoint easily killed them with his bow and arrow. He then removed the sinew which he took back to the old man, who could not understand how his son-in-law had survived.

The father now required some feathers and pointed out an eagle's nest on the face of a steep cliff. At that time eagles killed and ate men. When Jateaquoint climbed up to the nest, he found two young eagles in it, a boy and a girl. After killing the girl and throwing her body from the nest, Jateaquoint asked her brother, "Who will return first, your father or your mother?"

When the eagle replied that his father would come first, the young man asked him, "How will I know when your father is coming?"

"Before my father comes there will be a flurry of hail and rain", he answered.

"When your parents come, do not tell them that I am here. If they enquire for your sister, tell them that she is sunning herself on the rock below", Jateaquoint told him.

[1]The native name for this mythical animal is *jvθaikai*. The Indians may have derived their concept of this monster from the fossilized bones of prehistoric animals which are frequently found along the river-bars, or recollections of the now-extinct hairy mammoth may have persisted in the native folklore.

Shortly there was a flurry of hail and rain so Jateaquoint concealed himself in the bottom of the nest. Soon the father eagle appeared carrying the lower half of a man whose trousers were covered with beads. "Where is your sister?" the eagle asked his son.

"She is sunning herself down below", was the reply.

"Who is that man I smell?" asked the father.

"It must be the man whom you carry in your claws", said the young eagle.

Jateaquoint had hidden in the nest and when the male eagle settled down he killed the giant bird with his lance. After throwing the carcass over the cliff,[1] Jateaquoint turned to the young eagle and asked, "How will I know when your mother is coming?"

"Before my mother comes there will be a snowstorm", was the answer.

Soon snow began to fall and shortly thereafter the mother bird appeared bearing in her claws the upper half of a man whose shirt was heavily decorated with beads. "Where are your father and your sister?" asked the mother eagle.

"They are sunning themselves down below", was the reply.

"Who is that man I smell?" asked the mother.

"I don't know. It must be the man you carry in your claws", her son replied.

When the mother eagle settled down upon the nest, Jateaquoint killed her with a thrust of his lance. He then tossed a bit of knee fat from the nest and instructed the young eagle to dive and catch it. When the young eagle had succeeded in doing this, Jateaquoint said to him, "From now on you must never kill and eat man. Instead you can live on ground squirrels which you will catch by diving through the air as I have shown you."

Then Jateaquoint took a few feathers from the dead eagles and made his way back to his father-in-law's camp.

When Jateaquoint returned to camp, the old man took the eagle feathers and completed his arrow. He then put aside the finished arrow with the strict injunction to Jateaquoint not to touch it under any circumstances. Jateaquoint was tired after his adventures so he stretched out on the far side of the fire for a nap. He did not allow himself to sleep too soundly, however, and managed to keep his ears open.

The old man actually was Brown Bear for in those days all animals were just like men. When he thought Jateaquoint was asleep, the old man turned to his daughter and said, "You go outside and turn yourself into a brown bear."

The girl broke into tears, saying, "I love my husband and I do not wish to see him killed."

Her father insisted, however, so still crying the girl went outside and did as she was directed. Then the old man awakened Jateaquoint with the warning that some beast was outside. Jateaquoint leaped from his bed, and, seizing the arrow which the old man had just completed, he rushed outside. When the father-in-law realized that Jateaquoint had taken the forbidden arrow, he tried

[1]In another version (Old Robert's) Jateaquoint buries the bodies of the parent birds at full length thus establishing the present custom of burial. This version denies the "fee-fi-fo-fum" motif.

Still another version (Maggie's) has Jateaquoint kill the boy eagle but spare the girl in order that she can reproduce her kind. In Maggie's version the son-in-law tests are merged with the Sagithuk cycle, but other informants deny this and certainly the whole spirit of the story is out of character with the Sagithuk cycle, Sagithuk being uniformly pictured as a buffoon and a trickster.

to intercept him but he was unable to overtake the younger man. Coming upon the bear, Jateaquoint shot it without realizing that it was his wife. As the animal fell, it cried out, "Father, he has killed me."

When he saw his daughter fall, the old man transformed himself into a brown bear and came charging in, but Jateaquoint killed him also.[1]

(Old Lucy Frank)

Jateaquoint: The Flood[2]

Jateaquoint once suggested to his father-in-law that they search for feathers and that each then turn into the bird whose feather he had found. The old man found a camp robber feather and so turned into a camp robber. Jateaquoint found the feather of a sandpiper and became a sandpiper. The two were flying together over a large lake when they saw a band of people camped below. One of these strangers whistled whereupon the old man fell into the lake where he drowned. Jateaquoint continued flying until he came to the place where his younger brother had turned into a wolf. He found the tracks of the wolf and followed them, asking all the animals he met if they had seen his lost brother, but no one could give him any information. At last he came to a place where the wolf tracks joined those of a moose. Both tracks led into a lake, but no tracks led out from it. Jateaquoint retraced his tracks to a river where he found a kingfisher fishing. Kingfisher was catching no fish so Jateaquoint asked him, "What is the matter, brother? Is your beak dull?"

"Yes, my brother, my beak is very dull and my children are hungry", said Kingfisher.

"If you will tell me about my brother, Wolf, I will fix your bill", said Jateaquoint.

"Your brother was chasing a moose. He chased it into a lake and there he was caught and killed by a big fish who is your mother", said Kingfisher. "Every night this big fish and its friends play games with your brother's skin and that of the moose."

Then Jateaquoint took his knife and rasped Kingfisher's beak until it had many sharp teeth. Kingfisher tried them, but complained that they were not sharp enough so Jateaquoint sharpened them some more. This time Kingfisher was satisfied.

Jateaquoint built a large raft and floated out to a shallow bar in the lake. Here he hid in a hollow log. Shortly after dark many big fish appeared and began to play with the skins of a wolf and of a moose. Later they all went to sleep on the bar. Jateaquoint crept out from his hiding place and began clubbing the sleeping fish to death with a big stick. Two fish, however, woke up and managed to escape. Soon it began to rain. As the water rose Jateaquoint took refuge on the raft. Still it rained and the waters continued to rise. Pairs of animals[3] began swimming up to the raft until it was so crowded that it almost sank.

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[1]Another version (Maggie's) gives the old man supernatural power which Jateaquoint, or Sagithuk according to this version, takes away from him in a dream.

[2]According to one informant this story belongs to the Sagithuk cycle. Not until he builds his canoe does Sagithuk become Jateaquoint. Other informants, however, put this story in the Jateaquoint series.

[3]This incident may reflect missionary influence.

Lynx was on the raft and said to Jateaquoint, "Who killed Big Fish?"

"I don't know", said Jateaquoint, "What would you do to the man who killed him?"

"I would kill him with my long tail", said Lynx.

Then Jateaquoint chopped off Lynx's tail and blackened the stub with a bit of charcoal. That is how Lynx got his present tail.

Beaver then asked Jateaquoint, "Who killed Big Fish?"

"I don't know", said Jateaquoint, "What would you do to that man?"

"I would kill him with my sharp teeth", said Beaver.

Jateaquoint then broke off Beaver's teeth and that is how they got their present shape.

Water was everywhere with no land in sight. Finally Jateaquoint sent Raven out to find land but Raven returned without seeing any. Jateaquoint then sent out another bird on the same errand.[1] In the meantime he tied a long cord to Beaver and sent him down to find bottom. He sent down three different Beaver in turn. Each time he hauled the animal up, it was drowned and showed no evidence of having reached bottom.

Jateaquoint then tied a string to Muskrat and sent him down to search for bottom. He did this several times. Each time Muskrat was pulled up drowned, but with a little bit of mud in his paws. Jateaquoint would blow in Muskrat's face and thus restore him to life. Finally Jateaquoint had enough mud to make earth. In the meantime the second bird[1] had returned with a bit of earth but this was no longer needed.

Jateaquoint took the bit of earth from Muskrat's paws and rubbed it between his hands until it was dry. He blew upon it and it became dry land. He then sent out Wolf and Fox to reconnoitre the land he had just created, Wolf going to the right and Fox to the left. Wolf never returned. Fox came back, exhausted, and reported, "My brother, it is a large piece of land. I went until I was tired and still I did not meet my brother, Wolf."

Then all the animals went ashore to the land which as yet had no timber. Jateaquoint went ashore also.

(Maggie)

Jateaquoint[2] Builds the First Canoe

Jateaquoint continued travelling until he came to a large river. Here he decided to build a canoe. He first tossed a piece of spruce bark into the current and followed along the shore, but the bark soon sank. Next he tossed in a bit of cottonwood bark, but this soon sank as did a piece of willow bark which followed it. Jateaquoint now tossed in a piece of birch bark and followed along the shore as the bark floated down the current. He followed it until he became tired, but still the birch bark floated on. He therefore decided to cover his canoe with birch bark. He peeled off three long strips of bark, one to cover the bottom and one to cover each side. He laid the strips along the frame of the canoe, but did not stitch them on. All this took place at the head of the Yukon Flats near the present Circle. Some people say you can still see there the

[1]This incident may reflect missionary influence.

[2]According to one informant, Moses Peter, the protagonist of this story was Sagithuk, whose name subsequently became Jateaquoint. Other informants agreed that in spite of the confusion regarding the identities of Sagithuk and Jateaquoint, the latter name was always used in all stories following the building of the canoe.

shavings from Jateaquoint's canoe. The Indians secured the design for their canoes from this first canoe of Jateaquoint's.

Before going to bed, Jateaquoint killed and ate a willow grouse. Noting the curved breastbone, he decided to make a bow in this shape. That is how people got their bow.

When Jateaquoint awoke, a willow grouse was walking along one side of the canoe and a spruce grouse was walking along the other side. When they saw Jateaquoint they went into the brush, and Jateaquoint discovered that the strips of birch bark covering the canoe had been sewn together. One side had been done better than the other, and Jateaquoint said, "Spruce grouse takes short steps and sews well, but willow grouse takes long steps and her stitches are too far apart."

He took his knife and ripped out the coarse stitches and then went back to sleep again. While he slept, spruce grouse returned and replaced the cut stitches so that when Jateaquoint awoke the sewing was finished.

Jateaquoint said, "Now I must make it watertight."

First he took mud and covered the seams with this, but when he put the canoe in the water the mud fell out. The canoe filled with water so quickly that he barely got to shore. After some thought he decided to paint the seams with spruce gum. When he put the canoe in the river this time the seams were watertight so Jateaquoint continued down the Yukon in his canoe.

(Old Robert, Elijah Henry, Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint[1] and the Mouse Women

Jateaquoint continued on until he came to a domed, two-family camp. He went inside and sat by the fire. An old woman lived on each side of the fire, one of whom was fat and the other thin. These women were really mice. The fat woman gave Jateaquoint a meal of fish pemmican mixed with berries. When the other woman went outside to prepare a meal for him, the first woman said to Jateaquoint, "Do not eat her food. It is really human flesh for that is what she lives on."

Soon the thin woman returned with a meal of pounded, dried meat which in reality was human flesh. Jateaquoint pretended to eat this but he actually slipped it down the throat of his parka.

When Jateaquoint went to bed, he slept with the first woman and had intercourse with her. The other woman was jealous for she also desired intercourse. She jumped into bed beside Jateaquoint, but he threw her out into the fire where her cheeks were burned as well as the hair of her tail. This bad woman was really Shrew Mouse and that is how the shrew mouse got a pointed face and hairless tail.

(Johnny Frank, Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint[2] and Brown Bear

Jateaquoint continued his travels until he came to the camp of an old man and his daughter. There were many bear tracks around, for this old man was

[1]According to Moses Peter this is still a Sagithuk story.

[2]According to Moses Peter this is still a Sagithuk story. Not until the next story, "Jateaquoint and Bear", does the protagonist's name become Jateaquoint although without any change in character.

In the version of Johnny Frank the old man is a giant called *tcɛ tco* or Big Mosquito. In this version the hero is not Jateaquoint but simply an unnamed man.

really Brown Bear. When Jateaquoint had gone to sleep, the old man said to his daughter, "You go outside and turn into a bear."

Then the old man aroused Jateaquoint, saying, "Wake up. There is a bear outside."

Jateaquoint jumped up and the old man gave him a resin arrow for a weapon. Jateaquoint rushed outside and through his magic power he was able to kill the bear with this arrow. When the old man saw his stratagem had failed, he rushed for Jateaquoint who ran to the shore of a nearby lake and climbed a high tree. When Brown Bear came up, he saw his enemy's reflection in the water and tried to kill it. Jateaquoint could not restrain his laughter and his enemy then realized that he was in the tree. The old man tried in vain to chop down the tree.

Finally Jateaquoint said, "Why don't you get a long pole?"

The old man decided to do this but before leaving he defecated at the foot of the tree, saying to his excrement, "If Jateaquoint comes down, you call me."

When Brown Bear had left in search of a pole, Jateaquoint climbed down. Immediately the excrement began to swell preparatory to calling Brown Bear, but when Jateaquoint pointed his finger at it, the swelling subsided. Jateaquoint then went into the lake and took refuge in a muskrat house. When Brown Bear came back and found his enemy had escaped, he reprimanded the excrement severely. He followed Jateaquoint's tracks until they disappeared into the water; whereupon he drank the lake dry and then lay down exhausted.

When the old man was asleep, Jateaquoint came out of his hiding place and said to Snipe, who happened to be near by, "You puncture the old man's belly."

When Snipe came near the old man, the latter half awoke and asked, "What are you doing?"

"My children are hungry and I am looking for roots", said Snipe.

"All right, but don't come too close to me", said the old man.

When the old man closed his eyes again, Snipe punctured his belly. Immediately the water rushed forth. What was left of Brown Bear became the lily pads which can be seen today along the shores of every lake.

(Johnny Frank, Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint and Bear

Jateaquoint continued his travels until he came to the camp of Bear. At that time Bear ate people, killing them by means of a sharp point attached to the end of his long tail. Bear had two daughters. Before Jateaquoint went to bed, one of them warned him to hide a flat stone on his breast under his shirt as a protection against Bear's tail. Jateaquoint got up and went outside to look for a suitable stone.

"What are you looking for?" asked Bear.

"I am looking for a stone on which to sharpen my knife", replied Jateaquoint.

After Jateaquoint had gone to bed, Bear proceeded to sharpen the end of his tail. He tested it on some dry moose and caribou skins to satisfy himself that it was sharp. Then he attacked the sleeping Jateaquoint, stabbing repeatedly at his chest. No matter how hard he tried, Bear could not pierce the latter's

chest because of the flat rock Jateaquoint had hidden under his shirt. Finally Bear's tail broke off, and Bear died as a result. That is how Bear got his present short tail.

(Elijah Henry, Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint and the Giant, Zeatco

A tremendous giant called Nehoji, who had twelve fingers and twelve toes, was camped with his family by a lake where they lived by fishing. This lake had formerly been the fishing ground of a smaller giant called Zeatco ("High as the Sky"), but the larger giant had driven him away. As a result Zeatco had been forced to move his family to the mouth of the Yukon where they lived by fishing for mackerel. At that time Jateaquoint was going about the country killing bad animals, and Zeatco decided to secure him as a partner in an attempt to kill Nehoji. Accordingly Zeatco set out to locate Jateaquoint. For a long time he searched for him in vain, but one night he came to a mountain cave where Jateaquoint had camped for the night. Zeatco called to him, asking him to come out, but Jateaquoint was frightened and refused.

Finally Zeatco become angry and shouted, "If you do not come out I will defecate in the mouth of the cave and block it up."

Jateaquoint still hesitated to come out so Zeatco defecated in the mouth of the cave, and the excrement was steaming with a poisonous vapour. Jateaquoint was frightened by this and said, "My grandfather, if you will remove your excrement I will come out and go with you."

Zeatco removed the excrement and Jateaquoint came out, crying a bit from his fright. The giant picked him up to brush away his tears, but Zeatco's fingers were so huge that they nearly broke Jateaquoint's neck. The giant then put Jateaquoint in his armpit underneath his shirt, and strode off. Soon Jateaquoint saw an animal about the size of a wolverine approaching him and called out, "My grandfather, what kind of animal is this approaching me?"

Zeatco looked down contemptuously and said, "Why that is only a louse. Shoot an arrow squarely into its nose, and put its carcass in my mouth."

Soon they came to a large herd of caribou, which Zeatco killed by stamping on them as if they were insects. Not long after this they came upon three moose, a bull, a cow, and a calf. Zeatco posted himself on a point, and instructed Jateaquoint to chase the moose by him. Jateaquoint did this and when the moose ran by, the giant killed each animal with a single arrow. His arrows were the size of tree trunks, and he shot at a distance of several miles. Zeatco then built a fire and cooked the three moose putting each on a separate spit. When they were cooked, he gave the three moose heads to his companion as a mark of respect, but Jateaquoint was only able to eat the eyes of one. The giant then consumed all the rest of the meat.

Their next camp was by the side of a lake in which there were many beaver. The giant killed two large ones and one small one and gave them to his companion to cook. Jateaquoint planned to make a meal of the small beaver and gave the other two to Zeatco, who ate them with relish and then asked for more. Just at this time Zeatco happened to be feeling around behind him, having forgotten that he had just defecated. He accidentally thrust his hand in his excrement and then hastily shook it from his fingers. As the drops flew off in the air, they became ptarmigan and spruce grouse and willow grouse.

At last they came to the lake where Nehoji was fishing through the ice with a tremendous hook. At their approach Chickadee, who was Nehoji's helper and was posted as a lookout, gave the alarm and the giant escaped. Zeatco and Jateaquoint now tried a stratagem. Zeatco first went around to the far end of the lake and hid. Jateaquoint then imitated a fox loping across the lake, extending one arm back like a fox's tail and giving the sharp bark of the animal. Since Nehoji was afraid of foxes, he hastily pulled up his fishhook and ran toward the far end of the lake. As he ran, the ice cracked under his tremendous weight but Nehoji simply cried, "Ice is a liar. Ice is a liar."

When Nehoji ran by Zeatco's hiding place, the latter leaped forth and slashed the knee tendons of his enemy thus bringing him to his knees. Zeatco was unable to kill him and they were still grappling when Jateaquoint came up. Nehoji was getting the better of the fight when Zeatco called to Jateaquoint to cut the giant's neck tendons.[1] When Jateaquoint did this, Nehoji's head fell limply to his chest. Zeatco was now able to kill him and cut off his head. The two partners then took the trail to Nehoji's camp where he lived with his wife and their five children. The two smallest children, who were still in diapers, were already larger than normal men. Zeatco went inside the tent and killed Nehoji's wife. While he was doing this the three older boys attacked Jateaquoint, trying to kill him with the sharp horns attached to their elbows. Jateaquoint was hard pressed and called out, "My grandfather, come quickly. These boys are trying to kill me."

"I will come out and kill them as soon as I have eaten the brains of Nehoji's wife", replied Zeatco.

Soon the giant came out and killed the boys. Then he returned to the tent and had intercourse with Nehoji's dead wife.

Zeatco and Jateaquoint now decided to return to the former's camp at the mouth of the Yukon where the giant rejoined his wife and his brother. The night he returned home Zeatco had intercourse with his wife, and Jateaquoint's lust was aroused as he listened to their mighty love-making. The next morning Zeatco warned him of his brother, who was away hunting beaver, saying, "My brother is bad humoured. If he finds you here, he will kill you. You must keep a sharp lookout, especially at night."

That night Jateaquoint saw the brother returning from his hunt with two immense beaver, so he hid while the giants devoured the animals. The next morning the brother set out on another beaver hunt and Zeatco left camp to look for his lost dogs. When Jateaquoint found himself alone with the giantess that night, he plucked the woman's sleeve and said, "My grandmother, my grandmother, I want something."

At first she paid no attention to him, but finally asked, "What is it you want, a drill?"

"No", said Jateaquoint.

"Is it some dye?"

"No."

"Is it a crooked knife?"

"No."

Finally the woman smiled and said, "I know what you want. You want to sleep with me."

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[1]Achilles tendon, according to the version of Elijah Henry and Isaac Tritt.

"Yes, that is what I want", said Jateaquoint.

The giantess consented, but when she lay down her thighs were so huge that Jateaquoint could not make an entrance. When she realized the difficulty, she directed Jateaquoint to secure some trees with which to make tripods. Since the trees he brought were not large enough, the woman finally went out herself and secured some larger ones. She made two tripods of these to support her legs so that Jateaquoint was able to effect an entrance by standing upright between her thighs. The vulva of the woman was opening and closing in excitement and the suction was so strong Jateaquoint was drawn into the giantess' vagina. At this the huge woman leaped to her feet, and spreading her legs apart, jumped up and down in an effort to dislodge him. Finally he tumbled out and, after picking him up, the woman said, "Your grandfather has a very keen nose. When he comes home he will smell you and realize what has happened. Then he will kill you and beat me."

In order to prevent this she took Jateaquoint to the lake and washed him thoroughly. Because she was still not satisfied with his smell, she washed him again. Then she rubbed him over with the scent glands of weasels, but some odour still remained. Next she rubbed him with mink scent, but still she was not satisfied. Finally she covered him with the scent from the anal glands of a wolverine and, when she sniffed him, she could no longer detect any odour of herself. Zeatco returned the next morning, having failed to find his dogs.[1]

Jateaquoint now asked to return to his home. The giant consented and gave him a magic stave, instructing him to place this upright in the snow each night and take the trail in the morning in the direction in which the stave had fallen. Just as Jateaquoint left, Zeatco warned him, "My dogs have been lost for two years. Every night when you make camp, you had better build a high cache for a bed lest my dogs find you and kill you. If my dogs come up, call to me and I will hear you."

Jateaquoint saw nothing of the giant's dogs the first night, but at his next camp he saw the dogs, who were actually Bear and Wolf, under his high bed and called out, "My grandfather, here are your dogs."

In spite of the distance Zeatco heard the call and immediately called off the dogs, using their names, Narrow Tail, who was Wolf, and Black Head, who was Bear. Jateaquoint travelled for some time. Whenever he needed food, the magic stave would lead him to game. One night he heard voices just at dusk, and soon after he came to a camp. When he entered, all the voices stopped and no one was to be seen. When he awoke in the morning, he saw a grouse come out from the snow. In reality he had camped with Grouse.

Finally he found himself following the trail which led to his own camp. Soon he overtook his mother pulling a sled. Jateaquoint slipped up and took hold of the sled so that the old woman was unable to pull it. When she looked back to see what was holding it, he hid on top of the sled. She tried to pull the sled once more, but she could not move it. This time she came back to see what was holding it, but could find nothing. She tried to move the sled the third time with the same result. When she came back, Jateaquoint hid under

[1]In one version (Moses Peter) Zeatco discovers his wife's adultery and Jateaquoint escapes by hiding in the reeds by the sea. This version, incidentally, makes two separate stories of the incidents here treated as a single story, the first story consisting of adultery with the giantess, and the second story dealing with the slaying of the giant, Nehoji. The constituent incidents, however, remain the same.

the sled. When his mother looked underneath and found her son there, she was overjoyed for she had long since given him up for lost. Then the two went happily on to camp where Jateaquoint rejoined his family.

(Johnny Frank, Elijah Henry, Isaac Tritt, Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint and Marten

When Jateaquoint[1] returned to his camp after his long absence, he found that Marten had appropriated his two wives, after telling them that Jateaquoint had been carried off by a giant and would never return. Jateaquoint said nothing. He went into the tent and sat by the fire, eating pounded dried meat. Marten sat on the other side of the fire with Jateaquoint's wives at his sides.

While Jateaquoint ate, Marten kept leaning from side to side to watch him. Suddenly Jateaquoint picked up some hot grease and threw it into Marten's face, burning him. That is why Marten now has a white streak on his face.

Without even glancing up Jateaquoint enquired if he had hit Marten in the face. Marten leaned over to one of the women and whispered, "Tell him he did."

Jateaquoint now picked up a larger bit of grease and handed it across the fire to Marten. When the latter put out his hand to take the grease, Jateaquoint seized it and pulled Marten into the fire where he burned to death. Then Jateaquoint took back his two wives.

(Johnny Frank, Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint and the Dog Excrement

Jateaquoint was very thirsty so he sent one of his wives out to fetch some water. When she returned with it, he drank it all at one gulp and then sent her to fetch some more. She did this several times until finally her parents became angry with their son-in-law because drinking large quantities of water brings bad luck. They told their daughter to put some dog excrement into the next bucket of water. Her husband saw the dog excrement in the water, but he drank it just the same. Then he got up, put on his moccasins, and said, "Because you gave me dog excrement to drink I am going away for good."

After Jateaquoint had gone, his two wives set out to follow him. To forestall them Jateaquoint killed two large birds and propped up their frozen bodies in a lifelike position on each side of the trail. When the first wife came to them, she turned back. Soon the second wife came along accompanied by her young son, Dagoshu ("Ptarmigan Chick"). When the woman saw the birds by the trail, she threw her mitten at one of them. Since the bird failed to fly, she knew it must be dead, so she continued on her way. When she came to her husband's last camp, she found a bit of food left there. She ate this and went on. At each successive camp she found a bit of food. By travelling day and night she finally overtook her husband just as he was leaving his camp. Throwing her baby on Jateaquoint's snowshoe, she said, "Here is your son."

Jateaquoint stopped and they sat down and discussed the matter for a long time. Finally Jateaquoint said, "I never go back on my word. I must travel on. You had better follow me."

So the two continued on camping together each night.

(Moses Peter)

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[1]According to one informant (Moses Peter), Jateaquoint from here on is called "Vutsivei" ("His Grandfather Stole Him").

Jateaquoint and the Tailed Man

Finally Jateaquoint and his wife came to the camp where Tailed Man lived. This creature's body was covered with hair, his ears were large and hairless, and he had a long tail. He was a gossip and a troublemaker and, whenever the people moved camp, he would lag behind the men and lie down across the trail in front of the women who followed in the rear, hauling the sleds. When a woman tried to step over Tailed Man, he would kill her. All the people were angry with him because this practice interfered with moving camp. Even his own mother wished him killed, but no one was able to do it. Many men had attempted it, but after they had killed Tailed Man, the creature always came to life again, even after they had cut up his body into small pieces.

When Jateaquoint's wife came along the trail, she found Tailed Man stretched across it. Since she knew nothing about him, she tried to step over him whereupon he killed both her and her child. Jateaquoint came along soon afterwards. When he saw what had happened to his wife, he was both sad and angry. He determined to kill Tailed Man, but first he needed both a wife and a partner. He continued along the trail until he came to the camp which he entered, calling out that he needed a wife. He particularly wanted the chief's wife, but the people would not give him any woman. Instead they packed up camp and moved away.

Jateaquoint followed the trail to their new camp. As he neared it he saw two large bears, one on each side of the trail. Although these were the dreaded ice-bears (*jvtθvn*), Jateaquoint killed them easily with his spear. He propped their mouths open with small sticks and left the bodies standing lifelike by the trail while he continued on to the camp. When he entered camp, he found all the men were playing a game which consisted of jumping up and down on a rope of braided caribou skin stretched at some height above the ground. Without saying a word Jateaquoint leaped upon the tight rope and began jumping, still wearing his snowshoes. When the people saw him jumping rope on snowshoes, they realized he was a stranger and began to shout, "There is a stranger in camp."

At this Jateaquoint jumped down from the rope and ran back along the trail. All the men took after him, but when they came to the two ice-bears they were frightened and turned back. Only one man was brave enough to continue past the lifelike bodies of the bears. When Jateaquoint saw this, he embraced the man, saying, "My brother, from now on we are partners."

Jateaquoint and his new partner then returned to camp where the latter told all the people, "This man is my brother. We are partners."

Jateaquoint and his partner now determined to kill Tailed Man. The next time the camp was moved they went back along the trail and found Tailed Man stretched across it. After each had shot an arrow into Tailed Man's large ears, Jateaquoint shot him again through the chest. In order to destroy Tailed Man completely Jateaquoint cut up the body, including the tail, into small pieces. Other men had previously failed to destroy Tailed Man because they had neglected to cut up his tail, and it was the very tip of his tail that contained his spirit. After cutting Tailed Man into small bits, Jateaquoint put the pieces together again so the body appeared to be alive. He hid in the brush near by until Tailed Man's mother came along. She was an old woman who walked with a cane. When she saw the body of her son stretched across the trail, she

poked it with her stick. This caused the body to fall apart. The old woman rejoiced at this and called out, "At last someone has succeeded in killing my wicked son. Whoever did this come out from the brush and from now on you will be my son."

Jateaquoint came out from the brush and the old lady embraced him. The two went back to camp together, where the woman told everyone she met, "This good man has finally killed my wicked son. From now on he will be my son."

She took Jateaquoint to her camp where he found the two wives of Tailed Man. They were attractive girls and that night Jateaquoint slept between them. About midnight he was awakened by a scratching noise. Tailed Man had come back to life and was trying to crawl into the bed. Jateaquoint leaped up and plunged his knife into Tailed Man's breast. He cut up the body including the tail into tiny pieces and heaped ashes over these pieces. This destroyed Tailed Man for all time, and he was never seen again.

(Johnny Frank, Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint and the Little Man, Etsiohonjik

Each time they moved camp Jateaquoint's new partner would warn him of the dangers that lay along the trail. One day the partner warned him that the trail leading to the next camp crossed some water containing a big fish who ate people. The partner also said that they would meet a tiny, little man called Etsiohonjik ("Found under a tree"). This little man killed children by persuading them to lick an iron hammer which he owned. Their tongues would stick to the cold metal, and he could then kill them easily.

Jateaquoint continued along the trail until he came to the water where the big fish lived. Here Jateaquoint felled two trees, one on each side of the water, in such a way that their tops interlocked to form a bridge. Then Jateaquoint called Raven and told him, "A wicked little man who kills children is following behind. When he gets on this bridge, hold his arm a moment until the bridge gives way and he falls into the water."

Raven agreed and went back to his camp along the trail. He was sitting by the fire when the little man came along. Raven went to him and said, "I am looking for some meat to eat."

"So am I", said the man, "I like children's tongues."

When they came to the bridge, Raven asked, "Are you going to turn back?"

"No, I am going across for I wish to eat the tongues of the children", said the little man.

"All right. I will go with you and eat their eyes", said Raven.

Raven was telling a funny story as they crossed the bridge. While they were laughing, Raven began to back up, pulling Etsiohonjik along with him.

"Wait a moment. This is a dangerous place", protested the little man.

Raven paid no attention to this protest. He held the little man in the centre of the bridge until it came apart, and Etsiohonjik fell into the water where the big fish swallowed him. Just as the fish seized him, the little man called out, "From now on I will be the throat bone in every fish."

That is why today every fish has a bone in its throat.

An old woman had found Etsiohonjik under a tree when he was a baby and had raised him as her own son. One day after his disappearance she was

fishing through the ice when she hooked a large fish. As she pulled the fish out from the water, a voice within it said, "My grandmother, I am tired. Open up my guts."

This voice was that of Etsiohonjik, who was inside the fish. The old woman recognized the voice and immediately let the fish fall back into the water, calling out as she did so, "Here he is again."

Etsiohonjik then said his last word. "Now you will stick right here on the ice", he told her.

The old woman was frightened. She tried to move, but she could not do so. She called the people who tried to free her, but she was stuck fast to the ice, where she remained until she finally froze to death.

(Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint and the Giant Loche

The next time the camp moved Jateaquoint's partner said to him, "We shall meet a giant loche today. He comes out of the water and pulls people into his mouth with his tail and eats them."

That night everyone in camp worried about the giant loche. Jateaquoint had his knife ready. Around midnight a squirrel began to chatter. All the people began to wail and cry, "The wicked loche is coming."

Jateaquoint ran from his place by the fire and plunged his knife into the loche's belly, killing him. Everyone rejoiced and made much of Jateaquoint. They took their knives and cut open the huge fish to get his rich liver, which provided them with food for several days.

(Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint and the Poison Fogs

When they next moved camp, Jateaquoint's partner warned him, "Today we must cross a large lake. When people get halfway across it, a poison fog always comes up. It is more nauseous than the scent of mink glands, and many people are overcome by it."

When they came to the lake everyone covered his head with a caribou skin except Jateaquoint, who held only a small piece of skin over his mouth as he led the people on to the lake. When the fog appeared, Jateaquoint shook the little piece of skin and the fog immediately receded. Then the people all crossed safely.

When they made their next move, Jateaquoint's partner said, "Today we must cross another lake with a similar fog that is more nauseous than the odour of weasel glands."

This time, however, the people were not so frightened because they knew that Jateaquoint's magic was strong. When the fog appeared, Jateaquoint dissipated it as before and all the people crossed safely.

(Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint and the Dangerous Tree

The next day his partner told Jateaquoint, "Today we must pass under a dangerous tree which has fruit as large as a dwelling. Whenever anyone passes underneath, the tree lets this fruit fall on him."

When the people came to this tree, Jateaquoint took his bow and arrow and shot off the stems of the fruit so that it fell harmlessly. Then all the people passed underneath without further difficulty.

(Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint and the Giant Lynx

In former times there were many bad animals who killed and ate people. Jateaquoint's partner had warned Jateaquoint of most of these, but he had neglected to tell him about Lynx. This particular lynx was a giant of his kind, who secured his food by crouching above the trail on a limb from which he leaped on anyone who passed underneath.

One day when Jateaquoint was coming down the trail to camp, Lynx leaped on him and killed him. When Jateaquoint failed to return to camp that night, his partner was overcome with sorrow and berated himself, saying, "Oh, I failed to tell my partner about the giant lynx and now Lynx has killed him."

The partner's father was a powerful shaman so the man went to him and made him a handsome present. Then he said, "I failed to tell Jateaquoint about the giant lynx and now Lynx has killed him. Won't you make medicine to destroy Lynx?"

The shaman consented and directed his son to bring him some of Lynx's excrement together with the knife and spear of the dead Jateaquoint. When the son had done this, the shaman said, "I need three more pieces of Lynx's excrement."

The partner searched for a long time and finally succeeded in finding two more pieces of excrement which he brought to his father. "I need one more piece", the shaman insisted.

After considerable search the man succeeded in finding one more piece of excrement which he brought to his father, who was now satisfied. That night the shaman built a huge fire on the top of which he put the lynx excrement together with the knife and spear of Jateaquoint. As the flames roared up, the shaman advanced into the fire with his staff in hand and climbed on top of the pile. While the flames roared about him he sang a song, singing louder and louder as the flames roared higher and higher.

When the partner examined the fire the next morning, he found that it had burned down to a small pile of ashes, and standing upright in the centre was the skeleton of a man holding a staff. The bones were burned white from the flames, and as the partner gazed at this skeleton, it crumbled and fell to nothing.

That evening down the trail together came the shaman and Jateaquoint. The shaman had killed the giant lynx by his powerful magic and had brought Jateaquoint back to life.

(Johnny Frank, Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint and the Deadly Teeth

Shortly after Jateaquoint's regeneration, the people again moved camp. This time his partner warned him, "Today we must pass through a forest of huge teeth. Whenever anyone passes through them, they close together and kill him."

As a result of his experiences Jateaquoint had become even more powerful. When he came near the forest of teeth, he thrust his knife into the ground. He

felt something move, and thrust the knife deeper into it. He thus killed the monster whose teeth had protruded from the ground so that people could now pass safely.

Jateaquoint's partner had now advised him of all the dangers he knew. Jateaquoint would have to face future dangers without his help.

(Moses Peter)

Jateaquoint Kills Big Mosquito

One day Jateaquoint followed a small stream to its junction with a large river where he came upon a giant called Big Mosquito (*tcɛ tco*). This giant wore no hat and was completely bald. He was camped at the mouth of the stream and subsisted entirely on the game which he caught in his snares. When he was some distance from the giant, Jateaquoint squatted down on his snowshoes and waited for him to approach.

Soon Big Mosquito came up. When he saw Jateaquoint, he proceeded to build a caribou fence around him, setting it with snares. When the fence was completed, Big Mosquito stepped inside carrying a huge knife with which to kill Jateaquoint. Jateaquoint took off his parka and threw it at a snare. As the snare closed upon it, Jateaquoint slipped through the opening and hid behind a tree. Big Mosquito ran to the snare, and after thanking it for its help, he extracted the parka thinking it was his quarry. Then he built a large fire in order to cook his victim. Not until he cut into the parka, did he realize that it was empty.

Big Mosquito was so hungry that he felt he must eat something. He pinched various parts of his body in an attempt to find a part that did not hurt. Since he felt no pain when he pinched his thighs, he took his knife and cut the flesh from them. He cooked and ate this. After eating the flesh from his own thighs, Big Mosquito felt sleepy so he lay down and drowsed off. In reality he was slowly dying. Jateaquoint had been watching all this from his hiding place, and after Big Mosquito had stretched out, Jateaquoint came up to him. Big Mosquito opened his eyes, but he was unable to move his body. Then Jateaquoint took the giant's own knife and cut off his head. Because Big Mosquito sliced the flesh off his thighs, all mosquitoes today have long, thin legs.

(Johnny Frank)

Jateaquoint and Otter Woman

Jateaquoint was coming down a river in his canoe when he came upon the camp of Otter Woman. Mouse had warned him that Otter Woman killed men so he was on his guard. As he rounded the bend above her camp, he saw her at work curing skins. Although she hid these hastily at his approach, he saw that they were the skins of men. When Jateaquoint went ashore at Otter Woman's camp he found her stretched out as though she was asleep. She had taken off her pants, and Jateaquoint cautiously thrust a willow stick up her vagina. Sharp teeth within the vagina cut off the wood, as fast as he pushed it in. This was the way the woman killed her victims.

Jateaquoint returned to his canoe and started paddling down the river. Soon Otter Woman swam alongside.

"You go on ahead", said Jateaquoint.

Otter Woman did so, but she soon turned back and said, "My husband is away. There are two moose on that island ahead. Why don't we kill them and make camp together?"

The two went ashore and Jateaquoint killed the moose. He skinned one out and prepared the meat for supper. After eating he laid down to sleep. When he awoke, he found the other moose had been skinned and butchered and the meat hung up to dry.

"Come be my husband. Let us sleep together", said Otter Woman.

Jateaquoint agreed, but he took a heavy stick to bed as a pillow. When Otter Woman was asleep, he crushed in her head with this stick. That is why otters now have flat heads. Then Jateaquoint threw her body into the fire. When he did this, Mink and Weasel ran out from Otter's vulva. It had been their teeth that killed the men with whom Otter Woman had intercourse.

(Elijah Henry, Isaac Tritt, William Salmon)

Jateaquoint and Wolverine

Jateaquoint once had Fox for a partner. They were travelling along together when they came to a high, timbered bluff overlooking a river. Jateaquoint was hungry so he sent Fox to the top of a bordering mountain to kill a porcupine while he broke trail down the bluff to the river. Jateaquoint was making his way down the bluff when he heard his partner call that he had killed a porcupine. Fox tied a line around the porcupine's neck and, tying the other end around his own neck, he started dragging the animal down the mountain side. Fox was coming rapidly down the hill when the porcupine caught between two trees. The strain on the rope brought Fox to an abrupt stop and he strangled to death.

When Jateaquoint reached the river, he built a fire to cook the porcupine. He waited for a long time, but Fox did not appear. At last he started back up the hill to find out what was delaying his partner. He soon came upon the body of Fox and, by following up the rope, he found the porcupine lodged in some timber. Jateaquoint took the porcupine, but did not touch Fox's body. When he got back to the river, he singed the quills off the animal and prepared to cook the meat. While he was doing this, he noticed a man coming around a bend in the river. When the man saw him, he dodged back into the brush along the river bank where Jateaquoint could hear him breaking off brush tips. This man was actually Wolverine. When he finally reappeared, he was dragging a load of something tied up in a caribou skin although the caribou skin had been lying loose across the man's shoulders when Jateaquoint had first seen him.

Soon Wolverine came up and took a place on the far side of the fire. He used his pack for a seat and Jateaquoint could hear its brush contents snapping under the weight. Wolverine could hear it also. "Too bad", he said, "My wife filled my pack with fine meat, but now it is crushed and spoiled."

Jateaquoint had hung the porcupine over the fire and was stripping the guts of their contents preparatory to cooking these for Wolverine when the latter said, "My brother-in-law, I am not hungry. I have had plenty of food all winter."

When Jateaquoint tossed aside the contents of the porcupine intestines, however, he noticed that Wolverine ate them. When the porcupine was

cooked, Jateaquoint offered one shoulder and one ham to his visitor, but Wolverine still insisted that he was not hungry, saying, "You had better keep them for you have had a hard time this winter while I have always had plenty of food."

Wolverine had a sharp copper hook attached to a long pole. While Jateaquoint was busy eating, Wolverine tried to slip this hook under the snow and impale the former's testicles. Jateaquoint was not deceived and asked Wolverine, "What is that noise underneath the snow?"

"My brother-in-law, don't you know that is only that little mouse who burrows in the snow?" replied Wolverine.

Jateaquoint had secretly placed a mitten between his thighs, so when Wolverine made another attempt to hook Jateaquoint's testicles he merely hooked the mitten. At the same moment Jateaquoint leaped across the fire and threw Wolverine into the snow, crying, "What are you trying to do?"

"I am angry because you would not give me even a small piece of meat", said Wolverine.

Wolverine carried a copper adze at his belt. He tried to strike Jateaquoint with this, but the latter kept on the far side of the adze and Wolverine could not get it into action. Jateaquoint finally succeeded in throwing his adversary down in the snow. Wolverine pretended to laugh and said, "My brother-in-law, I was just playing with you. It was all done in fun."

While still holding his adversary down, Jateaquoint took Wolverine's adze and hacked the flesh from his cheeks. That is how Wolverine secured his present flat cheeks and pointed nose. After cutting the flesh from Wolverine's cheeks Jateaquoint forced him to eat these strips of his own flesh.

"My brother-in-law", cried Wolverine, "I am going to a big dance at Chewing the Bone Creek (*θunahuljʉk*). Please don't spoil my looks for this dance."

Jateaquoint paid no attention to the plea, but hit Wolverine over the head with the adze and killed him. Then he cut off Wolverine's left shoulder and hung it on a spit over the fire. After doing all this Jateaquoint took all his own belongings and tunnelled under the snow to a spot behind a large tree where he was able to watch the fire without being seen.

Soon Wolverine's four children came along. When they saw the meat over the fire, they hurried to it for they were hungry. Indeed they had been so hungry that winter that they had chewed the skin from the bottom of their parkas, contrary to their father's statement that they all had enjoyed plenty of food. When the oldest child came to the fire, he said, "Our father has made a kill and has cooked some meat for us."

Then he noticed his father's body and realized that he was dead. The children were so hungry that they not only ate the meat over the fire, but also their father's body as well. Soon Wolverine's wife came up. By the time she arrived her children had eaten all of Wolverine's body except the penis. One of the girls had tried to eat this also, but it was too tough. Wolverine's wife was actually Wolf for he had married a wolf woman. The wife looked about in the snow for the tracks of her husband's assailant, but she could find none. Then she took a stick and prodded the snow about the spot. Finally her stick struck some object and she called out, "My children, come quickly. I have found something."

The young wolverines came at once for they were hungry, but when they dove into the snow they found only Jateaquoint's mitten, which they ate. The two oldest boys were angry with their mother for they had thought that she had found some meat. They killed her with their father's adze and completely devoured her body, except her vulva which they gave to their sister. The sister chewed away at this, but it was too tough to eat. Then the oldest boy said to his brothers, "Look at our sister trying to eat her own mother's vulva. We had better kill her."

They killed her and ate her body. The two older brothers now killed the younger brother and ate him also. Jateaquoint watched all this from his hiding place. The fire had burned low by this time and it was getting cold. The younger brother turned to his companion and said, "My brother, it is getting cold. Give me the adze and I will get some wood."

When his brother passed him the adze the younger boy used it to kill his brother after which he devoured the body. By this time the fire had burned very low. The young wolverine was shivering and phlegm was running from his nose. Jateaquoint now appeared from his hiding place. When he cut up some wood and replenished the fire, the young wolverine said under his breath, "I guess this man is cold since he is building up the fire."

Jateaquoint asked, "What was that you said?"

"I merely said 'Thank you' ", the young wolverine replied.

It angered Jateaquoint to think that the young wolverine had killed and eaten his own family so Jateaquoint determined to kill him. He threw a little snow on the fire so that only a small blaze remained. Wolverine continued to shiver, and Jateaquoint told him, "Urinate on the fire so it will burn better."

When the young wolverine urinated on the fire, the last blaze went out. Jateaquoint then put on his snowshoes and left. The young wolverine picked up his father's adze and took his trail with the intention of killing Jateaquoint. Soon Jateaquoint called out, "Come, warm wind."

His pursuer repeated Jateaquoint's request and shortly a warm wind blew up. It became so warm that Jateaquoint took off one of his two parkas. Wolverine likewise took off his single parka. Jateaquoint now called out, "Come, cold wind."

The young wolverine repeated the same request and soon a cold wind blew up. Jateaquoint came to a large lake and started across on the ice. The young wolverine followed, but when he was halfway across he felt too cold to continue and called to Jateaquoint, "My brother-in-law, I am going back for my parka."

"Do as you wish", Jateaquoint replied.

Jateaquoint watched Wolverine as he made his way back across the lake, shielding his naked breast against the wind with his bare arms. Before he reached the shore, the young wolverine collapsed on the ice. He had frozen to death.

Jateaquoint continued on across the lake. When he reached the other side he burrowed into a snowdrift, setting up an eagle feather outside by which he could gauge the strength of the wind. When he awoke the next morning, the wind had died down so he took the back trail across the lake. As he neared the opposite shore, he noticed a small, black object sticking up through the snow. He shot an arrow into the black object. When his arrow hit it, the black stick broke into many pieces which went flying through the air with a

peculiar whistling noise, "koo, koo, koo." Jateaquoint had hit the frozen penis of the young wolverine, and the pieces that went whistling off into the air had become young sandpipers.

Jateaquoint followed his back trail past the spot where the wolverine family had been wiped out. He crossed the river, breaking trail all the way until he suddenly came upon a well-broken path. All the tracks in this led the same way so he followed them. Soon he came to a steep slide. In this slide were concealed copper spears which Wolverine had placed there in order to impale anyone who came down the trail. Jateaquoint carefully let himself down the slide. When he came to the first spear, he passed it carefully through his parka so as not to scratch his flesh. Then he drew a little blood from his nose with the point of the spear. He lay there playing dead until Wolverine appeared. In the morning along came Wolverine carrying a game bag of netted babiche. When Wolverine saw Jateaquoint, he said to himself, "Fine. I have killed another person in my trap."

Placing Jateaquoint in his game bag, he carried him back to camp. The burden was heavy and as he walked along the uneven trail, he frequently broke wind. Jateaquoint could hardly keep from laughing. Feeling Jateaquoint's body shake, Wolverine threw the pack to the ground. He tickled the body to see if Jateaquoint was still alive, but there was no sign of life. Wolverine now drew forth his penis and stuck it into Jateaquoint's nostrils, his armpits, and other tender spots in an effort to make Jateaquoint laugh. The latter made no movement. Satisfied that his victim was dead, Wolverine again shouldered his pack and continued down the trail. He still continued to break wind and every time he did so Jateaquoint shook with suppressed laughter.

When Wolverine reached camp, he threw down his pack at the back of his tent. There was a large pile of the bones of victims here together with a sharp, bone upright on which Wolverine impaled the bodies of his victims. All the Wolverine's children clamoured for Jateaquoint's testicles, for at that time wolverines preferred testicles to any other sort of food. Wolverine refused them, saying, "You ate testicles yesterday. I am saving these for your mother. Hurry now and bring me some wood."

At this the young wolverines clambered up nearby trees and began breaking off dead branches. One young wolverine was able to look down the smoke hole of the lodge, and he noticed that Jateaquoint had partly opened one eye. Immediately the youngster called to his father, "My father, that man is not dead. He is peeking out through his half-opened eye."

"Well", replied Wolverine, "If he is not dead, you had better bring me my spear when you come down from the tree."

Then Wolverine turned to his wife, who was Wolf Woman, and said, "Bring me the penis knife."

Wolf Woman was unable to find the penis knife so she brought her husband the vulva knife instead. Try as he would Wolverine could not sever Jateaquoint's penis with this. Finally he threw down the knife in disgust, and upbraided his wife, saying, "Try this on your own tough vulva."

This reproof made his wife cry. "If my vulva is old and tough it is you who have made it that way", she said.

Wolverine began a search for the proper knife. While he was doing this, Jateaquoint leaped up, and seizing the vulva knife, which was lying near by, he

killed Wolverine with it. Then he hit Wolf Woman across the small of her back with an adze and thus killed her. He went outside where he found all the young wolverines were still in the trees getting wood. He shot the two eldest boys with a bow and arrow and was on the point of shooting their sister when the youngest boy called out, "My sister, put on your tin [*sic*] dance mittens."

The girl did this and so was able to knock down every arrow that Jateaquoint shot at her. Jateaquoint now took an axe and tried to cut down the tree, but the girl called out, "Axe, become soft."

At this the axe became as soft as spruce gum. Jateaquoint gave up this attempt, but before leaving the tree he set a deadfall at its base. When he had retired a little way, the girl started down the tree. Her hand was caught in the deadfall, but she managed to escape by chewing off her fingers. That is why wolverine has short fingers today. When Jateaquoint returned, the girl again took refuge in the tree. This time Jateaquoint built a large fire at the base of the tree, but the girl defecated upon it and so put out the flames.

Jateaquoint at last decided to spare the wolverine girl. He placed a bit of knee fat on the ground near the base of the tree and when the girl came down, she ate this. Then Jateaquoint told her, "Now that you have eaten this knee fat your legs will always be short. From now on you must never eat man."

Then Jateaquoint went on his way.

(Johnny Frank, William Salmon)

Jateaquoint Outwits Wolverine

Formerly Wolverine was big and strong. In those days he could kill anything that lived, including man. One time Jateaquoint and Wolverine were camped together. It was early spring and they had had a long, hard day travelling through the soft, wet snow. After making camp they took off their pants and hung them on sticks near the fire to dry. The night was cold and Wolverine got up to fix the fire while Jateaquoint slept. When Wolverine did this, he also changed the places of the two pairs of trousers and arranged the fire so that it would follow along an old, dry root and thus burn up Jateaquoint's pants. Wolverine had previously used this same trick to kill men. Jateaquoint was not quite asleep and he watched Wolverine out of the corner of his eye.

After his companion had gone back to bed, Jateaquoint returned the pants to their original positions. Then he lay down and pretended to sleep. In a short while he saw Wolverine get up again and throw what he supposed were Jateaquoint's pants into the middle of the smouldering stump. Then he went back to bed.

The next morning when they got up, Jateaquoint proceeded to put on his own trousers. "Here. Those are my pants", protested Wolverine, "It is too bad but yours fell into the fire."

"No. These are mine", said Jateaquoint, "Your pants were short to fit your short legs while these pants are long."

Wolverine had to admit that Jateaquoint was right. When Jateaquoint set out down the trail, his companion asked him to instruct Wolverine's wife to send their son back at once with another pair of pants. Jateaquoint only half-promised to do this. He took off down the trail and never mentioned the matter to Wolverine's wife. As a result Wolverine froze to death.

(Johnny Frank)

The Travels of Jateaquoint

Jateaquoint kept on travelling until he came to a camp of strange people. Because these people could not understand his language, they spoke to him by means of signs. They had no fire and so were forced to eat their food raw, allowing it to rot a bit in order to soften it. When he first came upon them, they seized their bows and arrows and made signs indicating they were going to kill him. Jateaquoint in turn made signs indicating that he was a powerful shaman, but he did not come to fight. Then he spent the night with them and ate their food of rotten fish. The next day he went on his way.

The Indians think that these strange people must have been Eskimos.

Jateaquoint was travelling through a strange land full of strange and fearful animals. When night came, he protected himself by using his magic power to erect a high bluff over which the animals would have to climb. There is a spot near Fort McPherson called "Teatlit" where Jateaquoint spent the night. To this day the water there has a peculiar reddish colour. Whenever a person is going to die, the red coals of Jateaquoint's old fire may be seen glowing beside the edge of the lake there. To this day the natives still believe this omen.

Wherever Jateaquoint spent a night, he left some peculiar landmark or phenomenon.

Jateaquoint had built a canoe in the Mackenzie River country. He came down the Porcupine River in this canoe past the place where La Pierre House now stands. He spent a night in the canyon below Old Crow. About halfway up the canyon wall on the south side of the river one can still see a peculiar mixture of light and dark rocks. These are the entrails of an animal which Jateaquoint hurled up there.

He next camped at a spot midway between Old Crow and the present New Rampart House. To the north of this spot is a high mountain towering above the river and on this steep mountain side is a lake.

He next camped just above the site of Old Rampart House. Here on the mountain side to the south of the river one can still see many tall rocks similar to trees. This is a great gathering place for eagles and hawks. Indeed all the places where Jateaquoint camped are great places for game today. He spent the night on the top of this mountain. Not since leaving the Eskimos had he seen a human being.

Jateaquoint next camped about six miles below the site of Old Rampart House at a place called Howling Dog. He was going by here when someone spoke to him. It proved to be Black Bear, who was camped there with his wife. They looked just like people except that they were covered with hair. They could not understand what Jateaquoint was doing there.

Jateaquoint told them, "I have not come to hurt anyone, but instead to be of service and to help people."

Black Bear and his wife had planned to kill Jateaquoint, but they refrained when he told them, "I did not come to fight."

Black Bear replied, "All right. I will not eat man any more but only the food that comes from his hands." That is why today Black Bear robs caches and camps.

Jateaquoint directed Black Bear to eat berries, particularly rose hips. Black Bear began at once to eat some rose hips, but the rose thorns stuck in his feet and made him jump. Jateaquoint took some charcoal and rubbed it on Black Bear's tender feet. That is why today the bottoms of Black Bear's feet are black and tough.

There was a tall tree near by and Jateaquoint asked Black Bear, "Can you climb that tree?"

Bear replied, "No. My nails are too short."

Jateaquoint thought about this for some time and decided that Black Bear deserved longer nails. Jateaquoint's magic was so powerful that as he pondered Black Bear's nails grew to their present length.

Finally Jateaquoint left Black Bear, saying, "From now on man will eat you and use your skin."

Jateaquoint next camped below the mouth of Porcupine Canyon. Here he caused a large rock to rise out of the centre of the river in order that he might have a place to sleep. This rock can be seen here today. Another rock stands on the nearby shore. Shamans sometimes make logs pass completely through this latter rock.

(William Salmon)

Sagithuk Cycle

Sagithuk Fools his Wife

Sagithuk was something of a magician and was always playing tricks. He had a wife of whom he was very fond, but he was constantly playing tricks on her also. Sagithuk had a compression gun which he had made from a willow stick. One night his wife took this toy to bed with her. When her husband started to play a joke on her, she playfully shot him with the toy gun. To her surprise and horror he fell into many pieces. She tearfully gathered up the pieces and took them back to bed with her. When she awoke the next morning there was Sagithuk whole and sound beside her.

(Maggie)

Sagithuk and the Dancing Ducks

One day when Sagithuk was out hunting, he came to a lake where many ducks of all kinds were feeding. Sagithuk stopped and made himself a compression popgun. He used a piece of curved willow in order to encircle all the ducks with one shot. Putting his kill in a sack on his back, he continued on his way. Soon he came to another lake which also was dotted with ducks, geese, and swans. When the ducks noticed the pack which he was carrying, they asked Sagithuk what it contained. He told them the bag held songs and dances.

"Let us have them", the birds asked.

Sagithuk then built a grass dance-house on the beach and while he sang, the birds danced. Finally Sagithuk said, "In the next dance you must close your eyes."

The birds agreed and began to dance with their eyes closed. As each bird danced past him, Sagithuk seized him and wrung his neck. Soon he had a large pile of dead ducks. At this juncture Laughing Goose, who was wiser than his

fellows, opened one eye slightly. When he saw what was taking place, he gave the alarm. All the remaining ducks immediately opened their eyes and rushed for the water. Sagithuk ran after them. He succeeded in overtaking Loon and stamped upon his back. That is the reason why today loons walk awkwardly and with great difficulty.[1]

(Isaac Tritt, Elijah Henry)

Sagithuk and Fox Race for the Ducks

Since Sagithuk already had all the ducks he could carry, he decided to make a cache for the ones he had just killed. Accordingly he buried them heads downward in the sand bar, leaving the leg of one duck sticking out above the sand to indicate the location of the cache. Then he continued on his way. When he got to the far end of the lake, he met Fox who had witnessed the whole affair from the distance. Fox limped up, pretending to have a sore shoulder, and said, "I am hungry for I have a bad shoulder and cannot catch any game. Won't you please give me something to eat?"

Sagithuk replied, "I have a cache of ducks at the other end of the lake. Let us race to it and the first to reach it will get the game."

This was agreeable to Fox, who said, "That sounds all right, but since I have a sore shoulder I cannot run very fast. It will be a much fairer race if you run around the long side of the lake while I cut across the short side."

As this seemed a fair proposal, Sagithuk agreed to it, and the race was on. Because Fox's injury was a feigned one, he had no difficulty in arriving first at the cache. When he had eaten all the ducks, he carefully covered up the cache, and left one leg sticking out so that the spot looked as though it had not been disturbed. When Sagithuk arrived at the cache, he felt sure that the prize was his. He seized the outstretched leg and pulled it out only to discover that his ducks were gone. Looking around he saw Fox laughing at him from a nearby knoll.

(Isaac Tritt, Elijah Henry)

Sagithuk Tries to Kill Fox

After his big meal of ducks Fox felt sleepy and stretched out for a nap on a grassy point which ran out into the lake. Sagithuk was still smarting from his defeat and determined to have his revenge on Fox. He sneaked up to the point on which Fox was sleeping and set fire to the dry grass which covered it. The flames raced down the point, and Sagithuk was sure that he had killed his rival. Fox, however, was too smart. When he saw the approaching flames, he dug a long tunnel under them and escaped. He did not come out unscathed, however, for the flames singed his coat. That is why today most foxes are red in colour. Formerly they were all black.

After the fire Sagithuk searched everywhere for Fox's body but could not find it. Then one day he saw Fox laughing at him in the distance.

(Isaac Tritt)

Sagithuk Burns his Anus

One day when Sagithuk was out hunting, he saw a bear asleep in the woods. As he was creeping up on the sleeping animal, Sagithuk suddenly broke wind

[1]According to another version (Johnny Frank's) Sagithuk stamped on the backs of all the escaping water fowl which accounts for their present waddling gait.

and the bear woke up at the noise and ran off. Sagithuk was extremely angry at his anus and determined to have revenge. To this end he built a large fire in which he heated a long piece of slate. When the slate was red hot, Sagithuk sat down upon it and thus burned his anus. As the anus sizzled in the heat, Sagithuk said, "You trouble-maker, never make a noise like that again."

Sagithuk continued along the trail. He met an animal who dodged around him. Because Sagithuk did not know enough to circle and thus pick up the trail, the animal escaped.

Eventually the scab fell off from his burned anus. Sagithuk picked up the scab and called out, "Mother, I have found a piece of dried meat."

After he had called twice without receiving an answer, he said, "My mother, I have called you twice, but since you did not answer I am going to eat this dried meat by myself."

Then Sagithuk ate the scab off his own anus.

(Johnny Frank)

Sagithuk Loses his Eyes

One day while Sagithuk was travelling, he heard much laughing. Following the sounds of merriment, he came to a camp of Camp Robbers. When Sagithuk asked them why they were laughing, they replied, "We are having lots of fun. We pull out our eyes and let them snap back into place. Let us show you how to do it."

When Sagithuk took out his eyes and tossed them into the air, the birds took advantage of his temporary blindness and stole them. Since he could no longer see, he was forced to crawl along on the ground finding his way by his sense of touch. As he was going along in this fashion, something kept jabbing at his empty eyesockets. Reaching out suddenly, Sagithuk succeeded in catching Fox who had been amusing himself by sticking twigs into the empty sockets. Sagithuk held on to Fox and was reaching for his knife when his victim said, "My brother, if you will spare my life I will lead you around."

Since this seemed better than crawling, Sagithuk decided to spare Fox, and tying a string to the latter's tail, he started out behind his guide. After they had gone only a short distance, Fox tied the string to a stump and left Sagithuk to his own devices. As the latter groped along, he asked each tree he touched to tell him its name. In this fashion he passed Cottonwood, Willow, Alder, and Birch. At last he came to Spruce. He felt this tree over until he found some bits of spruce gum. He chewed the gum up until it was soft. Then he made two round balls which he used for eyes. Previously his eyes had been strong, but his new spruce-gum eyes were weak. That is why today some men have weak eyes and are subject to snow-blindness.

(Maggie, Johnny Frank, Silas John)

Sagithuk and his Moose

One day when Sagithuk was out hunting he spied a sleeping bear. Although Sagithuk had no weapon, he decided to sneak up on the animal. Just as he neared it, the bear woke up and began to chase Sagithuk, who ran around a small patch of brush. There was a caribou horn in the brush. Sagithuk seized this and used it as a spear to kill the bear. Then he dragged the body to

a nearby stream and cut it up into pieces suitable for cooking. When the meat was ready, he called out in a loud voice, "My brothers, come here. I have a big, fat moose."

When the birds and animals had assembled, however, Sagithuk refused to let them participate in the feast. Then in order to enjoy his meal the more, he stepped between two trees and asked the trees to move closer together in order to squeeze his guts empty. After squeezing Sagithuk between them, the trees refused to turn him loose. In the meantime the animals and birds made a fine meal. When Sagithuk finally freed himself, he was so angry that he twisted one of the trees. That is why today some trees have twisted wood.

Sagithuk then gathered up the bones which the animals had picked clean. He extracted the marrow grease which he put into a birch-bark bucket. In order to freeze this grease quickly he took it down to the lake where he found Muskrat. Sagithuk said to the latter, "My brother, I wish to freeze this grease quickly. Will you take it out into the middle of the lake for me?"

Muskrat agreed to do this, but he warned Sagithuk not to throw anything into the water in front of him, for muskrats do not like this. Muskrat swam out with the pail of grease between his forepaws, but Sagithuk was curious and tossed a little piece of moss ahead of him. Immediately Muskrat dropped the pail and the grease spread over the surface of the lake. All Sagithuk got from his "moose" was a little taste of grease which he obtained by dipping his finger into the water and then licking it off. The green scum which is found today about the edges of lakes is the residue from this grease.

(Johnny Frank, Maggie)

Sagithuk Marries his Daughter

Sagithuk and his wife raised two children, a boy and a girl. When the daughter reached her maturity, Sagithuk noticed that one of her pubic hairs was golden. He determined to marry her, providing he could find out some way of doing so without his wife's knowledge. The family was camped by the side of a river. Farther upstream there was another camp containing a number of people. One day Sagithuk said to his wife, "Keep your eye on the river. There are a number of people camped upstream. Perhaps a boy will come down some day who would make a good husband for our daughter."

Sagithuk then went up the river without telling his wife where he was going. Soon a number of people came down the stream. Sagithuk's wife and son met them at the shore, and the boy looked them over carefully for he was anxious to secure a good brother-in-law. Since none of the men suited the son, they returned to their canoes and continued down the river. Soon a fine looking man came downstream in his canoe, and the son told his mother, "That man would make a good brother-in-law."

When the stranger stepped ashore, the woman asked him to marry her daughter. The man took the girl for his wife, and they occupied one side of the tent while the mother occupied the other. Sagithuk, in the meantime, had failed to return.

One day while the young couple were still asleep, the mother chanced to glance at the man's anus which was visible through the slit in his trousers. Much to her surprise she saw that it was burned in the same fashion as Sagithuk's anus. She realized that the stranger was none other than her husband. This

made her so angry that she attempted to kill Sagithuk, but he only laughed at her and ran out of the tent. As he left, he called out, "I married my daughter."

His wife pursued him so closely that in order to avoid her he took to the air and flew away, saying, "I will come back next summer with the ducks."

When the ducks appeared the next summer, the first bird that the people killed had a burned anus. The first duck killed out of the next flock also had a burned anus and so it went. Sagithuk had kept his promise.

(Johnny Frank)

Sagithuk Sails Away

Sagithuk finally decided to go away across the big salt water. He built himself a large raft for this trip. Since he had no supplies, he captured many different animals and brought them alive on his raft. Then he sailed away across the ocean and never returned.

(Johnny Frank)

Animal Myths

Wolf and Wolverine

Wolf and his mother were once camped with a number of other people. His sister lived in an adjoining tent with her husband, Wolverine. The winter was a hard one. Caribou were scarce and the people were out of food. Wolverine was secretly killing a few beaver, but did not give any to his brother-in-law for he wished him to starve. Occasionally, however, Wolverine's wife would give her brother a small piece of beaver without her husband's knowledge.

One day when all the men were out hunting, they saw a herd of caribou in the open timber. Wolverine proposed that he go ahead and kill them although in reality he wished to scare them away so Wolf would starve. Wolverine went on ahead and frightened away the caribou by his careless shooting. As the last caribou disappeared, Wolverine threw his scent gland after him. The stench knocked the animal down and Wolverine then easily killed him with an arrow. When he saw the caribou disappear, Wolf took after them without knowing that his brother-in-law had killed one. He finally overtook the herd and killed them all with his bow and arrows. It was dark when he returned to camp. When Wolverine heard the sound of breaking bones in the next camp, he said to his wife, "Go over and see what is happening in Wolf's camp."

When the woman arrived at her brother's camp, she found him breaking up caribou-leg bones. After she had eaten some meat, she returned to her husband and reported, "Wolf is just boiling up some old bones since he did not kill any caribou."

The noise still continued in Wolf's camp, so Wolverine set out to investigate it for himself. When he found Wolf's mother busily breaking up old bones, he was satisfied that his wife had told him the truth. Boastingly he said to her, "When I was a small boy I never saw my mother break up old bones because she always had plenty of fresh meat."

The following day Wolf sneaked off to his kill of caribou while Wolverine went out beaver hunting. Wolverine killed a few beaver and, tying them

together, he threw them over his shoulder and came home. He found his wife sharing her fire with Wolf. Some caribou fat was cooking over the fire.

Since Wolf had decided to kill his brother-in-law, he suggested that the latter come over to the other side of the fire and share the food. Wolverine did so, taking a seat next to Wolf. After he had eaten, Wolverine felt quite sleepy. Noticing this, Wolf said, "If you are sleepy why don't you stretch out on my bed?"

Wolverine lay down and soon was sound asleep. Wolf then seized him by his head while the sister seized his feet. First they poured hot grease over his belly and then placed hot stones on it. That is why Wolverine's belly now has a burned appearance. Because he married Wolf, the hair along his back resembles that of a wolf.

(John Leviti)

Beaver and Muskrat

Beaver and Muskrat used to live together. Beaver would build their house, and Muskrat would bring him grass with which he made beds for them both. While Beaver slept, Muskrat kept the water stirred up so it would not freeze. In those days Muskrat had a large, flat tail which was much too big for him while Beaver had only a small, pointed tail. As a sign of friendship Muskrat gave Beaver his broad tail, receiving the other's tail in exchange. This exchange of presents made them partners. That is how they obtained the tails which they have today.

(Silas John)

Wolverine, Wolf, and Lynx

Wolverine was formerly a wealthy man. He had a camp by the side of a lake where he lived with his wife, Wolf. They lived on beaver which Wolverine killed. It was his custom to clean out one beaver house at a time. One day while hunting for beaver, Wolverine found Lynx Woman camped by the lake. She became his mistress, and from then on he brought her all his beaver, only occasionally saving a small one for his wife.

Although Wolf did not suspect her husband of unfaithfulness, she began to wonder what he was doing with his beaver. One day she followed him and saw him land his canoe by a strange camp. When she crept up close to the camp, she saw a large meat rack filled with the dried meat of the beavers which Wolverine had brought to Lynx. Inside the tent Wolverine was eating beaver meat which his mistress was cooking for him. When he had finished eating, he returned to his canoe and again went out hunting. Wolverine then went inside and made friends with Lynx, who gave her some of the meat which she was boiling in a wooden bowl. Lynx was a fine looking girl in those days, and Wolverine said to her, "Look at your reflected image in the cooking bowl."

Lynx bent over the bowl in which hot beaver grease was floating. When she did this, Wolf seized her head and forced it into the boiling water. Lynx did her best to pull her head out of the bowl, but Wolf held her fast until she scalded to death. That is why Lynx does her best to pull out of a snare today. After Lynx was dead, Wolf propped the body up in a sitting position by the side of the camp. Her once-beautiful face was severely scalded. That is why today Lynx has a short nose and a flat face.

Wolf then hurried back through the brush to her camp, where she waited for her husband to return. In the meantime Wolverine had returned to Lynx's camp with a canoe-load of beaver. Seeing the motionless figure of his mistress, he called out, "My sweetheart, aren't you glad to see me?"

He landed his canoe and slipped up behind her, planning to push her over and have intercourse with her. When she made no sound, he realized that she was dead. Weeping, he made his way back to his own camp. His wife was sitting there by the fire. She noticed that he had a canoe-load of beaver, more than he had brought her for a long time. As he came up the trail, she asked him, "My husband, why do you cry?"

"I was thinking of how much our dead children would have enjoyed these beaver", Wolverine replied.

From then on when Wolverine returned from the day's hunt, he usually brought in a load of dried beaver meat.

"Where did you find that dried beaver meat?" his wife asked him.

"Sometime ago I killed a number of beaver, which I dried on the spot for I was afraid they would spoil. I am now bringing the meat to camp", said Wolverine.

Wolf wisely said nothing and from then on they lived happily together.

(Johnny Frank)

Loche's Potlatch

Loche was formerly a very wealthy man. One spring when the ice went out, his cousin was stranded on a sand bar and died. Loche decided to give a big potlatch for his dead kinsman.

He built a large, rectangular enclosure and tied many presents to the walls. Then he invited all the fish to the potlatch and there was much feasting and dancing within the enclosure. Loche sang a song which he had composed for the occasion. It went as follows:

> "Oh my cousin, why did you not remain in the silt at the bottom of the river instead of venturing across that shallow bar when the ice was running?"[1]

Then the grand rush for the presents took place. At that time Sucker was a strong and wealthy man; consequently he got a goodly share. Among his presents were some porcupine quills which is why he is so bony, a conical menstrual hat which he now uses for his mouth, some moosehide rope which is now his intestine, a tan shirt which is now his skin, the broken bits of bone resulting from cracking bones for marrow grease which are now the little bones in his head, and a large moose horn which is now the bony plate in his throat.

Jackfish received a moose jaw which accounts for his present long jaw. He also got some hedysarum roots which are now his intestines, a spear which is now his sharp snout, and in the general mêlée he received the scars which now mark his sides.

Grayling was given a caribou robe which is now his skin and also some flies which can now be seen on his sides. Conny received the short side-pieces which go between the runners and the body of a sled. Today these are the bony spines which are found on his sides.

Bullhead in those days was a very quarrelsome fellow, and in the midst of the rush for presents he got in a fight with another fish who hit him over the

[1]The singing of this song accompanies the telling of the story.

head giving it its present flattened shape. Bullhead was knocked unconscious. When he came to, he began to call his assailant bad names whereupon the fish attacked him again, but Bullhead escaped to the river and dodged underneath the rocks where he continues to live today.

Since he was the giver of the potlatch, Loche should not have taken any presents, but he took the lion's share for himself, thereby violating all precedent. Among other things he took a bag of marrow grease which accounts for his rich, fatty liver, a knife case which is now his tail, some dog excrement which explains the dark spots on each side of his anus, an Eskimo blanket which, when worn bunched up, became the bone in his head and neck, a caribou-skin coat which he still wears, a rooty stump which is now the peculiarly shaped bone in his throat, a caribou-horn club which accounts for his present horns, a moose horn which is responsible for his hard head, and a woman's teat which is now on the end of the feeler in front of his nose.

Whitefish got nothing. He was too slow.

(Johnny Frank)

Teal Kills Swan

In the days when animals were men, a large group of the various kinds of ducks were camped together. All of them were nesting except Green-winged Teal. All the people were constantly hunting except Teal, who was sick. He lived with his grandmother since his parents were dead. The other ducks continually urged him to go out hunting, but he insisted that he was so sick that his grandmother had advised him to stay at home with her. The ducks, however, kept urging him to make a try, at least. Finally he took the band which he had tied around his head in order to relieve his headache, and used it to lasso the neck of Swan, who happened to be swimming by. Then he pulled Swan ashore, breaking Swan's neck in the process. That is why Swan today has such a peculiar cry.

(Johnny Frank)

Bullhead and Caribou

A big bull caribou once came to a stream to drink. In the water underneath the stones was a bullhead. Every time Caribou lowered his head to drink, Bullhead laughed at him. After this had gone on for some time, Caribou became angry. He rammed his horns among the rocks until he succeeded in impaling Bullhead on one of the tines. Then he left the stream and climbed to the top of a high mountain.

Bullhead dried quickly in the sun until in a few days nothing was left of him but a shrivelled skin. Bullhead's spirit, however, continued to live in this skin and the spirit began to make medicine to bring rain. Soon it began to rain. For twenty days and nights the rain fell. The waters of the stream rose higher and higher until finally all land was covered except the rocky mountain peaks on which Caribou took refuge. Since there was no grass here, Caribou slowly starved until soon he was little more than skin and bones, very similar to Bullhead's shrivelled condition. With the rain, however, Bullhead's body revived until finally he swam happily in the rising water.

Bullheads have the power to bring rain. That is why a dried bullhead is sometimes worn as a charm for this purpose.

(Johnny Frank)

Ground Squirrel and Tree Squirrel

Ground Squirrel and Tree Squirrel formerly were partners and they lived together in an underground house which had a separate tunnel for each animal. One day Tree Squirrel proposed, "Let us race to the top of yonder tree. The one who first reaches the top shall live in trees while he who loses shall remain on the ground."

Ground Squirrel agreed and both started climbing to the top of a tall tree. Tree Squirrel was the first to reach the goal. That is why today Tree Squirrel lives in trees while Ground Squirrel never leaves the ground.

(Silas John)

Camp Robber and the Indian

One time long ago an Indian was starving. Camp Robber gave him a bit of meat and thus saved his life. That is why today the Indians never molest Camp Robber but allow him to hang around camp and steal little scraps of meat at will.

(Silas John)

Miscellaneous Myths

Tcazik

An Indian named Tcazik ("He excels") was living in a winter camp with his family when sickness struck it. Of the entire band Tcazik alone survived. Since his family and all his friends were dead, he determined to seek death for himself and so set out for the Arctic Ocean.

When he arrived at the frozen ocean, he found a band of people camped there and one of the strangers took Tcazik for his partner. This man never killed land animals, but lived entirely on eels which he caught through the ice with a hook and line. Since he had magic power, he never had to cut a hole through the ice but instead, after brushing away the snow, he would hit the ice with his mitten and thus drive his fishline through it. Even after he pulled out an eel, no hole was apparent. The partner took Tcazik fishing and they caught two large eels which they took back to the partner's wife. She first cut out the guts from which she made enough grease to fill a large basket and then cooked up the flesh into a stew. Tcazik ate the stew with relish but when he came to the grease, he found it too rich for his taste. The woman then went to a sack she kept outside the lodge and returned with some testicles of mink, weasel, and wolverine. She put these into the grease, which gave it a strong odour. Tcazik still found the grease a bit rich, but he managed to eat a little of it.

After remaining with these people for some time Tcazik decided to continue his journey. When he left, his partner warned him, "Each night when you make camp, build a high cache on which to sleep. If anyone should call you, be sure not to answer or to look back."

At the end of the first day's journey, Tcazik made camp and built a high cache as his partner had directed. Just before he went to bed a voice called, "Tcazik, Tcazik", but he neither answered nor looked back. In reality the voice was that of the eel spirit and if Tcazik had heeded it, the spirit would have

brought death to the partner. The voice was heard for the next two nights, but after the third camp it was heard no more.

Eventually Tcazik came to a village where the people lived in holes in the ground as the Brush Indians are said to do. These holes were arranged in a long, straight line, but as Tcazik came past them no one came forth to look at him, which was queer since he was a stranger. The reason for this was that these people had powerful eyes. They never used spears, clubs, or bows and arrows, but instead killed by their gaze. One of these people took Tcazik for a partner but carefully avoided looking at him, the partnership being arranged solely by conversation. Tcazik lived with his partner in the latter's hole. Even in his underground home this man avoided looking at the ground lest he kill some animal life within it. These people lived entirely on caribou, and a game trail passed directly behind the camp. While Tcazik was underground, he heard someone shout, "Caribou are coming."

No one looked out except one man who pushed aside the caribou-skin covering of his hole and looked forth to see how large the herd was. Immediately all the caribou fell dead. Through contact with his partner Tcazik's eyes developed a similar, but weaker, power. The next time some caribou appeared the partner said, "My partner, you try to kill these caribou."

Pushing aside the skin door of the hole, Tcazik looked out. At his gaze the entire herd of caribou fell dead.

At last Tcazik left these people and continued his travels. He next came to a camp located between two mountain ranges. Here he took a partner and stayed a while. These people used no arrows, but relied entirely on their long spears. A game trail led across the creek behind camp and then ascended the high ridge. The people kept a constant watch on this trail, but Tcazik had no idea what kind of animal they were expecting. One day someone announced that game was coming. When Tcazik looked up to the ridge, he saw a long, snake-like animal approaching. Its body extended for some miles and was borne along on thousands of pairs of legs. One of the men said to Tcazik, "Since you are our guest, you should be the first to strike this animal."

The hunters formed a line alongside the animal, spears poised. Tcazik, too, took a spear, but he was puzzled as to where he might strike the animal's heart. His partner, who stood by his side, kept cautioning him to wait. Finally when about five hundred legs had gone by, the partner signalled Tcazik to strike. At the same time the other hunters drove home their spears. The animal writhed and twisted so that some men, still clinging to their spears, were lifted high above his back. At last the creature died and the people set to work cutting up the meat. Every one had a large store of meat together with huge piles of legs. For some time the people were breaking up the many leg bones and beating up their marrow into a rich, creamy substance much prized as food.

Everyone in turn then gave a feast, and since there were many people, these feasts extended over a long time. Tcazik remained until the last feast had been given and then continued on his journey.

Tcazik next came to a people who never slept. Here he took the first man he met for his partner. At the end of the first day Tcazik wished to go to bed, but since no one else seemed to be sleepy, he also decided to stay awake. At the end of the third day Tcazik was so weary from lack of rest that he fell asleep in

his partner's tent. He slept soundly for one night and one day. When he finally awoke, he found his partner and the latter's family in tears. Since they had never seen anyone asleep, they feared their guest was dead. They rejoiced greatly to see him alive again. When Tcazik asked his partner when the people slept, he discovered that no one in the camp had ever slept a wink in his life.

When Tcazik eventually left this camp to continue his travels, he came to another village in which everyone was sound asleep although it was broad daylight. Not until night did they awake. One of them then took the visitor for his partner. Soon someone began to shout, "Woohoo, woohoo, woohoo", which is the Indian rallying cry for a communal rabbit hunt. Everyone seized his weapon and men, women, and children set off into the brush for a rabbit hunt. Tcazik could hear the cries of the people and the impact of their arrows upon the rabbits, but even when the animals brushed past him he was unable to see them. Just before daylight the people returned to camp with their kill of rabbits. Soon the meat was boiling over the fires, but before the meat was ready the sun came up and the people at once left their cooking and retired to bed. Tcazik planned to remain awake since he was not used to sleeping in the daytime, but his partner persuaded him to try the experiment with the result that he obtained a little sleep. At the end of four days Tcazik was sleeping all day and staying up all night, as did the rest of the people.

At last Tcazik moved on and came to a camp whose people were all women. In spite of their sex these people were all paired off and each pair lived as man and wife, having intercourse and raising children. Since they had no knowledge of men, all male children were killed at birth. When the navel cords of the remaining female children were severed, the cords of half the number were left long and this projecting stump was tightly wrapped with sinew. On attaining maturity, such women filled the role of men. These people also possessed peculiar weapons. They had arrows but no bows, and it was their custom to hold the arrow in one hand while they struck the arrow with a stick held in the other, thus propelling it forward.

Tcazik took no partner in this camp although he made friends with everyone. These women had never seen a mature man until Tcazik found it necessary to relieve himself and one woman glimpsed his penis. Immediately she spread the news of this strange phenomenon and from then on the stranger was in constant demand. Tcazik had intercourse with every member of the camp except one old woman, and when her turn came Tcazik found himself too weary to comply. The old woman was highly incensed and, taking an arrow, she drove it at Tcazik, but he jumped nimbly to one side so the arrow only tore his parka. Tcazik now decided to leave this strange camp, but before going he advised the women that if they desired men they should henceforth save their male children.

After this parting advice, Tcazik resumed his journey and eventually arrived at his home territory on the East Fork of the Chandalar River.

(Johnny Frank)

The Two Brothers

Once upon a time a man and his two wives were camped by the side of a stream. The man's younger brother, whom he had brought up from childhood, lived with them. As the boy grew to manhood, the older brother became

jealous of him and whenever he went hunting, he insisted that the other go with him. The older brother claimed to possess shamanistic powers and emphasized this fact to the younger man, who in reality possessed some such powers himself. One spring the older brother split a large log and set about hollowing out the two halves. He said that he was making a box, but actually it was a coffin. When it was finished he persuaded the younger brother to lie down in one of the hollowed slabs to see how deep it was. When the young man did this, his brother quickly put the two halves together and lashed them tight with a snare of braided moosehide. Then he dragged the log to the nearby stream and, pushing it into the swift current, said, "You think you are a shaman. Let us see if you can save yourself from the rapids below."

The imprisoned boy, however, heard nothing save the roar of the water. The log was borne along on the current all summer, but so tightly was it lashed together that no water penetrated it. In those days Indians required little food so the boy was able to survive. At last the log was washed ashore in the country of a people called the Dog Eskimos. The entombed man felt the log grate upon the shore and soon heard sounds as though something was chewing upon the lashings of his prison. Shortly these were severed and he was able to push aside the cover and climb out. He was so stiff from his long confinement that he was only able to crawl on his hands and knees. As he crawled along the shore, he saw no living things but in the sand were many dog-like tracks. These were the tracks of the Dog Eskimos, who made their moccasins from the paws of dogs.

As he crawled along, he came to a caribou fence. He followed this until he came to a tent. No one was home, but there was plenty of meat inside so the man built a fire and started to cook a meal. The meat proved to be so rotten that the hungry man was unable to stand its strong odour, so he left the tent and continued along the caribou fence. Soon he came upon two eagle skins which were hanging on the fence. The skins had been made into coats, for in those days eagles were much larger than they are today. The man put on one of the coats and, when he moved his arms, he found that he could fly for the eagle's wings were still attached to the sleeves. Before he realized it, he was soaring over a camp of people. Far below him he heard an extremely nasal voice exclaim, "Someone is using my coat. Since he has taken my property, he will be my partner."

Since the man was hungry, he flew back to where he had found the coat, and after replacing it on the fence, started for the village. On entering the camp the first house he came to was domed, and a dog's paw projected from its door. When the man grasped this paw, he heard the sounds of a rattle inside the house, which contained a young girl undergoing the seclusion required at puberty. She was provided with a caribou-hoof rattle to warn away visitors and to drown out the sound of unseemly laughter. At the sound of the rattle someone in the village shouted, "A stranger is coming."

The people rushed from their houses and flocked around the visitor. The Dog Eskimo who owned the eagle-skin coat now claimed the visitor for a partner and took him to his camp where he set about cooking a meal. The meat proved to be highly odorous, as had been the case in the empty camp. The man now observed that although the Dog Eskimos had normal mouths, they could not use them because between their lips there was a thin, transparent membrane.

Since they could not use their mouths, they obtained their nourishment through smell. This explained their preference for rotten meat as well as the nasal quality of their speech. While the man ate, his hosts marvelled at his use of his mouth. While he was eating his meal, he noticed that his partner's two small sons kept sniffing at his food in an effort to secure nourishment. Leaning over he pinched the membranous covering over one child's mouth and asked if this hurt. When the boy said that he felt no pain, the man took out his knife and cut through the membrane. The boy at once began to eat in normal fashion. The child's pleasure in his new power was so great that he rushed about the village telling everyone of his discovery. As a result all the Dog Eskimos flocked about the visitor, who was kept busy slitting mouths for the people. Since he could not do this fast enough, the Dog Eskimos began to slit each other's mouths, but so great was their haste that some of the mouths were made vertical instead of horizontal. As a token of their gratitude the people gave their visitor a wife and insisted that he remain with them for the winter.

Not long after this an old woman, who was carrying some flint knives, came in tears to the man. When he asked what her trouble was, she said, "They are going to cut open my daughter again."

The man was puzzled by this and asked his partner what the woman meant. The latter explained to him that among the Dog Eskimos childbirth was accomplished by cutting open the mother's abdomen. A second operation of this kind, however, would result in the woman's death. When this had been explained to him, the man asked, "Is the baby ready to be born?"

When the woman replied that it was, he said, "Then let us go over to your camp."

They went together to her lodge where they found the woman near her time. The man set up a transverse pole for the mother to hold and, clasping her abdomen, showed her how the Indians gave birth. From that time on all Dog Eskimo children were born in the normal fashion.

One day the man and his partner joined a party organized to hunt some moose that were reported to be on a nearby island. As is the Indian custom, the boy circled the island in search of tracks, but he did not find any. His companions then posted him at a spot where they said the moose would pass. Although he kept close watch, he saw nothing except two hawks which flew overhead. When the hunters returned, they reproached him for not having killed a moose and so great was their disappointment that they took away the man's wife. Later, when the man insisted to his partner that he had seen no moose, he discovered that among the Dog Eskimos a hawk was termed a moose.

The next day the man set out to redeem himself. He knew that if a hunter threw some object in the snow, a hawk would fly close to investigate it and thus afford an easy shot. He killed both the birds in this manner and, hanging one by its head in the fork of a tree, he put the other under his belt and returned home. When he arrived at his camp, he discovered that during his absence his wife had been returned to him. In throwing the bird to the floor, he accidentally struck her leg with it and, because the Dog Eskimos were extremely delicate, she died from the blow. The next day the people took their sleds and set out after the other hawk, but it was hung so high in the tree that they were a long while in getting it down. Finally they succeeded in tearing it loose but when it fell, it killed several people.

With the coming of spring the man announced that he was going to return to his own people. When he left, his partner gave him his eagle-skin coat. The man put this on and flew away. As he flew over his old camp, he saw a canoe below him which contained his older brother and a small child, who had been born in his absence. The man had not forgotten his brother's cruelty and determined to have his revenge. Wheeling and dipping just above the canoe, he so bothered its occupant that the latter called out, "Be careful. Don't you see that I have a baby here with me?"

The older brother attempted to strike the flying man with a paddle, but the latter swooped down and, seizing his brother by the hair, bore him down the river to some rapids. Here he dropped him, saying, "You think you are a shaman. Let us see if you can save yourself from the rapids below."

The older brother and his baby were drowned when the canoe upset in the rapids. The younger brother then retrieved the canoe. Taking it to shore where he emptied it of water, he took off his eagle-skin coat and paddled up to the drowned man's camp. Here he found his two sisters-in-law whom he took as his wives. For some time they camped there, living on beaver which the man brought in. The mother of the dead child noticed that the beaver which her husband brought home bore the marks of eagle's claws. Becoming suspicious she searched her husband's belongings one night while he slept. When she discovered the feathered coat, she knew he had been responsible for the death of her husband and their child and she determined to kill him. To this end she pulled the feathers out of the coat, and after dipping the end of each in milk from her breasts which were still full, she stuck the feathers back in place.

The next day when the man went hunting, he saw a small beaver. Swooping down he struck it with his claws, but only with difficulty was he able to bear it to shore. The next beaver he saw chanced to be an exceptionally large one. When he seized it, the animal dove for its den. The man beat his wings mightily as he strove to rise with his prey, but in his exertions the feathers of his wings loosened since they were only stuck in place by milk. As his wings failed him, he was pulled underneath the swift current where he drowned.

After the man's death the women moved from place to place in their canoe, but as time wore on they felt the need of a husband. This was particularly true of the mother of the dead child and frequently she would cry out, "I wish someone would marry me."

One day after she had just expressed such a wish, a voice answered, "I will marry you."

When she looked about, she discovered that the voice came from a small ball of spruce gum. The woman took the spruce gum for her husband, although the second wife protested. Whenever the spruce-gum husband went hunting, the women would place him in the canoe to which they attached a long cord and would shove the canoe into the current where it would be carried out of sight downstream. At a signal consisting of a tug on the cord, they would pull the craft back. In it they would always find the ball of spruce gum together with the beaver which he had killed. One day when the craft disappeared downstream, the women crept along the bank and watched it. When the craft had rounded the bend, they saw the spruce gum turn into a man who proceeded to hunt beaver. When he had killed some beaver, he gave the signal on the rope and then turned back into a ball of spruce gum. The next time he

went hunting, the second woman took charge of the rope. At the signal on the rope she gave it such a tremendous jerk that the ball of spruce gum crumbled to bits and thus the spruce-gum husband was killed.

(Maggie)

Spider Woman and the Two Lost Sisters

There was once a family consisting of a father and mother, two daughters, and one small son. Since the parents were frequently absent from camp on hunting trips, the children were often left to their own devices. One day the girls made a high swing in which they could swing far out over the stream. When the little boy tried it, he fell into the water and was drowned. Because the girls were afraid to face their parents' anger, they ran away into the woods where they wandered pleasantly all summer without meeting a single person.

Finally one fall day they came to a village where many well-dressed and handsome people lived. The sisters played with the boys of the camp well into the night until the older girl became tired and fell asleep. When she awoke, she discovered that her sister had disappeared. She searched for her and noticed that the ground was covered with weasel tracks. Actually the little girls had joined a camp of weasels. The older girl followed a track which she thought might be her sister's, all the while calling, "Sister, sister."

At last a voice answered her, saying, "Sister, come on."

The girl continued in the direction of the voice and soon came upon her lost sister. The reunited girls continued along together and found a trail which led them to the camp of Spider Woman. A voice asked the girls to enter and when they did so, they found Spider Woman sitting by herself. When they asked her if she was always alone, she replied, "No. I have two sons, who will be home shortly. Remain near the door until they come in."

The girls remained near the door as directed, and shortly after dark two handsome young men entered. The girls were delighted since they had desired husbands for some time, but the young men paid no attention to the visitors. When the girls arose in the morning, the boys had gone. The sisters prepared a good meal in anticipation of the boys' return, but the latter returned too late to eat it. This situation continued for some time, the young men arriving home too late and leaving too early to pay any attention to the girls or to eat the food that they cooked. In reality the men followed the sun in its course each day, and hence had barely enough time in camp for sleep. Eventually the girls became discouraged and gave up all hope of ever attracting the attention of the young men.

In one corner of the camp there was a large, flat rock which Spider Woman had forbidden the girls to move. One day, however, their curiosity got the better of them and, moving the rock aside, they discovered that it covered a hole in the sky through which they could now look down upon their former home. The sight of old, familiar scenes made them so homesick that from then on they seized every opportunity to steal a look upon the country below. At last they summoned up sufficient courage to ask Spider Woman to allow them to return to their home, but the old woman refused, saying, "You may not realize it, but you are already married to my sons and cannot leave. If you tried to go, my sons would kill you."

"What use are husbands if you never see them?" asked the girls.

The sisters persisted in their pleas to return home until Spider Woman made a large bag which she could lower through the hole on a rope. Before she lowered the girls down, Spider Woman said to them, "When you reach the earth, do not cut this rope for it would mean my death. When my sons find you are gone, they may stir up a heavy storm to kill you. If they do this, remove your trousers and turn your backs to the wind."

When they finally reached the ground, the sisters climbed joyfully from the bag, being careful not to cut the rope to which it was attached. They had not gone far when they saw a terrific storm approaching. The wind was so strong its friction caused the tops of the trees to burst into flames. Remembering the old woman's advice, the girls hurriedly stripped off their trousers and bent over so as to present their naked backsides to the storm. Immediately the wind stopped.

They continued their journey, following along a stream, until they met a wolverine. When they asked him to show them the way to the nearest camp, he replied, "I will not help you unless you will pay me."

"If you will help us, we will give you anything you wish", replied the girls.

"Let me lie with one of you and I will tell you where a camp is", said Wolverine.

The older sister consented and proposed that she and Wolverine should lie together by the side of the stream. As the two started for the river bank, the younger sister said, "Now that my sister has consented, you must tell us where the camp is."

Wolverine, who was in a very good humour, said, "All right, I will tell you. About two or three bends up the stream you will find a large camp. I often go there fishing."

Then Wolverine and the girl went to the river bank, but, instead of satisfying his desires, the girl suddenly pushed him into the swift current. Then she rejoined her sister and the two continued up the stream until they came to a large camp. Here they took husbands and lived happily ever after.

(Maggie)

The Girl who Journeyed to the Land Of The Dead

(Variant of "Spider Woman and the Two Lost Sisters")

Two sisters were tracking a porcupine on the fresh snow when darkness overtook them. Rather than return to camp in the dark they made camp where they were. Soon a number of people wearing coats of weasel skin came up and lay down on the opposite side of the fire. When the older girl awoke the next morning, she discovered that her sister had been killed and her body was lying on the other side of the fire, surrounded by many weasel tracks. The girl began to cry, for she realized that her sister had gone to the land of the dead. The older girl set out to follow the tracks left by her sister's spirit. She followed them south for a long way until at last she came to the door of the other world, which was guarded by an old woman. The old woman seized the girl and they wrestled together for some time. In spite of her white hair the woman possessed tremendous strength, but the girl succeeded in throwing her off and thus avoided being sent to the land of the dead.

Having escaped the old woman, the girl turned and ran back along the trail. Soon she came to the lodge of another old woman, who was Spider Woman.

She took the girl into her house and hid her in a sack, explaining that when her two sons came home they must not see the visitor. After dark Spider Woman's two sons came home, but left again early the next morning. When her sons had gone Spider Woman set to work spinning a long cord. In the corner of the house there was a flat rock which covered a hole in the sky. Spider Woman removed this cover and, after tying a weight to a long line, lowered it through the hole. At first the line was not long enough so Spider Woman kept spinning on it until at last the weight reached the earth below. Then Spider Woman gave the girl a pair of mittens so the line would not burn her hands and the girl let herself down the rope. When she reached the earth, the girl set out and soon found her people. That is how the Indians came to know about the land of the dead.

(Joe Number Six)

The Boy who Visited Spider Woman

There was once a boy who objected to getting wood although in those days woodcutting was an essential part of an Indian's life. The reason he disliked cutting wood was because he had shamanistic powers and "slept to the trees"; hence they were living things to him. In those days a person who would not do his share of work was ostracized. Finally the people made it so uncomfortable for this boy that one cold day he dressed in his warmest clothes and went out into the woods. When he failed to return, the people went out in search of him. While following his tracks, they noticed that every time he had struck a tree with his axe red blood had oozed forth and frozen over the wound. He had stood for a long time by one tree watching a woodpecker and had become so interested in looking up into the air that he had been drawn straight up into the sky, leaving his clothes and snowshoes behind him in the snow.

When the boy found himself in a strange land above the earth, he walked along until he came to a trail. He felt quite comfortable in spite of his lack of clothes. The trail led him to a large camp. He entered the first lodge where he found an old woman who greeted him and said. "Grandson, where are your clothes? Come inside and sit down."

This old lady was Spider Woman. After preparing the meal for her visitor, she made him some clothes. The boy lived with her for some time. Spider Woman never used bows and arrows, for she could kill with her gaze. She would send the boy out to locate a herd of caribou and then she would go and kill the animals with her glance.

The boy discovered that the camp was not occupied by people, but by insects who looked like people. Actually the boy had come to the land of his shamanistic dreams. Some of the insect men were good and others were wicked. Whenever the boy asked Spider Woman's permission to visit a neighbouring lodge, she would say, "Yes, that is all right. He is good-natured."

The boy visited one lodge which was filled with posts and poles of every description. He discovered that this camp was inhabited by the many-legged insects. Since he did not feel comfortable here, he quickly returned to the old woman's camp.

One day when he asked to visit a certain camp, Spider Woman at first refused him permission, and only after much pleading did she finally give her consent. When the boy entered this camp, an old man rose hastily to greet him. This old man was really Frog. "What do you want?" asked Frog.

"Nothing", said the boy.

"Hurry up and hunt lice in my hair", said Frog.

The boy squatted down and began to louse Frog's head. The boy found many insects, but since they were not lice, he threw them aside.

"Eat them", commanded Frog.

The boy did not wish to eat them so he suddenly jumped up and ran from the house. Frog followed him to Spider Woman's camp, but he dared not go inside. Instead he stopped at the door and called to Spider Woman, "Send that boy out here. I want to kill him."

"If you don't leave my door, I will come out and look at you", replied Spider Woman.

When Frog refused to leave, the old woman became angry and thrusting her head through the door looked squarely at Frog, who fell dead.

Spider Woman and the boy never lacked for food and the boy was kept busy bringing in animals which the old lady had killed with her gaze. He noticed that she cut the skins of the animals into strips from which she was braiding a long rope. In one corner of the house was a large, flat rock which Spider Woman forbade the boy to move. He noticed, however, that the woman frequently lifted it up and looked down the hole which it covered. One day when Spider Woman was away, the boy's curiosity overcame him and he moved the rock aside. When he looked through the hole, he saw below him a beautiful land covered with forests and dotted with lakes and streams which gleamed in the sunlight. Immediately the boy became homesick, because the land in which he now lived contained no sun and was always dull and gray. When Spider Woman returned, she found him in tears. She asked him the reason for his sorrow, but at first he refused to answer. Finally she said, "Did you lift up that rock and look down?"

When the boy confessed that he had done so, the old woman said, "Do you wish to go back to that land below?"

When he replied that he was homesick, the woman set about making a skin bag large enough to hold him. She put the boy in it together with some food and, tying the bag to the long rope, she let it down through the hole. As the boy left, Spider Woman said, "When you get to the earth do not cut this rope, for if you do it will mean my death. Should anything happen to me there will be a storm and you will see my life blood in the sky."

When the boy reached the ground, he had no way of carrying his food so he cut off a bit of the rope to make a pack sling. Immediately a big storm blew up and the heavens became blood red. That is why when there is a storm today one can see a blood-red streak across the sky.

After wandering for some time the boy at last came to his parents' camp, arriving while all the people were off fishing.

(Maggie)

The Girls who Desired a Star

In the old days every girl carried a small bag which contained her personal possessions.

Two girls were out together one evening when suddenly a bright star appeared in the sky. Almost in the same breath each exclaimed, "I wish I had that star in my bag."

Immediately the star fell to the ground between them. Each seized it and clinging to their prize they were both carried into the sky to be seen no more.
(Joe Number Six)

Little Fur Man and the Scale Men

There was a woman who had the habit of wandering off from her companions when they were picking berries. When she returned, she never brought any berries although her basket would be stained with berry juice. Actually the woman was slipping off to cohabit with a bear to whom she gave her berries. One day in late summer she slipped off into the brush and never returned. Instead she went to live with a black bear as his wife. When winter came, she crawled into her husband's den. During this hibernation a baby boy was born to her. The child was covered with fur and grew rapidly as does a young bear.

When it came time to leave the den in the spring, the bear, who was much attached to his wife, said to her, "If I let you come out, you will wish to return to your people and I will then lose you."

Accordingly after the bear had crawled out of the hole, he rolled a large rock in front of the entrance thus imprisoning his wife. The woman wept bitterly, for she did not want to be confined all summer. One day her boy, who was quite well grown by now, asked her, "Mother, why do you cry?"

"I would like to get out of here", she replied, "But your father has placed such a large stone in the way that I cannot move it."

The boy said to her, "Do not cry. If I touch the stone with the end of my finger, it will roll away. If I do this for you, however, you will have to promise me that when we get out I can start life for myself."

At first the mother refused, for she did not wish to lose her son, but she finally agreed to his conditions. The boy then touched the stone, which immediately rolled to one side. When they had emerged, the boy said to his mother, "Soon you are going to leave me, but before we part you must first make me a bow and arrows."

The mother made the bow and arrows and gave it to her child, saying, "After all you are still a small boy. Are you sure that you are able to shift for yourself?"

Her son maintained that he could care for himself better than his mother and to demonstrate his ability he set up a number of targets, hitting every one with an arrow. His mother remained with him for a short time, but finally prepared to leave him, although not without some misgiving. Since it was still late spring, the stars were visible at night, and as a final proof of his ability the boy selected the largest star in the Big Dipper and let drive an arrow. The shot hit the centre of the star and broke a small piece off it. This piece is the little star that is still visible in the constellation today. Since the woman was now satisfied that her son would be safe without her, she left in search of her people. Her son, who had become Little Fur Man, set out for himself.

At about this time an aged couple were camped by a stream where they had a fish trap. Since the run of fish was exceptionally heavy, the old woman was kept hard at work. Frequently her husband found her in tears. At last he asked her, "Why are you always crying? You did not use to do this."

"I am lonesome and long for children to aid and comfort me", explained his wife.

Then her husband said to her, "Before you go to bed tonight take two nicely tanned caribou skins and fill them with fish scales for me."

The woman did as he had instructed and gave the skins to her husband. When he retired, he placed them under his head. When he awoke in the morning, the sounds of children playing came from within the skins. He aroused his wife, saying, "Wake up and see what is at the head of our bed."

The woman arose hastily and found two boys playing underneath the caribou skins. After thanking her husband for her good fortune, she tucked the children under her blanket. Then she set about making clothes for them. The boys grew up to be good workers and were a great help to their parents. Among other things they built a canoe in which they paddled up and down the stream. One day when they had paddled farther away from home than usual, they found a camp of people. The boys then returned home and moved their parents' camp to the larger camp where they would have company. At last the young men expressed a wish to set out for themselves. Although their parents were reluctant to see them go, they finally gave their consent and the Scale Men set out on their own.

At the end of the first day's journey the Scale Men made camp in some thick timber on the slope of a high mountain. One of the men fell asleep at once, but the other remained awake. It so happened that a wicked old woman lived in this bit of timber, and after dark she came sneaking up to the camp. When she saw the sleeping man, she rubbed a bit of saliva on her cane and touched him with it. The other boy chanced to turn just in time to see the end of the cane nearing him. He grasped it at once, and after wrenching it from the old woman, he thrust the end at her. As soon as the cane touched her, she was transformed into a tall, dead tree. When daylight came, the young man saw that his brother had been changed into a large, green tree. Taking an arrow, the surviving brother shot it into the air, at the same time calling, "Look out, my brother! There it is coming down."

At this cry the tree jumped suddenly aside and immediately became a man again. The Scale Men now continued their journey and soon came upon the Little Fur Man. The three decided to travel on together. Soon they came to a vacant camp. Although no one seemed to be living there, food was available and the travellers made themselves at home. Although the travellers did not know it, there was a hole near by which led to an underground house where lived the owners of the camp. The following morning two of the men went out to gather wood, leaving one of the Scale Men in camp to cook. While the latter was alone, a young man suddenly appeared and enquired, "Who asked you to come into this camp?"

"No one asked me, but here I am", replied the Scale Man.

The two then began to fight, and after worsting the Scale Man, the stranger disappeared. When the other Scale Man and the Little Fur Man returned, they were surprised to find their companion much the worse for wear. When they asked him what had happened, he insisted that nothing was wrong except that he felt a little sick. The Little Fur Man suspected there had been a fight and said, "I wish that I had been in your place."

On the following day the other Scale Man remained in camp while the others went out. When they returned, they found him lying in bed, but he refused to admit that there had been any trouble. The Little Fur Man was disgusted and said, "What is the matter with you fellows anyway? Why don't you speak up instead of being so secretive?"

On the following day it was the Little Fur Man's turn to remain in camp. After making a hasty breakfast he prepared for a fight. Soon the stranger appeared, anticipating another easy victory, and accompanied by his little dog. "Who asked you into this camp", he asked of the Little Fur Man.

"None of your business", was the quick reply.

At this rejoinder the stranger leaped at the Little Fur Man and a fight began. The Little Fur Man was too much for his adversary and soon had the latter pleading for mercy. "Tell me where you come from", the Little Fur Man asked him.

When the stranger refused to answer, the Little Fur Man said, "Unless you tell me where you come from, I will beat you to death."

At this threat the stranger decided to talk and said, "I live in a nearby camp which is underneath the ground. If you will follow the tunnel whose entrance is near your camp, you will come to a house where a man and his wife live. Farther on you will find another man living with two wives."

The stranger then departed. When the Scale Men returned, their partner reproached them for having concealed their encounters with the strange visitor. The Little Fur Man now proposed that they investigate the stranger's home. The three had no difficulty in locating the hole and his companions lowered the Little Fur Man into it by means of a rope. When the latter came to the two underground camps, he killed the two men, but spared the three wives whom he brought back with him. After they had pulled the women up from the hole, one of the Scale Men said to the other, "That Little Fur Man is going to demand the best-looking woman for himself. Let us kill him while we have the chance."

When the Scale Men had pulled the Little Fur Man halfway up, they suddenly cut the rope and he fell to the bottom of the pit, breaking both legs. The injured man cried for help, but the Scale Men paid no attention to him. Instead they took the three women for wives and set off into the timber. In response to the Little Fur Man's continued calls the little dog which had belonged to the stranger finally appeared. When the dog enquired as to the reason for the cries, the Little Fur Man explained that he was hungry. The little dog disappeared and soon returned with food and water. He leaped down into the hole and remained with the injured man, licking his wounds and bringing him food and water, while the Little Fur Man told the dog all that happened. When the man's legs had healed, the little dog said to him, "Take hold of my tail."

The man grasped the tail and the dog pulled him from the hole, for this was the way the stranger got out of his underground home. When the Little Fur Man arrived at his former camp, he found it empty. He took the trail of the Scale Men and soon came to a new camp which they had built. The men chanced to be away, but the three women were in camp. The Little Fur Man was so emaciated as the result of his experiences that the women did not recognize him. The best looking one, however, thought he seemed vaguely familiar and gave him some food. The Little Fur Man took a place by the door and

soon the Scale Men returned. He then discovered that the one who had proposed the murder had taken two of the women for his wives. This man did not recognize the visitor, but his brother did. The following day the latter said to the Little Fur Man, "I once had a fine partner who was killed by my brother."

The Little Fur Man, who was eager for revenge, replied, "What would you say if I killed your brother?"

The Scale Man was not eager for this, but at last he consented whereupon the Little Fur Man killed the brother and took the two wives for his own. From then on the Little Fur Man and the remaining Scale Man lived happily together as partners.

(Maggie)

The Sky Ladder[1]

An Indian once desired to reach the heavens. To this end he took a bunt-ended arrow of birch and shot it straight into the sky. The arrow did not fall back, but disappeared into the clouds. The man again shot an arrow into the air. After some time this arrow finally fell back with a long cord, which reached to the clouds, attached to it. The man climbed up this cord and thus reached the sky.

(William Salmon)

The Man who Became an Eagle

A Chandalar Kutchin man was once living with his older brother who was married. Since the latter was extremely jealous of his wife, the younger brother became so uncomfortable he finally left the camp. His brother searched for him for a long time without success. One day the older brother came upon a strange tent in the woods. Inside he saw his long-lost brother reclining on his bed. As the older brother stood watching, he heard the sounds of children but could see none although he occasionally thought he felt something brush past him. He also could hear the frequent whirring of invisible wings around the house. When dusk came, he saw a beautiful girl suddenly appear at the back of his brother's tent. This was Night Girl, a woman who appeared only at night. In the morning Night Girl was gone and another pretty woman was occupying her bed at the front of the tent as head wife. She was Morning Girl. After witnessing all this, the older brother returned to his own camp.

When he returned to this spot sometime later, he found that his brother had moved camp. He followed his trail until it disappeared over the high pass which leads from the East Fork of the Chandalar to the Arctic Slope. As he stood here, he heard a voice singing and then a large eagle wheeled overhead accompanied by a number of smaller ones. The large eagle soon disappeared and the man began to cry, for he suspected that the bird was his lost brother. As he stood there weeping, a young eagle flew to his side and gave him a fine knife, saying, "My father sends you this as a final remembrance, for you will never see him again."

Actually the younger brother had been a shaman who "dreamed to" the eagle. When he became disappointed with his brother, he had simply gone

[1]This fragment was part of a longer story whose details the informant could not recall. It is included because of its resemblance to the well-known "sky ladder" or "arrow chain" motif.

back to his guardian animal, never to return. The other shamans were able to trace him that far, but were never able to establish communication with him.

(Joe Number Six)

The Man who Lived with a Bear

One day in early fall three Indians were out hunting when they came upon the den of a brown bear. While the male bear was busy fighting off two of the hunters, his mate seized the third and hid him in the den. When the male bear returned after killing the hunters, he said to his wife, "I thought I had seen three men approaching."

"There must have been a shadow which resembled a third", she replied.

"But I still smell another man", the bear insisted.

"Nonsense. It must be the odour of the men you have just killed", said his wife.

During their winter's hibernation, the bears were living on ground squirrels. The male bear would hand his wife the larger portion but, contrary to her custom of previous years, she would not return any to him; instead she smuggled the extra portion to the man she was hiding. Although the male bear became slightly suspicious, he did not discover the hidden Indian. When spring came, water from the melting snow began to drip off the front of the den. It seemed to the man that the winter had lasted only one night. With the coming of warm weather the male bear frequently went to the door of the den and looked about. One day he said, "Now the dogs are coming."

Soon a pack of dogs rushed up followed by three hunters. When the dogs came near the den, the male bear charged them and the hidden man heard one of the hunters say, "I must protect my brother-in-law."

When the noise of the fight had died down, the man looked out from the den and saw the smoke of a large fire. He realized that the bear had been killed and the hunters were now singeing the hair from the body. It was no longer necessary for the man to hide in the corner of the cave, so he lived openly with the female bear as his wife. As the summer wore on, the man wished to make a visit to his people. His bear wife reluctantly consented to his going, but warned him, "When you return to your people, do not say anything about your experiences here. Should anyone be with you when you return wear a feather in your hair so I can recognize you."

When the man returned home, however, his friends persisted in asking where he had spent the previous winter. At last he told them of his experience in the bear den and all his friends then wished to visit the place for themselves. They started out and the man wore a feather in his hair as the bear had requested. When the bear heard the party approaching, she realized that she had been betrayed. Spotting the faithless man by the feather in his hair, she charged and ripped open his belly. The hunters succeeded in killing the two bear cubs but the female bear escaped into the woods.

(Joe Number Six)

The Man who Married a Bear

An Indian was out hunting one day when he came upon a beautiful woman in the brush. She asked him to go home with her and since she was so attractive,

he readily consented. They lived together for a year as man and wife, the man almost forgetting that he had left his own wife at home.

Whenever the man made a kill, he would inform his new wife on his return and she would then go out and pack in the meat. Before leaving, she always cautioned him not to follow her. The man's curiosity was aroused, particularly since he could not understand how a woman could pack in such large loads of meat. One day after he had returned from killing a large moose, he secretly followed the woman back to the kill. As she neared the moose, he was startled to see her suddenly turn into a bear. The bear picked up the moose and started back to camp. The man hurried ahead so as to be home when his wife returned. When the bear neared camp, the man saw her turn into a beautiful woman again.

He was a bit frightened to realize that his wife was actually a bear and he decided to return to his own people for a visit. When he told her of this decision, she objected at first. Finally she consented on the condition that the man would return soon and that while he was among his own people he would have no intercourse with his first wife. The man promised faithfully to obey her wishes. When he had returned to his people, however, the sight of his former wife aroused his desires and he went to live with her. Since the bear woman had magic power, she realized that night that her husband had broken his promise. Immediately she turned herself into a bear and set out for the camp where she killed her unfaithful husband together with his former wife and family as they all slept.

That is why today Bear constantly attacks women but does not bother men. Even when a man crawls into a bear's winter den the animal will not molest him.

(Silas John)

The Eskimo and the Goose Snares

An Eskimo living along the arctic coast set out a goose snare, consisting of a long line of sinew snares attached to a rope. As there was no timber near by to which to attach the rope the man hid in the grass and held on to it himself. Soon a large flock of geese lit by his snare and every loop held a goose. Since the man was by himself, he dared not let go the rope in order to kill the geese with a stick, for, should he let go, the geese would have flown away. He continued hanging on to the rope until finally the geese rose into the air carrying him with them. Soon he found himself sailing over the ocean. Every time the geese attempted to land on the water he kept them in the air by shouting at them.

When at last they flew over land again, he allowed them to alight. They were so weary from their journey he had no difficulty in killing them all with a stick. He built himself a house and lived on the geese until the cold weather came. When the ocean froze over, he walked back home on the ice and thus brought this story.

(Jimmy Roberts)

The Headless Man

There was once a man called Tcikothinde ("Eyes on the end of his neck"). He had no head, but his eyes were placed on the top of his neck with the result that he could only look straight up. For a wife he had a huge hand which hung at his side while his other hand was of normal size.

One day a stranger passing the camp heard sounds of people and going in that direction he came to a large lodge. When he entered, he saw no one although a fire was burning brightly. Strewn about the house were many rabbit tails, which the stranger assumed to be children's playthings although he could see no children. In reality the rabbit tails were Tcikothinde's children. The stranger noticed a trail leading from the camp and followed it to the bank of the river. There he saw Tcikothinde fishing through the ice with a hook and line, but the latter could not see him because of the strange position of his eyes. Tcikothinde was talking to his wife and asking her to catch fish for him.

The stranger returned to the camp and picked up a rabbit tail, which he threw into the fire. Immediately the tail jumped back as though it were alive. Shortly afterwards Tcikothinde returned. The stranger said nothing, but sat quietly in a corner where Tcikothinde could not see him. The latter turned to his children and asked, "Why are you so quiet. Have you seen a stranger?"

When there was no reply, he again asked, "Why are you crying?"

Since the rabbit-tail children still said nothing, Tcikothinde felt sure a stranger must be present although he could not see him. Accordingly after first causing the door to disappear by magic, Tcikothinde picked up a stone adze and searched the house, slashing blindly in the air. Since Tcikothinde could not see him, the stranger was always able to dodge out of his reach.

Tcikothinde finally decided that no one could be present. He sat down and asked his wife to stir up the fire and roast some fish, whereupon his large hand stirred up the fire and put some fish on a stick over it. When he had finished eating, Tcikothinde caused the door of the camp to reappear. He then spoke to his wife and asked her to go outside and fetch some wood. When the hand went out to get the wood, the stranger slipped out behind her and so escaped into the brush.

(Johnny Frank)

The Man in the Moon

When Sheshahaji was a boy just big enough to talk, there came a winter of famine. One day when the people were starving, the boy said, "There are a lot of caribou coming. Save the web fat for my share."

The caribou came as he had foretold and the people made a big kill. When they brought him only a tiny piece of fat, Sheshahaji cried out indignantly, "That is not the fat I asked for."

But the people refused to bring him any more, saying, "If you don't like this, you can go out and get some fat yourself."

The boy then discovered that his uncle had taken all the web fat. When he asked him for some, the uncle not only refused to part with any of it, but threw caribou guts on the toes of his nephew's snowshoes. Sheshahaji went home crying. He cried all night and for a long time his parents could not get to sleep. Finally they fell asleep and when they woke up, their son was gone. Because one leg of his trousers was caught in the smoke hole on one of the projecting sticks of the lodge frame, his parents knew how he had left.

Three days later he returned whereupon all the dead caribou came to life and ran away except those killed by his father. The people could see and hear Sheshahaji, but they were unable to catch him. Finally the boy told his mother, "There is going to be a famine and all you have to eat is a little blood

for soup and a shoulder-blade. Wrap these up in a clean skin. Whenever you want food or soup, cut off a little piece but do not cut the bone. Do not cry for me. I am going to the moon and will live forever while you will live for only a short while."

After leaving instructions for the ceremony which is still celebrated in his honour whenever the moon is in an eclipse, Sheshahaji disappeared. His family lived all winter on the little piece of frozen blood and the caribou shoulder-blade while all the rest of the camp starved to death.

Whenever the moon is full, Sheshahaji can still be seen today together with the shoulder-blade and the paunch of blood.

(Paul Solomon)

The Big Jackfish of the Porcupine

An old man was living with his wife and one son on the Porcupine River. One autumn day when the moose rut was on, the young man went out hunting. He was always lucky at finding game and soon he saw a bull and a cow swimming across a large lake. In this lake lived a big jackfish, who was nearly a mile long. As the man was following the moose across the lake in his canoe, the jackfish came along and swallowed hunter, canoe, and moose.

His father was very sad and began to make plans for killing the jackfish. The father had been a powerful shaman, but now that he was along in years, his medicine was no longer strong, and he realized that it would take more than magic to kill the fish. He set about building a raft large enough to cover the entire lake, hiring friends to help him with the work. All winter they worked on the project and when they had covered the lake with logs, they heaped the raft high with large rocks. In June when the ice had gone out and the mosquitoes had come, the job at last was finished. The old man then set the raft afire and retired to the top of a nearby mountain where he made medicine to further his plan.

By the time the raft was half burned, all the smaller fish, some of them as big as trees, came floating to the surface. As the raft continued to burn, the rocks became red hot, causing the lake to boil when they fell into it. The big fish began to heave with discomfort and with each heave the level of the lake rose and fell. Finally when the fish could stand the heat no longer, he headed for the shore. So great was his impetus he drove right into the bank and broke into many pieces at the terrific impact. The old man had obtained his revenge.

Then the man directed his helpers to go about the country and spread the news of the killing of the big fish. Soon a large group of people gathered at the carcass where they lived for three years upon the flesh of the fish. The old man himself lived for this period upon the intestines and the liver of the jackfish. When he cut open the animal's stomach, he found it contained the queue of his son together with some partly digested moose horns.

(Johnny Frank)

The Eskimo who Lived in a Walrus

An Eskimo once lived inside a dead walrus. He cut his food from the animal's ribs and strange to say the meat never gave out nor did it become rotten.

(Silas John)

A Flood Legend

A long time ago there was a tremendous flood. All the Indians and Eskimos took refuge on the top of a high mountain between the Yukon River and the Arctic Ocean but many people were drowned. The Eskimos say that the bones of the victims may still be seen upon this mountain.

(Elijah Henry)

Why Indians do not Eat Marten

Formerly people ate the flesh of Marten, which tasted much like rabbit. One day when an Indian attempted to kill Marten with a stick the animal eluded him and ran up a tree. Angrily the man berated his quarry, telling him that his flesh after all was not worth eating.

Marten became angry and from that time on Indians have been afraid to eat the animals. They fear their power and no longer kill them with sticks even when caught in traps, but instead first stun them and then kill them by pinching the heart.

(Silas John)

The Adolescent Girl

A girl was in seclusion for it was her first menstruation. She wore a large, conical cap which came down on all sides to her legs and prevented her from seeing anything but her feet. Her mother was a foolish woman and one day as the girl's brothers were returning from a hunt, the mother said, "Look, here come your brothers."

The girl took off her hat and gazed on her brothers. Immediately the three young men were turned to stone.

Girls in this condition must be very careful. They must never look at either men or game.

(Johnny Frank)

Legends

Kaihenjik

Kaihenjik was a large and powerful Indian who lived long ago near the mouth of the Porcupine River. He was so large and powerful that his arms were as big as the body of an ordinary man. He was so swift afoot that he and his only brother had no difficulty in running down moose. In addition to this brother, of whom he was extremely fond, he had two married sisters, each of whom had three sons. Kaihenjik was as good natured as he was big although sometimes in bursts of good humour he used to say in fun, "I wish that I could kill a man."

These jests together with some jealousy of his prowess angered the neighbouring Indians and they organized a large party to kill him. One spring day when Kaihenjik and his brother had taken separate hunting trails, this party started on their track. They first came upon the brother, who was busy cutting up a moose, and catching him by surprise, they killed him. They now took up the trail of Kaihenjik and soon came upon him cutting up a fat cow moose, which he had just killed. When they saw his great size, their courage failed and they hesitated to attack.

"Where is my young brother?" asked Kaihenjik.

"We left him building a fire by a moose he had killed", one of them replied.

Kaihenjik was a rapid thinker and he said, "It is not like my brother to build a fire by a kill. Even in the coldest weather I have never known him to do that."

His suspicions were aroused, but he said nothing. Instead he set about building a fire to roast the moose head, tearing down large trees as though they were saplings. Sitting next to him by the fire was a young boy who had been present at the murder. At the sight of Kaihenjik's great strength the boy shivered. Noticing his fear, Kaihenjik suddenly poked him with his elbow and asked, "What has happened anyway to make you so nervous?"

At this sudden query the boy fell dead from fright. Kaihenjik continued to pile wood on the fire in an effort to hurry the cooking of the head. Finally he became exasperated at the delay, for he was anxious to get about the business of avenging his brother and, seizing the moose head, he threw it directly into the flames. After it had remained there a few minutes, he removed it and tossed it into the snow to cool. When it was cool, he tore it into great chunks which he threw to the assembled hunters, keeping the jawbone for himself. It was early spring and the snow was wet so the men had taken off their trousers and hung them to dry by the fire. While his guests were busy eating Kaihenjik threw a huge log into the fire, scattering the glowing embers over the bare legs of the men. As they jumped backward into the snow, Kaihenjik leaped upon them and clubbed them to death with a burning log. It had been planned that one man would wait for an unguarded moment to shoot an arrow into Kaihenjik whereupon the others would finish the murder. Now, seeing the plight of his companions, this man hurriedly let drive an arrow which hit Kaihenjik's arm. Stopping only to tear the arrow loose, Kaihenjik grasped a burning brand and set out in pursuit of him. As the man hurried off, Kaihenjik hurled the brand on to his snowshoes thus tripping him up. Then Kaihenjik clubbed him to death.

Kaihenjik then took up the party's backtrack and soon came to where they had killed his brother. After piling snow over the body, he continued on. It happened that two men had dropped out of the main party to cut some birch for a sled, and Kaihenjik met them on his return. When they noticed the blood on his arm, Kaihenjik explained that he had run a stick into his arm while following a moose which was now near by. The men started out to find the moose while Kaihenjik brought up the rear. When they came to a small depression, Kaihenjik stepped on the tails of their snowshoes and down they fell. Kaihenjik killed them with a large stick and continued on to camp.

Although he had always been a kind-hearted man, he was still burning with anger because of his brother's murder. Securing the assistance of the three sons of his older sister, he rushed from tent to tent killing whomever he met. Finally the four men took to the brush.

Such a wholesale killing evoked a desire for retaliation on the part of the dead men's relatives who organized a large war-party for this purpose. Kaihenjik's younger sister had married a man who lived on the Yukon near the present town of Circle, and the war party was assembled in his village. Kaihenjik in the meantime skulked about the outskirts of the camp watching the war-like

proceedings. One day while the sister's small son was playing in the brush with his bow and arrow, Kaihenjik took the boy's arrow. The boy ran crying home to his mother who asked him the cause of his trouble. The boy started to mention his uncle's name but got only as far as "kai" (which means willow) when his mother, suddenly realizing the situation, cut him short saying, "What, have you lost your arrow again in the willows? I will go out and find it for you."

The woman soon came upon her brother and hastened to warn him, saying, "My brother, more men than you realize have joined together to kill you."

"The more men the better", replied Kaihenjik, leaping into the air in anticipation of a fight.

"But, my brother, they have trained two young men especially to kill you. They have built a high fence of netted moose-snares about the camp in order to keep you out. These two men have been practising until they can now jump over this fence with ease", warned the sister.

Her brother was undaunted and replied, "Those are just the men I am looking for."

Seeing that she could not dissuade Kaihenjik, his sister said, "I love my husband. Please do not kill him. He is a good hunter and in one day can kill enough caribou to make two tents."

Kaihenjik promised to spare her husband and directed his sister to make a white feather cap for the man so that he could be distinguished from the rest.

Kaihenjik and his nephews attacked the camp early in the morning. At their first rush one of the two guards leaped over the fence and threw a rock at Kaihenjik but missed him. Kaihenjik then jumped over the barricade while his nephews, who could not jump that high, took their knives and cut their way through. When he saw how the fight was going, the second man turned and ran, making his way across the stream by jumping from post to post along a fish weir. When he saw that the man might escape, Kaihenjik called to his nephew to bring him an arrow set with eagle feathers. As the retreating man reached the opposite shore he turned for a moment to glance back, and Kaihenjik let drive an arrow which hit him full in the face. Kaihenjik and his nephews now attacked the main body of warriors, who had rushed from their tents. The brother-in-law was in the lead, and before Kaihenjik realized what he was doing he had slain this man also. After some heavy fighting they then killed everyone in the camp, sparing only the sister. When she learned that her husband had been killed, she asked Kaihenjik to kill her also and on the spur of the moment he did so.

Kaihenjik and his three nephews now took to the brush, determined to avoid all human contacts and fight no more. They made their way up the Porcupine River to a large mountain at its head. Here they built a camp, consisting of a double lean-to covered with moss and mud. In order to train his nephews to be sure-footed, Kaihenjik insisted that they enter camp only by walking along two poles placed high above the ground. For additional training in agility he would bring home live bears and toss them into camp for the boys to kill. One day when he had brought home a huge brown bear, the youngest boy was not quick enough and the bear bit him on the knee. From that time on the boy was a cripple and was forced to remain behind in camp while the others hunted.

The four men made every effort to keep their hiding place a secret, since they greatly desired to live in peace. They were in the midst of plenty of caribou, sheep, and moose so they had ample food. The boys used to amuse themselves by playing a game in which they threw a globe made of willow hoops into the stream. As it was swept down the current, they would catch it on a large wooden hook attached to a line. When their uncle made the willow globe and taught them the game, he cautioned them not to let the globe escape downstream. One time when it did float away, Kaihenjik retrieved it and then scolded his nephews severely. Sometime later while they were playing in their uncle's absence, the target again escaped them. Rather than face his anger, they did not tell him of the loss but made a new target, which was such an exact duplicate of the former one that their uncle never recognized the substitution. The original target floated down the Porcupine to its junction with the Yukon. Here it was picked up and recognized by a member of a Yukon Flats (Kutcha) Kutchin war party that had been organized to track down Kaihenjik and his nephews. Because of this find the war party now knew the general direction of their quarries' camp.

Soon after this a mountain sheep came running over the bluff behind Kaihenjik's camp. After Kaihenjik had killed it with a rock, he saw that the animal was frothing at the mouth. Suspecting that some hunter must have been chasing it, he ran to the top of the bluff where he kept a watch until dusk without seeing anyone. After spying the camp the hunter had ridden underneath a fallen tree. Before Kaihenjik left his lookout, he threw great rocks into all the windfalls but overlooked the one which concealed the hunter. After dark the latter returned to his own camp and informed the war party that he had found the men they were seeking.

The warriors arrived at the hidden camp one cold day in late fall. Kaihenjik and the two older boys were away hunting bear in order to secure a winter's supply of grease, but the lame nephew received the visitors and prepared meat for them. When they asked him how he would know when his uncle was coming, he explained, "He always calls my name. After I answer I go out and meet him."

A short time later as the boy was passing some meat across the fire, one of the visitors seized him by the hands while another seized his legs and they pulled him into the fire where he burned to death. Then the party selected one of their number to simulate the voice and actions of the dead boy. Since they knew the direction the hunters had taken, they posted men in ambush along both sides of the trail. Kaihenjik and his nephews had killed a bear that day and were late in returning to camp. Because their wet clothes had frozen stiff in the chill evening air, Kaihenjik had suggested that they build a fire and camp where they were, but his nephews had wanted to push on to camp. Soon the hidden warriors heard the rattle of the frozen clothes and shortly after Kaihenjik called to his lame nephew. The man who had been selected to reply was so frightened that his voice wavered in the middle of his answer. Kaihenjik's suspicions were aroused and turning to his companions, he said, "That voice does not sound right to me. I knew we should have camped where we were. Let us go back."

As he turned to go back, his enemies rushed in. His nephews, crying in fright, soon fell before the attackers' arrows. Kaihenjik had been carrying a

large piece of bear fat and he used this as a shield until it disintegrated with the impact of so many arrows. He fought on through the night killing many warriors with his caribou-horn club. His muscles were so hard that the arrows could not penetrate him deeply, but so many struck him that they covered his body like fur. When morning came, many of the war party had been slain.

Midday found Kaihenjik wearied from the continuous fighting. He climbed the cliff behind the camp where he took refuge on a narrow shelf. Here he pulled the many arrows from his flesh and used them to build a fire. Then he leaned back against the rock face and writhed as though he were in his final agony. He was wearing a coat decorated with a broad circlet of dentalium shells and also wore a broad fillet of shells around his head. The watching men feared lest his body fall from the ledge in which case his valuable beads would be destroyed. In order to forestall this two leaders climbed to the shelf. When they reached him, Kaihenjik got to his feet and, lifting each man by the scruff of the neck, said, "Thank you, my friends. You will keep my two nephews company at their funeral."

Placing a man's head under each arm, he jumped from the cliff while the watchers below exclaimed, "He is going to get two more before he dies."

The doomed warriors caught on some projecting rocks but Kaihenjik fell to the foot of the cliff, where he hit a sharp rock which tore out his entrails. Disdainfully thrusting these to one side, he turned to his enemies and said, "Never claim that you have killed Kaihenjik with your weapons. You have worn me out but you have not killed me."

Then he fell to the ground in death.

(Maggie)

Two Ice-Bear Stories

1.

A group of Indians were camped together one winter. One man was so jealous of his wife the band ostracized the couple and they were forced to pitch their tent at some distance from the main camp. One night the wife suddenly awakened her husband to warn him that she heard a bear coming. He refused to pay any attention to her fears and gruffly suggested that what she heard was probably one of her lovers trying to slip into the tent with her. The woman still insisted that she had heard a bear. Since her husband would not believe her, she arose hastily and, wrapping her small baby warmly in a rabbit-skin robe, hid the child in a snowdrift. Then she hurried off through the night to rejoin the main camp.

When she arrived there, she paid a shaman to make medicine so that her child would not awaken. A hunting party was then organized to return to her camp. When the hunters arrived at the lone camp, they discovered that a bear had made off with the husband. Taking up the track, they soon found the man's legs lying in the woods but the rest of the body had been eaten. They then used magic to entice the bear, saying, "Let whoever did this thing come here."

As the bear appeared all the hunters shot at it, but the animal was a dreaded ice-bear and the arrows fell harmlessly from its icy coat. In the party was a little man, armed only with a caribou skin and a moose snare. The bear made straight for this little man, who quickly jumped to one side. As he did this, he threw the caribou skin over the animal's head and proceeded to tighten the

snare about its neck. While the bear was both entangled and blindfolded, the hunters seized it and lashed it to a tree, spread-eagle fashion. They built a huge fire underneath the monster. As the body sizzled and roasted, the hunters placed tin dance-thimbles on their fingers and danced about the fire, singing and mocking the bear.

When the mother sought out her baby, she found it safely asleep in the snowdrift thanks to the shaman's power.

(Henry John)

2.

A group of Indians once set out on a hunting trip from their camp at the first canyon of the Yukon. At the end of the first day's march they discovered that they had forgotten some of their hunting gear so two men were sent back to get it. When the two men reached the old camp, they found the track of a huge grizzly bear. One of the men wished to go back and seek help, but the other persuaded him to camp where they were. Before going to bed, the first man carefully greased his face and hair but the second did not. During the night a huge ice-bear came into the camp. When it came to the first hunter, the bear simply licked the grease from the man's face and hair without awakening him, but when the animal touched the second man, he awoke with such a start that the bear immediately leaped upon him and killed him. In the meantime the other hunter had seized the opportunity to escape from the moss house and to run for a tall tree, which he succeeded in climbing just before the bear overtook him. While the Indian clung to the top of the tree, the bear returned to the camp and devoured the body of the dead hunter. When the animal had finished, it returned and began to gnaw at the tree. The wood was frozen which made this task difficult and at frequent intervals the bear would go to a nearby stream to cool his teeth in the water. The trapped man noted these periodic absences and the next time the bear departed for the stream, the hunter hurried down the tree and set out for his companions, leaving a rolled-up blanket in the tree as a decoy. He was well on his way when he heard the crash of the falling tree and he soon heard the bear hurrying along on his trail. In desperation, he greased the point of an arrow and shot it into the brush to delay his pursuer. This gave him a brief respite, but he soon heard the bear approaching and again he let go an arrow. This continued until he had shot his last arrow. He was now nearing the camp and, greasing his bow, he threw this into the brush. This delayed the bear just long enough to permit the man to reach his companions' camp where he fell to the ground, dead from fright and exhaustion.

When the bear appeared, the hunters quickly surrounded it but the icy coat of the animal turned away all arrows. Finally one brave man killed the monster with a stone adze. The Indians then burned its body because the flesh of an ice-bear is poison for a man.

(Henry John)

The Two Men who Married One Wife

There was once an old woman among the Dihai Kutchin who had one daughter. The girl was most attractive and two young men both wished to marry her. Since the mother approved of the suitors, she suggested that they should both marry the girl and share her as a wife. As this was agreeable to

the men, the marriage was consummated and they moved into the old woman's camp. There was no jealousy between the two husbands, who were fast friends and partners.

They slept on one side of the tent with their wife between them, while the mother slept on the other. Every night each man would have intercourse with his wife. This aroused the desire of the old woman on the other side of the fire, but neither man paid any attention to her. Finally the mother decided to do away with her daughter and substitute herself in the girl's place. One day when the husbands were away, she offered to louse her daughter's head, using a bone awl for this purpose. The girl readily consented and, while pretending to louse her, the old woman ran the awl into the girl's ear and killed her. After first skinning out the girl's head, the mother threw the body into the nearby lake. She then fitted the skin carefully over her own features and to make the deception more complete she bound up her flabby legs with sinew so they would feel firm like those of a young woman. She made herself a fancy, tailed coat with porcupine quill embroidery but, since her eyes were old and weak, the embroidery was a poor imitation of her daughter's neat work.

The young wife had been fond of high jumping so, when the husbands returned, the old woman ran and tried to jump over a stick supported on scissors. She failed to clear it and in her confusion she explained, I have been sitting down all day and am stiff."

The men became suspicious and that evening, as they were all sitting by the fire, one of them asked, "Where is your mother?"

"My *daughter* went out to pick berries and should have been back long ago. She must have eaten some poison berries and died", was the reply.

Because of this slip the men felt sure that she was their mother-in-law. When one of them ran his hand along her leg, he could feel the sinew bindings underneath her trousers. He told his partner of the deception and the two determined to find their real wife. When they came to the shore of the lake, they found the body with the skin removed from the head, and they decided to kill the old woman. They returned to camp where one seized her and removed her trousers while the other took a fire-sharpened brand and thrust it up the woman's anus. They hoisted her aloft and left her kicking in the air where she soon died.

(Johnny Frank)

The Indian who Tried to Fly

There was once a foolish Indian who lived on the Yukon Flats. One fall he decided to fly south with the geese, planning to live on them as he went. His wife attempted to dissuade him but to no avail. He made a pair of wings of birch bark and when the geese began to fly south, he climbed to the top of a tall tree. Stupidly he had never tested his wings to see if they would support him. Soon a flock of geese flew overhead and his wife called up, "If you are going to fly, why don't you do so?"

"I am waiting for a flock large enough to keep me in food all winter", he replied.

Soon afterward a large flock flew by. The man leaped from the tree, waving his bark wings, but they would not support him and he was killed in falling to the ground.

(Jimmy Roberts)

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