

warriors pushed against the enemy ranks until one side broke, then shot at them.

They took no prisoners of war and consequently had no slaves, but they took whole scalps, cut around just above the ears, to use at their dances. There was no form of cannibalism.

After the battle a victory dance was held around a central fire in the sweat house. Both men and women took part in the dance, which lasted one day and night, and all took turns holding the scalps. After the performance the scalps were washed with soaproot, dried, and kept in the house for other occasions, not exclusively for war or victory dances.

Jack Woodman.—Harris [Lassik] and Mad River [Nongatl] peoples were bad fighters. They killed Covelo [Wailaki] people and Bull Creek [Bear River, Sinkyone] people all the time. I do not know why—just for meanness, I think. We never had much trouble with them, they were too far away and we let them alone. Once one of them killed a woman who was gathering seeds on Elk ridge. Another man found her and called some hunters. They all searched and found three women belonging to the killer's tribe, so they killed them and evened the score. They never did catch the murderer, but one of the women they killed was his mother, so he stopped murdering. Sometimes when outside people found children at play too far away from camp they choked them to death just for meanness. They did not set fire to houses or anything like that, they just killed people on the sly. That is what makes war.

War was hard work, pushing against the enemy makes sweat run down good. The first war I took part in was below Meyers, about four miles down river. The whites had killed some of the Indians for their land and the Indians then killed some of the whites secretly. The second time I went to war was the fight which took place at the end of the bridge south of Dyerville, near South Fork station. I do not know what was the cause of that war, but we fought the Harris [Lassik] people. The third time was with the Harris people and the Wailaki near the mouth of South fork. The fourth war was on the flat at Bull creek. I cannot say what it was about, but I know that the Mattole and Bear River people joined with us against the whites. The fifth and last war in which I took part nearly cost me my life at the hands of the Mattole. That battle took place on Mattole river, and was caused when some of the Mattole men killed a Kaikoma [Sinkyone] woman and child while they were out seed gathering.

Once there was a big camp at Meyers because we were told that a war was coming soon. All my people gathered there. The enemies came up on the upper side of the river and the chiefs talked, but while they were talking all their men began to shoot bows and arrows and the fight began. All the women and children ran down the sandspit on the lower side of the river and jumped into the river and tried to get away, but there was a high bank across the river on the other side and they couldn't get out. Some of them drowned, but most of them the enemy shot down while they were in the water. A few escaped, but it was a big killing, a big war. I don't know what they fought about, but my mother told me about it and every time she told it she cried, because all her people were killed there.

Sally Bell (The massacre at Needle Rock).—My grandfather and all of my family—my mother, my father, and we—were around the house and not hurting anyone. Soon, about ten o'clock in the morning, some white men came. They killed my grandfather and my mother and my father. I saw them do it. I was a big girl at the time. Then they killed my baby sister and cut her heart out and threw it in the brush where I ran and hid. My little sister was a baby, just crawling around. I didn't know what to do. I was so scared that I guess I just hid there a long time with my little sister's heart in my hands. I felt so bad and I was so scared that I just couldn't do anything else. Then I ran into the woods and hid there for a long time. I lived there a long time with a few other people who had got away. We lived on berries and roots and we didn't dare build a fire because the white men might come back after us. So we ate anything we could get. We didn't have clothes after a while, and we had

to sleep under logs and in hollow trees because we didn't have anything to cover ourselves with, and it was cold then—in the spring. After a long time, maybe two, three months, I don't know just how long, but sometime in the summer, my brother found me and took me to some white folks who kept me until I was grown and married.

RELIGION

ANNUAL DANCES

There were two annual dances besides the first-acorn and -salmon rites previously described. One was the renewal of the world, the other the ancestor-impersonation dance, which was held to appease the spirits of the chief's and wealthy tribesmen's dead relatives. Both dances took place in June and July. Other dances, which might be held at any season, were the purification dance of the hunter, puberty dances, and war dances of incitement and victory already described, shamanistic curative dances, and those for the initiation of a new shaman (described under Shamanism). The shaman might also dance for rain, but it was more of a supplicatory dance to gain favor of the spirits than a directly efficacious magical performance. It was held in the sweat house and lasted only one night.

Nagaicho, the creator, appeared to the shaman and instructed him in respect to the time and place of the world-renewal dance. He in turn notified the chief, who informed the people. The ancestor-impersonation ceremony was held soon after the shaman, through supernatural sight, had seen spirits of the dead hovering around the camp. He notified the chief, and together they set the time for the dance of appeasement.

Both ceremonies were held in brush enclosures outside the village and both followed a stereotyped form. There was no localized dance place nor any indication of clowning in any of the ceremonies.

At world-renewal dance families moved to camp ground outside enclosure. Men, women, children gathered food, prepared it during week before dance began. People visited first day. Shaman came 9 A.M. second day. Men built fire in center of enclosure; selected singers sat at one side; onlookers in circle far back from fire. Shaman (in full regalia at night) first said formula prayer; warmed pepperwood leaves until they smoked, waved them in air toward 4 directions and zenith; this was offering to creator, spirits. Rubbed angelica on forehead, smoked some in tubular pipe; passed pipe to circle of onlookers; some took puff, some did not; passed it along. Shaman then told story: "Nagaicho made this world and patted it down so everything would stay in place. But bad men were not satisfied and tore it down, tore up the ocean banks, tore up the trees, tore down the mountains. Since that time we have had to sing and dance every year to make it right again." Shaman then began to sing in low voice accompanied by singers, split sticks, chicken-hawk bone whistle, stamped drum. Then sang louder; began to dance around fire; circled fire 5 times. Then shouted admonitions to people. Danced every night for 3, 4 hours; fifth night ended ceremony. Shaman took purificatory swim; ate prepared feast; slept. Everyone went home on the sixth day.

In ancestor impersonation, shaman stood still, told everyone to be quiet until all spirits came. Shaman only one who could see spirits; told people when all spirits had arrived; set out offerings of acorn mush and then sang, danced. Wore one raven feather in hair, held one in hand while dancing. Danced 5 nights, then told people spirits all gone back to sky-world. Ceremony closed with formula prayer. Shaman swam, ate. People feasted, ate spirit offerings. Sixth day disbanded. Man whose ancestors "represented" by shaman paid large sum for ceremony, furnished all food used as offerings to spirits.