

them. He uncle-cousin my mother. They all stay there, kill deer, pack it in. Pack wood all time.

One white man come there, want take me South Fork Mountain. His woman got li'l baby. He want me stay his woman. He take me South Fork. He herd hogs, gonta takum to Weaver. I never stay long there. This Inyan woman whip me all time. Didden' talk my language. 'Bout week all I stay. Commence rain pretty hard. He tell me go get water. I go down, water muddy. I get it anyway. He ask me, make sign, "Where you get this water?" I showum down to river. He think I get water in hole near house. He throw out water, commence whip me, tell me go get water.

I go down river, pretty steep go down. I throw bucket in river. I run off. Never see bucket no more. I had soldier shoes, take off, tie around neck. Water knee deep. I just had thin dress, can run good. Come up big high bank. Keep look back see if that woman follow me.

Lotsa redwood tree stand there. I see hog got killed, laying there, neck and shoulder eat up. Hog warm yet. When I put foot on it, something come up behind me. Grizzly bear growl at me. Wind blow from river. He smell me. I fall over back in tall ferns. I feel same as dead. Grizzly set there, his paw hang down. Head turn look every way. I keep eye on him. He give up listen, look, turn around, dig hole to sleep in. I keep still, just like a dead. Fainty, too, and weak.

That's time I run—when he dig deep. Water up to my waist. I run through. Get to Fort Seward before I look back.

At last I come home [Fort Seward, where Lucy's mother was]. Before I get there, I see big fire in lotsa down timber and tree-top. Same time awfully funny smell. I think: Somebody get lotsa wood.

I go on to house. Everybody crying. Mother tell me: "All our men killed now." She say white men there, others come from Round Valley, Humboldt County too, kill our old uncle, Chief Lassik, and all our men.¹¹

Stood up about forty Inyan in a row with rope around neck. "What this for?" Chief Lassik askum. "To hang you, dirty dogs," white men tell it. "Hanging, that's dog's death," Chief Lassik say. "We done nothing, be hung for. Must we die, shoot us."

So they shoot. All our men. Then build fire with wood and brush Inyan men been cut for days, never know their own funeral fire they fix. Build big fire, burn all them bodies. That's funny smell I smell before I get to house. Make hair raise on back of my neck. Make sick stomach, too.

That man what herd hogs, his Inyan boy speak my language. He say: "Why you come back?"

"That woman whip me every day," I say.

"What for she whip you?"

"Everything, little or big, she whip me."