

WÁNTWINT INMÍ TIINÁWIT:
A REFLECTION OF WHAT I HAVE LEARNED

by

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DISSERTATION ABSTRACT

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Title: Wántwint Inmí Tiináwit: A Reflection of What I Have Learned

I do two things in my dissertation. One is to tell the history of academic research on my language from the perspective of a Native person who has been involved in this work as an assistant to non-Native researchers. The other is to explain more about my culture and language and how it works from the perspective of a Yakima person who has spoken and used the language her whole life.

My most important task in this dissertation is to explain at more length some of the most basic vocabulary about our ancient culture and way of life. I do this by writing about different important parts of traditional life – life circles, sweathouse, ceremonies, horses, and foods - and explaining the words we use to talk about these and how those words explain the deeper meaning of what we do.

I write this dissertation for the Ichishkíin speaking communities in hope that by documenting our lost traditions they will have a resource from which to learn our ancestors' ways and language. Detailing the traditional practices offers a much needed historical and social accounting of each. I include various dialects and practices shared by other Ichishkíin speaking communities. I incorporate texts, songs, descriptions of dances, and practices in Ichishkíin.

This dissertation contributes also to the fields of sociolinguistics and theoretical linguistics, as well as historical and cultural anthropology. Despite the best efforts of some anthropologists and linguists, all the work done on Yakima Ichishkíin is by researchers from outside the community and is inevitably seen and presented through the lens of the English language, Euro-American culture, and the Western tradition of “objective” scholarship. I am in a unique position to present the research on my language as a contribution to academic scholarship but from a very different perspective, that of a Native speaker and scholar. Implicit in my view of scholarship is the way researchers should work with Native people; therefore, I address how linguists can better work with community members. I discuss the protocols and etiquette expected by Native people in working with non-Natives.

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I thank my committee members: Scott Pratt; Spike Gildea; Eric Pederson; Scott Delancey; and Janne Underriner for understanding my commitment to help keep my language and culture alive. My goal is to have more Native students involved in education equal to non-Native students and for everyone to live and work together to save our planet.

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CHAPTER I

WÍ'UYT INTRODUCTION

It'úkna wa tamánwit niimípa tiináwitpa, ku ttuush íchi íkuuk ikks ttáwaxt kúsh pa'atł'yáwisha, "Atk'ixsháxitash awkú namách'a íchi shúkwat mish iwachá míimi txánat íchi tiináwit, átk'ixshatash shúkwat aw nádash ku chaw shínim isápsikw'ata." Ku chaw nash awkú pa'ínxa mish awkú pamíta kwínkínk, ashkú aw nch'íwisha inmí ttáwaxt, kush íkushxi ink wachá, chaw nash mun p̄xwí̄p̄xwí̄shana túkin íkw'ak tiináwitki ashkú shapáttawaxni txánana miimawítki.

The laws are strict in our Indian way of life, and now some of the younger generation are requesting of me, "We too want to know our old ways, to learn how things were long ago, we want to know, because nobody taught us." But they do not tell me what they are going to do with that knowledge, and now that I am growing older I see that I used to be like that; I never worried about our way of life, because I was raised with that knowledge, in the old way.

Anakúsh tł'aaxw nash sínwíxa Ichishkíin kush ák'inunxana íkush pakúsha tীনma, kush chaw wa tł'aaxw túpan wapsúx, chaw, awktáw nash aw áshukwaasha kw'ink ash kw'ink wachá sápsikw'ani. Íkw'aksim mash awkú tíxwata íchna tímashpa.

I spoke Ichishkíin all the time and I witnessed what the people were doing, but I am not knowledgeable about everything, I only know what I was taught. That is what I have included in this writing.

I do two things in this dissertation. One is to tell the history of academic research on my language from the perspective of a Native person who has been involved in this work as a “helper” or “assistant” many times. The academic research that has been done on Yakima Ichishkíin presents a picture of Ichishkíin to the outside world, and some of it is useful to my community also. But I think that it is time to write about some of these questions and ideas from the other side, as a Yakima person and a Yakima scholar.

The other, more important goal is to explain more about my cultural practices and language and how it works from the perspective of a Yakima person who has spoken and used the language her whole life.

My most important task in this dissertation will be to explain at more length some of the most basic vocabulary about our ancient culture and way of life. I will do this by writing about different important parts of traditional life – family life, religion, ceremonies, food gathering - and explaining the words we use to talk about these and how those words explain the deeper meaning of what we do. This is my purpose in pursuing a Ph.D. at the University of Oregon. I chose to come to UO because of the work Dr. Janne Underriner and Dr. Joana Jansen and I have done over the years, and because of my involvement with the Northwest Indian Language Institute.

1.1. *Shúkwaat Ichishkíin Sínwit* Language Background

The Sahaptin tribes of Indians living on Indian Reservations in Oregon, Idaho, and Washington once roamed freely where there were no dividing lines to separate or impede the Indians from traveling to socialize with each other. According to the Archaeological evidence, Native Indians had lived here in the Columbia Plateau for 8,000

years or more (Hunn, 1990). Early culture totally depended on hunting and fishing, and gathering wild plants for food.

The Sahaptin tribes extend over a large territory in western Idaho, northern Oregon and southern Washington; possible drifts northwards and westwards within recent centuries caused a wide scattering of bands. Rigsby (1965) describes three Sahaptin language groups: Northeast, Northwest, spoken in the Yakima River drainage and including Yakima, and the Columbia River. Sahaptin is a language of great dialectical diversity. Ichishkiin and Nez Perce languages make up the Sahaptian Family. It is classified as a member of the Plateau branch of Penutian, along with Klamath and Molalla (DeLancey and Golla 1997).

North central Oregon bands include the Warm Springs, Tayx, Tenino, John Day, Wayam and others. Western central Oregon tribes and bands include Walla Walla (Walula) and Umatilla in Pendleton, Oregon, and the Palus (Palus) of the southeastern Washington down Snake River to where it connects with the Columbia. These people now reside on the Umatilla reservation and Yakama Nation. The Wawyuuk bands roamed in the territory north of the Columbia, and had a permanent village across from the Hanford reservation.

Northwest Sahaptin proper includes most of those who now reside on the Yakama reservation: a small Sk'in tribe (Fall Bridge and Rock Creek people), the large Yakima and Pshwánapam (Kittitas-Ellensburg) bands; and the east and west of the Cascade mountain tribe, named Xwáłxwaypam (Klickitat) bands of the Lewis, White Salmon and Klickitat Rivers. The mid-Columbia River band of Priest Rapids and Saddle Mountain

bands occupied areas clear up to Soap Lake, and they are Sahaptin speakers, and practice the same culture.

A fairly large group in the Taynapam and Upper Cowlitz River bands are on the west side of the Cascade mountains (from the city of Packwood to Randle), and a tiny band of Mishal (*Mishil*, west of Mt. Rainier park) called the Upper Nisqually River bands spoke the Sahaptin language. Some were enrolled on the Yakama reservation, others were enrolled with the Nisqually tribe under a different treaty.

When the Elders talk about these people, they tell their children to be careful who they marry, that sometimes we are blood relations. However, they encourage marriage between members of the bands who practiced and understood the language and culture.

The country of the Sahaptin People then ranges along the western border of the Columbia Plateau in the base of the Cascade Range; eastward from the slopes of the summit to the Cascades to an elevation of only 650 feet along the Middle Yakima River Valley. The Yakima Indian people dwelled along the Yakima River from the Cascade Mountain down to where the river meets the Columbia River. They spoke different dialects of Sahaptin language. They lived in small villages close to the waterways to feed their stock and for other domestic uses of water. Water has always been an important part of the religion Sahaptin people practice.

The country is broken by the Yakima Folds. Long narrow ridges extend eastward from the Cascades to Sage Brush land. On the North side is the Wenatchee Range, and further south along the Goldendale Ridge are the Horse Heaven Hills. Prehistoric habitation sites are found in caves and rock shelters throughout the Yakima River drainage, and small seasonally occupied campsites are scattered throughout the back

country. Large permanent village sites appear along the major water courses from early prehistoric time into the historic period. There are also numerous prehistoric villages along the Yakima River. These include *Awátam*, Sunnyside Dam, located at Union Gap; Wenas village in the Selah district; Medicine Valley at White Swan; *Sitá*, a village across the Yakima river from Zillah. Ancient camp sites or villages appear today as clusters of *wilchí*, saucer-shaped circular depressions, about three feet deep and from twenty five feet to forty in diameter, the remnants of earth lodges. Later there was a shift to rectangular-shaped lodges, sometimes with rounded ends, a prototype of the present *káatnam* ‘long house’. Most recent discovery describes shallow circular depressions outlined by ridges of stone which mark summer lodge sites, similar to the teepee rings found throughout the plains country.

Of the current Yakama Nation enrollment of 10,268 members, approximately 158 are first speakers of Ichishkíin; 66 Elders have passed (37%) since 2003. All of the first speakers are 67 years and older. Thirty-eight Elders are fluent first speakers of any of the fourteen identified dialects of the Sahaptin language group. Exposure to the language occurs most often in the longhouse (for example, at the first foods ceremony) and in some Shaker churches’ traditional activities. Ichishkíin language classes are occurring in three high school classes and two elementary schools on the Reservation. Additionally, first and second year classes in Yakima Ichishkíin are taught at the University Of Oregon and at Heritage University.

1.2. *Inmíki Tiinwítiki Wapítat Wawshushyałamamíyaw* My Background and Work in Linguistics

I have worked with almost every linguist who has studied the Ichishkíin language, at first in the role of language expert or consultant, later as a fellow linguist. In addition, both my mother Ellen Saluskin (Hoptonix Sawyalilx) and step father Alex Saluskin were involved in language preservation work.

In my work with linguists, I came as a resource person to contribute my cultural knowledge. The household I grew up in was Indian speaking only, and traditional. My grandmother (mother's mother) was a shaman, as were my father and mother; my great-grandmother was an herbalist doctor and midwife. My childhood environment was surrounded by people who spoke three or four of the tribal dialects and languages: Nez Perce, Umatilla, Klickitat and Yakima Ichishkíin. Until I went to the Mission, a boarding place for children, and from there, public schools at eight years of age, my life was solely about learning survival ways of life; mainly food gathering, medicine plants and wildlife. From that point my traditional education was coupled with my formal western education attending school for a year, then taking off a year to continue my traditional learning, going back and forth like that until 10th grade.

The first written work on the language was done by Father Pandosy (1862), and was a sketch of the language of Pshwánapam bands living along the Yakima River at Kittitas Valley. This was before my time. My work on the language began at age twelve. I met linguist Melville Jacobs while I was working with his student, anthropologist Margaret Kendall. I was the liaison, interpreter, and contact person for her because I spoke many of the dialects of the people she interviewed. Dr. Jacobs taught me the

alphabet he used to record the Klickitat language. Being able to read stories he had recorded allowed me to facilitate the work. He was impressed when he discovered I was a fluent speaker of the Klickitat language, and he began teaching me to read and write the orthography he developed for the language when he was collecting Klickitat myths (Jacobs 1929, 1934, 1937). He developed a sketch of Klickitat grammar (Jacobs 1931). Little did I know this was the beginning of my linguistics career!

After my early schooling, however, I stepped away from linguistic work for a time. During World War II, I joined the Women's Auxiliary Corps. When the Auxiliary Corp became part of the regular Army, I joined the United States Air Force, and became a wireless radio operator at the B-29 Bomber Base at Clovis, New Mexico. During that time I nearly forgot my Native language. One day I was on my way home on furlough and I was caught in a Greyhound bus strike. I had to call home for somebody to rescue me. My mother answered the telephone and she became excited and began talking Sahaptin, but I could not understand her, and I kept asking her "What, what?" She finally lost her patience and yelled at me in Ichishkiin, "*Míshnamat tḡánasha?*" 'What is the matter with you?' Something popped in my head, and I understood her. I nearly lost my Native language because I was not using it.

I was honorably discharged from the Air Force on November 28, 1945. I immediately enrolled in school to become a medical secretary. After that, I thought that I was done with formal education. During that time, my stepfather, Alexander (Alex) Saluskin, had retired from the Tribal Council and was working as an archivist at Fort Simcoe, an old Army Fort converted into a Museum. Alex was half Yakima and half Salish, and was a multilingual speaker of numerous Sahaptin and southern Salish

dialects. He had held positions of responsibility within the Tribe, and was a respected and knowledgeable man. He met Bruce Rigsby, a linguist and anthropologist from the University of Oregon, at Fort Simcoe. They decided to collect stories in the Yakima language, and Dr. Rigsby developed a phonetic Practical Writing Script for the language. Alex worked for four years with Dr. Rigsby, recording Elders' words and legends on the Indian reservation, sometimes on tape but often just writing what they heard.

Alex and I worked from Bruce Rigsby's notebooks (Rigsby 1964-71) and the stories Alex and Rigsby collected to create word lists. This eventually became the first dictionary of my language (Beavert and Rigsby 1975). Rigsby also collaborated with linguist Noel Rude on a grammatical sketch of the Ichishkiin language (Rigsby and Rude 1996). My mother, Ellen Saluskin, and I worked with Noel Rude as consultants. I translated her words to English and worked with Rude in investigating specific grammatical constructions.

Another language project I completed during the 1970s was a legend book project. I was hired as the project required someone able to translate several dialects. I interviewed Elders from all across the reservation and recorded the legends they knew on cassette tapes. I translated them into English and they were published in the book *The Way It Was: Anakú Iwachá: Yakima Legends* (Beavert & Walker 1974). Dr. Deward Walker, Jr., University of Colorado, assisted with organizing the material and publishing the book.

In working with anthropologists over the years (Dr. Kendall; Dr. Helen Schuster; Dr. Deward Walker; Dr. Linda Klug) we contacted and worked with numerous people on

the Reservation. As the years progressed, Elders passed, and I began to notice that the younger generation (like myself at the time) was involved more in modern Anglo-life. The language was similarly being used in fewer and fewer contexts.

Alex felt his health was worsening, and worried about the future of our language. He asked me to return to school and enroll in anthropology. He thought this would give credibility to the Sahaptin language. He asked me to carry on the project that he and Dr. Rigsby had started. I was reluctant to give up my current occupation, but finally relented. I enrolled at Central Washington University and although it took a number of years I received a B.A. degree in Anthropology in 1986. My incentive was to help my people do something about the Native language. Going back to school in my middle ages was hard. It was awkward. If it was not for the support and encouragement from those at Central Washington University, I would have given up. Larry Porter, a young American Indian professor in the Department of Education, and Dr. James Brooks, President of Central Washington University both helped me. They made sure I was provided good housing, and they helped me find a teaching position in Ethnic Studies to pay for my tuition.

They spearheaded funding for the first edition of *The Yakima Indian Language Dictionary*, published in 1975, and *The Way It Was: Anakú Iwachá: Yakima Legends* (Beavert & Walker 1974). The funding came from the United State Bureau of Indian Affairs in Washington D.C., implemented by a concerted effort made by Dr. Dave Warren, of the Pima Tribe.

Dr. Warren selected me to accompany a group of five American Indians from tribes across the United States to spend the summer of 1974 at the University of Mexico. Dr. Warren received his Doctorate at that University. We were members of the American

Indian Panel (I represented the Northwest) and daily we exchanged cultural information. It was here I learned and came to understand many things about the culture in Middle America.

Also in 1974, I obtained a small grant at Central Washington University to study linguistics at Dartmouth. I found a group of Indian students there and they adopted me as their grandmother! Three things happened that summer that influenced my life. My linguistic class instructor was a French teacher who taught me linguistic terms for body movements (dodging things he threw at us). Here I also learned to teach language with unusual entertaining visuals. The second thing that happened was the Indian students involved me with organizing the March on Washington, to invade Nixon's office. I decided to stay in Dartmouth before the students marched off to Washington. After all I was there for a different reason. The third interesting thing was I found Melville Jacob's material gathering dust in the basement of the campus library. When I returned to Central, we notified the Jacobs Foundation.

Dr. Warren also funded my history and language research project for two summers at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C. (1977-78), and to do research at the Newberry Library in Chicago in 1977. I was fortunate to find unidentified artifacts at the Smithsonian that had lain dormant for years as no one knew where they were from. I had to rely on the Elders, especially my mother, to help me identify and catalog them via telephone. I donated my research material to the Yakima Tribe.

At the Newberry Library, I concentrated on language and history. I found old maps made by early explorers, and interesting early historical artifacts. Unfortunately, some of these important items were lost. I made a pact with the Yakima Tribal Council

Culture Committee to expect this material in the mail. I did not have enough money to make more than one copy of each item, which I did and then sent it to the Tribe. I called the new Director of the Yakima Nation Museum, and asked him to store it, and he did it. The material is apparently at the Museum. Again, I donated my research material to the Yakima Tribe.

1.2.1. University of Washington

I began to be interested in learning more about the linguistic structure of my language after working with Dr. Sharon Hargus of the University of Washington and Dr. Akira Yamamoto of the University of Kansas in the 1980's and 90's. Since that time, Dr. Hargus and I have collaborated on numerous papers (Hargus 2001; Hargus and Beavert 2001, 2002a, 2002b, 2005, 2006a, 2006b) and on the Yakima Ichishkiin Dictionary (2009).

In the early 1980s, I visited the Linguistic Department at the University of Washington (UW), and by chance met linguist Sharon Hargus. We discussed my interest and developed a plan that allowed me to work on Ichishkiin at UW, complete with an office across the hall from hers. I began documenting regular verbs on a manual typewriter because I did not know how to use the computer. This was the beginning of the Second Edition 1979 *Yakima Language Dictionary*. The first edition (1975) Yakima dictionary word list was used for reference because most of the words were nouns, names of wildlife, plants, and personal nouns. We wanted to develop a document adequate for use in the classroom.

During that time, UW hosted a gathering of Washington State Tribes to discuss their recommendations about academic education for American Indian students. Sharon provided me with room and board to attend the conference. I listened to the Elders and learned a lot about their concerns regarding Indian people's problems facing the youth on Indian reservation lands, including the loss of their Native languages. There I met my lifelong friend Vi Hilbert. She was working with a linguist, Thomas Hess. Vi was the Director of the Lushootseed Language Program. She was working on the development of the first edition Lushootseed Dictionary at that time.

1.2.2. *Túxnimtk Inmíyaw Timáni Tíichámyaw* Returning to the Reservation

After my stepfather Alex Saluskin died, my mother did not want to live in her house alone. I was able to find employment at Wapato High School close to home where I could look after my Mom. From 1989-91, I was an Ichishkín language instructor at Wapato High School. The Wapato School District Indian Advisory Board, parents of children enrolled at Wapato high school, asked me to help the senior class Yakima tribal students who were failing English and thus could not graduate. I was teaching a night class for Central Washington University at Eisenhower High School, City of Yakima at that time. These circumstances were the major beginnings of my involvement with Heritage College, formerly Fort Wright College located in Spokane. Heritage was later certified and is now a University.

1.2.3. *Nch'i Sapsikw'atpamá* Heritage University

In the beginning, Heritage College was a Catholic school centrally located in Spokane, Washington. When the nuns moved their school and established it on the Yakima Indian reservation, they were assisted by two Yakima Indian women, Martha Yallup and Violet Rau, who graduated from Fort Wright College. They moved the school into an old abandoned school building located on West Fort Road, Toppenish, Washington.

Heritage College was advertising for an instructor to teach an evening class. I applied and was hired as an adjunct to teach American Indian Culture and History. It was ideal, only three miles from my home. My classroom was in Grange Hall across the road from the school. It was a large room; the students sat on the floor because they did not have desks. The heating system was old and outdated. The students in my first language class were older - three nuns, one Indian preacher, and five veterans from the Warriors Organization. The younger students did not return because we were still facing hardships. This was before Heritage College became visible, and grants began to come in to help renovate the old school building.

I concentrated on teaching the Yakima Alphabet in my night classes at Heritage College. I began developing a plan to teach reading and writing Yakima Indian language, using the new list of nouns and verbs Sharon Hargus and I put together. My main interest was in preserving language and I thought reading and writing was the best way to do it. During the third year of teaching, I began to realize I needed to do more for my students. They wanted examples of Ichishkiin words and expressions for things they studied in English class. The library books at Heritage were mainly about Religion, English,

Philosophy, and History education. I lacked academic training for teaching the Native language, although I am a fluent speaker of the Yakima language, and I could read and write using the practical writing system, but I was unable explain how the language works to monolingual English speaking students. My next step then was to further my education to become a language teacher which I did at the University of Arizona.

After I returned from Arizona and began teaching again, Dr. Dempsey developed and then implemented our first proposal to the Mellon Foundation in Washington, D.C. for work on Yakima Ichishkiin. The grant application submitted by Heritage College, was supported by Yakima Tribal Council Chairman, Wilfred Yallup, and two members from the Council Culture Committee, Hazel Umtuch and Clifford Moses. With ongoing support from the Mellon Organization, Sharon Hargus and I have been able to develop *Ichishkiin Sínwit: Yakama/Yakima Sahaptin Dictionary* (Beavert and Hargus, 2009).

1.2.4. Skúulit Láxuyxtpa Tíichámpa Studying in Arizona

As mentioned above, I went to Arizona to learn to teach the Ichishkiin language. Two nuns, Drs. Michel Keenan and M. Espiritu Dempsey on the faculty of Heritage College, financed me with a meal ticket my first year at summer school at the University of Arizona at Tucson, Arizona. The second year, The Yakima Warriors, the local Indian Veterans Organization, provided me with a small stipend for my meals.

The first year, Dr. Akira Yamamoto taught an introduction to linguistics course. Attending were Indian students from Warm Springs, Oregon. We were Ichishkiin teachers interested in curriculum development for teaching the language. Drs. Mary Willy and Ofelia Zepeda, Native speakers and teachers of their language, clarified how

their language worked. This helped me to look at my own, and identify how my own language was structured. Dr. Akira Yamamoto was working with the Yavapai speakers and he was able to explain how Native culture and language work together. His famous saying “When there is no language, there is no culture, and when there is no culture there is no language,” has stayed with me to this day. The AILDI language program was helpful to my work at Heritage University. I graduated from the University of Arizona in 2000 with a Master of Education degree in Bilingual/Bicultural Education. I was able to return to AILDI with as an NSF fellow in 2006 with my student Roger Jacob. We studied language documentation and grant writing together.

1.2.5. *Kútkutt Íchishkin Sapsikw’atpamápa* The Northwest Indian Language Institute

In 1997, Dr. Janne Underriner invited me to help the Northwest Indian Language Institute (NILI), at the University of Oregon (UO), then just newly created. I worked with tribal people in Oregon to develop a program teaching Ichishkiin language and culture to Native teachers. Through NILI, I also met Joana Jansen, and I have worked with her on linguistic articles on morphology, a grammar of my language, and various teaching and curriculum projects (Beavert and Jansen 2010, 2011; Jansen 2010).

My involvement with NILI was helpful in identifying cultural knowledge of the Columbia River, Nespelem, Warm Springs and Umatilla tribal members, and it was then that I again was struck by the fact that so much of our traditional culture was becoming lost. This realization prompted my decision to attend UO to pursue my Ph.D. in linguistics. While at UO I am fulfilling what are perhaps the most important things to me. One is teaching Yakima Ichishkiin to students who I hope will go back to the Reservation

and teach. Roger Jacob and Greg Sutterliet, two of my apprentices have attended UO to do just this. We have taught a Sahaptin class through the Yamada World Languages Department, with a combined three-way teaching methodology: teaching by Roger Jacob and Greg Sutterliet; linguistics by Dr. Joana Jansen; Virginia Beavert teaching, listening, speaking, reading and writing utilizing the Practical Writing Script developed by Dr. Bruce Rigsby. The students are acquiring skills they can utilize in other academic endeavors.

1.3. *Wapítat Ánit Ichishkíin Chám̄xwlikt Sínwit* Contribution to Ichishkíin Speaking Communities

In documenting the Yakima traditions I was raised in, I have included various dialects and practices shared by other Ichishkíin speaking communities. These communities will benefit from this work. Practices distinct to each Ichishkíin speaking community are becoming diluted and this is causing confusion among younger generations. My intent is that my research will better inform Ichishkíin communities on language and traditional protocols. For example, our Elders tell us that our Ichishkíin language is needed to be able to obtain the natural medicines we need to heal our bodies and is needed in order to gather our roots, and prepare our foods. We must speak our language to the plants when we gather. Ceremonies must be said in Ichishkíin. These things people do not understand anymore. The dissertation will include the language necessary to carry out the traditions as our ancestors did.

1.4. *Wapítat Kuumanák Wawshuyatámaman Anakwmák Patímasha Sínwitnan* Contribution to the Field of Linguistics

Despite the best efforts of some anthropologists and linguists, all the work done on Yakima Ichishkíin is by researchers from outside the community and is inevitably seen and presented through the lens of the English language, Euro-American culture, and the Western tradition of “objective” scholarship. I am in a unique position to present the research on my language as a contribution to academic scholarship, but from a very different perspective, that of a Native speaker and scholar. Implicit in my view of scholarship is the way researchers should work with Native people. Therefore, I address how linguists can better work with community members, and discuss the protocols and etiquette expected by Native people in working with non-Natives.

1.5. *Its’wáykt Naxsh Tamásklikt* Chapter Outline

The dissertation has seven chapters. Each chapter consists of narrative, Ichishkíin words and/or text and my personal story. It is organized in such a way that ceremonies and practices come together, following each other as they would in life. Additionally I include some ways practices have changed over the years, variations in the practices, and gender differences with the inclusion of female and male language.

Some of the sections of the dissertation are written in English only, and some are written in my Native language with an English translation, with the two languages alternating paragraph by paragraph. All the information that is written in Ichishkíin is also provided in English. The English is not a word for word translation but I have tried to keep the meanings similar.

The reader may also find some places where the spelling of words in this dissertation does not exactly match the spelling in the dictionary (Beavert & Hargus 2009). This could be a matter of dialects, as I sometimes use my father's Umatilla words. It can also be related to formality of speech. Our writing system is comparatively young in age and spelling conventions are just being established.

In some places, there is information in English that is not in Ichishkiin. This will be clear in the sections that are in English only, as the languages will not be alternating. In the alternating sections, I have at times added some additional or clarifying sentences in English, without an Ichishkiin translation. Parentheses in the alternating sections indicate when the material is in English only.

I include my own Native language to let the readers know how the language is actually used. In the dictionary (Beavert and Hargus 2009) we describe the meanings of words, using English. In our curriculum materials and the grammar (Beavert and Jansen 2010, Jansen 2010) we present language and structures for teachers and learners. It is important to also record how our words and phrases are used when we talk about traditional and modern life. This dissertation presents the language in this way.

Following the introduction, Chapter II, *Inmí Ttáwax̄t* tells my early life story, threads of which continue in subsequent chapters. Chapter III, *Wyá'uyt Wak'ishwit*, Life Circle, discusses pregnancy including the strict cultural taboos parents observe in order for the child to be born normal and healthy. I will describe these taboos and others, and the practices involved in each of the stages of life. The chapter continues with childbirth; *páxtínit* 'diapering ceremony'; and puberty practices. In the past, during the onset of puberty, the children were extensively instructed by people who were properly trained. It

was a critical period of life for the adolescent. The boys and girls were both instructed in the responsibilities which would affect their entire future. Girls' practices, including the first menses, details how a girl was counseled about the changes happening to her body as it was maturing into womanhood; boys' practices include how a boy was instructed by the Uncle. *Pátkwaychashat (Páwawshtaymat)* 'Engagement Ceremony' follows detailing its practice and then is illustrated through my parents' experience - the Sahaptin peoples' cultural social event that brings out the teen agers, who were properly brought up to assume responsibility for the family. *Pápishxwiit* 'Wedding Ceremony' involves the participation of kin on both the bride and groom sides to unite more than just two people. It involves territorial rights, language and culture. This section entails: the learning of each other's cultures; the exchange of villages; learning each others' dialects; the girl's and boy's dowry; *Pápshxwiit* 'Indian Trading'. I touch briefly on divorce and then close the chapter with *Tł'yáwit* 'Death' and the taboos the surviving mate must observe during the mourning period after the death of a mate. This section includes the funeral; mourning; widow-making; replacement of spouse; the memorial and name-giving.

Chapter IV, *Xwyach*, Sweathouse, looks at sweathouse practices. I discuss my personal experience - sweating as a child and at Sih; the importance of the sweathouse to the Yakima; preparing the sweathouse; participating in a sweat in which I talk about how to conduct oneself in the sweathouse, women's practices and prayer. Sweating is an important element of healing for veterans which I address, and I end with a story about Rudy and Sylvester. In Chapter V, *Pina'ititámat Wak'ishwit*, Experiences and Reflections, I detail some experiences that have been a part of my life - the bone game; farm and fishing; I also include a reflection on my grandmother's life, and the power of medicine

women and men. Chapter VI, *K'úsima*, Horses, discusses the role horses – domestic and wild - played in our traditions and tribal economic structure. I also include a few of my own horseracing and training stories. *Wának'it*, Chapter VII, is the conclusion to this work. In this chapter, I address three questions about cultural heritage, language revitalization and advice to researchers. I end with a note to the younger generation.

CHAPTER II

INMÍ TTÁWAḲT MY STORY

There is an experience Sahaptin people call *anut'átwit*, a tragedy no child should ever experience. I remember clinging to my father's leg and begging to go with him. "Táta chaw wyáalakwim. Táta, nánam." Daddy, do not leave me; take me with you. He answered me in his gentle voice, "Chaw; txának itamípa." No, you must stay with mom. He took my fingers apart, one by one, from his pants, and walked away. My mother was yelling at him: "Ku chaw nam mun ánach'axi túxnimta íchin." Do not ever come back here again. That is all I remember. Everything was blank after that until I woke up one morning lying down on a bed on the floor. Sitting by me, weaving a root digging bag, was my *káta* 'maternal grandmother', Ḳaxísh. She was my great-grandmother, who became my companion until she died in 1929, when she was 120 years old.

I was born in a bear cave in the Blue Mountains in Oregon. I did not have a name yet when they brought me home. My brother Oscar was studying geography in school. He was studying about the State of Virginia. When they asked him to name his sister, he called me Virginia. My aunt Mussie, who was attending a Catholic School in Tulalip, near Everett, best friend's name was Roslyn, and that became my middle name. She also had the honor of piercing my ears. I am Virginia Roslyn Beavert.

I was a newborn when the Indian government nurse checked me over at the Umatilla Indian Agency at Pendleton, Oregon. She added my name on the enrollment list as a Umatilla Indian without the knowledge of my parents. When I discovered this later, I took my name off.

I spent most of my time as a child in Sih village which is located close to the Yakima River, across from the city of Zillah. This village was a haven for many people. The vegetation is mostly cottonwood, willow, chokecherry, currant, rosebush, alder, sarvesberry (June berry) trees, and others. There was an artesian spring which formed into a lake and emptied into the Yakima River. There was much wildlife activity because this was a breeding place for *xátxat* 'wild duck', *ákak* 'goose', *áy'ay* 'magpie', *tyiittyít* 'the swallow', *lumt kákya* 'bluebirds', *xmúmsa* 'humming bird', and many other birds. There was plenty of food for all of them. The speckled and rainbow trout spawned in the creek that emptied from the lake. Eels spawned in the small stream that flowed between the river and Sih village. In the dense shrubbery and at night in the open lush grass around the lake white-tail deer came to eat grass and to drink water. This place is where the Prophet returned from the Spirit world and he introduced the Longhouse religion to the people from Sih. This is where I grew up.

My uncles, aunts, my mother, and grandmother owned many horses. My grandfather, Sawyalilx, was a strong medicine man while he lived. Many swift race horses were bred from those that were paid for his curing service for the sick. He counseled and healed people in stress. The story that intrigued me most about Sawyalilx is when he healed a black man and this man paid him with a huge boar. I used to walk by this man's house. He had long hair which was braided in tiny little braids all over his head. My grandmother, *Xaxísh*, raised pigs produced by the boar and which she used to trade pork with the settlers in Zillah for staples. The Indian people did not eat pork in those days because it was believed that pork was unclean, not fit to eat. Later I learned this again in Bible lessons at Summer Bible School which I attended at the First Christian Mission.

When I was a little girl, my uncle Johnny decided it was time I learned to ride a horse. He put me on a white horse and he slapped it on the rump and off I went, hanging on for dear life to the horse's mane and screaming. I learned how to stay on the horse without falling off. After that, he taught me to mount a horse by stepping on the hock and grabbing a handful of mane and lifting myself on. Uncle taught me this for protection if I was accidentally caught far away from home or camp on foot. In those days, horses were always wandering around loose. I could catch one and ride home and return the horse to where I found it later. Most of the children were taught safety precautions of this type.

Children were horse watchers in the mountains. My responsibility was to water, feed, and tether the horses on female excursions to the mountains until I was old enough to participate in adult activity. This usually involved food gathering excursions. The boys usually did this during hunting and fishing trips.

Sih was a paradise for me. I explored every trail and riverbed. I knew where the birds nested, and where the fish spawned. I was especially interested in the eels. I scooped them up from the sand by handfuls, and examined the tiny baby eels that looked like earth-worms, only they were darker colored. Then I would carefully put them back and cover them up, because I remembered how delicious dried, pounded eels tasted for lunch during huckleberry picking time. There were all kinds of beautiful flowers blooming in different seasons. There were blue iris, yellow sun flowers, blue chickory, yellow bird's foot, dandelion, primrose, forget-me-not, violet, wild rose, evening primrose, king cup, and peppermint. There were also several wild apple trees and prune trees that bloomed and produced small fruit.

My grandmother never let food go to waste; she utilized all of the fruit by drying it. I enjoyed helping her pick the fruit because we rode around on horseback and picked them. The dried chokecherries were pounded together with pulverized dried deer meat into pemmican.

She made *ch'lay*, a pulverized dry Chinook salmon seasoned in Steel-head fish oil. *Ch'lay* is an important part of our diet. Steel-head oil is the only oil used to preserve *ch'lay*. The younger generation is using vegetable oils and the *ch'lay* turns rancid.

Yesterday I drove past Prosser, its Native name, Táptat, on my way to Richland, and I thought about my great, great-grandmother. She had a large dry-shack near the dam on the edge of the Yakima River where she butchered and dried salmon. We lived in a small Army tent and I played up and down the river edge to my heart's content. There was so much to discover because I was a curious little child. There were many fishermen fishing off the scaffolds there. There were only Indian homes there at that time. I can still remember how the fishermen looked, undressed down to their breech cloth, dipping huge hoop nets off the platform. When someone caught a salmon there was a loud whoop and holler made by the other fishermen. There was a lot of laughter and teasing when the fish was large and the fisherman had difficulty landing it.

Further down the river is a place called Horn Dam, where the Yakima River flows into the Columbia. My grandmother used to dry salmon there too. It is the traditional fishing site for the Wawyúuk Sahaptin tribe and their relatives called White Bluffs people. I do not remember my childhood activities there, but I am related to many people from Wawyúuk. At White Bluffs on the Columbia River at Hanford Reach is the major spawning grounds for the Chinook salmon. Hundreds of Sahaptin people gathered there during spawning season to hook

the salmon after they completed breeding. When the Hanford Reach spawning ground is destroyed, a great number of Chinook salmon will disappear.

My great-grandmother raised us when my mother divorced my father. My father became an alcoholic when his employer, a Caucasian farmer, taught him how to make whiskey. He started sampling it and could not stop. When he began to sell their hard-earned material things to support his habit, my mother was forced to divorce him. She said he was a kind man. He worked hard to support them until this happened. She told me that I loved my father very much.

Laliwanaash natutaasmiki maysxmáysx. I missed my father every day. My grandmother knew this and she let me know she loved me in every way. She would stroke my hair and say, “*Chux, chux, káta.*” I love you, my grandchild. She would entertain my brother and me with Coyote stories. She took me with her on plant food excursions and told me about how these plants were like human beings. They had life, and they felt pain the same as people. I cannot tell how old I was before I finally forgot my father. I had a *Yáya*, brother, his name was Oscar. He was three years older than I was. We were full brother and sister. When grandmother went to town for groceries, *Yáyanimnash inaknúwishaḡana*, *Yáya* took care of me.

My mother left our home soon after she, *ichákwiłka máliish*, got her divorce. She went to Nez Perce country in Idaho, to stay with her *káatsa* ‘paternal relatives’. My parents were married in the traditional way. The marriage was arranged when they were in their teens, and it was recognized by the government. The marriage was legalized by a *pápsħwiit* ‘Indian trade’ between my father’s Umatilla family and my mother’s Yakima relatives. My father, Henry (Wataslayma) Beavert, was half Umatilla and half

Columbia River-Yakima from *Táp'ashnaḱ'it*. His grandfather, Porcupine, came from a village on the north side of the Columbia River, across from the present City of Umatilla. The Old man came to the Yakima Valley to ask for my mother to be the bride for his grandson. The Umatilla family did not send their children to school, and they strictly followed the traditional ways. My father did not go to school. He was raised in a slightly different culture and he spoke a different dialect and no English. My father spoke the Umatilla language, a Southeastern Sahaptin language spoken by the Plateau people in the northwest by the Indian tribes residing on Columbia River in Oregon.

My mother, Hoptonix Sawyalilx Wanto, was born and raised in an Indian village located on the Taptiil (Yakima) river across from a little town called Zillah, Washington. She was part Palouse and Yakima-Klickitat. My mother's grandfather, Sawyalilx, objected to this request because he did not believe Hoptonix was old enough for marriage since she had just turned twelve years old, and had not had her First Menses initiation ceremony. The other Elders in her family were arguing that they were bound by the traditions of the Yakima people. In the end, they agreed to the marriage because my mother had become involved in an important ceremony without permission from the Elders in her family (I discuss in chapter 3). They traded my mother's *tmayíksh* 'female dowry', for my father's *inawawíksh* 'male dowry'. A dowry requires years to *nák'uksha* 'accumulate'. Those were the days when Sahaptin tribes, Nez Perce, Umatilla-Cayuse, Columbia River tribes and bands which include Warm Springs in Oregon, and the Yakima tribes, practiced arranged marriage rituals to establish broader political, social, and kinship relationships.

2.1. *Pápawawshtaymat* Wedding Ceremony

Every year, after food harvest time, the Sahaptin people conducted a special ceremony at Alderdale, in Oregon, which is a conveniently located place for the tribes to congregate. A longhouse was built to accommodate many people. Wagon loads of people moved in and established camp sites. There was a lot of excitement in the air. The singers were practicing the songs. The leader instructed the new singers to make sure they sang the proper songs. The *walptáykt* 'social songs' for this ceremony are similar to the Longhouse songs.

To prepare the dance floor for dancing, they carried dirt inside and put several layers on the floor, and stomped on it until was firmly packed down. The men and women who were involved in conducting this ceremony were knowledgeable in the culture, and they knew which were the proper songs for the drummers to sing. The gathering was called *Pápawawshtaymat*; other tribes call it *Pátkwaychashat*. The meaning for this ceremony is important. The concept is to unite Indian heritage and culture to maintain territorial food gathering, hunting, and fishing places. They set up a longhouse by the Columbia River because this was a convenient place to gather and invited the tribes to bring the young men and women who were eligible for marriage.

I grew up listening to stories about the old ways in this village and it was the happiest time of my life. I was trained in the important Native ways I know now, and learned the different dialects I can speak and understand.

My mother divorced my father and married an educated man named Alexander Saluskin. He was Salish and half Yakima. He was raised by his Salish grandmother at Icicle River above Cashmere, Washington. His father and mother were married in a

Catholic church at Cashmere, and they made their home at Icicle Creek, where the city of Leavenworth is located. The federal government forced them to move away from their home, and they located in the Yakima Valley. His mother spoke the Salish language and she learned the Yakima dialect from her husband.

My grandmother Timinsh, (my mother's mother) returned home with her Palouse husband who spoke Nez Perce. He was the first grandfather to teach me how to speak the Nez Perce language. Soon, my grandfather's two brothers, and his nephew came to stay with us. They were fluent speakers of Nez Perce. Our village became lively again. My adopted uncles were farming the land my father used to plow and plant with grain. The horses were being tamed and were ridden again.

My mother's half sister, Mussie, who had been away at boarding school, returned home, and took over the cooking and housekeeping of our household. She was trained in domestic science in Catholic school at Tulalip on the coast. My aunt Mussie became the one to explain how things worked in the outside world. She explained that life would be different when, *káta* 'grandmother' was no longer there for me. (I didn't understand that part about grandmother going anywhere either, because I thought grandmother was going to be with me forever.) Although, I had already been in school for nearly a year, I did not understand a lot of things that were required in that environment. My first year in school would seem comical to some people; I could not speak or understand English. If it was not for a very patient and kind teacher, I probably would have given up and gone home forever.

I *wúukshanaash* 'stayed home' during my childhood, except when Grandmother *Ḫaxísh* took me with her to the Columbia River or to the mountains to pick berries or

until my *taxnútwayma* ‘first cousins’ were finally old enough to visit. We all were born a few years apart, and we could not visit other homes until we were old enough, *tmáakni*, to behave.

When my grandmother and I lived alone down by the Taptiil River, I started going to school at Lincoln School in Toppenish. I walked to school every day. There was no bus service during that time. In the winter time I went by horseback, and tied my horse outside the school grounds where they had a small barn. *Nakálas* ‘my maternal grandmother’ wrapped my legs in burlap sacking to keep my legs warm, because she could not afford galoshes (name for modern snow boots). She accepted donations from people in town, and sometimes I wore clothes way too large for me. People might believe we were pitiful; but I didn’t care what I wore, as long as it kept me warm, and I was with my *káta* ‘maternal grandmother’.

I remember one white girl who did not want to sit by me in the classroom. She was always dressed in expensive clothing, and had her hair waved in the latest style. I noticed that later, when we were in high school. I remembered her too, when my mother was shopping for a new car, and we stopped at her husband’s car sales yard. She was watching her husband doing his sales pitch trying to get my mother to buy a brand new Chevrolet. Several of my relatives purchased cars from there already. It was amusing to see the anxious look on my ex-schoolmate’s face, when my mother pretended she was not interested.

I had four friends in grade school. We were outcasts, because we were Ethnic students. There was a Nisei Japanese, Spanish, Black, German-Dutch, and Indian. I was the first fullblood Indian student to enroll in Lincoln Public School. We were drawn to

each other because the White students would not play with us. The Japanese girl and the Dutch girl became my best friends mainly because we walked home toward the same part of Toppenish when we walked home together. Sometimes the Dutch girl asked me to go home with her. Her mother would serve us whipped cream sweetened with sugar on fresh baked bread. They lived in a tiny white house with two bedrooms. Her mother kept the floors white by scrubbing it with lye. We had to remove our shoes when we went inside. Her parents did not speak English. I do not remember what her father did for a living. The village where they lived was populated by Germans, and it was called German Town.

My Japanese friend lived directly towards my house. We lived only three miles apart. Her father and mother raised vegetables. She had two brothers in High School, and they spoke English quite fluently. My Japanese friend's name was Tomiei (Tomi-yay). Most of my *taxnútwayma* 'cousins' were boys. I had one particular female cousin who was a *naxtiłá* 'cry baby', her name was Walulmay, Eileen George (Redhorn). When we became adults, we became best friends. She was a fluent Ichishkiin speaker, and she also spoke the Blackfeet language. She fell in love with a young traveling preacher from Blackfeet, Montana, his name was Jesse Redhorn. Her father Tsasat Jesse was my uncle Jesse George. She had four brothers, Johnson, Andy, Thomas and William, and one half brother, Ned. This was the immediate family of Yakima George Sawyalil and *Xaxísh*'s son Xayawat, Johnny. My grandmother *Xaxísh*'s sister, Tkwasayat, had a son Johnny McCoy, he had two daughters; they were half *Wíshxam* and half Yakima and they lived at a village across from The Dalles, Oregon. Because my uncle Johnny was a *cháynach* 'newly married man' married to a *Wíshxam* woman, this allowed the in-laws the

privilege to fish at the Wáshxam fishing site. My stepfather Alex Saluskin took the family there to fish during spring fishing season. My cousins, Esther and Margaret McCoy spoke both Yakima and Kiksht, and we were able to converse with each other in Ichishkiin because I did not understand Kiksht. Margaret spent most of her time at the First Christian Mission located on the Yakima reservation near White Swan. Esther and I were born on the same day, and too young for school, so we played all day along the beach at the Columbia River. Margaret McCoy (LaMere) presently lives on the Yakima Indian Reservation in a small city called Wapato.

My students often ask if children were allowed at the Longhouse during ceremonies. We were *sápsikw'ani* 'taught' the traditional culture of Sahaptin at home. Until around the year 1975, small children were not allowed at important ceremonies. That included the First Food communion ceremony, called *Ká'uyt*, root feast. My cousin, Shuyawt, Louie Sweowat and I were instructed by my *káʔa*, *Xaxish*, and his great-grandmother, Lixups, who were full sisters. They *walptáyksha*, sang the food songs together and we would *wáashasha* 'dance'. They told us how to properly *asht* 'enter' the longhouse, and *minán* 'where' the *awínshma* 'men' *ku áyatma* 'and women' were to sit. (About *Xaxish* and Lixups) Those two sisters were followers of the longhouse religion until they died. They were the oldest of four sisters. They had one brother. He was the youngest, and his name was Sayaw. Perhaps the longhouse teachings were going on in other homes, but my other cousins were never trained in this tradition, except to fish and hunt for the First Food ceremony. I was introduced to food gathering by my mother when I became sixteen years old. My first cousin Margaret did not prefer longhouse religion,

and she became Christian. There are other cultural activities, too numerous to mention, and too bizarre for some people to comprehend.

Sometimes I felt like Alice in Wonderland (the words were so strange) until we were told to rest, giving both of us a chance to ask questions. They passed around snacks of dry fish fillet and dried fruits and nuts. Then they began to *ititatámasha*, chant the parables from the teachings of the local holy *shapátux̄ni tiin* ‘prophet’. We listened. Listening is an important part of training. They told us to listen with our heart. It took awhile to understand what that meant. Perhaps I still do not understand a lot of the meaning in those chants. I was advised not to analyze those words. The Elders say, “When you hear it long enough and listen with your heart, it will gradually become part of your life.” I often wondered why Louie and I were selected for this training. I do not know how Louie took part in the longhouse. I was told he joined the Shaker Church, which is a Christianized Indian religion, and they used to conduct services in the Native language.

My father became a Shaker, and he was the last person to preach and sing the songs in Sahaptin. He became a *shíikash* ‘Shaker’ soon after he and my mother divorced. He quit drinking liquor, which was the reason he *iwatátwya*, strayed from his marriage vows. My mother told me he was a good husband and provider until he *ipaláyna* ‘drank liquor’. He never abused her, and he was a kind person. He was respected by very many people during his lifetime. Young people asked him for private counseling and he became a mentor for many young men and for girls. He could tell many legends and historical stories.

My longhouse participation has been limited to my family members' funerals, giveaways, memorials, and other celebrations, and during food ceremonies and other social community activities. I learned a few songs that we sang at our own longhouse when my mother was a leader of women food gatherers, and I learned three death songs and two spiritual chants that my people believe are sacred and should not be exploited. My personal feelings about preserving these songs and chants are private. I would teach it to someone who really wants to learn them for the same reason the Elders taught them to Louie, and to me. My mother also taught me how to use plant medicine and telepathy to help troubled people.

CHAPTER III

WYÁ'UYT WAḶ'ÍSHWIT LIFE CIRCLES

Ashkú áwatł'awya nch'inch'imaman piimyúuk sápsikw'atyaw kush náxshnim íkush iniya áwtñi sñwit, "Anakú Tamanwiłá itmíyuna íchinki tiichámki ku itamánwya tínan ku tł'aaxw tuun kákyanan, ku páshapatkw'anatya paniípt, iwínsh ku áyat; aytúks ku taláyi. Kúshxi pátanawya pít'xanuknan kwnak pánicha tł'aaxwnan tuun ku pánya wák'ishwit kúshxi páshapattawaxna panápu. Ánach'axi pá'anya hawláak wayinwayinłáaman, ku tiichampamánan wák'ishwit. Chiishpamáan páshapwinama wanapáyñk atáchiishknik íkwñ ishíchyaw. Piimách'axi pawá panápu. Íkushat áwa pinmínk náwtmyush kwñkínk tł'aaxw tun watwáa piná'ishaxta tmíñwa."

When I asked the Elders for their wise instruction this is what one Elder said: "When the Creator made plans for this world, he created all the people and creatures, and he made them walk together - man and woman; female and male animal. And He created the mountains where he placed all different kinds of beings and he gave them life, and he made them walk. Then he made the winged one and the ground people and gave them life. He made the water people and placed them in the water. They, too, are paired – male and female. That is how he planned it; that is how life is to continue to replenish itself."

Ának íkwñ ishaxa sñwit: "Páyshnyat chaw kúunak tamánwitñan átmaakta kuna íxwi wáta shapáshuyni."

After she said that, she added, "When we do not follow and do not respect his law, then we will suffer."

3.1. *Miyánashma* Children

Children were spaced every five years. Birth control was practiced by both man and woman, in order to avoid hardships raising children. Sometimes, the food was scarce when there was a shortage of roots and berries, to supplement the protein, salmon and meat (deer and buffalo). Men and women practiced (what English calls) taboo, for many stages of married life; during conception, after childbirth, and during the raising of the child. (The modern people believe life of this kind is too strict. But it was a way of life before the change came to the Indian people.) This made the people strong, and they were able to survive many hardships up to the present, because they still exist and still hold onto what they have left.

3.1.1. *Iyákwit* Pregnancy

At the end of a woman's pregnancy she was isolated in a Birth Hut for five days during the birth and after the child was born. An Elder stays with her to teach her proper infant care. She gathers *chchiw* 'cattail leaves' and designs the baby's first *sk'iin* 'baby-board'. The design will fit the baby's body and mold it properly. This is important for the baby to have its bones aligned properly to grow up straight and healthy. The new father must observe taboos during his wife's pregnancy. He could not hunt or fish. To kill a creature would transfer to the child, in the manner it died.

3.1.2. *Xiit* Childbirth

Childbirth was attended by a midwife in the birth hut (which was conical in shape and similar to the present sweatlodge) some distance away from the main village. It was a

private affair, attended by the midwife, and one or two experienced women to assist with difficult childbirth or to perform other important chores. The chores involved heating flat stones to warm the patient's abdomen, carrying water, bathing the newborn, and performing the umbilical cord surgery. The paternal grandmother wove the baby's first cradleboard made of cattail rushes. The cradle is designed to fit the baby's body, to straighten the spine and mold every part of the curves in the body so that the baby will grow straight, and to massage it to increase circulation. The cradle is soft and comfortable for the baby to relax. The grandmother went out to gather soft milkweed puffs for diapers, and for the mother's napkins.

The baby's umbilical cord is preserved carefully and the mother will cover it with soft buckskin made into a tiny pouch, beaded with a special design, to hang on the baby's original baby-board hoop. When he is older, he will wear it on a cord around his neck for the rest of his life. Many times we are asked to explain the logic of umbilical cord preservation, and the Old People tell us: "It is the connection to the mother and Mother Earth; for as long as you keep your umbilical cord necklace with you, you are aware of your identity and your relationship to God and to Creation."

The mother and infant will remain isolated in the birth hut for five days tutored by the Wise Ones about the responsibilities of motherhood and the proper care of the child. There are many prohibitives a new mother and father must observe from pregnancy to the birth of their first baby. During pregnancy, the father-to-be, must not kill anything. He cannot hunt or fish. They say, when the animal is dying it goes into several phases of contortions; it rolls its eyes around and crosses its eyes, and it goes into convulsions.

They say, this will reflect on the newborn and it might be born cross-eyed, epileptic, or inherit many other afflictions related to a dying animal or fish when the man kills it.

When the parents observed the teachings, there were very few babies born with crossed eyes, with cleft mouth, or were epileptic. Historically, this cannot be proven, but currently, there are more babies born with cleft mouth, epilepsy, and with crossed eyes; including many other afflictions that few adults more than 100 years old ever had, until in recent years, they became afflicted with arthritis and heart disease.

The father of the newborn went out into the woods and chopped down a cottonwood tree, and made the backing for the regular cradleboard. He cut off a section and planed it down into a thin board wide enough to fit the size of the baby until it becomes old enough to walk. He designed it the way the he was told, and bored holes around the edge of it for lacing. This is the father's responsibility; he cannot hire anyone to do it for him. Afterward he went out to find a sturdy willow or hardwood tree and selected a branch to design the hoop for the babyboard. When he is finished with his assignment, he gives the finished product to the maternal grandmother when the baby is a girl or to the paternal grandmother when it is a boy. The grandmother will put the finishing touches on the board by putting on the cover, the hood, and mattress. The head must have a round doughnut shaped pillow to shape the head properly, and a small raised padding under the knee to straighten the leg and to grow nice long, straight legs. The bottom of the covering is lapped over and laced with enough material to accommodate the growth of the baby.

The parents are to abstain from having sex until after the baby is weaned. During the food foraging days, it was not wise to have too many children, because of

endangering draught and starvation. The parents, who followed the ancient ways, spaced their children five years apart. Some women I interviewed told me about when a baby was conceived too soon, it usually died. Orphan babies were given to a prominent family to raise, like a Leader, who was a good provider for all of the people.

The new parents were to observe the ways of both sides of the family. When they went on food gathering expeditions, they left the child with one set of their parents after it became a toddler and learned to talk. In this way the child learned the Old Ways from the grandparents in lessons their clan or tribe observed.

The grandmother made the first baby board of cattail woven to fit the body and wrapped the infant for his first visit with the relatives. By that time, the mother is capable of carrying on her usual activities in the home. The Elders say, “The baby board is the baby’s home until he begins walking”. Sometimes a child will sleep in the cradleboard until it is two or three years of age.

3.1.3. *Miyálas* Newborn

An infant is born without culture. The newborn experiences the process of culture instantly. He experiences the feel of temperature - cool water over his body. He becomes hungry, and experiences the need to cuddle against a familiar, loving body. The newborn is handled and washed as part of his transition from the womb to the beginning of a new culture. The grandmother takes the Indian baby to the spring and dunks him in the cold water teach him that life on earth will not be easy. Some Elders say that this ritual awakens latent cells in the child's body which makes the infant healthy and strong.

Even this first familiar exposure has an effect upon his development as he

experiences life outside of the womb. We learn culture throughout our entire lifetime until the last breath is taken by the body. The parents are also the teachers of culture, and the process of change will influence the life of many people who are part of his life. We learn culture through many ways. The parents and family are the child's first experience with cultural teaching. As a young individual progresses through life, he will learn from other experiences with peers, playmates, friends, and even his enemies, how to cope with his environment and learn how to protect himself and those who depend on him. In modern life today, it involves school, books, television, movies, each impacting the child's life.

Life does not begin during birth for an Indian child. According to the Elders, life begins before conception. The infant is planned way before his mother and father are brought together in the course of marriage when the family welcomes the first born. A dowry is started by the mother, aunts and grandmother. The collection is added each year. By the time the child is old enough to marry, his/her dowry consists of many things.

3.1.4. *Xtínit* Diapering

Children from traditional marriage are highly regarded. Every time a child is born there is another trade called *Páxtínit* 'Diapering Ceremony'. When the first child was a boy, the paternal family initiated this trade and the maternal side initiated it when the child was a girl. Gifts were again exchanged between both maternal and paternal relatives, and gifts were brought for the child. This practice honors the heritage on both sides of the family.

When there was a child born to the couple, if it was a boy, the man's side traded first, and the female side hosted. They exchanged gifts like before, but they brought things for the baby and that was why they called it *xtínisha* 'diapering the baby'. When a girl was born, the woman's side traded. This went on as long as they had children. The philosophy in this activity was to unite the families and tribal territory; and to preserve the values of culture, language and religion.

When a Native child grows up in a traditional environment, his parents' marriage was sanctioned in and by a wedding trade. Shortly after the child is born from such a marriage, he/she is acknowledged at a diapering ceremony, relatives from both sides of the family, maternal and paternal, participate in and attend these ceremonies.

3.1.5. *Waníkt* Naming

The second ceremony during his childhood is the naming ceremony. When the child is old enough to understand, the family selects an ancestral name that fits the personality of the child to receive the name. In the case of a girl, she might develop habits reminding the family Elders of a passed away family member. It is common for a girl to acquire a parents' maternal name. If a boy child likes to hunt or fish, or has a talent for taming wild horses, then he would acquire the name of a passed away man with similar talents on his father's side of the family.

There are several ways a name is chosen for a child. My mother acquired her name during the Winter Dance. Her grandfather was a medicine man and he gave her a spiritual name. She became his assistant when he performed the healing ceremony. This name is known only by the Shaman. She was provided with a regular name *ǂapt'íniks*. I

was named in a shaman Winter Dance also. This was during the time when the Christian church was trying to ban it. Most of the Elders in my family were shaman, except my great-grandmother Xaxísh. A medicine man named Timothy George gave me a spiritual name. Later my mother named me after her paternal grandmother Tuxámshish.

You are probably wondering when the puberty ceremony is performed? That probably depends on the Elder's decision. The Elders make the decision about the child's future. The parents are not responsible for that. The parents protect and raise the child, and that is all.

3.2. *Myanashmamí Sápsíkw'at* Early Childhood Training

The Old People were teachers of stricter lessons, and they told the child about the Whip Man, who is the enforcer of broken rules. The Whip Man earned his food with his craft, teaching children proper behavior. There was another resource person involved in child training, and that was the Old Story-teller. She went from house to house, like the Whip Man, to earn her food. She was like a professor, teaching important lessons, and the Whip Man was like the policeman. They were paid by the families with special food set aside in a cache especially for them, when family went out each season foraging for winter food.

The Story-teller came to tell legends in the wintertime; the family set a tule mat table before her and put down an assortment of dried salmon, deer meat, nuts and dried fruits before she began her duty. She ate and told stories. The stories all had a lesson about proper behavior. When the main character in the story did something wrong, punishment followed by turning into something terrible like that character was punished

by the Creator or Coyote. The Coyote, in legends, is portrayed as the creator of certain things, but God is the Creator of 'All things'. The story-teller will say: "This is going to happen to anyone who breaks the rule of behavior."

The Whip Man made periodic visits, village to village, or when he was summoned. He began the whipping ritual after he ate. When one child misbehaved, all of the children were whipped. The Elders told me that this was to keep them alert among the children themselves to keep anyone from committing mischief. When Jimmy was going to break a rule, they told him to quit, because they did not want to sit before the whip man. The one who misbehaved had to bite the whip, and dance up and down while the whip man sang the song about bad behavior. Afterward he was to declare he would never do it again, and then he kneeled before the man, and received his lashes from the bundle of willows the whip man wielded heavily on his bare back. The rest of the children lined up to kneel before him and get whipped too, because they did not control the one who misbehaved. The children were under the rule of the whip man until they were declared old enough to learn training as a mature person, around the age of fifteen or sixteen.

3.2.1. *Taxnunaḵ'itpamá Sápsikw'at* Childhood Cultural Instruction and Puberty

An Elder is an important part of a child's entire life in the traditional world. Training is begun at an early age when the Legend-teller recites the ancient legends while pointing out the lesson about what is right or wrong. The details were to illustrate the punishment bestowed upon the animal creature in the story for his misbehavior. It answers the question: "How Raccoon acquired those stripes on his tail. And why Beacon Rock, who used to be a handsome young man, was turned into a useless mountain."

(Beavert and Walker, 1974). Tales with lessons warned children about the dangers of life. "The wicked Witch will catch you and throw you into her basket. She will take you home and eat you. She gathers naughty children who do not mind and get into trouble."

In the past, during the onset of puberty, the children were extensively instructed by people who were properly trained. It was a critical period of life for the adolescent. The boys and girls were both taught about responsibilities that would affect their entire future. The girl was isolated far away from the village during the onset of her menses, where she was attended by a special person, who attended to all her needs.

The maternal family had a meeting after the *tmay* 'girl' had her first menses, and was adequately trained for married life. The First Menses Ceremony was a private affair held in a secluded hut away from the village. The girl was attended by a woman who ministered to her needs. She combed her hair, dressed and fed her. The girl was not allowed to touch herself during this time. The woman talked to the girl all this time about proper behavior around boys; she was no longer a child. She must act properly. She was told about her responsibility as a woman, to learn domestic skills and about married life. A girl was destined for married life. She was taught about child-bearing, and spacing her children. Too many children would lead to starvation. It was for the protection of children that spacing children was important. When the girl left the Menses Hut, she was informed about married life and family responsibilities. Word was sent out that she was eligible for marriage. She was prepared for the Engagement Dance, a "coming out" ceremony.

The paternal family also groomed their son or grandson from childhood to puberty, the responsibilities of family life. The paternal family observed how families trained their young women, and began to make a selection. It was important that they

formed a union with families most beneficial for survival in territory and hierarchy. After they made their selection, the oldest male family member went to meet with the girl's family to discuss marriage. He would cite his family heritage, language, and culture. When the maternal Elder and his family approved of his proposal, they prepared for the marriage ceremony.

The boy was taught to respect the girls. He was told about his growing up, and when he reached a certain age (puberty) he will feel changes in his body. There are special ways he must behave himself around girls, especially his relatives. He was told to respect all the girls and women. The boys I knew during my childhood and teen years were always respectful to me. I grew up with all boy cousins. My teen-age boy friends (not boyfriends) from the Nez Perce tribe treated me like a little sister. Especially the one, whom everyone believed was my special boy friend, treated me differently from the way the boys treat their girlfriends today. There was no touching, no kissing, no sexual behavior. And I expected that kind of treatment, so I trusted all of the boys during my growing up days. It was different from the modern times. Today, the children learn about sex early from the media, or their peers. They believe its natural; when the urge is there, do it; like the animals. The girls are riding around on the boys backs, their legs wrapped around the boy's body, or they take many other positions that are seemingly natural to them but give suggestive sexual signals. Sex is practiced by children still in their puberty. Society is out of control, and that is the reason we have so many diseases, like AIDS.

The boy was instructed by the Uncle. He was made aware of the man's responsibility as the Provider for the family, and for those who cannot provide for themselves. The orphans, disabled, and aged were the responsibility of the men who were

the providers. Indian leaders in primitive villages appointed men and women as food gatherers, hunters, and warriors to provide for, and to protect the people.

The boy was tutored in geography to locate where the best hunting and fishing areas were found. He learned the customs regarding food acquisitions, and the taboos that effect the spiritual and physical family life. A young man was taught to respect his manhood by keeping the body and spirit clean. The language of the sweat lodge, the songs and prayers about growing up and becoming a good hunter, fisherman, or a warrior initially became his goal.

The Holy man, who instructs in the sweat lodge, emphasized the importance of respect for all things created by God. "The earth takes care of all living things, she is our mother. The Earth is our Mother and she represents womanhood, and therefore we must respect all women." Spoken in Native words, the concept is pure poetry.

3.2.2. *Shíxwít Sápsikw'at* Teaching Values

Tiin ttáwaxt iwachá átaw anakú íkushkink watwáa panaknúwya pánamunt ku maykkwáanik pápats'aka píimínk píimáshukt míts'ay. Anakw'ínk íkuuk shuyaputímptki áwaníkxa "heritage."

Indian heritage was prized when it kept the culture intact and continued the family structure together. This is what white people call heritage.

Íkw'ak kushkínk nch'ínch'ima myánashnan pasápkitwanxa pashapáttawaxínxa shúki.
That was the reason the Elders were teaching the youth – to expose them to their identity.

Iksíks áswan iwachá sápsikw'ani tun áwata píimínk kútkut íchna tiichámpa. Míshkin kw'ínk ináktkwaninta, nisháykt, áyat ku píimínk myánashma. Kúshxi pt'íniks iwachá

sápsikw'ani. Anakú itxánata áyat, mish p̄ink pinánaktkwaninta, ku kúshxi p̄inmínk nisháykt, iwínsh, myánash.

A young man was taught what his responsibilities were when he became an adult - how to care for his home, wife, and his children. The girl was taught her responsibility as an adult - to care for the home, husband, and children.

Anakú pataxnúnak'ita, kuuk át̄xanaxa tiináwit tamánwit twánat. Chaw piimínk tmyútay, awkláw nch'inch'imamí míshkin kw'ink iwáta náktwanini.

When they become adults they must follow the spiritual teachings. Not their own, only what the Elders or Spiritual people passed on to them.

From the day a child was born, before the new laws came into existence, an Indian child was groomed for family life. A boy was taught all of the skills required to support not only his immediate family, he is taught to provide for those who are living in poverty and who need someone to depend upon for their everyday needs. For example, a good provider was expected to share his housing, food, and any other resources he might acquire as a young man into adulthood. Special care is provided for the old people, disabled, and orphan children. Consequently, during his childhood he was taught all of the skills required for a good provider. Every man-child could not be a Leader, however.

Each person had a role in the community. Each individual child was selected for his early potential skills and he was taught to develop those skills as he progressed into adulthood to contribute to humanity and to prepare for the afterlife. A child is taught from the beginning when he/she is able to understand that the life it is carrying is not his own. It is a gift from the Creator. He is taught to take care of life, to respect it, and to respect everything on this earth that has life because they are like brothers and sisters. When a

man kills an animal for food, he thanks that animal for his life so that his own life might continue to exist. It is believed that everything the humans consume was planned that way. The hunter thanked the Creator for the food, and the animal for his life. The fisherman spoke to the salmon as it quivered under the club, thanking him for his life and thanking the Creator.

Usually the aunt takes the girl child to teach her how to behave as a girl while she is growing up, and the uncle will take the boy child and teach him how to behave as a boy. The boys and girls were to behave in special ways when they played together. Today the Elders reminisce: "As a girl I was told not to jump over the top of a boy, where he could see my thighs or lower parts. I was not to jump up on his back and make him carry me 'piggyback'." My teacher told me: "You will make the boy excite his sex parts."

3.2.3. *Tmáywit Tílwalit* Becoming a Woman – the Coming Out Ceremony

Múimi, anakú uyt myánash pt'íniks itaxnúnak'ixana, ánichxana pat wíyat nisháytknik tamát'umxi ilítíliitpa. Kwnak naxsh áyatin pánaktwaninxana. Anakú itilíwalixana uyt, cháwakut pináwapashata pinmipáynk wáwnakwshashpa.

A long time ago, when a girl had her first menses, they put her far away from other people in a little hut. There was a woman there to take care of her. When her blood flowed, she was not allowed to touch herself on any part of her body.

Chaw pinátwanpta u piná'ayata. Kushnýk'ay áyatin pánaktkwaninxá pt'íniksnan, "Áw nam txána áyat. Cháwk'a nam wa myánash. Cháwk'a nam tk'íwitsimita, aw nam pinásapsikw'ata nátkkwanint nisháykt." Awkú áyatin pánixa sñwit anakú itxánata iwínshyi, mish áwata txánat, kúshxi myánash anít, ku nátkkwnint tsímti myánashnan.

She was not to comb her hair or scratch herself. That was why the woman helper was there – to counsel the girl: “You are now a woman. You are no longer a child. You will not just play, now you are going to learn how to take care of a home.” The woman will advise her about married life, sex, pregnancy, and how to care for an infant.

Anakú i'átimta kwnink ilítílitknik láak iwáta shúkwaani t'aaḵw ikw'ak wapsúḵwit taḵnunaḵ'itpamá. Kuuk áwku iwá ts'aa ámanitay.

When she comes out of that hut, she will have all this knowledge. That is when she is responsible enough for married life.

Íkush ikw'ak áwacha miimá sápsikw'at tiinmamí.

That is how the old ways of the People were passed on.

The family during the child's confinement prepared for the "Coming out" ceremony, when there will be a *giveaway*. The girl was eligible for marriage now. She was wise in her future role as a wife and mother. She had been thoroughly counseled about the taboos before and during pregnancy. She would have no difficulty raising her child, or with her responsibilities towards her husband.

When a family asks for a wife for the grandson in the family, the parents have no voice in the matter. It is the same for the girl's parents, providing the union is acceptable to the girl's family. The decision is made by the Elders in the family. Both sides of the family must be *equal* in status, and the child must be from a tribe that practices the same culture, and has the same values. A special child was thoroughly watched by other families during his/her adolescence for assurance of a good match when the proper time came to make a selection for their child's future spouse. Most arranged marriages lasted a lifetime. Separation and divorce were very rare.

Today, young people select their own spouse without considering traditions practiced by the Sahaptin people. The result changes the tribal structure, of family, inheritance, culture and membership. This is another interesting subject. Some tribes follow strict laws regarding tribal membership and inheritance to protect their tribal land base. When tribal officials do not implement the policy by making exceptions caused by personal motives, then the law is violated. The man or woman who marries outside of the Sahaptin culture may not suffer, but it impacts the blood quantum for enrollment, inheritance and the future of the children.

3.3. Pápashixanit Miyánash Engagement and Marriage

Anakúxit mun anwíktpa, paysh tyamík'itnak'itpa, anakú tiin iwshtúxin̄xan anamínik pawisháchikxana tkwátat wak'ítanat, kuuk pa'aníxana páwyak'ukt ímatalampa. Nch'i káatnam pápatukin̄xana pápawawshmatay. Ikw'ak iwaníksha íkush anakú panákpnita tmay, ku ináawin páwyawshmatayma ku paysh chaw pápawaynatata íkw'ak awkú patxánata pawalák'iki. Mayk íxwi kwnínk awkú kuuk át̄xanata nimnawíit pápish̄wiit (wedding), anakú papúuchnik íwínshknik ku áyatknik pápawakyuta pápatxtaymata inawáwiksh tmayíkshyaw.

At a certain time of the year, probably Springtime, the people gathered together, bringing food, and they built a large Longhouse at Umatilla for the 'meeting of two people' ceremony. It is called that because when the girl is brought out, the boy goes out to meet her, and if he is approved she lets him stay but when she turns away, he has to find someone else. After the engagement, the family has the Indian Wedding Trade. Man and woman sides trade with each other; male dowry is traded for female dowry.

Until the 20th century, the young man or woman was taught about responsibility of family, marriage, and child-raising. They knew from the very beginning what their life destiny contained. When the family decided to select a spouse for the child, they were careful to which family they wanted to connect their family unit. A marriage was arranged and announced, and a date was set for the formal Indian Trade.

There was another means of marriage selection, however. Annually, the Sahaptin arranged a celebration dance called *Páwawshtaymat*, translated as 'Coming together'. There was no special place where it occurred; it was announced to all the tribes and they came together, bringing their child who was of eligible age and properly trained. They built a long house to accommodate everybody, and the singers came. The singers were like the religious drummers, but the songs were "*social songs*" although they may sound similar to the religious long house songs.¹

Anticipation was rampant. The finest regalia were brought out. The relatives observed other families, and how the children from that family behaved. Children were treasured. The oldest child in the family had a dowry the family put away for him or her. When this child is married, the next dowry was started.

The marriage ceremony was an exchange of valuable artifacts and goods of equal value. The man's side traded 'male' things: horses, cattle, dry deer meat and salmon, including man's decorated clothing and costumes; Canadian blankets or woven robes, packed inside a rawhide suitcase called *shaptakáy*. *Shaptakáy* is also used to store food, because it is waterproof. The old suitcases were supple, and made of buffalo hide.

¹ These serenade songs are located at the McWhorter Archive, Washington State University Libraries, Pullman, WA.

The female goods included dried roots and berries packed inside a five-gallon *pshatatpamá* ‘cornhusk bag’ (very valuable, today), beaded and woven handbags, dresses made of buck skin or cloth decorated in shells or beaded, large cedar baskets (priceless today). These were all put away in the dowry. This is only a glimpse of Sahaptin life and culture.

Áwacha niipt tamánwit ikksmíyaw. Anakú patxánaᵗa ts’aa pᵗwinútpa taᵗnúnaᵗ’yi ku ts’aa sápsikw’ani, kuuk nch’ínch’ima pawaᵗítínᵗana mámknik nisháyaasknik áwa myánash ts’aa shapákyuut piimyúuk ttáwaᵗtyaw kw’ínkínk úyknik myánashma áwata shúkii anakúsh náᵗshk’a míts’ay. Kuuk iwínshknik iwínanuxana tmay myánashyaw. Paysh pat ii ákuxana, ku awkú piimínk tiin patíᵗwaxana, “Awna wishúwaᵗa átaᵗ kᵗkanáywitki.”

There were two laws for the young people: when they are close to maturity and ready for teaching, the Elders search for families they want to attach and extend their heritage – extend further with children. The bride went to live with the groom’s family. When they were approved, then the relatives announced to everyone, “Now we must get ready for the Big Event that follows (the Wedding Trade).”

Chimyanashyíima awkú panákwishuwanᵗana aswanmí inawawíksh.

The parents, then, get the male dowry ready to trade.

Kúshᵗi pᵗ’iniksmí wyánanch’ima ánakwishuwanᵗana pinmínk tmayíksh.

At the same time, the girl’s Elders were getting the female dowry ready.

Íkush awkú iwachá míimi. Íkushkink k’tít áwacha tiin ttáwaᵗt, anamáal íkush sáᵗ’awyi panaknúwya piimínk míts’ay anakuumínk áwacha kkúshsim tiináwit.

That is the way it was long ago. That was how the Indian heritage remained strong, as long as they were meticulous and managed to keep their roots within the same culture.

Ának awkú pápatxtaymaxana chimmyanashyíima. Íxwi mash isíkw'atla.

Afterward, the parents exchanged gifts. This will be shown later.

3.3.1. Pápawaawshtaymat Engagement Dance

Náxshk'a áwacha txánat, anakú myánash ataxnúnak'ixana myálasknik myánashyaw kuuk tীনma pa'aníxana ayáyat wanapáynk. Papátukxana nch'ii káatnam ku pawisháchikxana ts'áaxwknik mínik íkwín. Panáchikxa myánashma.

There was another ceremony, when the first child came of age, the Sahaptin People held this ceremony along the Columbia River territory. They set up a large longhouse, they camped there. They brought their oldest child.

Áwacha kwttinpamánksim walptáykt, chawíyat anakúshxi waashatpamá, awkláw kuts'k mayktúnx. Íkuuk kwttinpamánk íkuuk pa'itwásha waashatpamáyaw.

The songs were special for this ceremony, it resembled the Longhouse songs, but slightly different. Nowadays the songs are mixed together.

Awkú pápatukxana káatnam íkwina wanapáynk anakwnák iksíks tawn iwá iwaníksha Arlington. Paysh áwa tiin waníkt kush chaw áshukwaanisha.

They would set up a longhouse there along the Columbia River where there is a small town called Arlington. It has an Indian name I cannot remember.

Aw t'áaxwkan miin pawánpixana tীনmaman anakuumínk áwa kúshxi tiináwit. Ku pawisháchikxana ku yakút iníit pawiptúkxana kwnak.

They notified all tribes who practice the same tradition. They came and set up their camp there.

Anakú pawí'uyñxana walptaykłáma pawát'axana kiwkiwlaas, kuuk panáshxana myánash.

When they started the activity, the drummers would signal with the drum, and people brought their child.

Tináynaktnik walptaykłáma pimá'ikwstimixana, pa'áwxanaykxana kiwkiwlaas pikshani, ku wát'uychnik túskaas ttmayíma waayk wáashpa pa'áwxaynakxana.

The singers positioned themselves in the west side, they stood in a straight line, side by side, holding their round drum and, the maidens stood in front, across the floor, in a straight line, side by side.

Anáshtiknik wapáwni amíishma patútinxana ts'wáayki anakúshxi ttmayíma, waayk wáashpa.

On the east, the boys stood dressed in a straight line just like the girls, across the longhouse floor.

Ttmayíma pawá ayáyat wapáwani tunxtúnx kálu tł'píipyi ku k'pítmi iwáywyi, wímshyakshi, ku luts'aanmí, istíyaasi luxlúx taalaanmí, kkátnam wápshaash áwa wáw'umki nuksháyki.

The maidens dressed in different colored bright clothes decorated with beads, earrings of shell, gold & shimmering silver bracelets; long braids wrapped in otter skins.

Kúshxi waayk wáashpa pawá ináwawma, wilyakíyi, tunxtúnx lalupaanmí táatpas ku pipshmi iwáywishyi. K'pítmi shapáwaltawish títanikpa papúuchnik tpíshpa.

The boys were the same way, dressed in colorful chaps, wearing different colored ribbon shirts, bone breast plate; beaded decorations in the hair hanging down on each side of the face.

Íkush awkú pawishúwanxana pátkwaychashatyaw. Anakú tiin wáashat íwii'uyñxana, tł'áawxi shin iwáashaxana. Ku mun chatikłá iwáwiinañxana kw'alálkw'alalki, kuuk panákpñixana myánash ku panákslikñana wáashpa. Íkush áwa txánat wanałamamí. Anakwnák panisháykshana wánapaynk. Átaw iwá chiish tiinmamíyaw. Tł'áaxwnan tuun inaknúwisha. I'iyátł'apixá tamaníkshnan anakw'íñk wa niimí tkwátatñnit, ku úyknik inísha wak'ishwit. Kwinkínk kw'íñk awkú piná'iwya'ishaxsha.

This is how they prepared for the engagement dance. When the dance started - first started – everyone danced. When the Bell Ringer gave the signal that was when the Elders brought their child to be brought out on the floor. This was the ceremony performed by the River People. Where they lived along the River, water is a vital part of Indian life. It takes care of everything. It waters the garden where all the foods exist, and it gives them life. That was how they were able to replenish themselves.

Kúshxi tiinmamí myánash áwa. Pmách'axi wat'úychan sápkítwani pimá'ishaxsha. Kwinkínk pawachá sáp'awyi shapátkw'alshtxi. Cháwtya shix k'ínupa, awkłáw mish myánash iwachá sápsikw'ani, ku mish kw'íñk myánash pinátmaaksha ku itmáaksha sápsikw'atnan ku pinmínk nch'ínch'ima. Íkush pawachá wáachyi ikks ttáwaxtma, kúshxi piimínk wyánch'ima náxshpa nisháyaaspa.

The parents put equal value on children. They are preserved to benefit the future. This is the reason this engagement ceremony is important. They are not judged for beauty; it depends on *how* they are raised, and it depends upon whether the child respects himself, the ceremony, and his family. They were closely observed, even when they stayed with the grandparents in their home.

Chaw pam p̄xwíta t̄'aāw tiin itwánashana. Ttuush tiin ishananúyn̄xana tiináwit twánat ku pináwinkp̄xana tún̄xyaw t̄xánatyaw.

Do not get the idea that all people followed this tradition. Some Indian people thought it was too much trouble, and they preferred to adopt different cultures.

Kushkínk áwacha nāxsh s̄n̄wit pá'anix̄watpa twakwst̄ímyi, "Anakú inmí áyat myánash i'ámanita kwimyúuk anakw'inmínk áwa tun̄x ttáwax̄t. Cháwk'a awkú iwáta inmí myánash. Itwánata awkú kuunák iwínshnan."

It was for that reason, the Sahaptin people declared this policy in the treaty, "When my daughter marries someone who is of different race, she is no longer my child. She must go with the man."

T̄'aāw tun iwá p̄its'aki. Anakúsh íchi ikuuk átk'isha tímani s̄n̄witnan: "S̄n̄wi-t-nan" "á-tk'i-sha"

Everything is connected, like we see in the written word: "S̄n̄w-t-nan," "a-tk'i-sha."

On the west side of the longhouse floor, seven teen-age girls line up a few steps in front of the drummers. They are dressed in their finest bright colored, wing dress, shiny shell earrings; necklace made of bone, and beaded moccasins. On the east side seven boys dance facing the girls wearing beaded *sapák'ilks* 'breechcloth', *wilyakí* 'chaps', and *lk'ám* 'moccasins'. Their long braids are decorated around the face with tiny braids intermixed with shiny beads and a white fluffy eagle feather tied at the tip. These boys and girls are already committed. There are several female couples dancing on the south side in the longhouse, and the men on the north side of the longhouse in pairs with the young men. The aunts and uncles usually escort the initiates. There are seven drummers, similar to the religious services in the longhouse. The songs they sing are for social

events. Standing to the right of the singers is the leader and judge. He is dressed like a medicine man, and he carries a long staff wrapped in furs with an eagle feather tied to the tip of the staff.

The aunt will take the girl's *wákatsal* 'left' arm with her right, and dance with her out on the floor. The uncle or grandfather will link his *níwit* 'right' arm with the boy and dance out on the dance floor. They will wait; the uncle will pick out the girl, and he will lead his nephew to meet the female couple. The boy will extend his left hand on the girl's shoulder; the drummers will raise their voice and raise the seven drums into the air. Everyone cheers loudly. If the girl's escort approves the boy, she will remain dancing in place, but when she does not approve, she will whirl the girl away from the male couple and dance away with the girl. This may happen when the family made their selection in advance. And they were waiting for the right one. But if she approves, they remain dancing until the man with the long staff covered with fur and an eagle feather at the tip walks out on the floor and lays the staff over the boy's hand, and everybody cheers again. The drums stop, and the woman's side will bring out a robe and cover the couple and they walk off together to the man's family. This activity continues for several days and nights until all or most of the boys and girls are paired off. This traditional ceremony is similar to the public announcement of an engagement by a couple in modern times.

A few weeks later, the families complete the ceremony with the traditional Indian trade, when the boy's *inawawíksh*, for the girl's *tmayíksh* are exchanged. After the ceremony, the girl goes with the boy's family to familiarize herself with their culture. When the girl is too young, she will live with an aunt. Later, the couple is moved to her family's home, where he is to learn their ways. It should be noted that this ceremony is

no longer practiced. The people who knew the songs are gone. The young drummers are mixing these social songs with the Longhouse religious songs, and nobody knows the difference anymore. The material contained in the boy's and girl's dowries have become too expensive. Collectors of artifacts have put too high a monetary value on these items. The traders who operate second hand stores, and lending shops exploit the Indians by offering to buy these items for only a few dollars, and then turn around and sell them for triple the price to collectors.

3.3.2. *Tmayiksh* Girl's Dowry

Mayk ixwi kwnink awkú kuuk átɁanata nímniwit pápishɁwiit (wedding), anakú papúuchnik iwínshknik ku áyatknik pápawiyakyúta pápatɁtaymata inawawiksh tmayikshyaw. After the engagement, the family has the Indian Wedding Trade. The man and woman sides trade with each other; male dowry is traded for female dowry. Table 3.1 lists some of these items.

Table 3.1. *Inawawiksh* ku *Tmayiksh* Wedding Dowries

<i>Inawawiksh</i> Male Dowry		<i>Tmayiksh</i> Female Dowry	
<i>sháptakay</i>	hide suitcase	<i>Ɂlaam ts'apɁinmí</i>	cedar basket
<i>k'úsi</i>	horse	<i>Ɂyaaw Ɂnit</i>	dry roots
<i>Ɂyaaw núsux</i>	dry salmon	<i>shimɁ</i>	buckskin dress
<i>iwínat</i>	deer meat	<i>wápaas</i>	root and berry basket
		<i>k'pít</i>	beads
		<i>iwáywish</i>	necklaces

Tmayksh the ‘female dowry’, included decorated clothing, corn husk woven and beaded bags; cedar baskets, woven hemp containers filled with dried roots and berries. Later, shawls and broad cloth clothing and combs were included. *Pát’umxsh* the ‘bridal veil’, was made of dentalium shells woven into a cap with a long trail down the back. In front there was a fringe made of colorful beads, old brass coins hanging down to cover the eyes. My mother told me her veil hung down to her waistline in back, and she had gold trade coins on a string of colorful beads that hung over her face to hide her eyes. She said, when she walked, the coins hit against each other and made a sound like tinkling of bells. Figure 3.1 shows the wedding veil worn by one of my language students.



Figure 3.1. *Tamát’umxsh* Wedding veil

Photo courtesy of Charlene and Javin Dimmick

My father wore a *twiniúshush* ‘war bonnet’ with a long trail in back made of eagle feathers, which his father inherited from his *púsha* ‘paternal grandfather’. Everything the bride and groom wore was given up in the trade ceremony called *pápushxwiit* ‘wedding trade’.

3.3.3. *Inawawíksh* Boy’s Dowry

The *inawawíksh* ‘male dowry’ are things which represent the male contribution to family life. The young man’s training for manhood included fishing and hunting by his uncle. He is instructed how to recycle the raw materials into useful things. Consequently, raw hide parfleche, Indian suitcase called *sháptakay*, and buckskin robes are made of animal skins. Bones from deer and fish were made into eating utensils. The quills decorating the costumes were made of dyed porcupine quills. The *twiniúshush* ‘feather headdress’ was made from the eagle feathers and the war dance *wapalikáatsat* ‘roach headdress’ from the hair of the porcupine. He hunted and provided dried meat and fish to fill the *sháptakay*. His family, for their contribution for his wedding day, acquired herds of *k’úsima* ‘horses’ and *musmútsin* ‘cattle’ for his dowry to represent material things. These are traded with the immediate family of the bride for her female dowry.

3.3.4. *Pápushxwiit* Marriage Ceremony

The bride’s relatives spread many articles of value for her to sit on; and her hair was smeared with bear grease. Wooden combs were put in her hair, and she was showered with a basketful of small valuable trinkets to represent *apín* ‘head lice’ were taken by the guests at the

wedding who came to witness the event. Figure 3.2 shows the bride being prepared in this way.



Figure 3.2. *Wápshtat Ámtanatnan* Braiding of the Bride's hair

Photo courtesy of Charlene and Javin Dimmick

A big feast was given by the bride's family where the bride and groom were honored. Her family provided seats made of blankets and beaded bags, and they were served on the very best dishes and silverware. Each participant dressed in their best outer clothes, which were given to the hostess, and in return, they were provided with female goods, like sets of dishes, dried roots and berries to take home. After the food was served, the containers were taken home by the groom's people. Figure 3.3 is a drawing of this ceremony.

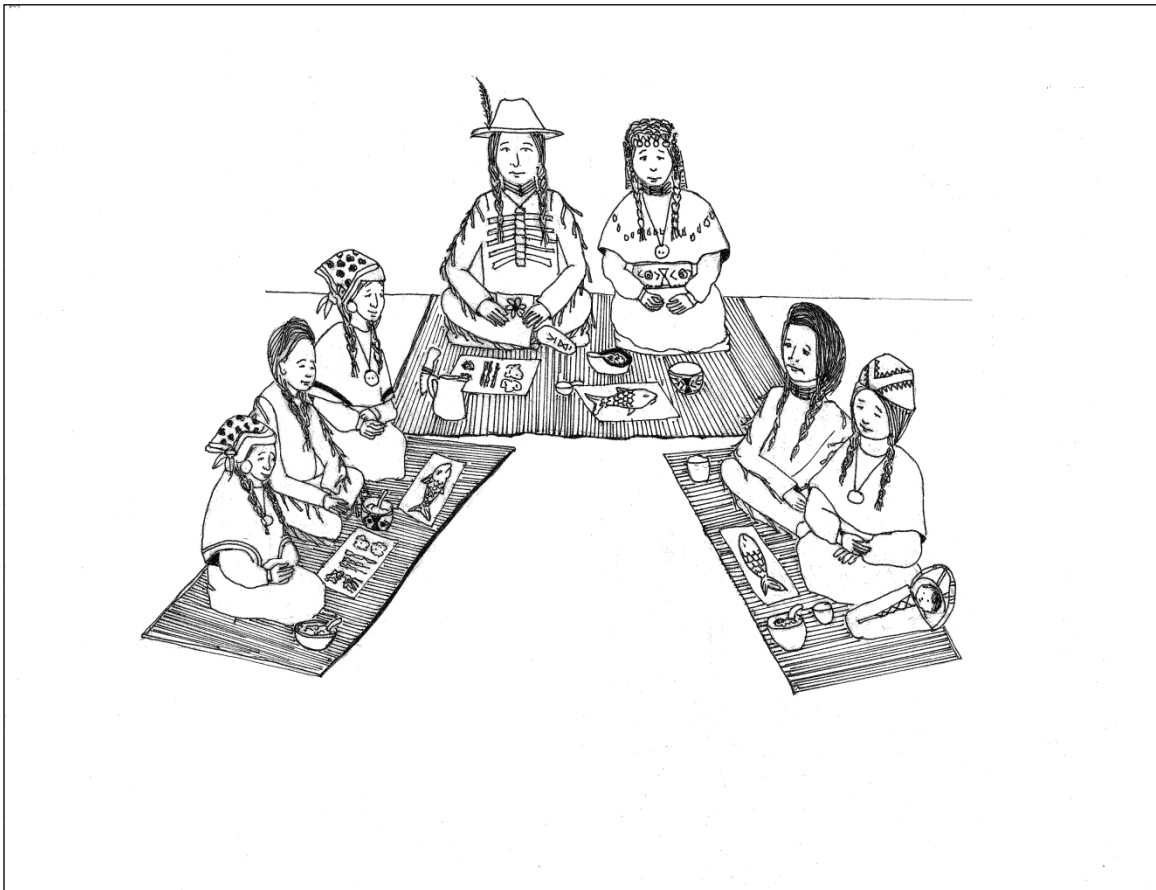


Figure 3.3. Wedding Feast

drawing by Judith Fernandes

These traditional practices are incorporated into many weddings these days as well. Figure 3.4 shows the wedding party of one of my students. This ceremony was more modern but incorporated traditional practices. The man standing to the right of the bride is the minister who performed the ceremony. Traditionally a medicine man would have officiated.



Figure 3.4. *Pamalít* Modern Wedding

Photo courtesy of Charlene and Javin Dimmick

Traditionally, after the ceremony, the bride was taken to her new husband's village, where she was tutored in their language and culture. If they were still too young to live as man

and wife, they were given proper instruction about raising a family. When the bride became familiar with the traditions and language of the groom, his family invited the bride's relatives to come to their village. They welcomed the bride's family the same way they were served. They prepared a big feast. The visitors stopped about one hundred yards from the home and organized the goods they brought to trade with the man's side. There were trinkets representing the bridal shower called *ashxwyatúu*. The families brought camping utensils, knives, spoons and forks, small aluminum vessels, small beaded coin purses, and small cedar baskets for berry picking. These items were tied to a long string of pony beads. The women dressed themselves in shawls, bandanas, beads, and the men wore fur hats, blankets, and bone necklaces. The whole group held onto a long string with the tiny articles tied together. As they neared the house, they all hollered repeatedly as they proceeded towards the house yelling repeatedly:

"Ashxwyatúu,uu,uu!"

When I asked my mother translate this for me, she just repeated the phrase. She said it was a time for laughter and joking as they pulled each other along. Figure 3.4 is a drawing of this shower.



Figure 3.5. *Yaxikáshat Apínki* Bridal Shower

drawing by Judith Fernandes

The host families met and directed the immediate family to the table exclusively reserved for them. Extended families from both sides formed partnerships with one another, and they remained trading partners for life.

When there was a child born to the couple, if it was a boy, the man's side traded first, and the female side hosted. They exchanged gifts like before, but they brought things for the baby and that was why they called it *x'tínisha*, 'diapering the baby'. When a girl was born, the woman's side traded. This went on as long as they had children. The

philosophy in this activity was to unite the families and tribal territory; and to preserve the values of culture, language and religion.

The firstborn child is important to the family and especially so when a traditional marriage union is conducted. Traditional marriages preserved the territory, culture, language, and traditions. It united and strengthened people of the same culture. Traditionally arranged marriages were made between the Sahaptins at the “Coming-Together”. When an arranged marriage was made between ruling families the ceremony was elaborate. Often if a marriage was made outside of the Sahaptin culture, it was usually to facilitate alliance with other tribes.

The “Coming-Together Dance” screened out slave children who might participate; they were labeled. The Klickitats practiced head flattening to distinguish kinship and to separate themselves from the slaves. The slaves could marry with the permission of the Head man of the village.

3.3.5. *Na’it̓asnmí T̓imnanáxt* My Mother’s Story

This is the story of how my mother Hoptonix Sawyalilx became the bride of my father, Aylux, from Tap’ashnakit, at age fourteen.

My mother, Ellen (her English name), was very young and she was easily influenced by her older, mischievous cousin. It was the time of the annual *Pawawshtáymat* ‘Coming Together Dance’. This traditional dance was practiced by the Sahaptin people to introduce their marriageable age children. The dance was held at Umatilla, where the City of Umatilla is presently located. Many people gathered for this annual dance. The *Yuumatálam* People who had their permanent village there, hosted the gathering. There was large longhouse built for this event and a ‘practice’ dance was to occur the night my mother and cousin arrived.

My mother told me that the singers and dancers dressed in their regular everyday clothes for the dance that evening. During a formal dance everyone dresses in their finest clothes. Her family was busy at their camp visiting with friends they had not seen for a long time and were not paying attention to what the young people were doing. My mother and her cousin were watching the preparations for the dance. During the practice dance the singers began to sing, and the young people were brought out on the floor by their Elders to show to the audience that they were eligible for marriage. The boys were brought out by their uncle, or grandfather and the girls were brought out by their aunt or grandmother.

Mother's cousin was a few years older and she convinced my mother it would be fun to go out on the dance floor with the cousin representing herself as the Elder. She said they danced up and down for a while when an older man leading a boy came out on the floor to meet them, and the boy put his hand on my mother's shoulder. When this is done during the formal dance, and the female couple do not reject them by turning away, it is interpreted as acceptance of marriage. Then the Medicine Man, holding a staff with an eagle feather tied onto its tip, lays the staff over the boy's hand, and a cheer goes up to announce a selection has been made. My mother thought she was playing-acting, and she was having fun; and she knew it was only a practice dance. She thought the boy was good looking! All of this was happening while her family was busy visiting relatives. They had no knowledge about what mischief the two girls were up to. However, my father's grandfather was watching, and he approved of the selection.

The traditional dance occurred after that, and my mother was not taken onto the floor to dance by her grandmother. My mother was too young and did not have adequate domestic skills yet. A few weeks passed when an Elderly Medicine man came to visit the village at Sih,

to have a serious talk with Sawyalílx, my mother's grandfather. He brought a message from the village of Táp'ashnak'it, Goldendale Ridge, located near the present town of Bickleton, Washington. Sih is located across the river from the present town called Zillah. (The Indian name, Sih, means a 'sandy place'; a person who belongs to that place is called *Sitá*.) When the Medicine man explained his mission to unite the two young village people in marriage - their *ináaw* 'young unmarried man', to my family's *tmay* 'virgin girl', this would fulfill the law of traditionalism.

My mother said they called her cousin to explain what had happened, and after, the entire family held a private discussion about what should be done. Her grandfather objected to allowing Ellen to marry. He declared she was too young, and was not capable enough for domestic life. Her uncle Johnny was a quick-tempered man, and he argued that when *Xapt'íniks* (my mother's Indian name) went out on that floor to dance, she knew what she was doing. He emphasized that this involved tradition, and that it was important to carry out the agreement.

This is how my mother became the bride (at age 13) of my father Aylux from Táp'ashnak'it. There was a large wedding trade between the Yumatalam and the Siłama. The man's side exchanged *inawawiksh* 'male dowry', goods and material things that represent the male, horse, cattle, rawhide parfleche (raw hide suitcase) filled with dried salmon and deer meat. There were elaborately beaded costumes made of buckskins and trade cloth, and the much coveted Canadian blankets that the fur traders brought to this area. Robes made of animal skins, with beaded strips across the back of the blanket; an eagle feather war bonnet, and porcupine headgear.

These were exchanged for *tmayiksh* 'female dowry' goods representing the female. Each item was matched in value with intricately woven corn husk bags and cedar baskets. There were five-gallon corn husk bags filled with many species of dried roots and berries; beaded buck skin dresses and trade cloth dresses decorated with shells and beads. The jewelry was many different sized strands of Wampam beads, highly prized equivalent to precious jewels of today.

My mother wore a wedding veil made of dentalium shells woven like a cap, decorated with gold coins across her forehead, and the trail hung down to her waist. She said it was very heavy. Her braids were decorated with dentalium shells that covered about one-third of her long braids. The end of her braids were covered with otter skins. She said my father wore his great-grandfather's war bonnet made of eagle feathers that hung down his back to the ground. He was dressed in buckskin and carried an eagle staff decorated with eagle feathers. His heritage on his paternal side came from Chief Shawaway side of the Umatilla tribe. His maternal heritage side came from the Latp'áama side from the Columbia River band. Latp'áama signed the 1855 Treaty for the Yakima treaty. His English name is Elit Palmer.

The marriage is typically arranged by the grandfather of the groom. After the groom's side presents the male dowry, the family and relatives gather outside of the girl's home place or the Longhouse. The bride is brought out and placed on a robe. The groom's parents then comb her hair, and pour a basket of trinkets, coins, and valuable shells and beads over her head. The bride's relatives and friends, including visitors, each take a comb and gather the trinkets and jewelry to keep. After that, there is a large dinner and the bride and groom are seated side by side on a blanket. The dinner is hosted by the groom's side. All of the dishes,

utensils, food, and gifts are taken home by the bride's family and relatives. A few weeks later, the bride's side hosts a similar ceremony, and the female dowry is exchanged.

Children borne from this type of traditional marriage are highly regarded. Every time a child is born there is another trade called *Páxtinit* 'diapering'. The father's relatives will initiate the trade when the child is male and the mother's side when the child is a girl. The first born is honored with a dowry for his or her wedding. When the first born is married, the dowry collection begins for the next child.

My brother Oscar was the first born and his Indian name *Waxwin*. This was his child name. Later, they put up a big dinner and had a Name Giving ceremony. The people from Umatilla Reservation were invited, and he was given the name *Latp'ama*. He was the first-born child and my mentor while I was growing up. His English name was Oscar Beavert, named after his paternal grandfather Oscar Wanto, my mother's father.

3.4. Divorce

I asked my mother and an Elder visitor about divorce. They told me about an ancient punishment practiced by the tribe when a man or woman committed adultery. The woman had the tip of her nose cut off. The man's ear lobes were both cut off.

They said, anyone with that type of impairment was shunned by the community. Nobody wanted to marry an adulterer. They quoted the Longhouse religious prophet. He said the Creator made this law. When adultery is committed by a man or a woman, he/she must be punished. This is Creator's law.

My mother and the visitor refused to discuss this subject any further when I asked if the punishment was performed by a special person. The only thing they stressed was

that a child must be made aware of the values of his people. He must be told what is good and what is wrong. That is the reason we have a whip man, the visitor told me. When the missionaries came, they told the Indian people they could no longer practice this punishment.

3.5. *Ḳlíwawyat* Serenade

I continued to ponder this subject, and asked once more. Another visitor came from Colville, a Palouse man who was my mother's paternal uncle. When I found him smoking his pipe outside, I asked about what was going on in my mind.

There is the *Ḳlíwawyat* 'serenade ritual' when a man or woman can go out and seek another spouse although you are married. This fun ceremony is really for young unmarried people, but I was told it included married people. I asked Uncle, what was the difference between committing adultery and joining in the *Ḳlíwawyat* ceremony. He said, "Unfortunately, there are marriages that fail. The woman or man cannot produce a child. It is alright to find another wife or husband. *Ḳlíwawyat* is the only way to go out in public and find someone else. When this happens, it is tragic, but it is accepted by the barren one.

Let me draw you a picture. (I guess I was looking confused). One of the purposes of marriage is to bear children and extend your heritage. When this does not happen, it creates anxiety for man, woman, and family.

The herbal medicine doctor will determine which one is at fault, then it is okay for the other to seek another. A man or woman can get out of bed, go out to join the *Ḳlíwawyat*, and bring back a different spouse. Nobody complains, and the previous spouse

either remains as a servant, or goes away to live with relatives.” I was still bothered by this explanation, but this is ancient tradition.

3.6. Tl'yáwit Death

Íchi awkláw iwí'uysa káatnam kkanáywit miimáwit nátkwanint tl'yáwit. Kúshxi nátkwanint imínk átawit amkú iwiyáalakwta.

This is the beginning of a long tradition regarding death. Each portion was historically meaningful and an important part of tradition.

The Sahaptin Indian people anticipate death after midlife. However with modern technology - like cars, trains, and airplanes - we never know when death will occur; we never know if we will meet death from new afflicting diseases. Traditional Indians began gathering material things in preparation for their death after they reached the age of fifty. Listed below are the materials men and women put away; Tables 3.2 and 3.3 include Ichishkiin. Table 3.4 includes Ichishkiin vocabulary and notes for funeral terminology in general.

3.6.1. Tl'yáwitnan Nátkwanint Preparation

In its own container these items are put away; the family knows that it is a special collection, and they are not to disturb it. Tables 3.2 and 3.3 illustrate materials put away for men and women; table 3.4 provides general funeral terminology.

1. Two large, warm, heavy blankets (Hudson Bay or Pendleton)

2. Several large white tanned buckskins for either a buckskin suit or dress (shirt or dress will be designed without decoration)
3. An eagle feather to hold in the right hand
4. A shawl for a woman (one that has never been worn)
5. Women save one string of wampam beads & choker.
6. The men put away a bone breast plate and choker.
7. Leggings and moccasins are plain. Men have long leggings tied to their belt (like trousers), and they wear a 'hider' in front (a long strip of cloth or buckskin 1/4 yd wide X 1-1/2 yd. long) which is looped over the belt in front and back. The women wear short leggings of buckskin/cloth fastened around the knee.
8. For women, yellow face paint, and for men, red paint. This may vary from tribe to tribe, religion to religion. It is best to confide with the Elder in the family before using the paint.
9. White clay was put on the hair. Notice, this is in past tense. The clay is difficult to obtain because it is mined for commercial use. It is the base used in making toothpaste. Paste of white clay is put on the hair of the deceased. This is an optional step.
10. Three large tule mats - one to put under the casket, and two to wrap around the casket.
11. When the men and women are shaman, their medicine bundle is put in the casket with them.
12. Women: 1 beaded bag; Men: tobacco pouch

13. Buckskin or buffalo robe

Table 3.2. Funeral Preparation Materials for Men

<i>ᖃwínsh</i>	Man
<i>k'ixlí</i>	tule mat
<i>ᖃk'am (chaw wíyayti)</i>	moccasins (undecorated)
<i>maxáx</i>	white clay
<i>nch'i ilamxshki útpaas limíslimísmí</i>	big smoke-tanned buckskin blanket
<i>pátash</i>	medicine bundle (if shaman)
<i>pipshní iwáywish ku táwk'ish</i>	bone breastplate and choker
<i>Plash limísmí kapú ku wilyakí</i>	white tanned buckskin coat and chaps
<i>sapak'ílks</i>	hider
<i>shápinchaash, luts'á</i>	Indian paint, red
<i>shátay/ útpaas</i>	blanket- Hudson Bay or Pendleton
<i>táatpas</i>	shirt
<i>tawáxpas</i>	tobacco pouch for man
<i>walách'wiksh</i>	belt
<i>wásimtatsaas</i>	buckskin or buffalo robe
<i>wilyakí (shápshtiki)</i>	pants
<i>xwayamanní wáptas</i>	golden eagle feather (to hold in right hand)

Table 3.3. Funeral Preparation Materials for Women

Áyat	Woman
<i>chátł'umxsh</i>	bandana
<i>chímti lisháal</i>	new shawl (Pendleton)
<i>ímtsa'ímtsa iwáywish</i>	bone or shell necklace
<i>k'íxlí</i>	tule mats
<i>kw'alálkw'alal</i>	brass bell
<i>kw'laapsh shím̄x</i>	plain buckskin dress
<i>łk'am, chaw wíyayti</i>	moccasins, undecorated
<i>maxáx</i>	white clay
<i>nyach</i>	plain leggings
<i>pátash</i>	Medicine Bundle (if shaman)
<i>pínmínk patł'aapa</i>	her basket hat
<i>plash límís táatpas, chaw wíyayti</i>	white buckskin shirt, undecorated
<i>plash límísmí</i>	white tanned buckskin
<i>sapk'úkt</i>	beaded or corn husk bag
<i>shápinchaash</i>	Indian paint, yellow
<i>shátay/ útpaas</i>	blanket- Hudson Bay or Pendleton
<i>t'alptmí iwáywish ku tawk' xsh wámpam</i>	beads and choker
<i>walách'wiksh</i>	belt
<i>wásímtatsaas</i>	buckskin or buffalo robe
<i>xwayamanmí wáptas</i>	golden eagle feather (to hold in right hand)

Table 3.4. General Funeral Terminology

<i>Ichishkín</i>	English	notes
<i>átnasha</i>	die	<i>átnat</i> (n): dead person, deceased person.
<i>átway</i>	late, dead, deceased	
<i>áwxsha</i>	miss, feel loss of, mourn	
<i>cháawi-</i>	die	gentler term than <i>tł'yáwi-</i>
<i>hawláak tiichám</i>	spirit world, heaven	'empty land'
<i>íkkimi-</i>	fill	<i>shapá'íkkimisha</i> : filling something with a shovel
<i>nák'itxaw</i> <i>tkwátat</i>	last meal	
<i>nákwat'uy-</i>	lead, officiate, preside over	<i>nakwat'uyta</i> : leader, especially in longhouse
<i>náxti-</i>	cry, weep, grieve	
<i>náxtisha páyum</i>	crying ceremony	<i>páyum-</i> gather to celebrate
<i>ních-</i>	bury, put away, store, save, keep	
<i>ni-</i>	give	

Table 3.4. continued General Funeral Terminology

<i>Ichishkín</i>	English	notes
<i>páwinit, wínit</i>	give away ceremony	<i>ní-</i> to give
<i>iix-</i>	wash, clean	For cleaning body parts.
<i>puuks</i>	casket, box, locker	
<i>talapúshak-</i>	pray	
<i>tamáynak</i>	bury, lock up, deposit, incarcerate	Place in ground.
<i>tanamútim-</i>	pray	Usually associated with Christian praying.
<i>tł'yáwi-</i>	die	
<i>tł'yáwit</i>	death, corpse, wake	
<i>wáash</i>	longhouse floor	dirt floor in middle of longhouse
<i>walptáyk-</i>	singing	People singing or insect noise
<i>yáwatash</i>	grave, graveyard, cemetery	

3.6.2. *Xítwayma Tl'yáwit* Death in the Family

Anakú iksíks ttáwaxtma patl'yawyáshaxa, anakú chaw tuun pashúkwaasha tiináwit, ku pawápnaminta, "Mishna míta?" Kwínkínk nash íchi tímashpa kwíts'k wapítat áwyaalakwanisha ttuush nch'i ttáwaxt mími laak inícha patún pínmiláyk'ay anakú tiichámyaw iwínata. Anakúsh na'ílas ikúya. Kúxash ílamayka. Miskilíiki tash awyáxaanya. Apatkú lésxaam íkwitínk ápaxwya iníitknik.

When someone dies in a young family, and they have not learned the old ways, they do not know what to do, "What do we do?" The reason I am writing this is perhaps the person put away things for her/himself when s/he goes to Mother Earth, like my mom did. She hid her things and we had a hard time finding them.

Na'ílasaanmí áwacha palaláay patún trunkpa káakim pshátani tl'yáwitpayay. Pínmíyaw átaw patún. Wáawk'a iláx áwacha. Kwínkínk awktáw mlaa ánakpa inícha.

My mom had a lot of things packed full in her trunk for her death. Those that were important to her. She had too much. For her last batch, she only had a few things.

There is a teaching that you do not take too many things, or things with beadwork with you when you die.

Úyknik át_xanaxa níipt nch'ínch'i k'íxlí. Tl'aaxw tun áwata chímítí. Paysh áyatma pawáta cháchani, awkú panánata píimínk kw'alálkw'alal. Paysh iwínsh iwachá twátí ku inánata píimínk pátash.

They must have two large, new tule mats. If the woman was a longhouse leader, she will take her bell. And the man his fetish when he's an Indian doctor.

According to tradition, dressing in plain buckskin clothing has been practiced ever since time immemorial.

Maxáx ‘white clay’ was smeared all over the *tł’yáwit* ‘corpse’ the night before burial, then covered with white buckskin to keep the clay pliable. This made it easier to put the corpse on the *k’úsi* ‘horse’ that carried the body to the burial ground.

It was important to put gold coins over the eyes. This practice ceased when white clay and gold was no longer available. The clay is mined for toothpaste and other medical use. *Luts’á* ‘gold’ is mined, too.

3.6.3. *Tł’yawitpamá Walptáykt* Song

When a person expires, three to four verses of a death song is sung by one or two people, depending upon how many know the song, to help the spirit on its way before the body is washed.

There are special songs for funeral services; special songs for the Spirit leaving this earth; special songs for dressing, the wake, and graveside ceremony. The male singers are seated on the north side of the seating area in a row close to dressing activity, facing to the east. The deceased's family brings the funeral bundle and gives it to the man or woman who will do the dressing. The family sits in the first and second rows facing east during the dressing ceremony.

3.6.4. *Sapátaatpasit Tł’yáwit* Dressing Ceremony

In the hospital the person is cleaned by the nurses; at home the oldest person in the family washes the deceased. S/he is dressed in underclothes and wrapped in a sheet or

thin blanket until the dressing service. The Indian people hold the dressing ceremony in public for the benefit of friends and relatives so that they will witness the end of his/her life, and to realize that they will never see the deceased alive again.

The deceased is brought out in public and the family brings out bundles of funeral clothes and items for dressing the deceased. They select a person to do the dressing, usually a man will dress a man, and a woman will dress a woman. Sometimes a woman will do dressing for a male deceased if the family requests it.

Courtesy

The dressing ceremony is not a staged performance; it is a serious way to pay respect for the deceased for the last time, and to offer condolence to the family, too. Friends show respect for the family by being respectful of the children and allowing them to sit with the family. If the dressing takes place in a funeral home, Indian folks do not usually sit in the reserved area because the seating arrangement is facing toward the south; our traditional way is to sit facing east.

When the medicine man or woman comes out to dress the corpse, it is important to sit in silent reverence. When it is necessary to go outside or to the bathroom, do it quietly. Recently, I have observed people hugging and crying on the shoulders of the grieving person, which is not acceptable. There is a proper way to show respect during grieving time.

Friends and relatives of the deceased appreciate a handshake in the traditional way. It is important to remember how to shake hands. It is courteous to shake the hand the traditional way. Take the right hand and pull gently downward once, while you nod

your head in a sympathetic manner, and let go. Show your sympathy by allowing some space between you and the person you are shaking hands with. Do not pump the arm like when you greet a friend during happy times. Do not cry and hug or hang on. This only adds to their grief.

After the dressing, the men are called forward first to view the body. They pass in front of the immediate family and shake their hand. After the men, the women line up and go around. After you view the body, you turn counter-clockwise with your right hand raised and take your seat. This is your "goodbye" or you can interpret it as "It is finished."

Regardless of how distressed you feel, do not cry on top of the casket when you observe the deceased. Take a quick glance, turn completely around counterclockwise and raise your right hand at shoulder level, palms towards your left, take it down and walk away and go back to your seat.

People prefer to attend the dressing service when they cannot go to the funeral services. It is appreciated for everyone to stay through the entire dressing service until the body is loaded for transport. Sometimes people have to go back to work and cannot stay for the entire ceremony. Modern times dictate our own Indian ways today.

When there are flowers, there are flower carriers, usually women, who are responsible for the care of the flowers when transporting the body from the mortuary to the longhouse and to the grave. They carry flowers behind the casket to the hearse; follow the casket into the longhouse and then walk around the casket to the right, and arrange

the flowers on the floor, and later carry them out of the longhouse. After the burial they place flowers on the grave.

Throughout the night during the Wake ceremony at traditional Native funerals, traditional songs, rituals and dancing are practiced. This is different from Christian or Military funerals. Different longhouses perform the Wake in the manner they were taught by their Elders. They have their own songs and ways of conducting the ceremony. Often there is conflict when someone from another area does something that is not in accord with the local ways.

Aw nash íchi s̄n̄wisha t̄l'yáwitnan nátkwanitki, anakúsh iwá miimawítki nátkwanint.

I am going to talk about taking care of a corpse, in a traditional manner.

Íkuuk t̄l'yáwii t̄ínnan panánaxa t̄l'yawitpamáyaw, ku kwnak pat ánátkwaninxá pásht̄inma anakwmák pakútkut̄inxá íkushpaynk. Kpaylimá iwá tamánwit pásht̄inmí háynam íkush kúta. Ku míimi t̄ínma chaw íkush pakúxana. Áwtya paníchxana t̄l'aaxw t̄l'yawitmí tun awkuníik wáwnakwshashpa. Chaw tun patamáatanixana.

Nowadays a body is taken to the mortuary. This is a modern way when the regulations require it. A long time ago the Indian people did not do this. They buried their dead with all body parts left whole.

Niimípa tímanii tiichámpa pásht̄inma naktkwaninłáma patmáak̄inxá t̄ínmaman. Ku panátkwaninta wáwnakwshashnan kushkúsh, anakúsh t̄ínma pat áwatl'awita. Kútya íchi tiinwítki iwá páyu áwnii kútkut. Háaynam wáta wapsúx ikushpáynk sápsikw'ani nch'inch'imamiki. Anakú áwa it'úk sápsikw'at. Wíyat'ish.

On the Indian Reservations the morticians respect the Indians. They do their work the way the Indian family instructs them to do it. But the Indian traditional way is very complicated. The person who handles the body must be tutored by the ancient people. Because the teaching is tedious and long.

Anakú páwiyaalakwta wak'ishwitin tínnan; anakú tl'aaxw háashwit ku tímna áxawshta, íxwiyakut wak'ishwit awkunúik átšanaxa m'taat łkw'iyaw. Kushkínk pasápsikw'anxa wapatwinłáan wáwnakshashnan, "Pina'atl'awyáshataam ku nam kpaylk áwapatwinta wáwnakwshashnan ku nam ikw'ak itmáakta." Páyshnam yalmílłk áwapatwinta, láaknam imktya wiyáwłta.

When life ceases and the person's breath and hearbeat stops, the Elders say that the Spirit continues to exist for three days. That is the reason the Indian Body Handler must be careful. "Ask for protection from the Creator before you touch the deceased body. Then the Spirit will respect you. But when you are careless you will endanger yourself.

Dressing Service

Cháwtya awkú tswáywit iwá sapátaatpasitmísim. Iwá nisháyktpa iwinshmi kkanáywit. Uyt, wyánch'i nisháyktpa isíkw'ata pínmínk yáwatash anakwnák áwa níchiyi pínmínk xítwayma.

The responsibility does not lie with the one who dresses the body. It too is the responsibility of the family man. First, the head of the family will show the family where his cemetery is located where his ancestors are buried.

Ttuush tiin pápanichxa tunx. Náxshpa laak łamtéx tl'yawyinmi áwata tináynaktkan, ku tl'anx náxshpa anáttkan. Páyu áwaw iwá łkwak. Anakú áwtni taxshiłá ináchikxana isíkw'at, "łkush

pam kúta, anakú Tamanwiłá iwiyanawita ku pam kuuk áwshtaymata. Kwamak tináynatknik patútita. Kwamak anáttknik pimásapawiisklikta ku pawiyáwshtaymata.” Awkú úyknik iwá yáwatashki sńwit. Walptáytkki nicht tiichámyaw, ku sapátkwlikt łímki, ku nit łatłx.

Some people buried the body facing toward the west, and others to the east. This is important. When the prophet told them how the dead will be prepared to receive the Creator when he comes. Those facing the west will rise up. Those facing east will turn counter clockwise and meet him. And further teaching involves how to bury the body wrapped in tule mat, and the giving of dirt with special sacred songs.

Áwa ayatmí sápsikw’at myánashmaman túkin pasapátaatpasita. Plash límíslímis tlaaxw táatpas, łk’am ku níyach. Chaw tun kwnák chalútimat. Įpápa niwítknik laxs xwayamanmí wáptas. Pinmínk ikks patún, kw’alálkw’alal uu pátash, sápk’ukt ayatmamí. Ikwł iwá wát’uytxaw patún, ku ának nam ásapatkwlikta shátaykii ku áyatnan lisháalki.

It is the woman’s responsibility to teach the family how to dress the body. White buckskin for all clothing (that covers the body) mocassins and pants or leggings. No beadwork. On the right hand, one golden eagle tail feather. You may include incidental things like a brass bell, fetish, or a bag for the woman. Those are most important, then you may include buckskin wraps or blankets and a shawl for the woman.

Páysh nam apxwinúusha íchi iwá áwtik’a. Chaw. Íkuuk pashtinwítin páshapalaaksha átaw tiináwit ttúushmaman tীনmaman. Íkuuk tl’aaxw mish iwá shapyáwit.

You might think this information is trivial, however you do not know how much modern life has caused changes in lifestyle of many Indian people. Today there are all kinds of problems.

Chaw nam náxtita, haay ixátamaynakta wáwnakwshash tiichámyaw. Náxtitaam anamkú áshta káatnamyaw nichtnaḡ'ítpa.

Do not cry until after the body is interned. You cry when you go back to the longhouse after the burial.

Wiyánawitaam yáwatashknik ku nam áshta káatnamyaw, ku nam áwinpanita tl'áaxwnan shiin ipáp. Kúshxi nam áwinpanita ipáp kúumanák anamkwámak pa'áshtwananata, imínk nishátwayma ku xítwayma. K'áawpam ayíkta. Ku pam amts'íxwata anakwiiník pánakpniyanita táatpastaatpas, kapú, ku ʔk'am uu kaylí. Ku Sinwiłá isínwita "Íchi pam tl'aaxwsím'á áyknanita wánikt ku ák'inanita patún." Kuuk pam náxtita.

When you arrive at the longhouse you will go inside and shake hands with everyone in the longhouse. You will also shake hands with those who follow you inside (the longhouse), your family members and your relatives. You go sit together, and listen to the Crier announce and show the deceased old clothing and say, 'This is the last time we will speak his/her name and see his clothes. This is when you cry.

Íkw'ak at iwá nchi-íi, tawtnúk imyúuk, anamkú tl'aaxw shapá'atta páyu pxwit kúuk. Paysh nam timnanch'íwita íkw'ak nam imktya piná'aniyanita shapyáwit. Aw nam awkú naxtitwýáninta ku nam payúwita tl'áaxwki túkin.

This is BIG medicine when you allow yourself to express your grief at that time. When you hold back your grief, then you are harming yourself. You'll go around grieving here and there, soon you'll suffer with all kinds of sickness.

*Tmáaktapam waḱ'ishwit, áta*w* iwá. Shix nam imínk áta*w*itma náktwaninta.*

*Pápa'ata*w*itapam. Awkłáwna lísxam wa níyii niimí waḱ'ishwit, cháwna tl'yáwita kuna kw'áxi táxshita, chaw. Tamánwitkina wa íchna tiichámpa, chaw áwtik'a. Wáshna níyii kútkut náktkwanint tl'áaxwnan tuun waḱ'ishwityiinan.*

Respect your life. It is valuable. Take care of your loved ones, love one another. We are given life only once. We cannot die and come back to life again later, no. We were created and put here on this land, not for nothing. We were given life to dwell here and take care of everything that has life. (Indians believe animate and inanimate all has life.)

Ttúushma panátxanaxana. Páyshna piná'ishnawayta wáawk'a ku nam áshapapxwipxwita tl'yáwyiinan, ku nam ixashtyúuta. Tl'áaxw nam tun lapalalakwá átanshkanita. Ku nam ímałakta imínk nisháykt.

Some people used to say, "If you grieve and feel sorry for yourself, the spirit (of the dead person) will hold back from its journey and haunt you." Burn all of the used clothing and things belonging to the deceased and clean your home.

Íchiish kuts'k tun ích'a íkksmaman ttáwaxtmaman áwiyalaakwanita. Cháw pam pxwíta txnawtyúushamatash. Áwtyamatash kuts'k túkin tíxwasha, ash tun inách'a na'íłasaanim isápsikw'ana, ku ttúush sapúukasit Nch'ínch'imaman ash kush áykñxana.

This a few bits of information I leave for the young generation. I do not want you to think that I am preaching to you. I am only sharing information my mother taught me. And in addition what I heard the Old People used to say.

Íkuuk iwá pxwípxwit tímaniipa tiichámpa anakú myánashma pimá'itl'yawisha. Anakúsh mish "Pima'anákwsha." Chaw pawípxwisha, íkw'ak ísatsim awkú patl'yáwita ku chaw míshkin kwáxi patúxnimta.

There is concern on the Indian Reservation about the young people committing suicide. They do not want to live because they think nobody cares about them, so they "throw themselves away." They do not realize that when they die, they will not be able to return.

Míimi anakú íkush shin íkúxana, chaw iwachá níhii walptáytki. Awkláw pat xítwayma átamaynakxana tiichámyaw awkushyúuk, chaw sapátaatpasyi. Chaw pat ánashxana káatnamyaw. Chaw pat tীনma áwyanawyuuxana. Awkláw pmaksá chimmyanashyíma uu xítwayma pat ánichxana.

Long time ago when someone committed suicide s/he was not put away with ceremony. Only the parents or the relatives put the body in the ground dressed in the clothes he wore at the time it happened. Nobody came to grieve for him, only the immediate family was involved.

Anakúyat iwá tamánwit. Tamanwiłánimna iníya wak'íshwit ku awkláw pilksánimna iwának'yanita anakú niimí kútkut wiyátł'uxta. Nch'i iwá wiyákwshtikt anamkú imknínk áwanak'ita ku nam piná'itl'yawita. Chaw mash awkú mún mún wínata imínk wak'íshwit,

awkwnáak nam íchna tiichámpa wiyáninta sts'áatpa. Nch'ínch'ima panátxanaxana káatnampa pachwáywitpa, "Íkw'ak iwá nch'ítxaw wiyákwshtikt anamkú (imknínk) piná'itl'yawita."

There is a law. The Creator gave us life, and only he has the authority to decide when our work is finished on earth and life is taken away. It is a sin when you decide to end your life and commit suicide. Your spirit will remain here on earth and wander in the dark. The Elders used to talk in the longhouse during Sunday service, "When you commit suicide, that is the biggest sin of all."

Páyu it'úk iwá anamkú áwatawisha kuunák t'l'yáwyiinan, ku nam íkush ákuta, anakush nam awkú áwałata imínk átawit.

It is very difficult when you love the person who did himself in, and it seems like you do not care when you have to treat him this way. It is very hard to do this to someone you love.

3.6.5. Pápawinpanit ipáp After Burial Ceremony

Anakú paníchnak'ixa t'l'yáwitnan. Tł'aaḡw shin itúḡta káatnamyaw. Awkłáw t'l'yawyáshaniima papa'iwáḡita ámchnik. Haay tł'áaḡwma pawyánawita.

After the funeral, everybody returns to the Longhouse except for the people that were left behind. They wait outside to shake hands with everybody inside the longhouse. They wait until their whole family arrives from the cemetery.

Awínshma pima'its'wáykta. Wyanch'í iwyáwat'uyta. Pátwanata palaxsíksiin, ku ának myánashma. Kúshḡi áyatma. Iwyáwatuyta wyánch'i, ku palaxsíks, ku myánashma.

Men will arrange themselves in a proper way. An Elder (sometimes an uncle) will lead, walking in front of the line. The younger ones will follow the widow(er), and the children are last. It is the same way with women. The Elder is at the head of the line, then next comes the widow(er), and then the children will come afterward.

Páysh pat átk'ix̄ta x̄twayma wyátwiit, ku pmak pimápat's'akta ának. Awkłáw ts'áaki x̄tway. Chaw pam papáwax̄pwaḡpta.

If the relatives want to invite extended family to join, they will join at the end. Only immediate relatives can enter the Longhouse and you will shake hands with the deceased person's family. Do not hug each other.

Wishtaymałáma Inside the Longhouse

Wishtaymałá pawaníksha, anakwmák pa'iwáx̄isha tł'yáwyashanimaman asht káatnampa. Pima'its'wáykta, pa'áwx̄anaykta kkúusim náakni. Awínshma niwítknik ku áyatma waḡatsálknik. Yats'áam pa'iwáx̄ita. Chaw shin ityátyatta, uu ináx̄tita. Awkłáw nam shíki pḡwítki a'iwáx̄ita.

Those people waiting inside the longhouse are called greeters. They will prepare themselves by lining up on both sides. Men from the right and women on the left. They stay quiet while waiting. No one will joke around or cry. You will wait in reverence.

Anakú pa'áshimta, pawyánknikimta awínshmamíknikx̄ush. Tkwápchayktaam ipáp, ku nam shapálak'itita kwnak imínk átawish pínmyúuk. Wapíitat nam ánisha pimyúuk.

When the family of the deceased enter, they will circle the longhouse on the man's side first. You will extend your hand, and shake hands. Through the handshake you will send sympathy across to them.

3.6.6. *Sápsikw'at Ikks Ttáwaxtmaman* Teaching – Passed Along to the Young

Nam áwīnpanita ipáp. Chaw nam náxtita xwíimichnik pīnmipáyink. Chaw nam áwaxpta tł'yawyáshaniimaman. Chaw íkw'ak iwá tiináwit.

You will go to shake hands. You do not cry over him/her. You do not hug those who have been left. That is not the Indian way.

Íkuuk nash átkinxa ttuush tiin awkú pawáxpwapxsha ku panáxtisha xwíimichnik tł'yawyashaniimamípa. Íkw'ak nam awkú wáa'aw payú áshapapxwisha. Kúshxi palaxsíks iwá cháwxī ímałaki. Tł'yawyinmí íxwi áwach'aksha ilúy wáwnakwshashpa palaxsiksmípa.

Now days I see some people hugging and hanging on, and they cry over the mourners. Then you make them grieve too much. Also, the widow(er) is not yet cleansed. The deceased still has the physical attachment on the body of the widow(er).

Míima áwacha sápsikw'at, "Píná'awtnanitaam wakíshwit ku wáwnakwshash, imk palaxsíks; chaw nam átkwatata pítłxú níkwítнан mítaat álɣayɣ anamkú tɣánata tł'yawyashani."

There is a traditional rule for the widow(er), "Respect your life and soul; do not eat raw meat for three months after your spouse dies.

3.6.7. *Na'ítasmi Nicht* My Mother's Funeral

A person told me that several Yakima people gossiped about how pitifully *na'ítas* 'my mother' was buried. They said that 'Virginia Beavert barely clothed her mother. She turned away contributions from the relatives.' They did not know my mother put her request on paper. She directed her own funeral. She asked me to put on her body only the

things she put together herself. It was put away in a small padlocked wooden box which contained a plain white buckskin dress, a pair of tanned buckskin moccasins, a shawl, beaded bag, a bone necklace, a plain belt, and *patʔaapʔá* ‘basket hat’.

She told me not to accept blankets or other items from any of her cousins except from Woodrow Bill, her favorite nephew. He brought a light shawl, the kind women wear for every day. We covered the closed casket with it. I also put her solid gold watch on a solid gold chain inside the casket, including her *kwʔalálkwʔalal* ‘brass bell’ she used when she prayed. I put a *xwayamá wáptas* ‘eagle tail feather’ in her right hand held across her chest (I dressed her myself). Barbara, the wife of my mother’s grandson, Ronnie, combed and put a *wápshash* ‘braid’ in her hair like she did when she moved in with us for a while. She was bathed and dressed in her new Sunday *tʔpiip* ‘wingdress’ on Sunday morning, and on Monday, we put the buckskin over her wing dress and she was transported to where her family had the wake that night. My mother also requested a special person to conduct the longhouse ceremony during her funeral. I went to his home to tell him what she said, and he selected the drummers who would assist.

When certain people tried to take over the funeral, I stood firm and carried out my mother’s personal requests. I realized there would be bad feelings, so when challenged by a family member, I had them listen to my mother’s voice on a cassette player telling me what she wanted me to do. The woman listened and left quietly.

Many times young people ask me for advice when they have a death in their family. They do not have the experience, nor have they witnessed one. I do not take over, but I tell them to start by consulting close relatives, or talk to a leader in the longhouse; to

talk to knowledgeable people they can trust to guide them. I tell them to take care of everything themselves, and not to let anyone come into their home and disturb or remove their loved one's belongings. Sometimes this happens too, if you are not careful.

The *k'ixlí* 'tule mat' is a vitally important item to include at a traditional funeral. The Elders said that the earth and *k'ixlí* will glow when it is put into the ground wrapped around the body. The *patl'aapá* 'basket hat' is also important for women who were active in gathering the longhouse traditional foods, and the leader of the ceremonial food gathers.

3.6.8. *Nch'inch'ima Watiláma* Role of Storytelling in Death

The Indian woman has one important role dependent upon her talent as a storyteller. When a parent dies, and the children are orphaned. Sometimes, the head of the family dies, and leaves a spouse and several children. This is when the old story-teller begins her work.

She will take her bedding, one cup, a spoon, and a dish and tie it up into a bundle and move in with the family left behind. Her presence is always welcome. She will entertain the children by telling them amusing legend stories to keep them from mourning too much. She playfully pantomimes the animal stories by acting out their antics.

She will counsel the remaining spouse about observing widow-hood taboos. This is a crucial time of life, because when one does not observe the rules, he or she can become blind and or afflicted.

3.6.9. *Palaxsiks Pá'anit* Widow(er) Making

There are strict rules to follow during the mourning period during which time the remaining spouse is isolated from participating in social affairs for one year or more. This is important.

The deceased spouse's family gives the widow or widower black clothes to wear during mourning. They take away all of the clothes, bedding, and cooking utensils, including the food they shared, and give them away or burn it with the departed's old clothing. The furniture is given away to the relatives, and replaced with sparse dark colored things. After one year, there is another ceremony when clean, light colored clothing is provided, and everything is replaced. The recluse is then able to participate in social affairs again, and even eligible to marry again. In the "old days" the next brother or cousin would move in and take up the deceased's responsibilities. This has been banned by law, unless there is a formal marriage.

3.6.10. *ǰ'umt Kákyama* Death: Loss of Animate Things

Úyknik iwá ánamku wapáwxita imínk átaŵ myánash, am, ásham, káta, tíla, púsha, ála.
Tǰ'yáwityaw. Chaw túyay iwá sap'ináwitay imínk ishnawáy pǰwít.

Further it is when you let go of your beloved to death – your child, husband, wife, maternal grandmother, maternal grandfather, paternal grandfather, paternal grandmother. There is no way to measure your grief.

Tiinmamí áwa k'tit tamánwit amashkú imínk ásham uu am tł'yáwita. Palaxsíks nam txánata, kuuk nam imínk wak'ishwit watwáa naknúwita. Ímktyaam pinátmaakta chaw ánach'axi túkin. Kuuk nam piná'iwyaatta tiinmamíknik.

The people have a strong belief about death when a wife or husband dies. You will become a widow. That is when you want to carefully take care of yourself. It is the respect for self – not anything else – that is when you grieve from your heart.

3.6.11. Piná'itl'yawit Suicide

Anamkú piná'itl'yawita ikw'akatakut iwá chilwítit. Nch'ínch'ima patxnáwitaxana ikush. Chawakút paníchxana wáashatki. Awkłáw pashapátkw'likxana lapaalakwá shátayki, ku lapaalakwá k'ixlíki pashapách'inikxana. Ku wyátpra xitwaymamíknik paníchxana. Yáwatashpa.

They say it is a sin to kill yourself. This is what the Elders would preach. They wouldn't bury them in the longhouse way. They would roll them up in an old blanket, and wrap them in an old tule mat. And they would bury them separate from relatives at the graveyard.

Chaw pawalptaykúuxana. Chaw patwáwaxana. Páyu iwá chilwítit. Anamku Tamanwiłáan. Wak'ishwit ánakwyałamaykanita. Íkush nash nakáłasaan áykinxana sñwityaw. Kúshxi, tł'aaxw ikush miimáma papxwínxana.

They would not sing for them. They would not mourn. It is a big sin. When you face the Creator. You will have caused your soul to become lost. This is what I heard my Grandmother say. This is how traditional people also thought.

*Ku kpaylk, anakú aw íkuuk túnxk'a p̄xwín̄xa, kuna wáashatki ánich̄xa
pina'it̄' yawiŕámaman. Anakú kpaylimá ttáwax̄tma pap̄xwísha íkw'ak, ikushkínk piimínk
shapyawítyi wyáx̄ayx̄t pa'íniīxita. Chaw wát'uychan pawí̄p̄xwísha m̄t̄ piimínk tiin, páyu
páykusha.*

Nowadays, thoughts are different, and, in the Longhouse way, we bury the people who have killed themselves. The way modern families think today, this is one way of fixing their daily problems. But they aren't thinking of the future of some people, they hurt them.

*T̄'áp̄xi tun áwtik'a tx̄ánat - ku pas̄x̄íx̄sha kwinkínk ku pimá'it̄' yawísha. Chaaw
wí̄p̄xwínii ánach'a túkin, uu shimíkin - mish laak piimínk myánashma, uu túnman.
Átawitmaman payúpayu íkusha.*

It might be a simple thing that happens at home -- and they are angry about that so they kill themselves. Again, they are not thinking about anything else or anyone else -- about perhaps their children, or whomever. They hurt their loved ones.

*Nch'ínch'ima panát̄x̄anāxa - áw mash áwku awkúnak íchna tiichámpa, wyáninta imínk
wak'íshwit. Awkuníik nam awkú wáta shapyáwyi. T̄'ap imínk myánashma pá'anut'atwita,
kúsh̄xi íshnaway pap̄xwí̄p̄xwita. T̄'aāw pinmínk x̄twayma - ítút, it̄, túman púsha, tíla, ála,
káŕa. Imínk áyat.*

The Elders say -- now you will remain here on this Earth, your soul will walk around. It does not solve your problem. Your children will become orphaned, and they will be sad and will worry. All your relatives -- your father, your mother, paternal grandfather, maternal grandfather, paternal grandmother, maternal grandmother. Your wife.

*Aw míshkin p̄xwit íkush, iwátax̄nay t̄ix̄taymaní. Míshkin íkksma ttáwax̄tma
pacháx̄il̄ptax̄nay piimínk mishyú ku t̄imná, ku mts'íx̄watax̄nay mímanan sapsikw'átnan.*

If there were some way for this pattern of thought, to be changed; so he could remember what he heard and absorbed from listening to the old lessons.

CHAPTER IV

XWYACH SWEATHOUSE

4.1. *Inmíkisim Txánat* My Personal Experience

4.1.1. *Xwyakt miyánashkník* Sweating as a Child

Áwḡashat shapátwaani tíḡwat anísha chínik, anakú paláamsha Ichishkiin sinwiłáma. Awkłáw paysh miłman pawíwanikta inmí tímash íḡwi, ku laak tún átḡatamaynakta timnáyaw tiináwit pḡwit kuna niimanách'a pap'íḡta.

I guess I will be mixing languages in this writing, because Ichishkiin speakers are disappearing. Perhaps someone will read my writing later, and he or she will learn something valuable about our Indian values and language, and will remember us Elders.

Ashkú wachá iksíks ttawáxt kush nakáłasnim ishapałk'íwixana ámchnik. Kush pamún isapákw'stikḡana yátł'pit síilki kush małáa isapataátpasixana.

When I was a little girl, my grandmother's mother, *Xḡaxish*, would let me play outside. And then, she would bring me inside and clean me with a wet cloth, and put a clean dress on me.

Íkush nash wachá maal - chaw nash awkú shúkwaasha mił anwíkt. Kush awkú na'íłasnim inásha ḡwyáchyaw kush itwá'awḡanina isapákw'stikaanya ilúy. Ishapáḡwtitḡwtit nash wáwnakwshashpa kush ína: "Íkush nam aw chínik łkw'íknik piná'imałakta ḡwyáchpa. Táaminwa nam małáa pinanaknúwita."

This lasted for a while until my mother took me to the sweat lodge. I do not remember how old I was that time. My mother rubbed my body vigorously to get the dirt off me, while she was telling me, 'This is the way you must keep yourself clean.'

Ashkú uyt na'łasnım inákxwyaka; íxwiish wachá paysh páxaat anwíkt ttawáxt.

Wacháxashxashat mitł'ítł'ksim łk'iwitpamáknik, ku ilúysim.

When my mother first took me to sweat, I was already perhaps five years old. I must have been dirty and grimy from playing.

Anakú iláxuyxna xwyách, kush wáwnakwshash láatlana, kuuk nash itwá'awkanina kush ishápwxwítikanya ilúy ipáxknik.

When the air heated up inside the sweat lodge, my body began to sweat; she rolled me around and rubbed the grime from my skin.

Naxsh xwiimichnikpamá ilúy ináwnak'ixana, kush ishapápuwxinxana anakwnák ilúy iwíik'ukinxa wáwnakwshashpa; k'úpkw'p; k'áshinu, tánwat, k'uxł, ku wixápa.

Once the topmost layer was finished, then she blew on me where the dirt was layered on my body: on my back, elbows, neck, knees and feet.

Kush ánach'axi ishapáxwítikanišana ilúy, iwyáshapapuxsha. Haay nash tł'aaxw ináwnak'ixana kush awkú átšana kush xátik'aliišana tł'áap k'pis chíishyaw. Małáak'a!

Then she rubbed more grime off again, as she blew on me. When she had finished, I went out of the sweathouse and jumped into the shallow cold water. Clean!

Winaniitpamá watám tash winátshama wiináttnik ku iwachá páyu kpis. Ilát'ilkšana ánmiki. Małáa iwachá chíish.

Our swimming lake came out of the spring and it was very cold. It steamed in winter. The water was pure.

Amísmaman pat náxshpa anwíktpa, ánmiki anakú iwitxúupshana ámchnik, ku pat wawyałánim ishapáxatik'alina chíishyaw.

One year, in winter when there was a blizzard, the Whipman made the boys jump into the water.

Íkw'ak tawnáapak'a pa'ányanitaxnay kw'ítítíp wáwnakwshash ku wak'íshwit. Íkush ttúush tীনma pakúxana.

This would supposedly make their bodies and spirit strong. This is how some people would do this.

Inách'axiish lísxam íkush pakúya. Nakáłasiin páyu pásxixnúuna, kush cháwk'a íkush pákuya. Ka'áwtyash awkú winaníxana k'píski chíishki kpáyliyaw, kush dáktaním ishapáxawshxa, ashkú timnáki wí'uyna payúya.

Once this was done to me, too. My mother's mother, became very angry with them, and they did not do that anymore. But I always bathed with cold water anyway, until the doctor made me stop, when I developed heart trouble.

Íkw'ak áwacha miimawít txánat íkush. Ku aw páshtinma pa'anyúusha tamánwit íkushyukk'a.

That describes the traditional way to sweat, but the white people have declared it illegal.

K'ttáaspa tীনmaman pá'wyalilkanya xwyách. Tawnáapak'a tkwalánan ku pátatnan wánapaynk pa'íchayshana, ku wásku iláxyawishana.

At Kittitas County (at Ellensburg, WA) the police destroyed the Indian sweat lodges because they claimed taking sweat baths spoiled the fish and trees along the river, and dried up the grasses.

Ku tíkniik'a tł'aaḡw shimín kwnak íkuuk píšhaat, iwsh, ku chíłwit tawtnúk ipawíitwasha wánayaw, ku íchaysha chíishnan ku túxinan. Kwinkínkna awkú íkuuk payúwisha.

And there, in contrast, everyone's feces, urine and bad chemicals mix into the rivers and merge with water and the air. This is why we get sick today.

Now all the springs are drying up because the cattle trample them.

4.1.2. *Sípa Niimí Xwyakáwaas* Our Sweatlodge Setting at Sih, Where I Grew Up

Tł'áaxwpa, wanapáynk, uu anaminán iwá chíish, tiinmamí áwacha xwyach.

All along the waterways, or where there was water (from a stream or river, or a spring, or a ditch), the Indians had a sweat lodge.

Kwnák patk'íxna tímani tiichám pasáp'awya, tł'ápxi chaw páshwini túyay tamaníktay.

That was the reason most of the Yakima Indians selected land near the river for their allotment, although it was not good for farming.

Sípa tash wachá niimí nisháykt. Tł'áaxw nátash wachá tun kwnak. Wacháatash tkwátat tamaníksh ku tmaanít; ápils, chílish, paas, plams, píchish ku ápilkats. Nakálas itamaníkxana skwáasis ku st'ixswáakuł. Úyknik ittáwaxshana tiin tkwátat; tmish, pínush, chcháyá, tł'áaxw tun tmaanít. Chaw míshkin tł'áaxw wíwaníktay.

Our homesite was at Sih. We had everything there. We had a garden and fruit: apples, cherries, pears, plums, peaches and apricots. My grandmother planted squash and corn. To supplement that we had Indian food: chokecherries, currants, service berry, all kinds of fruits. Too many to name.

Kksa tash wachá áta. Nakálas itwaxana wáptuki twáshani k'úp'up mit'ulaanmíyaw ánmiki. Páyu shix!

We prized mushrooms. My grandmother would mix them with boiled potatoes and the spine of the spawning salmon (chum salmon) in the winter. It was delicious. (This is the

last food we ate in the wintertime, when we were out of everything else. She would string and dry the mushrooms, the salmon was dried, and we always had potatoes in a root cellar.)

Kwnak iwachá kpis wiinátt. Iwachá áwtni. Iwíip'inkshayka xwíshyaw ku kwnak tash wachá xwyach, álaytpa anakwnák iwíikkimshayka watámyaw. Iwachá haawláak kwnak, anakúsh nam íchi íkuuk áshta tálxyaw nch'i tanamutimpamáyaw.

There was a cold spring there. It was sacred. It flowed out into a canyon and that is where we had our sweathouse, at the bank where the creek flowed down into a lake. It was holy there, just like when you go inside a cavernous cathedral.

Kwnak nash ɬk'íwixana ilksá. Wacháash mitáat waachitláma k'usík'usima, Yáka; Káysa; ku Shap. Lch'ílch'i pawachá. Chaw nash áshukwaasha minán Nakálas iwínpa íkwmak.

I played there by myself. I had three caretaker dogs: Yáka 'Black Bear', Kaiser, a German Shepherd Dog, and Shep, a sheep herding dog. They were large dogs. I do not know where my grandmother got those pets, but when she died, they all died too. It was just like they followed my grandmother.

Lísxaam nash xátamaliina watámyaw, kush chaw áshukwaashana shimnátit. Ashkú yáwinaynaka imítichan, k'usík'usima patlúpwilachaliina kush tɬ'áaxwma pacháwinata, kush pachápyuka. Nakálasnim nash kw'áxi iyáxna, lá'isha nash paláay ts'aa xwyáchpa, ash kwnak k'usík'usima pawixína. Ilátk'ishanayakut íkwín. Kuumánk áwacha átaw k'úłima. Chaw nam mun áwawk'iinitaxnay.

Once I fell into the lake, and I did not know how to swim. And when I went underwater, the dogs jumped in and they all pulled me out, they pulled me out of the water. My grandmother found me. I was lying unconscious by the sweathouse, where the dogs put

me. She was watching that. After that, those were highly regarded dogs. You could never chastise them.

Íkuuk tʼáaxw tun ixyáwsha kwnak Sípa. Cháwk'a iwá winátt, ku anakwnák iwachá watám, iwá káakim chakchákt ku kwitkwít.

Now everything is drying up at Sih. There is no spring, and where there was a lake is full of rosebrush and brambles.

Inmí páshtin wamshiłá ishákwi'tka tʼáaxw nisháyaasnan; ku tawtnúkyiki chíishki ishapawananiúusha tamaníksh, ku aw íkuuk tʼáaxw tun tkwátat iłamáya wanapáykn anakwnák ínxtwayma patmaaníxana.

My white renter plowed up where we used to live, then he sprayed the plants with weedkiller. Now, everything that was edible there has disappeared, where our relatives would come to gather the wild fruits.

Wacháatash niḡanásh wánapa, kwnink patáwsaypxana núsux. Kútash wachá tʼáaxw tun tunxtúnx tkwalá, kwinkínk nátash wyá'anwikxana. Táaminwa nch'ínch'ima paxáashwishana tkwátatyaw, kúshxi áwacha tʼi'ísh kumyúuk anakwmák pawachá shapyáwyi piimipáykn nisháyktpa.

We had a fish weir at the (Yakima) River, where we caught salmon. We had all kinds of fish, that is how we wintered over. The Elders always asked for food, and it was generously given to them, those who were disabled and did not have these foods available at their home.

4.2. *Tamánwit Xwyáchpamá* The importance of the sweathouse

Iwá napwinanmí, ayatmamí ku awinshmamí, txánat xwyáchpa. Iwá walím ímałakt wáwnakwshash; ku naḡsh iwá láxpít; ku naḡsh iwá piná'ímałakt anamkú wa tł'yawyáshani; ku naḡsh iwá sápsikw'at myánashnan.

There are different ways practiced by the Indian women and men in the sweathouse. One is simply cleaning the body; and one is healing; and one is cleansing yourself after a death in your family or before you do something important, and the other is to teach the children.

Xwyáchpa iwá áwtñi wapíitat anamkú ímktya pinátmaakta ku nam aníta laxs pxwit, kúuk nam iyáḡta wapíitat.

In the sweathouse there is valued help when you respect yourself and you make one mind, then you will find help.

The sweathouse heals you. It heals a lot of things. Those who mourn for their husband/wife will feel better after they have sweat for five days beginning right after the funeral. When the spouse dies, the spirit stays three days and wanders, because he may not understand his situation. When a couple lived together for a long time, and they loved each other very much, they are spiritually connected into one person. The remaining individual must be released from that attachment before there is peace for both the one who has passed and the one who remains. The Sweat will release that tie so that he can go on his journey and she can go on with her life.

4.3. *Ánit Xwyach* Preparing the sweathouse

Usually the men build the sweathouse, and I think that process is discussed elsewhere. I never built a sweathouse. It is located usually where there is fresh running water. The old sweathouse circumference accommodated not more than ten people: eight or fewer participants, plus the leader and the fireman, who also takes care of the door after everyone enters.

Today, Indian reservation housing is usually located away from the river, and must rely on improvised outdoor showers to rinse off at the sweathouse. The modern walk-in sweathouse is enlarged with elevated seating inside. I recently saw a picture showing a luxurious interior with a bench padded with soft pillows.

Table 4.1 lists some of the Ichishkíin words that relate to the sweathouse.

Table 4.1. *Xwyachitpamá Sínwit* Sweathouse vocabulary

<i>aláala</i>	devil's club (nettle)	<i>sápxwnati-</i>	crawl
<i>apítapít</i>	leaf	<i>shapáshukwaa-</i>	talk, introduce to
<i>awnámk</i>	naked	<i>shátay</i>	blanket
<i>áwshniksh</i>	floor	<i>shchápa</i>	rose hips
<i>ayún, ayút</i>	Bear root	<i>sutł'wanpáwas</i>	dipper
<i>chiish</i>	water	<i>tamsháashu</i>	rose wood
<i>ílkwaas</i>	wood	<i>tamk'ikskúla</i>	soap vine
<i>ilkwsh</i>	fire	<i>tanamútímt</i>	prayer
<i>k'asáwi-</i>	be cold (person)	<i>taxsh</i>	willow
<i>k'ixlí</i>	tule mat	<i>tiin</i>	person, Indian
<i>laxuyxt</i>	hot	<i>tkni</i>	twine
<i>laxwayxt</i>	hot (air)	<i>tkúni</i>	hole, pit

Table 4.1. continued Sweathouse vocabulary

<i>małáa</i>	be clean	<i>tsawktsáwk</i>	red hot
<i>nák'uk</i>	gather	<i>tukwsáy</i>	bucket
<i>nank</i>	cedar	<i>tunís</i>	matches
<i>papsh</i>	white fir	<i>twána-</i>	follow, go with
<i>patísh</i>	branch	<i>wapsíki</i>	cotton rope
<i>pchish</i>	door	<i>wayp̄xt</i>	upstream
<i>płix</i>	love medicine	<i>wí'uyt</i>	first/to begin
<i>płxu</i>	be fresh/green (of plant)	<i>wík'áat</i>	lukewarm (liquid?)
<i>psúni</i>	alder	<i>xwyach</i>	sweathouse
<i>pshxu</i>	sage brush	<i>xwyák-</i>	sweat (as in bathe)
<i>pshwáphwa</i>	rocks		

The wood, stones, earth and plants used in the sweathouse are all treated and collected in special ways.

Wood: The Wood Chopper is special. He has a ritual to perform before he goes out to get the wood. He turns toward the east, and clears his mind of personal thoughts. He thanks the Creator for another new day and for everything that was created to benefit mankind. He will ask the Creator to bless the wood he is preparing to cut for the healing ceremony at the Sweat House.

At home too, special wood is used for the sweathouse - not the same wood as goes into the fireplace. It is important to have dry wood, so it does not spark or pop.

Stones: Go look for your stones at any of the volcanic mountains where the stones are being exposed from erosion. These have already been seasoned so they will not crack or break in the heat. I used to go with my mother to Mt. Hood to get our rocks. She would smoke and pray, then tell me what sizes to pick out. I would gather them and pile them in one place; then she would see if I had enough, and we would carry them to the car and transport them in a heavy wooden box. These rocks were for her sweathouse. When she died, we burned the sweathouse and buried the rocks.

Earth: The sweathouse floor is lined with clean packed dirt and boughs of cedar or fir. Nowadays, blankets are used to cover the sweatlodge. Every so often, the sweathouse is cleaned: new earth is brought in for the floor and all the bedding or boughs where people sit is scooped out and replaced with new.

Plants: Soap vine, rosebush, alder, white and red willow, yarrow, sage plants and bark from the trees were all used for medicinal remedies for healing in the sweathouses. The water the leader sprinkles on the rocks is mixed with medicinal herbs.

Parts of trees and plants were put to many uses both inside and outside the sweathouse. *Psúni* ‘alder’ bark was used by the men for hair rinse. *Tamsháashu* ‘rose wood’ was boiled and set aside for body rinse. *Shchápa* ‘rose berries (rose hips)’, have lots of vitamin C. They are used by women to rinse their skin, and also for tea. Fresh yarrow leaves were rubbed over the body to ward off muscle pain and rubbed on the chest for cold, and women dry the yarrow blossoms and use it for sachet. Red willow and white willow (*taxsh* ‘willow’) were both used for severe viral ailments, especially influenza, as it contains the pure ingredients that are made into aspirin. *Pshxu* ‘sage’ is used fresh to invigorate your body circulation and people beat themselves with bunches

of fresh sage inside the Sweat. Although this is not a plant, another thing that men used to use to scent themselves was a *xínu* ‘dried beaver testicle’, tied onto their hair at the nape of the neck. The musky scent is said to entice women.

My grandmother used *aláala* ‘Devil’s Club’ for arthritis. She would bundle a handful of fresh plants and beat herself where her body parts ached, knees, shoulder, and her back. The Devil’s Club needles sting like yellow jacket sting; be careful when you handle it.

The red willow bark and alder bark were used by women for dye to make designs in weaving and basketry.

It appears as though the place where I grew up resembled a pharmacy. This has changed because of farming practices. The plants are all gone where I used to live. The sacred spring and lake have dried up, and the place is covered by tall foreign thistles. I do not know all about the medicines. I only know just a little bit, and I am never careless about their use.

Áykinxanaash nch’ínch’i áyatmaman sínwityaw ikwinkínk, panátxanaxa, "Chaw nam yalmíl k ásapsikw’ata. Ttuush áyatma pawá kiłáa, aw nam awkú pa’íchaychaynanita tawtrúk, chaw patmáakta."

I heard the Elder women talk about it, and they say, "Do not be careless about teaching this. Some women are not careful, and you will ruin the use of your medicine, since they will not respect it."

Pina’iixtpamá iwachá tamk’ikskúla, suup. Iwáltawixana pátatpa ts’aa wiináttyaw uu wánapa, anakwnák iwachá mitíit tiichám. Íkuuk aw cháwk’a iwá anakú cháwk’a tun iwá wiinát. Ixyáawna kwnak, ashkwnák ink ttáwaxna, Sípa.

Tamk'ikskúla 'soap' is for cleaning yourself (used by men and women). It hangs down in the trees by the river or spring, where there is damp ground. It dried up there where I grew up, at Sih.

Awktáw nash nakátsnim isíkw'ana tiinmamí pina'imałaktpamá wawnakwshashpamá, anakw'ink pashtinwít sinwítki pawaníkinxa 'soap.' Átaw nash wachá tamk'ikskúla.

All my grandmother showed me was about the Indian way of washing our bodies, that is what is called 'soap' in English. I liked that herb called 'soap vine.'

Anamkú áwap'ikta, awkú iwíip'ushimita. Íwít itíwasha, ku itxánaḡa mixíshpyat.

When you crush it in your hand, it foams up. It smells good, and the color turns green.

Tł'áaxwpa nam túpan piná'iixta, ku nam pinayaxikáshata tamsháashuki, ku nam kw'áxi áshata xwyáchyaw. Íkush nam kúta mítaam.

Wash yourself all over your body with the foam soap, then douse yourself with rose hips water, and go back into the sweat lodge. Do this three times.

Chaw iwá túyay iwínshay. Awtyá iwá íkwikt imínk wáwnakwshay.

This is not man medicine. It is to perfume your body.

When you come out from the sweathouse the last time, that is when you dip yourself into the water. That is what we girls used to do.

Íkushxi tash pasápsikw'ana iixt itít táxshki. Anakúshna úixinxa 'toothbrushki' ikuuk. Tłknik'a nam taxshnmí psáki íkush kútya.

Íkw'aktyaataash pt'ilímaman pasápsikw'ashana. Kútya ayatmamí áwa nimniwít úyknik shúkwaat tawtnúknan. Wáawk'a átaw pt'ilimamíyay.

This is how the Elders instructed us to brush our teeth. It is like we brush our teeth with a toothbrush, except we used willow bark. Those were lessons for girls only. The women had far advanced knowledge about herbal medicines, too advanced for girls.

Tawtnúkxi iwá tamsháashu. Íxwi pimayaḡikáshaxa xwyáchpa kunkínk. Úyknik áwacha shúkwaani; kush chaw áshukwaasha kúunak, tunxtúnx tawtnúknan. Tamsháashu iwá tawtnúk, shix nam inaknúyanita ipáx ku wáwnakwshash. Anamkú wáta tʼyawyáshani, kwním nam ímałakanita wáwnakwshash ku nam chaw wáta shapyáwyi, ku chaw nam íhananuykta tʼyáwyinim.

Rose bush is also a medicine, still used to wash yourself in the sweathouse. They had some other medicines, and I do not know about them, there are so many. Rose was always recognized as a medicine. It will take good care of your skin and your body. If you become widowed, it will wash your body clean, and you will not be bothered, the spirit of your loved one will not trouble you.

Chaw nash nímníwít ínch'a átk'ixna shúkwaat ayatmamíki płáxki. Tʼápxiish pasapsikw'ayát'ana, kush áwna, chaw nash átk'ixsha íkuunak shúkwaat. Kush Na'íłasaanim ína, "Íi, ánam áwku imksá łmamáwita, chaw tun iwínsh." Kush íkwín áwna, "Áwḡashat awkúsh wáta."

I was not interested in learning about 'herbs used to get a man', although many times my Elders wanted to teach me that culture, I refused to learn it. My mother was worried about it, and she told me "you will grow old without a man."

4.4. Xwyakt Participating in a Sweat

You must enter in a specific way, counter clockwise. The leader goes in first, then you line up in the way the leader or doorman directs you. Everyone crawls inside. The leader goes first over to the farthest side where he will conduct the services. The fireman's responsibility is to heat the rocks and bring them inside the sweathouse. He may also serve as the doorman. The leader has a bucket of water where he sits. He controls the heat inside.

When everyone is inside, the door is closed and nobody can leave until the leader gives the signal, finishing one cycle. The number of times you enter and leave the sweat depends on what type of sweat it is: regular, mourning, healing. The participants must stay inside until the prayers are completed. The doorman opens the door, they go out to rinse their body, and rest.

Sometimes people go in three times, maybe five times: it depends on a number of things. The steam is very hot, and older people and young children cannot stay inside very long. Men who are going to go hunting and fishing, and the women food gatherers, they go in three or five times and rinse off. There are different ways practiced by others.

4.4.1. Pina'its'wáykt Asht Xwyáchpa How to Conduct Yourself in the Sweathouse

Íkuuk anakú wyátunxisha tiinmamí p̄xwit, cháwk'ana ap̄xwinúusha wak'íshwityi iwá t'aaḡw tun íchna tiichámpa.

Now that the majority of the living Indian people's life style is changing, they tend to forget the ancient belief that other things on this land have life.

*Paláayna ap̄winúusha anátúun ák̄'inusha. Tiináwitki áchaashki iwá námunt
t̄'áaxwnan tuun anátún iwá hawláak tamánwyi íchna tiichámpa.*

We no longer pay attention to what we see. The Indian eyes see life in everything on this earth that has life and claim them for relatives.

*Kwinkínk xwyach iwá anakúsh náxshpak'a tiichámpa ku kwnák nam pa'ashtwíta imínk
xítwayma, anakuumínk áwyanin̄xa wak'íshwit.*

To illustrate this thought; the sweathouse is a different land, and when you enter the sweat, the spirit of our relatives, who walk this earth, go inside with you.

*Pa'áshtwanashaam ku nam pmách'axi pa'at̄'awiyáshasha. Ikwł nam pawapítaxa
ím̄xtwayma.*

They come to assist you when you ask Grandfather Sweat for his medicine. That is how your relatives help you.

Chaw nam áwap'alakta anakú nakwat'uyłá iwánpita, ku iwíwanikta.

Do not challenge the leader in the sweat, when he sings and calls the spirit animals to come inside the sweat lodge.

*Kwyaam paysh, chaw nam tuun ák̄'inuta, kútya wak'íshwit áwata hawláak ku pam
pa'áshuuta.*

When the ceremony is carried out correctly, you may not see them, because spirits are invisible, but they will come inside to you.

Paysh nam ákwyaamta, ku nam áshukwaata.

If you believe it, you will know them.

*Sts'aat iwá asht xwyáchpa. Chaw nam tuun ák̄'inuta, ku nam lím̄k'íta. Chaw ttúush tiin
itk'ít̄k'in̄xa asht xwyáchpa.*

It is dark inside the sweathouse. You cannot see anything. Some people do not close their eyes inside the sweat lodge, and others are told to close them.

Íkush nash ínk wachá sápsikw'ani. Limk'íi nam xwyákta.

I was taught to keep my eyes closed inside when I sweat.

Tł'áaxw iwá átaw paysh nam ákwyamsha tiinwítki pinánaktkwanínt. Íkushkink miimáma tীনma pa'iyáxinxana xtúwit.

All is sacred if you believe the Indian way of caring for yourself. This is the way the old people found strength to live.

Małáaki wáwnakwshashki ku pxwítki pawakítataxana shúkwaat.

With a clean body and mind they went to search for knowledge.

Anatúyin pásamxnaḡana ku pánixana kútkut íkw'ak íkwinkink wapítat awachá íchna tiichámpa.

Whatever kind of Spirit, (animate or inanimate) responds to the power seeker, the individual becomes endowed with a specific task to help the people and the land.

Íkuukna chaw shínim ikwyáamnanisha íkwink xtúwit anakú cháwk'a shin iwá íkush. Awkłáw tanamútimtkisim iwá wapítat. Ka'áwtya awkú íkw'ak iwá átaw.

Today nobody believes in that kind of power, when there is no longer anyone left with that kind of endowment. Therefore we depend upon Christianity for strength. Perhaps that is just as well for some people.

Twátima pawachá tunḡ. Piimikínk iyaxtpamáki payúwitnan panáttxana.

Indian Medicine doctors were different. They did their healing with the strength they found in the wild.

Haay pinásinwyanixana, ku áwatinxama xtúwit, anakwnák i'yáχna. Awkú iwínpxana ku its'úuxinxana ku inátχana payúwitnan.

It was necessary to call forth the power from where he found it before he could continue the healing. Then he would take the sickness out of the body with his hand, or he would suck it out.

Kúshxi itamáshwikinxana íkushχaam txánana; “Íkush iwá k'ínupa, kwnimk nam íkush ipχwinúuna.” Anakú χtu áwacha shúkwaat, pa'it' yawixana pxwítki.

The Indian doctor would get a vision when another person with power had caused his patient's sickness. He would describe the other person, and mimic the words spoken to cause the illness on the patient. When the Indian doctor had a strong power, he could kill another person with it.

Ttúushma twátima páwacha watwinłá wak'íshwitnan. Paysh nam wiyáwka minán, ku mash wak'íshwit wiyápaana wáwnakwshash, ku nam payúya kwinkínk,

Some Indian medicine men were Spirit trackers. When you were in an accident, and your spirit separated from your body, you became ill.

Iwatwínanitaam twátinim, ku nam iyáχanita, ku nam ítuxta imínk wyáłamayki wak'íshwit imyúuk wáwnakwshashyaw.

He will seek your spirit, find it, and return it to your body.

Paysh íkwtnkmaman nam awkú íkw'ak aχwyaktwíχa anamkú áshta χwyáchyaw. Kushkínk nam táaminwa pinanáknuwita.

Those are the kind of people you might sit with in the sweat lodge. That is why it is important for you to be cautious around the people you sweat with.

Chaw iwá łk'íwit tiináwit; iwá miimáknik tamánwit.

Indian tradition is not taken lightly by Indian people, because it is an ancient law.

4.4.2. *Ayatmamí Txánat* Women's Practices

The women sweat separate from the men, and they use their own female herbs. Also, women did not sing in the sweathouse, they just talk. Each one gives thanks to Grandfather Sweat, and talks about their problem. This is how it was for me. I notice that in more recent sweats, the woman leader will sing.

The only experience I can relate about male sweat is when the Medicine Man asks for my help when he is conducting a healing ceremony, because in the past, I have been Water Woman in the Native American Church.

The women from our land do not sweat together with men. Women do their things separately, especially with their medicine and perfumes for different uses. Just for cleaning their body they use an ordinary medicine, only for perfuming themselves. Some of them will mix it with the water and then when the leader puts that water on the rocks, the steam perfumes those that are in the sweat.

Kútya úyknik áwa átaw tawtnúk anakw'ínk áwa chcháanwyi. Íkw'ak iwá páshwini átawyay túyaay txánatay. Palaláay tun pápa'iyushinxa íkwín. Íkw'ak awkú kuuk pawánpxa uu pasapúukasixa anatún pat ásapsikw'ana, wyánch'ima.

But the other sweat, where you use sacred medicine, that kind is kept secret. It is treasured for use for important things, in important ways. They pay a lot for this teaching (how to identify, gather, prepare and use these medicines). That is what the Elder teaches them.

When I was little I never paid any attention to the naked women walking around at the sweat lodge. I was running around there naked myself, and they ignored me too.

Later I noticed the women were naked, but they held one hand between their legs over their pubic area.

Ashkú ashápnya Na'íłasnan ikwinkínk, kush i'ína: "Tł'ápxi nam áyatmasim wáta ku nam táaminwa pinásapak'íłkta. Chaw nam shiin awisíkw'ata imínk páshwini."

I wondered about what I saw, and I went to my mother and asked her about it. She said, "Although there might only be naked women bathing together, always hide your 'private' part. Do not ever show your treasure to anyone." (This is the olden way some of us Indian girls were raised. Those were the days when virgin girls were treasured. They were worth a lot in wedding exchange, girl's dowry for the boy's dowry.)

During the Second World War, 1942, when I first joined the women's auxiliary corps, I saw the white women running up and down the hallway in the barracks completely naked. I was ashamed. I was so shy, I would go inside the restroom and find a place to hide to change my clothes. It was awhile before I became used to undressing in front of my friends. But I could not expose my body even half clothed.

4.4.3. *Piná'at'awit* Prayer

Thus the Elders taught me when I was still young: no one can ask for help for you; you yourself must talk to Grandfather and explain your problem. That is God's law. Everything, the fire, the rocks, the water, the land, it is all connected. You talk to them, just like you talk to your mother or your father when you ask for something. Speak for yourself.

Prayer is personal. It concerns your private thoughts and about what you believe. In my childhood I saw a miracle. A man broke God's law working on Sunday when he was expected to worship. He did not believe the Prophet who was teaching that day. He left the longhouse and cut down a tree for firewood. He sawed blocks part way along its trunk. He went home to eat lunch and when he came back, the tree had stood back up. The man became a believer of the Longhouse Church the rest of his life.

That tree was alive when I was a child. I would go there and look at the scars left by the saw, and remember the words my grandmother recited every morning before sunrise. "Those things God created on this earth are alive. They are worshiping God on Sunday. This is the teaching from our Prophets. Do not pick a flower, break a limb of the willow tree, or step on an ant on Sunday. They are worshiping and thanking the Creator for their life". I was careful when I walked around on Sunday.

Prayer – it does not matter how you do it, as long as you believe in where your help is coming from. The Indian people believe in one God, the Creator. So when we pray, we address our Creator because we know he hears our prayer. The patient will state his problem and humble himself, and ask the Creator take pity and hear his prayer. He prays for himself, because he, alone, is responsible for his discretions, and nobody or nothing can forgive them except God. The prayer must come from the Heart.

When the Shakers call a meeting to help a sick person, they say: "We are going to help so and so at a meeting tonight." They do not say we are going to pray for someone.

The Indian people do not worship the Prophets who were sent back from the dead. They treat him/her with respect, the same as they treat the Medicine Man or Woman, all God's creations. They listen to the messages that were brought back, and the songs. The

Longhouse people sing those songs during the Sunday services. The words in the songs cite these teachings. The Elders say the songs are not written, and they are not interpreted. The only way to know the words is through the spoken language.

There were Prophets among different tribes and bands that spoke their own language or dialects during the historic times. Nobody knows when the Longhouse culture came into existence. The only Indian religion that has been documented is the Shaker Religion.

Praying in the sweathouse is also personal. I go inside the sweathouse and I sit on the leader's right side. After everyone is inside and the door is closed, I thank the Creator for Grandmother Water. This reverence must continue throughout the service while the Medicine Man continues calling each Spirit of the Earth inside to help in the healing.

The participants talk to Grandfather sweathouse, and become connected to Mother Earth, the Rocks, Grandmother Water, and the Steam, the Spirit of the Sweat. They are all composed into one. They hear your request.

When you go in, the leader will talk to you about spirituality, your environment, things you were born to respect. You are asked to pray for yourself: the others can pray with you, but not for you. The leaders and those praying are addressing all that is there, the rocks, the water, the earth, the steam. Those rocks and earth are called the Old Man. People believe it represents something male. The water is a woman, and she provides the steam.

There is no routine way to give thanks for all things we are thankful for. When you address the Creator it is direct. You thank him for your life, for another day for you to live, for health, your loved ones, and all those things that are important to you. You ask

for his blessing for what you are about to do. You thank him for creating the Sweat for the benefit of all the people. You will talk to Grandfather Sweat, and address him too. Thank him for being there for you to help you to accomplish the important things you need to do, and also during your troubled days. When you are praying for someone else, tell him someone needs help. That person needing help will pray for himself, and you can assist by singing along or providing support with your prayer. Of course, it is much easier for a fluent speaker to talk to God, and to Grandfather Sweat, and Grandmother Water, but I suppose a memorized prayer could assist those who do not speak their Native language.

4.5. *Wapítat Shapyáwyi Súltsasmaman* Reaching Veterans Through Sweating

Four years ago, 2008, the Yakama Warriors, a local Veteran's Organization, asked me to participate in a Healing gathering for veterans at Camp Chapparral. The camp was a Summer Recreation and Learning Center for Youth. It could accommodate many people with provisions for meals and housing.

At the first Session, I met an Elder from the Níimipuu, Nez Perce Tribe. He was the Spiritual leader and conducted the gathering with Longhouse songs and teachings.

I was assigned to the Women Veterans. The women veterans came from all walks of life and from all over the United States. They were traumatized during the war. Most of them were Army Nurses who served in the South Pacific. The other women veterans lost their loved ones and lived alone.

This was a difficult assignment. It was difficult for all of the participating veterans during our morning session before we broke up into groups. They could not talk about

their problems. I asked the Elder to give me permission to make a Talking Stick. The Talking Stick is passed around the Circle and when it comes to you, the person holding it must speak. The stick is designed with reverence. It is sixteen inches tall, small enough to hold in your hand, and it has an eagle feather tied at the tip.

The Talking Stick did the job. The veterans were able to open up and talk about their problem. They described the experiences that brought nightmares, causing some of them to drink and use drugs to help them ease the pain. They cried as they talked.

There were three large sweathouses by the Creek. The mountain water was icy cold. The women were assigned to each leader, and mine had the fewest because I was closest to the creek.

The Fire Man had the rocks inside the sweathouse, and all we had to do was enter. I assigned one woman to take care of the door and told her to open and shut the door when I gave the signal.

We heard singing at the other sweat. I told them I did not sing, and that I would explain about the meaning behind why we were inside this sweathouse. I explained that they were to talk to the Old Man, the Rocks and ask for healing. They did not have to pray, all they had to do is talk about their problem, cry if they want to, and open their heart and let it all out of their system. There would be time for each person to communicate, and when someone could not do it, she would have time to do it later during the week.

I explained when we came out to rinse our body, the meaning behind this activity was to cleanse our spirit and give us strength to face each day. They went inside the sweat three times each day and plunged into the icy cold water after each session. They

told me that they were relaxed and able to sleep after the second day. I do not know how the other sweathouse turned out, but mine began to fill up with more women. We were packed inside like sardines.

The women and men both participated in the Talking Circle, and they appeared more relaxed and able to talk without breaking down.

The following year I was unable to participate, and the Veterans told me the women were disappointed that I was not there.

I am a veteran of World War Two. I was a Wireless Radio Operator in the U.S. Air Force. I did not go overseas although I was offered to go to Germany after the surrender in Europe, but I was needed on my job where I was stationed. It was training base for B-29's that bombed Japan. I was honorably discharged November 28, 1945.

4.6. *Sápsikw'at Myánashmaman* Teaching Our Children, a Funny Story

Children learn about the sweathouse when they are able to understand the Elders. My little brother Rudolph Valentino Saluskin was tutored by an uncle, along with his cousins, William (Bill) Yallup and Joe (Jay) Pinkham. When they were too young for school, they were learning about hunting, fishing, and about the sweathouse.

Rudy's dad, Alex Saluskin, made him a portable sweathouse, large enough for children. A portable sweathouse is not attached to the ground like the regular type. The bottom is a circular frame made of willow or chokecherry branches tied together. The top is a dome high enough to cover people. The dome is composed of long branches from the same type of wood as the permanent round sweathouse. The branches are bent over, woven back and forth, and tied to the circle. It must be strong enough to hold the covers

that hold in the steam. The cover is porous, made with blankets or quilts. Never cover a sweathouse with plastic.

We lived within the city limits and Rudy had three friends. They were his dearest friends and they did everything together.

One day Rudy prepared a sweat. Three boys knew how to sweat already and they wanted to teach the fourth friend, Sylvester. Rudy used to sweat hot, meaning he poured the water on the rocks often, which created more heat because steam did not have time to evaporate. Sylvester was not sure he wanted to learn this culture.

They finally coaxed him inside, and put him in the middle. Sylvester was told he could not go outside until it was the proper time. Rudy began the ceremony and poured a lot of water on the hot rocks, and Sylvester begged to go out. The boys told him, “No, you cannot.” More water was poured on the rocks and the steam began to thicken, then Sylvester jumped up and ran away down the alley carrying the sweathouse on top of his head. The boys were left sitting naked in the open watching their friend taking off.

I laughed until I nearly fell down. I told our parents when they came home, and I thought Alex would have a heart attack, he laughed so hard. My mother said, “Do not laugh. They are just little boys. Later, when they grow up they will do great things.” They later became the Toppenish Wild Cats from Toppenish High School, the best basketball team in the Yakima Valley at that time, and the biggest rival to Wapato High School.

CHAPTER V

PINA'ITITÁMAT WAḶ'ÍSHWIT EXPERIENCES AND REFLECTIONS

5.1. *Wíí'uyt* Introduction

When I was growing up, my curiosity revealed many things; plants, animal and wildlife. I found out there were rivers and lakes, fish and birds. I began to study how they existed on my immediate location where we all lived. Later, after puberty, I was taught about being human, and began to notice that some of my relatives spoke different languages, and I learned them.

I had the benefit of a traditional education. The Story Teller was my educator about the value of Native culture, and how to respect other people and all of Creation. The Whip Man disciplined the children and so taught the children to love each other, to respect each other and our parents and Elders. These lessons were all in the Native language spoken in our village, including the dialects spoken by our visitors who were Plateau People. I am now sharing these lessons.

This chapter contains a selection of my observations and teachings, some about sacred things, such as medicine power, and some about everyday life, such as farming. Some practices I tell about are no longer used, or have changed over time. I discuss only what I observed and was taught.

5.2. Pápwilaalakwt Competitions

Ink nash p̄xwí̄p̄xwin̄xa t̄ún̄x̄it awkú mish patk'í̄xta í̄xwi í̄chi niimí̄ma myánashma shúk̄wat, anakú í̄kuuk anakúsh shyapuwít̄ki pásapsikw'asha skúulit̄pa, ku í̄chi í̄kuuk tiin anakúsh itk'í̄xsha sápsikwat myánash piimínk tiináwit.

I worry about what it is that this younger generation, will want to know, because now they are learning the white people's ways at school, and the Native people want to teach the children their own Native culture.

Íkw'ak aw Taȳx̄lá̄ma ku Nixyawīlá̄ma ku maykwá̄anik í̄kwa Ní̄imipuma aw pap̄xwí̄p̄xwya ku myánashma aw í̄chi í̄kuuk ás̄inwisha piimínk s̄ínwit t̄ł'á̄p̄xit kutskútsk, anakú t̄ł'aax̄w aw tuun it̄x̄ánasha anakw'ínk pawaník̄xa pápawya'iisht.

And the people from Tigh Valley and Nixyawi and farther over there, the Nez Perce people, are concerned as now their children are going back to speaking their own language (although not perfectly fluently), and they say this is turning into what they call a contest. (This is what I have heard from Elders.)

Í̄chi í̄kuuk anakúsh í̄chi iwá táakw̄in páax̄amit í̄chi í̄kuuk ku p̄í̄pit t̄ł'aax̄w tun anakúsh páwilaalakw̄tsim. Aw í̄kuuk cháwk'a tiin anakúsh i'ayáyasha pinmiláyk'aysim ayáyataysim, aw iwá páwilaaylakw̄simk'a awkú t̄ł'aax̄w tun. Kuna aw í̄kush it̄x̄ánasha í̄chi s̄ínwitki Ichishk̄īn.

Just like now, our war dance and circle dance and everything is becoming only a contest. Now a person is not dancing for his own enjoyment, now everything is only a contest, and that is what is happening to our language too.

Awna pápwilalaakw̄sha shin ishúk̄washa il̄í̄xt̄xaw s̄ínwit Ichishk̄īn, chi myánashma aw í̄chi kuuk papawiláalakw̄sha í̄kushkin. Kútya awkú pá'ishix̄yanisha s̄ínwit, kuuník.

Now we are competing to find out who knows more vocabulary in the Native language. These children are competing with each other in this manner. However, it is improving their spoken language. (They are trying very hard to learn more and more words and sentences. It is helping and inspiring them to learn.)

Ku míimiish ák'inunxana áyatma nch'inch'ima papawiláalakwsha walptáytkki íchi tł'ípat wáashat, wilalík wáashat, íchi walptáykt ku papawiláalakwt íchi iksíski kiwkíwlaski pawalptáykinxana. Íkw'ak papawiláalakwínxana.

A long time ago I used to see the older women having a singing contest using modern social dance songs, and the rabbit dance. When they sang these songs they were holding small drums (round hand drums). That is how they competed. (When you are drumming this way, my mother told me you should rock, rock forward. In this way, you keep the rhythm even and all the drummers are in unison. She was a good drummer. If her partners had to join a different team, she pulled me in to drum. The male judges decided which was the best team.)

Figure 5.1 shows the Owl Dance at the Celilo Salmon Feast. Owl Dance could be part of a contest, but people more often just danced for pleasure.



Figure 5.1. *Mimanú Wáashat* Owl Dance

Photo courtesy of Yakima Valley Libraries

Ayáyat itxánana íkush íkw'ak míimi anakúsh palaláay tíyatiyat. Chaw shin isxéxinxana, paysh chawsh shiin ák'inunaxana ínch'a, anakú papúutinxana ku pasxéxinxana áwtya awkuníik pimáyanwaxana.

Long ago there was a lot of enjoyment and laughter. No one was angry because they lost, and I never saw anyone get angry, when they lost they just took it for granted.

Ku kúshxiish ák'inunxana papawiláalakwsha táakwinki, laxs áyat ipátuksha naxsh tsxwiilí. Tł'aaxw tun, tł'aaxw tun awák nímniwit íchi wí'uyt, waláts'xwikt, shapátutit, cháwiinknikt, shapátpnit, pítł'ipt, wáawkukt tł'aaxw íkw'ak anakúsh haay aw panáwnak'ixana.

I used to see a contest where one woman is setting up one teepee. It includes everything: the most important which is at the beginning, tying the poles together at the tip, then setting it upright, wrapping the canvas around the poles, spreading the canvas out, lacing the front together, and then staking it all down. (As my mother used to do it, the poles in the back are a little longer than those in the front, so that when you set it up the two in the back were bracing two in the front. Then the rest of the poles are added onto those four most important bracing poles. Some people have three instead of four. I helped with the spreading and staking, then my job was to climb up the front to lace the canvas. Women made a ladder out of cotton rope zigzagged on the poles to climb up and do the lacing.)

Anakw'ink awkú likkíptxaw ináwnak'i pínxush íkw'ak awkú i'íishinxana. Awkú patiyasha patiyasha áyatma. Íkw'ak iwachá uyt nash ikush ák'inuna.

The one who finished the fastest first, that one won. And the women are laughing and laughing. That was the first time I saw that done.

Íkw'akna aw íchi íkuuk páaxamitki kupípitki papawiláalakwsha, maykúyknik. Palaláay pátuksh táala kwnak itxánana ku aw ikks íchi ttáwaxt iwyáninxa (naxshk'anáxshk'a) naxshk'anáxshk'ayaw páaxamityaw iwínasha. Ku paysh awkú iwá nímniwit anakúsh shix paaxamitá anakúsh shíxtxaw pina'isíkw'anxa. Íkw'ak awkú iwíłáalakwilaalakwsha ku anísha awkú palaláay táala.

Now we are having contests with war dancing, circle dancing, and other dances. And now we have high stakes set up for contests and our young people travel long distances,

going from one powwow to another powwow to compete. And perhaps one will be a talented war dancer, who will make the best showing of himself. That is the one who will win and win contests and he will make a lot of money.

Kush ák'inuna aw íchi kpaylk łmamatúmak'a awkú papawiláalakwsha k'upípitki ku awkú tł'áp̄xi awkú chaw pashúkwasha shuyaputímit kútya awkú pawáshasha buspa túpan airplanepa ku pawínasha wiyátyaw tiichámyaw pawilaalakw'át'asha k'upípitki. Ku tiin anakúsh wíyatyaw iwínaxa shapáwayxtisha kaa ku káakim kwnak pawáshasha. Pawínasha pawilaalakw'át'asha minán k'upípitki túkin páaxamitki. Áyatma ka'áw papáaxamisha pápawilaalakwsha. Pt'ilíma papáaxamisha.

And I have observed the women Elders are now participating in the contest, the circle dance, and although they do not speak English they will get on the bus or airplane and they will go long distances to participate in the circle dance. Now the people are going far away, packed in the car. They are going to in order to compete, where they circle dance and war dance. And now the women are war dancing in the contest. Girls are war dancing.

Ku aw íchi íkuuk iwíyatunxsha kúshxi wát'at íchi kiwkíwlasnan. Múimi tiin iwát'axana łwáayki ku aw íchi íkuuk líkkíp pawát'asha kítu minán kú miskilíki anakúsh wyít'atwiyiit'atsha íchi wixá.

And now there is another thing that is changing, how they hit the drum, (the rhythm of the drum). A long time ago they used to hit the drum slowly and now they hit it fast, and you can barely move your feet (stepping sideways as in circle dance) to keep up. (There is a special way to move your feet sideways, and my mother would be very strict about the proper way to dance when she was judging).

Chaw míshkin ayáyataysim wílst'at kwnak páaxamitpa, anakúsh míimi iwachá ayáyataysim nam wyápnisha ku nam wáashasha, chaw mish páwilaalakwtpa túpan. Íkush aw íchi íkuuk itxánasha íkw'ak aw iwá pashtínwítki íkush txánat anakú íkush áwa piimínk p̄xwit áwa táaminwa, táaminwa ip̄xwísha áwilaalakwtaash íkwinkink inmíki wapsúxwitki. Kuna aw íchi íkuuk íkush namách'ak'a txánasha tীনma.

Now it is impossible to run out and join in the contest for pleasure, like it was a long time ago, then you would go out there and dance for enjoyment, not in the contest or anything. This is what is happening now, and that is the White way, that is their way to do things like that, that is the way they think all the time, competitively. They are always thinking, "I am going to best him with my intelligence." And that is how we Indian people are becoming, now. (This is a problem that Indian children have in school. These children have respect and values and do not want to brag about themselves and show off. It is hard for teachers to understand this. But I was competitive and always tried to beat the boys in races, so perhaps I was not quite like that.)

Chaw míshkinna awkú myánashmaman áwinat, "xawxshínk," paysh laak íkushkinksim awkú pa'anísha táala pimanaknúwitay ttuush.

It is difficult to tell the children to stop this, for some of them perhaps this is the only way for them to make money to take care of themselves.

5.3. Palyúut Bone Game

The first recollections and observation of "Indian gaming" (a term now used to refer to casinos) was when I was a child around the year of 1930. I watched my mother play the women's hand game the Native people call *palyúut* 'bone game, stick game'.

When a person began to play, she had to place a matching bet with someone on the other side. *Lamtús* is the word for opponent. When you hold up an article to bet with someone on the opposite side and that *lamtús* matches it, this is called a *pá'alyuut* or a 'bet against each other'. (This will be described further below.) In restructuring the noun *palyúut*, 'bone game', *alyúu-* is the verb and *pa-* is the plural person prefix. When we place it before the verb we add the glottal stop separating the two *a*'s. *-t* is added to the end to make the verb into a noun. We then have the word *pa'alyuut* meaning 'to bet against each other.'

The bone game was a social activity played among the local women for recreation. During food harvest time they played against visiting tribal people. This is when the Native people were active in fruit and hop picking activities around the Yakima Valley. Indian people came from Canada, the coast, and the surrounding Northwestern states. Each tribe played bone game during the weekends when they were given two days off from work.

I remember walking around among the white army tents at a Moxee Hop Ranch looking at the different tribal people cooking outside their tents. They looked different from our people and they spoke a language I did not understand. They were friendly people. My mother would go to the Moxee Hop Ranch to play Friday night, and she played all night. When a team lost one game, they immediately began bargaining bets for the next game. The activity lasted all day Saturday until late evening and then it was shut down because the players had to get ready to work on Monday.

Áwayayanxanaash anakú áyatma papa'alyúuxana. Íkwna waayk itútisha áyat, ku cháwiiłtxsha isíkw'ashamsh anatún áwa alyúush. Chńnik íshatknik paysh náxshin áyatiin páshixani alyúush, ku pá'isikw'a túkin kwíłxi páshwiniki pats'áanisha.

I used to admire the way the women played. There on the far side a woman stands, and she is raising her hand to show what she has to bet. And on this side, one woman might raise her bet, and show it to the woman across from her, to see if she thinks it is of equal value to what she is holding. (*ts'áanisha* means to match value.)

Paysh papúuchnik "Ii" pakú, níptik patamákyuu, ku pawíxiya pachúpa. Chaw míimi kuuk, pa'alyúuxana táala, awkláw ayatmamí patún, istíyaas, tinú uu iwíix lisháal, sapk'úkt wawxpaanmí uu páwayki k'pitłimá.

And if they agree on both sides, they say *ii* 'yes' and lay the items together, in the center of the two rows where the players will sit. There was no money bet at that time, only women's things: bracelets, shawls (heavy woolen robes or thin fancy shawls), and woven corn husk or beaded bags.

Áyatma pimáwapawaxana shíxsimki patúkin: káatnam wíwapshani, chátł'umxi tsńmti chátł'umxshki, wímshyaki luxlúx wíxshinshmí, iwáywiyi imtsa'ímtsa, luxlúx istíyaasyi.

The women would always wear their best: long braids, a new bandana on the head, earrings of shiny abalone, wampam bone necklaces, shiny bracelets.

5.3.1. The Game

The women sat in a straight line opposite one another. There were usually ten or fifteen players on each side. The 'guesser' or 'captain' of each side sat in the middle and she took care of most of the guessing activity. She also took care of the sticks that were

given up when she missed a guess. She was supposed to guess in which hand a person holding a pair of bones on the opposite side held the white bone. She missed if she did not choose correctly.

Eleven sticks and two pair of bones are used in the game. Each pair of bones has one white bone and one with a black band around it. The women's playing bones were small enough to fit their hands. The object of the game is to guess which hand is holding the white bone. When the guesser points instead to the hand that has the black band, she must give up one stick. There are ten sticks in the game and one in the middle. The one in the middle is an extra stick that might help recover a losing game.

The game starts when the guessers 'match' each other. They each hold a pair of bones and try to outguess one another. Sometimes they might continue missing by pointing to the hand that is holding the black band several times. When one player finally misses and the other does not, she must give up the bones and the middle stick. The other ten sticks are distributed equally, five sticks for each side.

A song is started by the winning guesser and she will distribute a pair of bones to two players sitting on the left and right side of her. They will hide the bones and decide how to hold them, then they must bring both hands out in plain view. They swing their hands keeping time with the song. The guesser on the opposite side will try to guess which hands of each player hold the white bone. Each player has one hand closer to the center of the line of women, and one hand closer to the outside of the line. Figure 5.2 shows the possibilities for which bones will be held in the inside hands and so also the possibilities for the guesses that the opposing captain could make. For example, the top

two white (unbanded) bones represents the scenario in which both players hold white bones in their inside hands.

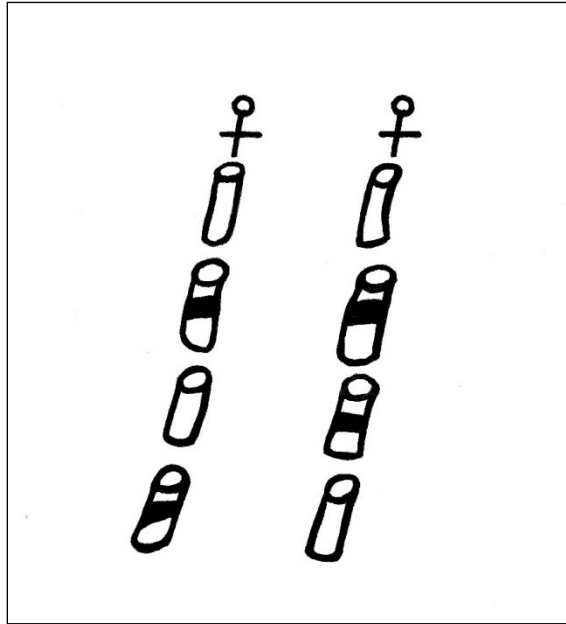


Figure 5.2. *Píinawi Pachúkan* Possibilities for the Inside Bones

If the guesser points with her index finger down to the ground, she is guessing that both the white bones are held to the center, in other words, that the player seated to opposing captain's left is holding the white bone in her right hand, and the one sitting on the right of the captain is holding the white bone in her left hand. This is shown in Figure 5.3.

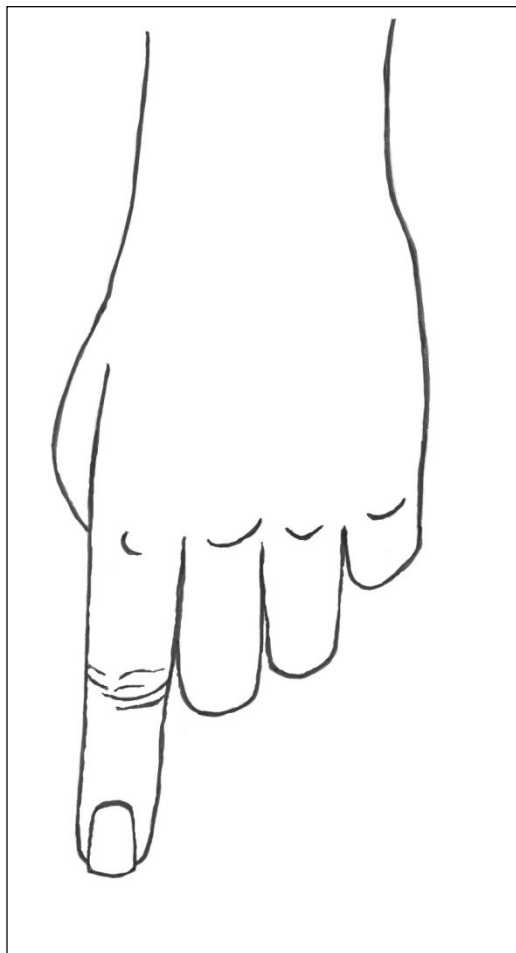


Figure 5.3. *Tʼut Pachúpa* Guessing Both White Bones Are to the Center

If the guesser is right, then both players give up the bones. But, if the black bones are held in that position, the guesser has missed and she gives up two sticks.

If the guesser believes the white bones are in the outer hands of both players, she will raise the right hand in front with the palm towards the body with the first, second, and third fingers are curled under; and the thumb pointing backward (like hitching a ride)

with the forefinger pointing straight across to the left. Figure 5. 4 shows this way of pointing.

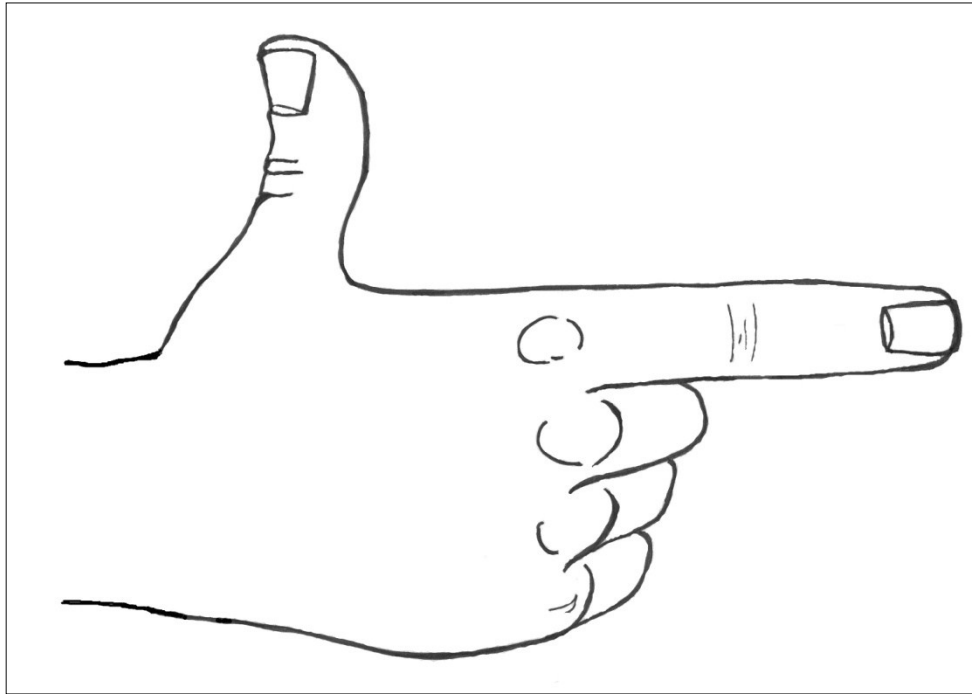


Figure 5.4. *Tl'ut Ámchan* Guessing Both White Bones Are to the Outside

If the guesser believes that one white bone is to the center and one is to the outside (in other words, that both opposing players have the white bone in their right hand or that both opposing players have the white bone in their left hand), she will point to the left or the right, palm towards the body, in the direction of the outside white bone.

A bone game can last all night and is won only when all of the sticks are taken by one side.

Áwacha ayatmamísim wánpaash palyuutpamá. Ku k'shishní pawíitkwapaniixana niiptík ipáp, kwáysim kwáysim, wánpaashyaw. Kuuk míimi chaw pawalptáykxana kiwkiwlaaski. Awínshma pawát'axana twánan wat'atpamáki. KinChúuchma íkw'ak panáchika kiwkiwlaaski walptákt palyúutpa.

The women had their own songs. (There are special songs the women sing that are softer than and not as harsh as the songs the men sing.) They hold their hands in fists and swing them back and forth evenly, keeping their hands together, in time to the music. (This is not like the men, whose hands are not held together.) And long ago they did not play with drums. The men had a pole in front of them and they would keep time on it with a stick. The Canadians brought that drumming while playing bone game.

KinChúuch means British Columbia; *KinChúuchma* means Canadian Indians. It should be mentioned that this is when the manner of wagering changed. It was the first time the women began betting money. Indians from other areas would come to pick hops, and they were bone game players. They bet the money they had earned working in the hops. It was the only valued item the British Columbia and Coast Indians would accept since they did not wear the Sahaptin Plateau type of jewelry, clothing, or carry the beaded handbags.

5.4. *Tamaníkt ku Np'íwit* Farming and Fishing

Íkush awkú iwachá tunxtúnx kútkut, ttúushma piimipáynk nisháyktpa pashapáttawaxinxana awkú tamaníksh, anakú awkú páwisapsikw'ana shapáttawaxt tamaníksh tীনmaman. Kush awkú máytski patáxshisha kú patákw'tksha awkú tamaníkshnan áyatma.

There were different kinds of work, and everyone would grow a garden or farm at their home, because the Indians had been shown (by the government) how to grow vegetables. (This went beyond Victory Gardens - Indians were encouraged to farm on their own allotments, raising food and animal feed.) So early in the morning they would get up and the women went outside to weeding the garden.

Ku kúshxi awínshma awkú pakútkutsha túpan áyatalupa túpan pasháxtł'xsha tun íchi alfalfa kw'ink pawaníkinxa waskú uu mísh pashapawananíusha, ku ttúshma k'úsiki pakkanáywixana ku túkin músmustsinki anatúntya áwacha kaaw kaaw kútkut, íkw'ak íkush anakúsh máytski máykutkut.

And it was the same for the men, they were out there working in the wheat, or cutting alfalfa, what they call waskú, or maybe irrigating it, and some of them were busy with horses or with cattle, whatever they had for separate jobs in the morning.

Awínshma awkú uyt pmáxush anakúsh wát'uy paḡwyákinxana, anakú awkú pawyatsímaksha tun k'úsi tun músmustsin awkú paḡwyáksha ku pa'áshamash awkú kwáxi tkwátatyaw anakúk kpaylk ánach'aḡi awkú pakútkutinxana úyknik. Íkush awkú áwacha wyáxayxt.

The men would be the first to go sweat, after they had fed the horses or cattle, then they would come in and eat their breakfast, then go back out and continue to work. That is the way they used to live.

Íchi íkuuk chawtún áwa kútkut awinshmamí ku awkú ttúshma awkú patkw'anínkw'aninxá táawnpa. Ttúshma awkú pachíisha k'aaw mínán pak'úsha chaw tun kútkut tawnáapak'a. Ku tñnik'a túnxmana awkú pawyánawyuusha kuna pakútkutnanisha anakw'ink míimi tínma panáktkwaninxana, anakúsh pakútkutinxana haps tmaanítpa, tł'aaxw

íkw'ak anatún áwacha kútkut pashtínmamí ku awkú pa'íwshínxana tীনmaman kútkut kw'ink pashapákkutkutinxana. Íchi íkuuk awkú áwa tunxmamí kw'ink kútkut ku awkú pawínptkaalwisha kútkut anakw'ínk míimi tীনma pakútkutinxana.

Today the men have no work and some of them now are just walking around town.

Some of them are drinking and gather together in groups - no work, supposedly. And instead, different kinds of people (migrant workers) come to us and do the work for us that Indian people used to do, like work in the hops and pick the fruit, all of those jobs that were provided by the farmers. They used to pay the Indian people for the work that they had them do. Now those jobs go to those migrants, and they are taking away the work that the Indian people used to do.

Íkushna awkú íchi txánasha ku chávna átk'ixsha íkushna wáta awkú niimí myánash, ku míshkinna awkú niimíki sápsikw'atki pashíxwita tunna awkú ásapsikw'ata anakú aw íwyátunxsh íchi tiichám.

This is what is happening to us now, and we do not want this to happen to our children, and how ever will our children benefit from our teaching, what should we teach them, since this world is changing?

Ku túnxk'ana awkú tkwátat wa ttuush, chávkw'a awkú nímníwít anakúsh tkwátat tiichámknik, awkúsh ttush iwá shapáttawaxni asht inítpa túpan shapák'iki minán túpan, tkwasáypa ku ittáwaxsha kwnak chávkw'a tiichámpa.

And some of our food is changing, the food is no longer from the land, and some is grown in a house, or hanging somewhere, in a bucket, and they are no longer grown on the earth. (This is referring to food grown only in greenhouses, or hydroponically.)

Anakúshxi awkú niimí tiichám iwyátunxsha. Awkłáwna áyталu ttush áyталu ikw'ak awkú pínch'axi iláamsha anakú tiichám iwyátunxsha awkú cháwk'a tun áwa xtúwit tiichamnmí shapáttawaxtay aytalúnan kwinkínkna awkú áwawtnukixa. Anakúshna ásaypnanixa chilwít anakúsh tawtnúk ku kunkínk awkú shapáttawaxa ánych'axi úyknik. Anakúshna awkú áwichaychaysha tiichámnan.

And our land is changing. We have only the grains, and some of the grains are also disappearing, because the land is changing. Now the land has no strength (nutrients) to grow and that is why we fertilize it. Thus we are feeding it bad things with that fertilizer in order to make the grain grow. It seems like we are spoiling the earth.

Kuna chiish aw ists'úupsha cháwk'a iwánasha anakúsh iwánanxana míimi uu cháwk'a ipúuyixa anakúsh ipúuyixana. Palaláaay ipúuyixana íchna tiichámpa, anakúsh kkimkkím wá'aaw inítiniitnan ttuush.

Now our water is drying up, the river is no longer filled with water like it used to be a long time ago, and it does not snow like it used to snow. There used to be lots of snow here on this land, it would pile up as high as some houses.

Kunkínk iwachá palaláay chiish íchna tiichámpa, anakúsh wána iyákkimkxana, kúshxi míimi anakúsh itúuxixana wána wiyátyaw anakúsh itúuxixana, ku kwnak awkú tiin iwátkukxana kuunák, ku iwats'úlaksha.

In that way there was a lot of water in this land, because the water used to flow and filled up (the land). And the river used to freeze, it would freeze way down deep, and there the people bore holes in it and they went ice fishing. (I used to go ice fishing with my brother Oscar. He would make a fire on the ice, and I would keep it going while he would skate up and down the Yakima River. He would swing by, check the lines, rebait, and continue

skating. He loved to skate. He waxed his skates so he could glide easily, and I would watch him twirling, enthralled. We fished for white fish, it is good and mild, kind of like sole, without much oil.)

Íkush iwachá mímí íchi tiichám. Tł'áaxwnan tuun patkwátaxana, isímay, kúshxi áwacha áwaw tkwátat íchi íkuuk, anakw'ínk awkú pawyá' anakwsha íkuuk, aw íchi xwin, xwin anakú áwa palaláay pipsh ku chaw pat awkú shix tkwátat apxwinúuxa xwínan. Ku tীনma panátxanaxana íkw'ak awkú xwinmí áwa palaláaytxaw anakúsh tawtnúk pínmipaynk wáwnakwshashpa anakú áwa palaláaytxaw áwa, inaknúwisha pínmipaynk wáwnakwshashpa tawtnúk anakwinkínk xtu i'aníxa pípshpipshnan, anakw'ínk íchi íkuuk páshtinma pawaníkxa calcium, íkw'ak awkú íkwínk áwa xwinmí pínmipaynk wáwnakwshashpa, kuna tíkniika awkú áchaaysha anakú áwa palaláay pípshpipsh wáwnakwshashpa kuna awkú áwanakwsha íchi kuuk. Fertilizerna awkú áwanisha uu míšna átamaynaksha túpan tkúnipa, ák'aatsha.

That is the way this land was a long time ago. They used to eat everything, like the white fish, and they had a valued food that nowadays is thrown away, the sucker fish. The sucker has too many bones, that is why people do not believe that it is good food. But the Elders used to say that the sucker fish has a lot of medicinal value in it because of all the bones that it has in its body. Its body contains a lot of medicine which strengthens bones, that white people today call calcium, and that is what a sucker fish has in its body.

Instead of taking advantage of this we do not care for it because it has too many bones and we just throw it away. We make it into fertilizer or we perhaps just throw it in a hole, we throw it away.

Kúshxi íchi asúm, asúm iwachá páyu áta w míimi tkwátat shápshpa xyaaw ná k'anint anakúsh chíwat tkwátat, kúshxi ínat'yi itxána xana ilkwshpa, ku t'aa xw awkú áwanan xana pinmínk yápaash ku awkú kiskís tkwátat shix anakúsh chák w'ilktpa.

And there is eel, eel used to be a very valuable food, to take dried in your lunch, it was filling food, and you could also crisp it over the fire, and all of its grease will drip out of it, and it will become crispy. (*Kiskís* refers to the sound the crispy food makes when you bite into it. *Chák w'ilksha* is chewing something crunchy. I used to see eels where we would camp at *Wíshxam* by the Columbia River, they looked like silk moving in the water. Bill Saluskin, my half brother, was a student at Chemawa Indian School in Salem Oregon and would fish on his school breaks. My friend Esther and I would pester him with questions about fishing. To get rid of us, he would stick the eels to our faces, and we would run towards the camp screaming.)

Íkush iwachá íchi míimi tkwátat miimá, ku chák w'ana mun íkush átkwata xana anakú iláamshaxi kw'ink awkú íchi ásum anakúsh ikát xanasha tawtnúki ku ttuush awkú iwá chaw ts'aa tkwátatay. Iwána xana awkú ttuush tun cháychay chíshyaw ku kw'ink awkú patkwátasha pmách'axi kuunák ku áwashsha kw'ink cháychay tun pinmipáy nk wáwnakwshashpa.

This is how food was a long time ago. We no longer eat like that, eel is disappearing, and it is also now becoming contaminated; some is not fit to eat. The poison flows into the water and then they eat it too, that poison gets into their body.

5.5. *Pixt Naká tasaan* Remembering My Grandmother

Kush awkú wachá wáawka iksíks ashkú naká tás iwachá nch'ík'a awkú ttá waxt , ku t'aa xwnan tuun ishúkwaashana pink. Aw nash íkuuk anakúsh pxwín xana, minán xit awkú íkw'ak

íkwł ishúkwaana tuun wíkut, tł'áaxwnan shiin isápsikw'ashana niimípa nisháyktpa. Ku na'íłasnim nash awkú anakúsh ishaxáshana, inák ashkú wáawk'a wachá iksíks, kush chaw awkú ámshtk'ukinḡana na'káłasaan, tł'ápxiish awkú kwnáxi wachá táaminwa. Kush átk'inḡana mish imísha, kush chaw kw'ink anakúsh isápsikwashana sínwitki, "Íkushnayk'ay nash íchi íkush kúsha," mish chaw áwtya ináktkwaninḡana kush íkwín átk'inḡana.

I was still young yet when my grandmother was already very aged, and she knew many things. Now when I think about it, I wonder where did she learn everything she knew, how to do everything? She used to teach many people these things at our home. Later my mother added onto my teachings, because I was too small (when my grandmother was living), and I did not pay much attention to what was going on, although I was there all of the time. And I would watch what she was doing but she did not say or explain to me, "I am doing this for this reason"; she continued to work and I watched her.

Tł'aaxw nátash mish wíimixana. K'úsiki tash atmaanísha kkúushnan tuun naníknan, ku tash awkú nánasha anakwnák iwá wawtkáwaas ku ílkwsha ku ipshaanákwsha awkú lápuulpuulpa, ku kw'áxi awkú iwáshukinaxana kuunák uu mish aw iníchḡana, ku i'íłaxyaawisha tł'aaxw nash íkw'ak átk'inḡana íkushxi kútyaw. Kush áwapiitasha ttuush, kush awkú iksíks íxwi wachá myánash.

We did everything. We picked filberts and pine nuts from horseback and then we would take it to our camp and she would bake it in the ashes. (*Pshaanákwsha* means push a group of things into the hot coals or ashes.) (Usually the trees were short around the volcanic areas and at higher elevations, and it was easier to pick from horseback, so we could start at the top and pick down. She had her root digging bag hanging from the saddle and she

just picked into it. She must have worn gloves or wrapped her hands.) Then she would winnow it or store it, or dry it, and I used to help her, even though I was still a little child.

Táaminwaash anakúsh ishápaxana ánachnik. Lisháalkiish iwalák'w'ip'inxana kúshxi iwáyuumixana ánachnik pinmipáynk. Kwinkínk nash awkú chaw xátamkanwixana k'úsiknik. Wíyattash wínaxana kúsh awkú wyápnunxana, ikush nátash wyáninxana nakálasin míimi k'úsiki.

She would always bundle me up with a shawl. She would tie me snug against her, and pull me up tight behind her. That is how I was kept from falling off the horse. When we traveled far, I would fall asleep as we went, that is how my grandmother and I traveled around by horseback a long time ago.

Ku inútpa anamún awkú itáxshixana kush awkú ínch'axi táxshixana kúukxi, anakú isínwixana ku iwalptáyksha máytski, ku isínwisha t'áaxwki túkin itimnanáxinxana máytski, kúshxi iwalptáykinxana ku ipúuxana kwnak íkw'ak iwínsh anakw'ínk itáxshiya niimípa tiichámpa.

And at home when she woke up, and I woke up at the same time, then she would start talking and singing in the morning, she would tell stories about all kinds of things, and she would sing and repeat the songs that that holy man brought back when he awoke in this land. (This was her way of teaching me, in the morning. At this time I was the only very young child in the household. We also had lots of people who would stay with us, but they slept outside the house as they traveled through. My brother Oscar must have slept with these people, who were mostly men, some our uncles.)

Palaláay anakúsh áwacha walptáytk ku sápsikw'at sínwit, íchi niimíki wak'íshwitki, mishkwyámkt ikw'ak ikwinkink maysx máysx isínwixana anakú uyt itáxshixana, iwalptáykinxana, inatxánaḡana "Áwshtaymashaash chímtinan tkw'ínan."

There were a lot of songs and teachings about our religion, our belief, this is what she spoke about everyday when she would wake up. She used to sing and she would say, "I am meeting the new day."

Íkush áwacha txánat nakałasaanmí ku itł'yáwya kush íxwi wachá paysh paḡat'umáat uu mish túskas anwíkt íxwi.

Thus was the life of my grandmother, and when she died, I was still only perhaps seven or eight years old.

Kush chaw awkú tuun anakúsh áshukwaana nímníwit, anakúsh nash ák'inuna nátkwanint tł'yáwitnan, kúshxiish ák'inuuna anakúsh pinmikínk shúkwatki, íchi wáashatki ishapá'ata chilwít-wapsúḡnan wáwnakwshaashknik naḡsh iwínshníknik.

I never learned much beyond what she taught, although I saw the preparation for burial, and I also experienced her knowledge when I watched her use her religion to exorcise the devil from the body of a man.

Kush ák'inuna itkw'á'ata shwát'ash uu lawiishk'íshish iwínsh itkw'á'anakwa wáwnakwshashnan. Ku i'áta ámchan anakúsh awkú ik'áatna nakáłas, "Átink, áwyaalakwink, wínak, atk ámchan, wínak, anamínik nam wyánawisha!" Ik'áatna kuunák chilwítan, chilwít wapsúḡnan. Itútya iwínsh lawiishk'íshish itk'wanátya, itk'wá'ata ámchan, ash ak'inúshana kuunák ink inmíki áchaashki.

I saw a shadow walk out, like a cloud, or a shadow from the man. It left his body and went outside when my grandmother evicted the bad spirit, saying "Get out, leave, go, go

outside, back to wherever you came from!” She evicted out that bad thing, the devil and the shadow from the man stood up, and walked across the floor and walked outside, and I saw that with my own eyes.

Ku kw'ink iwínsh anakuunák pá'ashshana kwiiník, awkú ixáxanayka ku ipnúna, anakú mun itáxshya ku awkú iwachá shix, kw'áxi ishíxiya awkú kw'ink iwínsh ku icháynachya ku ishapáttawaxna pinmínk myánashma, chaw awkú túwin ánych'áxi úyknik páshapyawya, anakú lawiishk'íshishin awkú pawyálaakwa .

And the man that this thing had possessed, he fell back and he slept. When he woke he was better, he got married and raised his children, and nothing further bothered him ever again.

Kush chaw ashúkwaashana mish kw'ink iwachá iwínsh anamísh pának'ninxana kwiiník chilwítin, awkłáw nash ák'inuna anakú pat ánasha niimíyaw iníityaw. Anakúsh tun i'át'ilp̄xa k'usík'usi ku nam awkú iwatkwnanúuta. Kúshxi nam itkwatat'ataam anakúsh áwatta áchaash, itít ikw'itta ku nam ichanpát'ata. Íkw'ak íkush awkú iwachá kw'ink iwínsh apatkú ánasha iníityaw niimíyaw ku pat áwalak'ika aykáwaasyaw, awkú pináwapyasha, nápu awínshiin pat miskilíiki áchaḡuksha.

And I never knew who this man was or how this bad thing affected him, I just saw him when they brought him into our house. It was like when a dog goes mad, and it will attack you, and it wants to eat you, and its eyes will grow hard, it will show his teeth and it wants to bite you. That is how that man was when they brought him into our house and tied him to a chair, and he was struggling and two men were barely holding him down.

Nakálas awkú iwínpa kw'alálkw'alal itamáatat pinmiknínk łp'áanaḡknik, iwínanuuna kuunák iwínshnan, ku ichátika wát'uychnik, ku í'ína, "Áw mash shúkwaasha, shin nam wa.

Wash nam áymil." Awkú páwatkwnanuuxana ku pat miskilíiki áchaḱukinḱana. Awkú ichátikuuna ku anakú mun ichátikuuxana, ixíppinḱana kw'ink iwínsh, wáwnakwshash awkú tł'aaxw áxíppinḱana, ku awkú iwátkwnanuuxana nakáḷasaan.

My grandmother took her bell from her sally bag (this is the bag where she kept all of her important things), and went up to that man and rang it in front of him, and said, "I know you who you are. You are evil!" He attacked her, and they had difficulty holding him back. Then she rang the bell towards him, and when she rang the bell towards him, now that man shivered, his whole body would shake, and he would try to attack my grandmother.

Awkú iwyánknika , ichátika, iwalptáyka awkú ku iwyánknika aw, awkú kw'ink iwínsh anakúsh mish pináwapyana anakúsh íchi núsux pináwapyata anamkú átamawinata chūshknik. Kúshxi awkú kw'ink itḱánana iwínsh, pináwapyana, huuy pat awkú áchaḱuka, awkú áwḱanina, kwnak táakwinpa aykáwaaspa kútya iwachá kwaan káshtki.

She went around and around him, ringing the bell, and singing (the specific song for this purpose). Then that man struggled, like a salmon struggles when you throw him out of the water. That is what happened to this man, he struggled, they barely could hold him down, he twisted around there on that chair, but he was bound securely.

Awkú iwyánknikwyanknikuuna awkú iwát'uychnik itútya, ku ína, "Aw nam átta, aw nam átta íkuuk, áwapawḱink, shákwinan, aw nam áwyaalakwata, aw nam túḱta anamínik nam íchi wyánawya, ku nam aw wíyat wínata, atk, wínak!" Awkú ḱtúwik awkú kush iníya sínwit ḱtu ichátika ku awkú áchaash ayk áwiinatma awkú iwínshmi.

Then she went around him, round and round him, and she stood in front of him, and she said to him, "Go out, leave now, I want you to release this man, you must go back to

wherever you came from. You go far away, get! " She kept trying to drive him out with words, and ringing her bell, and the man's eyes popped out at her.

Ku nash írch'a awkú tútishana łamáay, íkush ashkú pak'áatna pa'ínxanaash, "Ámchan wínak, wíyat íkuuni ámchan." Kúshxiish awkú wachá kw'shím, kúshxi awkúsh kw'shímya kush kwnak awkú piná'íłamayka, kush átk'ína kúunak iwínshnan, mish itxánashana. Kush chawmún túkin anakúsh írch'a wyáych'unxana ashmáal wachá kwnak káłta, kush pwxínxana nakałasánim nash inaknúwita, táaminwaash íkuush pwxínxana, kushkínk nash chaw wiyáych'una.

I was standing there hidden, although they told me, "Go out, far away, (to a safe place)." But I got stubborn and so I disobeyed and I hid myself there, and I saw what happened to that man. And I was never afraid as long as my grandmother was there, and I thought my grandmother would look after me, I always thought that, for that reason I was not afraid.

Awkú xtúwiki, xtúwiki awkú isámxnana kuunák chilwítнан. Awkú i'átima kw'ink awkú anakúsh lawiishk'ishish chmuk, ku íkuuni awkú wíyat itútya nakáłas, ku átkika awkú itkw'á'atkika, kush ts'áapa itkw'áwaawna kwním, ku átkika awkú pchíshpa.

Then with great strength, my grandmother then spoke hard to that evil one. Then it came out like a black cloud, and my grandmother stepped aside and it went out, passing close by me, and it walked out the door.

5.6. Xtúwit Twatimamí The Power of Medicine Men and Women

Íkush nash ák'inuna inknínk anakúsh inmíki áchaashki íkw'ak txánat, kush palaláay íkush tuun áwik'inuna ashkú wachá anakúsh íxwi iksíks ttáwaxt. Twátima pakútkutsha túpan payúwitнан, ku tuun iwítxanaxana íkwín nash aw tł'aaxw áwik'inunxana íkush inmíki áchaashki. Kush kunkínk áshukwaasha mił áwacha xtúwit, anakwmák pawachá shúkwaani.

That is how I saw that happen with my own eyes, and I witnessed a lot of things like that as a child when I was still growing up. The medicine people worked on a patient and some unusual things would happen, that is what I used to witness. And that is how I know how much strength they had, those who were given the power to be medicine people (*shúkwaani* means knowledgeable; here it means knowledgeable about the spirit world).

Pashúkwaashana tun átaŵ, pánya x̄túwit, hawláakin túwin. Kush kuunák ínch'axi awkú ák'inuna, kush chaw áshukwaasha ink, chaw nash inách'a túnim isám̄xnana, íkush íkw'ak, anakúsh x̄túwit iníya túnim, chaw nash wa tun x̄túwit túpan. Anakúsh íchi pawá twátima. Chaw. Áwtyaash wa ínch'a íchi walím tiin, awkláw nash k̄'inutkisir tuun áshukwaasha, kúshxiish áwapiitaxana, anakúsh twátimaman kuts'k tun wapítat. Íchi t̄mamatúma ashkú pa'atł'áwixana, "Wapítatam," anakúshxiish ák'inunxana kútkutyaw."

They knew valuable things and they were given special power by a spirit. And I witnessed these things but I myself do not do the medicine work, nothing ever gave me that power. I do not have that power like the medicine people. I am just an ordinary person and I only know by witnessing, although I used to help a little bit. (For example, they needed supplies and water available, and I could bring these things. I could also see what they were going to need shortly, and would bring that. I did not understand what it all meant. I just followed the directions.) These Elderly women used to ask me, “Come help me,” then I would see things as I helped.

Ashkú áwaashiinixana iksísknik ttáwax̄tnik twátimaman, anakú pawánpxana kush áwaashiinixana, kush anakúsh patamkáshaxana. Chawsh áshukwaasha mish awkú kw'ink íkw'ak iwá patamkáshat. Kush patamkáshaxana k'úp̄k'uppa kush panákwaashaxana

pak'úpki'upki, inmíki k'úpki'upki piimipáynk k'úpki'upa, kush chaw mun shínim anakúsh i'ína ikush ikw'ak iwá ikushnayk'ay.

When I was a little girl I used to dance for the medicine man. When they had their winter dance, I would dance for them, and they would put me on their back. I do not understand the meaning of that, putting me on their back. And they would put me on their back, and they would carry and dance with me back to back. (The men would bend forward and dance and stomp with a child on their back. They would call a child out and carry the child like this. The word *tamkáshasha* refers to this.)

Kúshkin nash chaw áshukwaasha túyay awkú ikw'ak nash ikush pakúxana mish nash awkú ink kwinkínk txánaḡana, awkłáw nash aw pḡwínḡana paysh laak pimáwapiitasha pmáktya, chaw nash awkú ínch'a pḡwínḡana, inách'axish pawapíitasha uu mish chaw, chaw nash mish pḡwínḡana kunkínk.

And I did not know why they did that to me, and what was supposed to happen to me, except I wondered if they were helping themselves. I never thought they were helping me, but I did not worry about it.

Aw nash miłman ikush ḡwisatúma panákwaashana anakúsh k'upk'úppa, awkłáw nash awkú áshukwaasha náxshnim nash iníya wánpaash, kush ína "Anamkú tun átaw átk'ixsha kutt, ku nam íchi áp'ixta ikuunak wánpaashnan. Chaw nam aw mish áwanpta, áwtyaam áp'ixta." Kush ku mun wáshaxana átaw papawilawíixtpa, kush áp'ixinḡana kuunák ikw'ak ku awkú inátḡanaḡana, "Inaknúwitaam chínim wánpaashnim." Kush awkú ápḡwínḡana kush pḡwínḡana "Shix nash inaknúwita, chaw nash wyáwḡta." Íkush nash ikw'ak pḡwínḡana. Ashkú ikush ína, áshkú wachá mayknch'ík'a awkú ttáwaxt, paysh mił pútimt ku niipt, mił pútimt ku mítaat anwíkt.

There were some old men who danced with me on their back, and there was one I remember who gave me a song, and he told me, “Whenever you do something important, or if you want something, remember this song. You do not have to sing it, just remember it.” And when I used to ride in an important race, I would remember it. He would tell me, “This song will take care of you.” And I used to remember, “It will take care of me, I won’t have an accident.” That is what I used to think. When he told me this, I was a little older then, perhaps twelve or thirteen years old. (He was named Timothy George. We had a race horse named Sir Timothy, and I sang the song when Sir Timothy ran, and he won every race.)

Íkw’ak awkú ikush pawachá twátima míimi, kush chaw írch’a wa tun twáti, kush chaw míshkin awkú mátash íntaxnay, “Íkush íchi iwá twáti txánat .” Chaw, kush ashkú chaw áshukwaasha. Awkláw twátisim ishúkwaasha tun áwa piimínk xtúwit, míshkin kw’ink iwánpita xtúwit, uu túpan áwa kw’ink níyi xtúwit túyay. Chaw mun twáti iwá xtúwit níyi t’áaxwyaw túyaw, awkláw láxsyaw payúwityaw.

That is how the medicine people were a long time ago, but I am not a medicine woman so I cannot tell you, “This is how it is to be a medicine person.” I do not know that. Only the medicine doctor knows what his own power is, or how he will call it forth, or how his given power is to be used. The medicine people - healers - are not given power to heal everything, only one sickness. (The medicine men never were questioned. When a stranger did come in and challenge them, it was time to get out of the way because they would be angry and show their power.)

Íkw’ak ikush nash pa’ínxa ttúushma nch’ínch’ima ttáwaxtma anakwmák pashúkwaasha. Íkw’ak nash awkú ikw’á áshukwaasha íkwinkink. Kush áykinxa íchi kpaylk wanpłáma anakwmák

panáwanapsha, panúu "Wash nash twáti, awsh wánpsha," ku minán awkú íkw'ak pa'iyáxna wanpt uu mish aw papúusha túuman? Íkw'akxiim awkú paníta wánpaash, ku nam pa'ínta, "Íchi mash wa wanpsh." Chaw nash mun shínnim íkush ínach'a ikúya.

That is what I have been told by the Elders who know these things. That is all I know about that. And I listened later to those who are singing, they say, "I am a medicine person, because I am singing," and I wonder where they found (or were given) this song, or are they appropriating it? They (medicine people) could give you a song at a medicine dance, and they would say to you, "Here is your song." Nobody did this to me.

Kútya awkú pamún íkush, íkushxi nam awkú twátinim iníta wánpaash, ku nam awkú áwanpanita kuunák. Ku paysh laak íkush íkw'ak áwa, anakú pawá iksíks íxwi ttáwaxt. Íchi cháwk'a shin íkush ikúxa, anakúsh wínat pít'xánukkan wakítt íkushnanak, kush cháwxí ák'inusha mun wák'ish pa'anísha túuman.

But they also say, when a medicine man gives you a song, then you can sing it for them. And perhaps that is how they obtained it, because they are very young, these singers. Nobody goes to the mountains anymore to look for their power, and I have not yet seen these people heal anyone.

Cháwxíish ayksh íkw'ak, anakú twátima íkushnayk'ay pawá, anakúsh wák'ish anít payúwitmaman, cháwtya aw iwá wánptpasim. Íkw'ak wanpt iwá anakú anakúsh pimá'ishaxanixa, anakú niimí wáwnakwshash wak'íshwit naxsh anwíkt anakúshna t'aaaaaw niimí xtúwit awkú iláamnxa, ku chímtpa anwíktpa kwnak kwáxi ishíxixa, anakúsh piná'ishixixa kw'áxi anakúsh íchi anakúsh íchi iwá shyapuwítki battery. Awna ku battery táakwinixa láamínxa xtúwit, kuna chímтики kw'áxi batteryki xtu txánaxa íchi flashlight tun íkushna wa wáwnakwshash niimí.

And I have not heard (or seen) that yet, healing through singing alone, because medicine people are medicine people for the purpose of healing the sick, not just for singing. (Singing can renew or heal the power, but it is not the main power.) That song is for strengthening oneself, because our bodies and our spirit all throughout the year lose strength. (The winter dance is for renewing ourselves. The medicine men and women regain their power through this dance.) During the new year it gets better, like healing itself, just like in the English way a 'battery.' And our battery loses power, and with a new battery we become strong, like a flashlight, that is the way our body is.

5.6.1. *Ká'uyt* First Foods Ceremony

Kushkínkna txánaḡa íchi ká'uyt , anakúshna íniḡa kwnimk ká'uytnim ánach'aḡi wyá'uyt chímti, anakúsh íshixaniḡana wáwnakwshashna anakúsh mish chímti kwáḡi txánaḡa. Kuna awkú náḡshyaw anwíkyaw awkú wayksh ḡtúwit, kwnak niimípa wáwnakwshashpa wak'íshwitpa ku tímnápa.

In that way we have our first foods ceremony, the food repairs us and then we start anew, so it heals our body and we become new again. And then for the next year we start over with strength in our bodies, spirits, and hearts.

Íkush awkú íchi áwa mishkwíyamkt tiinmamí, t'áaaḡwpa túpan iwá kaaw kaaw, íkush, chawna awkú wa t'aaḡwpa túpan wapsúx, cha, íkush iwachá míimi anakúsh tiinwít, ku awkú íchi shyapuwítki awkú patḡánaḡa, pawíwanikaníḡa tímash pashtinmí tímat. Anakú laxs itḡánata, anakú tiin iníyi ḡtúwit íkushpaynk, awkú patímaḡa anakúsh t'áaḡwmaman awkú pawáyuumisha kwnáḡi tínmaman, kuna chaw mun wachá t'aaḡw kúksim.

And this is how the Indian religion is, in everything it is thus separate, we are not each one knowledgeable about everything. This is the way it was a long time ago; now the white people's ways have us reading about this (Indian religion) in books. An incident only happens once, when an Indian person is given strength for this purpose, then the author writes it down and they include everyone, all the Indians, but we are not all alike. (This refers to when the teachings of a particular area or the words and actions of a particular prophet or medicine person are applied to all tribes and people. Indian religion and ways are generalized cross all Indians. However, the strength of the medicine people is individual, specific to each person. Tribes and bands, even among the Sahaptin people, believe a bit differently and have different Holy men.)

5.7. Asúm Ishchít Zig Zag Trail

5.7.1. Wishínwishint Asúm Ishchítpa Traveling on Eel Trail

Anaminán nam wyáninta níimipa tiichámpa, kwnák iwá átaw timnanáxt uu tun watít. Tł'ápxiim íkuuk wyanínshata táwnpa ku nam áshta tkwatatpamáyaw, kwnák nam áp'íxta, "Ah, íchnatash sháakwínin lísxaam papachittwíshana, kútash misámisashana patúkin." Íkush iwá páp'íxt kúshxi p'íxt tuun átaw timnanáxtnan.

Wherever you travel on our land, there are valuable stories and legends. Even now when you travel to town and you go into the restaurant, there you will remember, "Oh, I remember, here is where my friend and I shared lunch together and we joked around about something." This is how we recall an incident, or an important story.

Míimi anakú chaw iwachá ishchít, anakúsh iwá íkuuk. Tíinma pawishínwishinxana k'úsiki uu wíxakílk pawyanínxana. Kumánk iwachá ishchít waníki "Asúm Ishchít."

Long ago there were not roads, as there are now. People moved around by horse or by foot. Since then, there has been a path named “Eel Trail.”

Napíshish iwaníkshana Saptixawáy. Áwacha na’itasaanmí pishísh. Áwacha pshít, áwaníkshana Oscar Wanto, pínmínk áwacha pat, Saptixawáy. Pawachá Palouseknik ttáwaxt. Oscar Wanto iwachá pítł’ani, kushkínk chaw áwacha napusaasnímí tiin waníkt.

My grand-aunt’s name was Saptixawáy (Margaret Wanto). She was my mother’s paternal aunt. Her father was Oscar Wanto, and Saptixawáy was his older sister. Their heritage was from Palouse country (on the Snake River). Oscar Wanto was baptized (as a Christian); for that reason my maternal grandfather did not have an Indian name.

Saptixawáyintash k’úsiki panátixana Asúm Ishchítpa atashkú mánaḡana uu tmaanítaxana wíwnu Psawaaswáakułkan. Chaw itk’íxínḡana tuxt Asúm Ishchítpa, kútash túḡínḡama túnḡpa ishchítpa. Anakú wáawk’a iḡát’ult’ulta tkwátat, awkú íchaayta.

Saptixawáy and I climbed the Eel Trail on horseback when we went root digging or to pick huckleberries at Twin Buttes (in the Gifford Pinchot Forest). She did not want to come down the Eel Trail coming home, so we took a different route. The food on the pack horse would bounce it around (going down the trail) and it would spoil while traveling.

Palaláay tীনma pawínaḡana pít’ḡanułtkan íkwnak ishchítpa, kwínik Winátshaknik, Wanałáma, ku Kw’sísknik, pamínik.

Many Indian people used Eel Trail enroute to the Cascade Mountains; some came from Wenatchee, Priest Rapids, and Snake River, and others.

5.7.2. *Pátuxnat Wáxshampa* Eel Trail and the Indian War

Asúm ishchít waníkt iwachá átaw timnanaxtpamá. Palaláay átaw txánat kwnamánk iwá. Kwnák ikwítana Asúm Ischítpa Nch'i Tamanwitpamá superintendent Bolin, tawnáapak'a ítłxatktnak'it tiinmamíknik. Kwnák pat awaptáymana xáyin Mishúil, anakú páshtinma pat tł'áaxw náxsh nisháykt Mishúilnan áwitł'yawyanya.

Eel Trail has a famous name and history. Many revered things took place there. There the government supervisor Bolin came riding up the trail after he had talked peace with the Indian people. There *Mishúil* and his kinsman killed Bolin. *Mishúil* was getting even for when the white people massacred his entire family. This was the incident that started the Indian war against the United States Army.

Íchitya iwachá chcháanwyi pátamun tiinmamípasim. Awkú shuyápu Nch'i Wíxani ináwtunxna tímashpa uu páyshtya iwachá chcháanwyi tiin timnanáxt. Kúshxi tamashwikłá chaw iwachá chnamánk, chaw tuun ishúkwaashana anakú iwachá tunx tiin.

This, however, was a thing known to Indian people only. The white person Big Foot changed it on the paper or perhaps the Indian version was kept secret. (This would have been done to protect *Mishúil* and his family. Big Foot is one of the names given by the Indians to Lucullus McWhorter, who befriended and supported Yakima Indian people against settlement and the government in the early 1900's.) Or perhaps the translator was not from here and he did not know, because he was from a different tribe.

Wáxshamki pashtinmí tímani timnanáxt iwá chaw tkw'íikw. "Wáa'aw pat tীনma ákuya páshtin súłtsasmaman kwnák Wáxshampa." Tł'áaxw pat tun átyanipa: limúil; tkwátat; k'úsi; winánpsh; ku nch'i twínpaash. "Ku pat áwapawxina chaw pat áwitł'yawya." Íxwi iwá łlamayki kw'ínk nch'i twínpaash. Chaw mun pa'íyaxna íchin łkw'íyaw.

McWhorter's written account (of the battle field called Waxsham, above Eel Trail) was not correct. The Indians won the battle with the white soldiers at Waxsham. They took everything from the soldiers: mules, food, horses, arms, and big rifles. And they released them, they did not kill them. One aforementioned big rifle (a howitzer gun) is still hidden. It was never found to this day.

Íkush nash awkú áwyap'ixnanishana nakáłasaan sínwit anakútash t'áaxwmaman máytski itítaxshixana. Ip'ixnanishana sínwit nch'ínch'imaman.

This is how I remember my grandmother's words when she would awaken us with her reminiscence in the morning. She was remembering the Elders' version of history. (And, I remembered this story while traveling on the Eel Trail with my aunt Saptixawáy.)

5.7.3. Áwtni Áyat Wapiitałá Wishing Well Woman

Íkush nash awkú wishánatpa áwyap'ixnaniixana anakáłasaan sínwityaw. Atashkú wyákw'iyamka Asúm Ishchítpa, kwnáktash ák'inunxana Watít'aas Áyatnan. Íkw'ak Áyat iwá áwtni. Cháw nam awawtk'íwita.

Thus I remember my maternal grandmother talking while traveling around. When we reached the upper rim of Eel trail, there we saw Legend Woman. That woman is sacred. Do not make a fool of her. (Legend Woman is a sacred woman who will grant your wishes. At this place by Eel Trail, she is near the top of a mountain. She is lying on her back with her arms outstretched and is said to be embracing you lovingly. You are supposed to approach her with respect and love.)

Páysh nam átk'ixta túyaw atł'áwit, átaŵ nam tun áníta, kú nam ishnawáyta. Páysh nam awawtk'íwita ku nam tun lapaalakwá iluyłimá áníta, ku nam ikw'ak ímktya pinásapilimta. Chaw nam tun ts'i'íix áwyaxta.

If you want to ask for something, give her something you value, and humble yourself. Then she will pity you and grant your wish. If you make fun of her, and you give her something grimy, you will ridicule your own self. You will not successfully accomplish anything.

Táaminwa nam átmaakta Watít'aas Áyatnan. Íkush inátxanaxana nakáłas Xaxísh.

Always respect Legend Woman. This is what my grandmother *Xaxísh* said.

5.7.4. Sts'átpa Pft'xanukpa Patimnanáxnuut Story Time at Night in the Mountains

Átash ku awishaynaktwíixana ínxtwaymaman kútash sts'átpa xwisatúma, uu łmamatúma pawalsákxana, kútash awkú tł'áaxwma ts'ápa ilkwshyaw látkwtasha xyáaw wałt'akí ku támaki saplíl, amts'íxwasha timnanáxyaw. Máal natash aw ikush kúsha, kútash máałx áchaash txánaxana. Awkú iwának'ixana watíłá, “Waxwłatłá”, kútash pnúwataxana.

When we traveled around with our relatives and at night the old men and women used to tell stories, then we all sat close to the fire, eating dried salmon and bannock bread, and listening to them telling stories. We would do this for a while, then we would become drowsy (our eyes would droop). Then the legend tellers stop, and holler: “That is all!” and we would go to bed.

Máytskítash myánashmaman pa'itáxshixana kútash pashapáwinaniitaxana. Chaw nátash pashapátawk'umínxana. Kushkínk nash wachá kw'ítłíp wáwnakwshash.

In the morning, we, children would wake up, and they made us go swim. They would not allow us to sleep late. In that way I had a strong body.

*Íkush nátash míimi wyáninḡana pít'ḡanukpa. Kútash chaw ápxwinuuxana it'úk.
Áwatawishanaatash íkush wyánintnan.*

This is how children traveled in the mountains long ago. And we did not think it was hard. We loved to travel around this way.

Íkuuk chaw myanashmamí wyánch'i panishayktwísha. Ka'áw pat ánichsha. Kúshxi chaw pashúkwaasha tiináwitki timnanáḡtnan piimínk pshít ku pcha. Cháwk'a myánashma pawínaḡa pít'ḡanukkan, awktáw sapaskuulitpamápasim sápsikw'at. Pawálsikw'asha páshtinwit shapatk'ipamápasim patúun.

Today children and their Elders do not live together. They put them apart. The same thing happened to their fathers and mothers who therefore do not know the Indian stories. The children no longer go to the mountains, they only know what they learn at school. They imitate white person's ways that they see on the TV and other places.

5.7.5. Watít: Waxpushyáy ku Asumyáy Legend: Rattlesnake and Eel

I include the following legend as an example of the sort of story we children might hear in the mountains. This is a legend my father, Henry Beavert, told. This too took place at Asúm ishchít, Zig Zag Trail. Wíshḡam Village was at Dallesport located on the North side of the Columbia River across from The Dalles, Oregon. The cliff north of Wíshḡam is the place Eel and Rattle Snake, the animals in the legend, used as their diving board when they dove into the Columbia River. There were lots of rattlesnakes there. They had a huge den covered by a flat smooth stone the size of an average size slide. It

was an ideal place to play, because every time you slid down, the rattlesnakes made a lot of noise.

During fishing season people who were related by blood or through marriage gathered to fish for salmon and to dry eels there. The flat table rock provided an ideal place for eels to stick on the smooth stone to stabilize themselves. You could look down into the river and see sheets of eels waving back and forth fastened on the rocks. There was also a large rock with a face. It was called the Widow Rock. Families told the children not to play at these two places. They were warned about getting bitten by rattlesnakes, and the Widow Rock was taboo.

Table 5.1, following the legend, presents some of the vocabulary used in the legend.

Míimi tʰááxw tun íchna tiichámpa isínwixana anakúsh namákna íkuuk sínwixá. Íchi watít anakú Waxpúuya ku Asumyáyin pawachá tiin. Pasínwixana ku patkw'ánatixana anakúsh imk ku ink. Nay!

Long ago on this earth everything talked as we do now. This legend takes place when Rattlesnake and Eel were people. They spoke and walked around as you and I do. Nay!

Iwachá nch'íiii tánawit áanknik pátupa ku kwnak iwisháynaka Waxpúuya.

There was a huge cave on the south side (of Mt. Adams) and Rattle Snake made his home there.

Aw ik'písishana ku Waxpúuya piná'ik'pik'pshana, pinawshúwashana anwíktay.

The weather was becoming cold and Rattle Snake was weatherizing his home, getting ready for winter.

Pínch'a Asumyáy iwisalílshana áxmi Nch'iwánaknik, ku itk'ína Pátunan, "Ah, aw nash wíiwínasha ikuuni, la'ák nash áwyach'aakta naxsh yukaasínsnan."

At the same time old Eel was hunting away from the Columbia River, and he looked toward Mt. Adams (and said to himself): "I think I'll go in that direction aways, perhaps I'll see a buck."

Awkú iwínana iksíks wánapa ku páwyapaatpa túnxkan iwínana.

He walked beside a small river and came to a fork where he turned the wrong way.

Wíiyat iwínana ku iwyálamayka. "Miin nash awkú wínata?"

He went far and lost his direction. "I wonder where I should go now?"

Awkú ts'áak'a Pátuyaw kwnak iwyách'aaka Waxpúuyanan. "Ay xay, mish nam íchi mísha íchna?" pá'ína Asúmnan.

And then when he was nearing Mt. Adams he met Rattle Snake. Rattle Snake greeted him. "Greetings friend, what are you doing here?"

Ku iwíinpa, "Ay xay, aw nash paysh wyálamayksha kush aw k'asáwisha kush anáwisha."

Eel answered: "Greetings friend, I believe I'm lost and I'm cold and hungry."

"Aw, aw nam wínamta inmíyaw inítyaw ku mash sáypta." pá'ína Asúmnan.

Rattle Snake said to Eel: "You must come to my home and I will feed you."

Awkú Asúm itkwátana ku iláts'muyna. Ámchnik awkú ipúuya ku k'pis itxánana.

Eel ate and warmed himself. Outside it began to snow and it became cold.

Pá'ína Waxpúuyayin; "Chaw nam awkú míshkin túxta. Aw nam anwíkta íchna. Aw nash awkú lalíwanxa ilksá."

Rattle Snake told him: “You cannot go home now. You must spend the winter here. I get lonesome here all by myself.”

Awkú anwíkta Asumyáy Wáxpuyaanmípa.

And then Eel spent the winter at Rattle Snake’s place.

Íkw’ak pápaxwítát’ashana wáwnakwshash ku wak’íshwit Asúmnan Wáxpúuyayin.

Rattle Snake actually wanted to steal Eel’s name and body.

Aw iwúuxmya ku Asúm ituxát’ana.

When spring approached Eel wanted to go home.

Pá’ina Wáxpúuyayin, “Áwna pawilawíxta. Paysh mash ink wiláalakwta kush ink awkú txánata Asúm, ku nam paysh imk txánata Wáxpúsh.”

Rattle Snake told him, “Let us have a race. If I beat you then I will become the Eel, and you will become the Rattle Snake.”

“Ii,” ikúya Asúm Wáxpushnan, anakú páyu ituxát’ashana.

Eel agreed with Rattle Snake because he really wanted to go home.

Awkú pá’isikw’ana tawnáapak’a k’aywátxaw ishchít wánakan Wáxpushin, íkw’ak pásaptayakshana yanwáy Asúmnan.

Rattle Snake showed him what was supposedly the shortest route to the river, that was how he cheated poor Eel.

Awkú papawilawíxna.

So they raced.

Ának iwachá Asúm anakú chilwít ishchít pá’isikw’ana Wáxpúuyayin.

Eel was way behind; Rattle Snake had showed him the wrong route.

Anakú ts'áak'a pawayánawya Nch'iwánayaw Wishxaamípa, Asumyáy inúkshya chíishnan ku ixtúna ku iwayáwawna Waxpúuyanan ku ixtámaliikika wánayaw pínxush.

As they approached the Columbia River at Wishxam, Eel smelled the water, gathered all his strength, and slipped right past Rattle Snake and plunged into the river first.

Íkush iwíláalakwa Asumyáy Waxpúuyanan saptayakát'atyaw.

This is how the Eel won the race when Rattle Snake was cheating him.

Íkush iwá pátiixwat, "Chaw nam ásaptayakta shiin. Shiḡ nam wáta tiin."

The moral of the story is: "Do not cheat anyone, be a good person."

Table 5.1. *Watitpamá Sínwit* Rattlesnake and Eel Vocabulary

<i>ámchnik</i>	outside	<i>sáypta-</i>	feed
<i>anáwi-</i>	be hungry	<i>sínwi-</i>	speak
<i>anwíkt</i>	year	<i>shiḡ</i>	good
<i>Asúm</i>	eel	<i>tánawit</i>	cave
<i>Asumyáy</i>	legendary Eel	<i>tawnáapak'a</i>	supposedly
<i>áxmi</i>	away from water	<i>tiichám</i>	earth, land, country
<i>Aan</i>	sun	<i>tíxwa-</i>	inform, notify
<i>chiish</i>	water	<i>tk'wánati-</i>	walk around
<i>chilwít</i>	bad	<i>tkwáta-</i>	eat
<i>iksíks</i>	little	<i>tk'i-</i>	look at, stare at
<i>isíkw'a-</i>	show	<i>túx-</i>	return home

Table 5.1. continued Rattlesnake and Eel Vocabulary

<i>inít</i>	house	<i>tún̄xkan</i>	wrong way
<i>ishchít</i>	path, road	<i>txána-</i>	become
<i>kwnak</i>	there	<i>ts'aa</i>	near, nearby
<i>k'asáwi-</i>	be cold	<i>ts'muuy</i>	warm
<i>k'aywá</i>	short	<i>wána</i>	river
<i>k'p̄is</i>	cold	<i>watít</i>	legend
<i>láts'muy-</i>	warm up, warm ones self	<i>Wáxp̄ush</i>	rattle snake
<i>lalíwa-</i>	miss, be lonely for	<i>Wáxp̄ushyáy</i>	legendary Rattle Snake
<i>łkw' i</i>	day	<i>Wáxp̄úuya</i>	legendary Rattle Snake
<i>míimi</i>	long ago	<i>wiláalakw-</i>	outrun
<i>myánashma</i>	children	<i>wishúwa-</i>	get ready
<i>Nch'iwána</i>	Columbia River	<i>wyátamayk-</i>	get lost
<i>núkwshi-</i>	smell something	<i>wisalíl-</i>	hunt
<i>Pátu</i>	Mt. Adams	<i>wisháynak-</i>	stay, camp
<i>pawilawíx-</i>	race	<i>wúux̄im</i>	springtime
<i>paysh</i>	maybe	<i>xátamalii-</i>	fall into water
<i>páyu</i>	very much	<i>xay</i>	friend (male to male)

Table 5.1. continued Rattlesnake and Eel Vocabulary

<i>puuy</i>	snow	<i>xtú-</i>	try hard
<i>p̄wí-</i>	think	<i>yanwáy</i>	pitiful, poor
<i>saptayák-</i>	cheat		

CHAPTER VI

K'ÚSIMA HORSES

6.1. The American Indian Horse

A horse to the Plains and Northwest Natives in the United States was useful for their survival. A horse was part of the family and was treated with affection and trust. During my childhood where I grew up in a village called Sih', there my family had many horses. Most of the horses were gentle. I would catch one and crawl on it, and ride away. All the children in my family rode bare back; they didn't need a saddle to ride on. My father had *kutkutpamá* 'work horses' to take care of because he was a *tamaniklá* 'farmer'. He plowed the eighty acres of land where we lived and he raised hay and grain and traded some of it for things that were needed at home. The rest were fed to the stock. Every year in the springtime, my uncles rounded up the *tkwaynpt* 'wild horses' in the hills and drove them into a corral and branded them. The best horses were picked and tamed for riding. The women picked out the gaited horses because they were comfortable to ride on long distance journeys. The Indian women preferred them when they went to the mountains to dig roots and pick berries. Some people call those kind of horses *wilátkshkt* 'gaited' for the way they travel.

I was too young at that time to witness the *pawilawíxt* 'horse races' the Indians competed in at the different racetracks that historians write about in history books. It must have been a sight to see. I heard about it later as I grew older when they talked about different tribes who came to compete against the Yakima Indians. It was later,

when I became a licensed jockey to ride thoroughbred horses, my experience with horse racing began.

The story tellers talked about the War Horses that were just as *shatawí* ‘brave’ as the warriors when they were at war with the enemy. It was told that my *tíla* great, great ‘grandfather,’ *Ḫaniwáshya*, had a Medicine Hat Horse. It was a white horse and it had one black ear and a black circle around one eye. The horse was his *pátash* ‘fetish’ that had something to do with his Spirit Guide protection.

Medicine Hat horses are a rare type; a white pinto with color only on the ears, around the eye, on the same side, and over the chest. Only the warriors who had proved themselves in battle were allowed to ride them. The Indians believed a warrior who rode a Medicine Hat into battle was invincible. The Plateau People journeyed to *Shakúulkt* Sioux (Plains Indian) country periodically to obtain buffalo meat and many Indians were killed when they trespassed into the prairie to hunt the buffalo. Tables 6.1 and 6.2 give some of the colors and movements of horses.

Table 6.1. *Ttunx Shápinchaash K’usimamí* Horse Colors

<i>chmaakw</i>	dark grey
<i>chmuk</i>	black
<i>kaashkáash/pa’áx</i>	buckskin
<i>kawxkáwx</i>	palomino
<i>kuyx</i>	white

Table 6.1. continued *Ttunx Shápinchaash K'usimamí* Horse Colors

<i>liláwlilaw</i>	bay with white belly
<i>luch'á</i>	brown/red bay
<i>máamín</i>	appaloosa (spots only on rump)
<i>pátatkw'iikwi</i>	buckskin with dark back stripe; or uniformly orange
<i>pat'túmxi</i>	boldface
<i>shiwíwshiwíw</i>	chestnut sorrel
<i>shkw'íshkw'i</i>	liver color sorrel/brown
<i>shukawáakuł</i>	like sugar (bluish-white, white mane and white eyes)
<i>taḵawáakuł</i>	golden with black stripe down back and spider web stockings; from russia
<i>támtl'aki</i>	paint
<i>túktuk útpaas</i>	leopard appaloosa (spots all over)

Table 6.2. *Pamíshpamish Txánat K'usimamí* Horse Actions

<i>piná'awkanin-</i>	roll over
<i>pináwxi-</i>	lay down
<i>tkw'anáti-</i>	walk
<i>tł'úpwayuna-</i>	jump over
<i>wákmuyk-</i>	buck
<i>wáyxti-</i>	run
<i>wíkiit-</i>	trot
<i>wilátksh-</i>	gait, single foot
<i>wilátkshkxa-</i>	single foot walk
<i>xwnáti-</i>	canter

In domestic use, the earliest use was mainly for travel. There were no roads, only trails. The *ts'ikts'ik* 'wagons' could go just so far into the forest before they had to stop; the wagons were stored at these end points. Then travelers packed their supplies on the *shapaashappamá k'úsima* 'packhorses' and continued on *k'úsiki* 'horseback' on their journey to wherever they were going.

At home the horse was used for farming. They were trained to drag farm equipment. I heard tell that this was difficult for the horse; he was not familiar with the harness.

Now the horse is used for pleasure riding and competition. In parades on horseback, cowgirls, cowboys and Indians show off their regalia. In the rodeo the horse is used for the bucking bronco, and ridden in competitive events, such as racing, and roping events. The wild horses are no longer rounded up, tamed, and utilized for farming and transportation like the “old days”. They are inbreeding in the hills and mountains. Figure 6.1 shows some of the horses that roam the range on the reservation.



Figure 6.1. *Yíkt K'úsima* Yakama Nation Wild Horses

photo courtesy of Yakama Nation Wildlife, Range, & Vegetation Resources

Management Program

6.2. *Náktkwanint Pawilawixtpamá K'úsima Pawilawíxtpa* My Horse Training and Racing Days

My experience with horses during my horse-racing days began when I purchased my own thoroughbred horse. After World War Two, I began saving money to help my favorite niece with her education. Right after she graduated from High School, she eloped. I was very upset. Instead of giving the money to her, I decided to buy a horse. I went to a State Fair at Puyallup, Washington, and began to observe horses of interest. One day I watched horses getting saddled in the paddock. There was one rank horse a trainer could not saddle. He constantly kicked the horse in the belly, and the horse reared.

Other people got involved and finally put a saddle on him. He was led around the paddock and every time he came by me he would look me straight in the eye and whinny. He would pull away from the trainer and want to come to me. Of course, he was jerked away. Finally he got my attention. I began looking him over. He looked sound and well balanced. He looked like he was about fifteen hands high, and had a good coat. I went to the racing office and consulted my friend, the Racing Secretary, and he was appalled! “Why do you want that awful horse?”

I offered the money in the class he was running, \$8,000.00, Claiming Race. There are different categories of classification for horse races on the daily racing program. The highest is the Stake Race for horses that are winners of several races and classified on their race earnings. These are the horses that are eligible to race in the Stake Race.

Then there is the Claiming Race which lists horses that are eligible to run for the purse. The dollar amount (of the purse) is written down under the horses' name on the program. They are the lower class horses, some of the horses probably never won a race

before. Anyone who wants to claim a horse in this race can offer the amount listed to take the horse. I wanted to claim this particular horse that was giving everybody difficulty in the paddock, but my friend said I could get him cheaper after the race. We watched him go to the gate. What a disaster. He refused to cooperate with everything. He reared in the gate and was left behind by the other horses.

The race distance was one mile and sixteen. He started two lengths behind the last horse, and he finished fourth. I wanted that horse. After the race we asked how much the owner would sell him for. The horse was contracted by the trainer and he wanted to get rid of him. I paid \$800.00 for him! I noticed his halter had a metal plate on the cheek strap with his name on it. This meant he came from a prosperous stable.

The horse came to me and we walked down the shed row. I turned him over to a gentle trainer who was Indian. We put him up in his own stall and began to treat him with respect. He did not act up; he just relaxed. I began training him early in the morning in the way my parents trained their thoroughbred horses. A retired jockey at the shed knew my new horse and he made friends with him. The jockey was from California and knew about the horse because he was California-bred. His sire was Hilo Sun, from Hawaii. I named him Siskiyu's Sun. We worked with Siskiyu for one week and I entered him in the Governor's Handicap, the biggest race of the season and the most expensive purse.

Everyone I knew advised me against it but I had my confidence in the horse and so did my jockey. We won that race easily. He behaved like a gentleman, as long as I was in sight and talked to him. He made enough money in that race for his care during winter and into spring. Siskiyu earned three good mares for me; one mare in particular who won a feature race for me in Victoria Island, Canada.

Common sense and kindness can bring an amazing response from a horse. They have their own way of responding which is beneficial to both parties.

I would like to tell you about two more horses. Indian TomTom was a small sorrel thoroughbred horse, spoiled so bad his owner could not handle him, so they turned him over to my boss who trained a large stable of horses, and I was hired as a groom. I was between jobs and had time on my hands and could not think of a better way to use my time.

Indian TomTom bit and kicked anyone who came near him. One day I was given the responsibility of his care. I worked with him for a week and won his confidence. We gradually became friends. My boss was training some horses at Santa Anita, California for two weeks. When he returned to Yakima Meadows, I surprised him by showing him how well TomTom was doing. He let me braid his tail and clean his hooves without him acting up. We took him out on the track and he clocked fast enough to enter a race, and he won. Before this time he was lazy and made no effort to try to run. TomTom went ahead and won three more races, then the owners took him back. I lost any future commissions, after all my work.

Another horse in our stable could barely walk. Again my boss gave him to me to take care of. I discovered his problem was an infection around his hooves and it was very inflamed. I do not know why the other grooms never detected this problem. I guess they were afraid of him because he kicked and charged at anyone who came near him. I used an old Indian remedy and cured his problem. This horse went out and won several races, and then my boss took him to California. He won a few races there and died on the track of a heart attack. I wondered if he missed me.

The skills I learned for training were passed on to me by my parents who raced thoroughbreds for many years. When I was a teenager, I exercised their horses and did chores around the stable. There are two other skills my friends taught me to do on horses. My trick riding friend showed me four tricks to do on a running horse. Another friend trained me to relay on a horse. You jump from the ground onto a running horse, ride around the race track, jump off and jump on the next horse. This takes a lot of training. One has to be physically fit and strong. Riding on a jockey saddle takes a lot of skill, too, and a rider has to learn a few tricks about safety when competing against the male jockeys. They did not want women riders on the race track. Fortunately, I rode horses that took care of me.

My purpose in writing this narrative is not only to share my experiences and knowledge about horses, but to convey to the reader that horses have feelings of pain as well as feelings of security and joy. It all depends on how they are handled. A trainer working on a recognized race track has skills to detect horse problems. He or she can make or break a good horse. When I owned my own horses, I tried my best to be close to them.

6.3. *Yíkt' K'úsima* Wild and Feral Horses

Naxsh páshtin áyat itímana nch'i tímash k'usimamíki. Iwaníksha Judith Dutson. Ts'misáaptit ku ptáxninsh simk'á akút yíkt' k'úsi ttáwaxt áwa íchna North Americapa ititámani. Awkláw akút láxs k'úsi shúki iwá kwyam yíkt' k'úsi. Ttuush iwá winanintá nisháytknik. Ttuush iwá wapáwxini anakú naknuwitáyin chawk'á míshkin pánaknuwita. Awkú yanwáyma payíkitíxa.

A white woman wrote a book about horses. Her name is Judith Dutson (Dutson 2005). She says there's only one true wild horse. Some of them travelled from home. Some are released when a caretaker will no longer take care of them. Then the poor creatures are undomesticated and become wild.

Íchi laxsímka yíkit k'úsi iwá wáayk atáchiishknik anakwnínk pawá Chálmilma tীনma. Naxsh ttáwaxt tiichámknik Russia, Mongolia ku Kazahkstan. Chίma kwnik pawá ttáwaxt Chálmil, pasínwixa máyktunx, anakúsh wa namák íchna tunxtúnx tীনma Shíwanish, Nixyáawiknik, Shimnáashuknik, ku Wanałáma. Íkush pawá kwnak waayk atáchiishknik. Kwnak kw'ink k'úsi laxsímka yíkit k'úsi ittáwaxna waníki Sha-pal-ski (she-val-ski). Namákna áwanikxa Takawaakúł. Áwa chmuk t'shish ku twin ku iwá twáp'skii chmúkki pnéxknik twínyaw.

This first wild horse comes from across the ocean from the Chinese people. One line comes from Russia, Mongolia and Kazakhstan. These are Chinese, but they spoke differently (from the main population), just like we have different people here such as Nez Perce, Umatilla, Simnasho, and the River Tribes. So they're from across the ocean. That is where that only wild horse, called the Pirzewalski, comes from. Our name for it is Takawaakúł. It has a black mane and tail, and a black stripe along its spine clear down to its tail.

Náxsh ánach'axi iwá k'úsi íchna niimípa pít'xanukpa kúshxi ku iwaníksha kaashkáash. Chaw iwá twáp'ski, k'úp'up. Náxshk'a áta w k'úsi niimí tiinmamí iwá wilat'íksh. Kúshxi ícha páshtin áyat tímashpa timnanáxt ishapáwach'aksha wilátksh k'usimamíki. Nakałasaanmí Xaxíshmi áwanikshana Píli Puts (Billy Boots); iwachá luch'á k'úsi.

There is one other similar horse in our hills called Kaashkáash. It does not have a stripe on its back. And another important horse to our people is the Gaited Horse. Judith Dutson

also wrote about the *wilátksh* (Dutson 2005). My grandmother *Xaxish* named hers Billy Boots; he was a brown horse.

As of January 2004, the most recent count, there are only 154 Pirzewalski in North America. In the wild, only offspring produced within a species can perpetuate the species. Cross breeding never happened in the wild because of geographical and roaming habits of wild horses. Mustangs are not wild horses. They are descendants from escaped domestic horses living in a wild undomesticated environment. In cases where cross species are in captivity, the resultant offspring, known as hybrids, will often be infertile. A mule is a hybrid produced by crossing an ass (donkey) sire (stud) on the horse dam (female).

Wild horses are considered a nuisance because they roam in large numbers and deprive cattle of their grazing area. However, horses take care of the grass they eat. They roam under the supervision of the stallion. They do not stay in one place and eat up all of the grass; they preserve it by taking the herd from place to place. They do not trample the mountain water supply. They take turns drinking at a spring and leave it clean and intact. Cattle are not careful. They trample the springs until it dries out and gradually they deplete the watering holes that have been there for many years. Figure 6.2 shows some Yakama Nation horses being rounded up.



Figure 6.2. *Yíkt K'úsima* Yakama Nation Wild Horses

photo courtesy of Yakama Nation Wildlife, Range, & Vegetation Resources
Management Program

The other day while riding in a car discussing different computer screens and designs we put on them, I mentioned to my friend that my computer screen had a scene from our own Indian Reservation showing a large herd of wild horses.

I told her the history behind how it became so special. My friend, from the University of Washington, wished to learn about digging a special root that the local Natives were digging for food at that spring season. We went from the lower valley to a higher elevation and were looking for roots when we saw a herd of wild horses. Her

husband grabbed his camera and sneaked up on them. Figure 6.3 shows one of these herds.



Figure 6.3. *Yikít K'úsi* A Wild Horse

photo courtesy of Yakama Nation Wildlife, Range, & Vegetation Resources

Management Program

It was interesting how soon the stallion sensed the man. He immediately began dividing his herd into three groups. There were several colts and mares in one group to the left. On the right were a bunch of older looking horses, and in the center, where the stallion stationed himself, were two three-year old colts.

When the man snuck up closer to take his picture, the stallion signaled by whirling himself to the left and the mares and colts took off. He was still waiting, and when the photographer stuck his head up from where he was hidden, the stallion gave the signal and both groups took off. He was able to photograph the one in the center, the one on the left, and a few mares and colts going out of sight. I treasure the psychology that stallion had shown to protect the mares and colts, while the remaining herd distracted the predator.

Survival is the watchword for all living species on this earth. Sometimes we ignore the benefit of staying on good terms with nature.

6.4. *Na'it̓asnmí Tak̓awaakúł* My mother's *Tak̓awaakúł*

My mother had a *Tak̓awaakúł* horse that saved her life. She said her Elders decided it was time for her to go on her Spirit Quest, but they did not tell her. The family was camped way up in the mountains now called Gifford Pinchot National Forest in the Cascades. They had out the horses to pasture far away from camp in a meadow. So, one afternoon, the Elder in the camp told her to go fetch the horses and bring them to the camp.

She said she walked and it became dark, soon she could not see the trail. It was not long until timber wolves began to track her. She was so scared. She finally had to get down on her knees and feel the trail. The wolves were getting close, and then she felt a nostril with her hands. It was her horse. He came to meet her. She grabbed his tail and he led her to where the rest of the horses were pastured. They surrounded her to keep the wolves away. Her horse lay down in the center of the circle; he let her sleep on his belly until sun up, and the wolves had gone away.

She said she wondered if her family just wanted her to die. She was not informed about why she was sent out into the wilderness.

My mother was a Shaman.

6.5. *Timnanáxt Niíptíki K'úsiki* Two Horse Stories

6.5.1. *Píli Puuts* Billy Boots

My great-grandmother has a *kaashkáash* horse she called *Píli Puuts* 'Billy Boots'. It was gaited, and it walked single footed, which is valued by Indian women for long distance travel, especially to the mountains. This is his story.

Nakałasaanmí atáw k'úsi awaníkshana Billy Boots. *Íxwiish wachá, paysh, pútímt anwíkt kuuk nash iláksa pashapáwashana wishánatpa k'úsiki pít'xanukyaw.*

My great-grandmother's horse beloved horse was named Billy Boots. When I was still about ten, they let me ride alone when we were moving by horseback to the mountains.

Iwachá iyíya wyánint pít'xanukpa, wá'aw ts'aa pátuyaw anakwnák iwíihaykshamsh plash puuymí chiish.

Traveling in the mountains on horseback was dangerous, especially when you got near the snow peak mountain where the white snow river came rushing down.

Billy Boots *iwachá miiima anwikt k'úsi. Cháw nash áshukaasha mumán iwachá. Kúshxiish chaw áshukwaasha minán iwínpa nakátas. Paysh iwachá chwiksh Billy Boots; anakú Sawyalílx iwachá nch'ii twáti ku palaláay áwacha patún ikushpamank. Sawyalílx áwacha ám Nakátasnmí.*

Billy Boots was an old horse. I do not know how old he was, and I didn't know where grandmother acquired him. Perhaps it was payment to her medicine man husband, Sawyalílx, because they had many things given to them for that for healing people.

Uyt nash panákwishanaḡana walák'iki wasat'áwaaspa ashkú chaw áshukwaashana cháwiitk'uk k'úsinan. Kush Billy Bootsnim shix ináktkwaninḡana.

At first (when I was too young) they used to tie me on the horse because I didn't know how to guide the horse with the reins. But Billy Boots took care of me.

Íkush awkú pawá k'úsima. Páysh nam shix anáktkwaninta ku imanách'axiim panáktwaninta.

That was how horses are. When you take care of them, they also take care of you.

Atashkú nknínḡana Pátupa, yáḡwaykḡa nátash k'úsiki. Kw'ink wána iwachá páyu tł'ínaaw ku chiish iwánashana ḡtúwiki. Páyu shaax! Kuush wyáych'unḡana.

When we went to Mt. Adams, we went across by horseback. The river was very wide and the water was swift. Very scary! And I was frightened.

Nakátasnim nash i'ínḡana, "Cháw nam wyáych'uta, Píli Pútsnim nam ináktkwaninta."
My grandmother told me, "Do not be afraid. Billy Boots will take care of you."

Áwnash awkú limk'ínxana anakú iwyalachalíixana wánayaw. Kush amts'íxwanxana íkwilkin shaax inúu chiish.

Then I would close my eyes when he stepped into the river. I would listen to the sound of the violent river.

Awachá kwak kumánk, ishchít aníyi kwnak wánapa, anakúshxit tun watikáwaas waayk wánanan, aníyi pshwapshwanmí. Ku tł'aaxw niimí k'úsima pashúkwaashana minán pawyáwitikta. Kunkínk nátash watwáa wyáwaykxana.

This must have been an old (horse) trail made at the river; it was like a stairway made of stone, clear across the river. And all of our horses knew where to step. That is how we crossed safely.

Ka'áwtya awkú pamún shapáashapi k'úsi itxnímłamáykinxana ku ixatamalíixana ku iyawáynaxana.

Sometimes a pack horse misstepped and it would fall in and drown.

Ḫaxísh, nakáłas, iwachá wapsúx. Sápkítwani ishapáshapxana k'úsipa. Chaw tł'aaxw tun náxshpa. Kwinkínk chaw áyawiiłamaykxana kwaas patún anakú shapáshapsh áyawaynaxana.

My great-grandmother, Ḫaxísh, was wise. She knew how to pack supplies securely on the horse. She separated it equally. That was why it was not a total loss when one pack of supplies floated away.

Figure 6.4 shows a pack horse, although this one is more decorated than most for traveling. The high saddle was for safety when traveling in high country. You could also hang packs around it. The baby on its board would also travel this way.

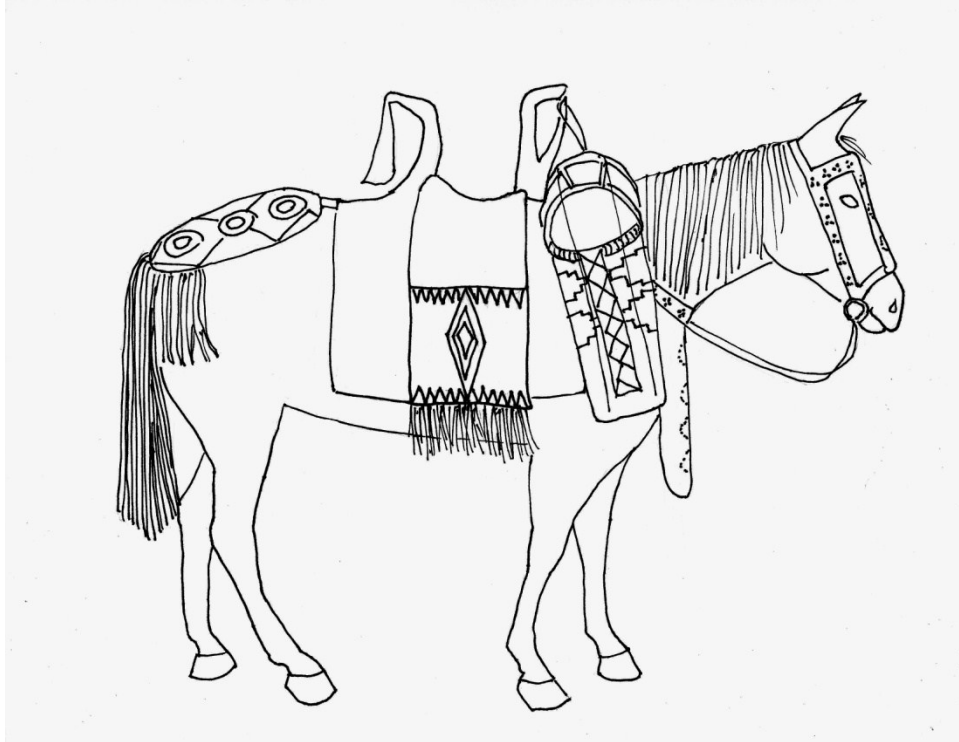


Figure 6.4. *Shapáashaptpama K'úsi* A Pack Horse

Drawing by Judith Fernandes

Chaw kuukitpamá inánaḡana anakú níchi áwacha shapálkw'ishpa pátupa. Kúshxi áwacha ḡyaaw tkwátat níchi kwnak. İstiinmí áwacha ilachxtpamá, ku nch'i kuukitpamá tkwsay shapálkw'iki. Awktáwtash nánaḡana pnútay awshníks, shátay, ku sílhaws, anatún iwá maysḡmáysḡ wyaxayxtpamá patún.

She never packed cooking supplies because she had these items buried at Mt. Adams. She also cached dry food there. She had an iron skillet, and a large iron cooking pot stored there. We only took along our bedding, blanket, and tent, other domestic necessities we needed everyday.

Atáwtxaw awachá aytalú, saplíl, shúuka, suul, ku yápaash kúukitay.

The most important were the grain, bread, sugar, salt, and tallow for cooking.

Awínshma niwítpa wisalílχana, kútash níkwít tkwátaxana. Íkw'aktash wachá áta wyanínt k'úsiki íkush. Anakú tkwátat íxwi iwachá miimáwit. Tł'aaxw tun áta w tkwátat iwachá pít'xanukpa; tawtnúk, táwax, tmaanít. Iwachá it'úk íkwín wínpatat, ku awkláw k'úsiki iwachá íkwín wínat.

The men hunted right away for meat and we would eat. The journey traveling horseback was important to people because it was the only way to obtain food. Most of the food was in the mountains - the medicine, tobacco, and fruit. It was difficult to reach food gathering places except on horseback.

Yíkt k'úsi ishúkwaashana wyanínt iyíyapa tiichámpa kwínkínk pa'atáwishana íkushmamank k'úsimaman. Pa'ítłxatkχana ku awkú patimnánχana wyaníntpa pít'xanukpa.

Wild horses are wise traveling in the wild country, people desired horses like that. They tamed them and depended on them for mountain travel.

Iwachá nch'ii pawilawiiχtpamá támiwnat pátupa kwnak tínma pawyák'ukχana ku panáchikχana k'úsi. Ch'íkwásh iwaníksha, kwnak íxwi iwá pawilawiiχtpamá.

There was a Race Track on the other side of Mt. Adams where Indians gathered and brought their horses to race. *Ch'íkwásh* is the name of the place, and the race track is still there.

Kúshxi, Táp'ashnak'itpa lak'ítit, iwá nisháyaas, ku kwnáxi iwá íkwítink, náxshk'a iwachá txápnishpa. Ts'aa MúlMulyaw, anakwnák iwá káatnam íkuuk.

At Simcoe Mountains ridge is a village site and there is also a race track, Edge of the Timber, at Cleveland, WA. Near the White Swan Longhouse is another racetrack.

6.5.2. Máytŝki Táchshít Pawilawíxtpa Early Rising and Horse Racing

Míimi tীনma patkwátaxana awkłáw wisháanakwi, uu míš, pá'ilayi saplíl. Chaw tun yápaash anakúsh mílaa yápaash ku aw íchi íkuuk ílachxi yápaashsim saplíl patkwátasha, anakúsh ílachxi yápaashpa. Kunkínk awkú ttush tীন ichxiísha.

Long ago people used to eat only bread baked in the ashes, or else bannock bread (baked around the fire with just enough oil to keep it from sticking if necessary. My mother made good bannock bread but gave up on me ever learning. She said to get the pan really hot, then put the bread in before standing it by the fire.) There was no oil, or only a very little bit, but now we eat fried bread soaked in oil, that is fried in the oil. That is how some people gain weight.

Míimi tiin iwachá k'áyu anakúshxit awkú paysh laak anakú it'úk pakútkutinxana, kúshxi pakútkutsha híkw'i. Máytŝki patáchshisha ku pakútkutsha. Áykinxanash míimi “Cháw nam t'áwk'umta, táxshitaam máytŝki.” Ku tash aw íchi íkuuk namách'ak'a táwk'umxa táaminwa, ích'axiish awkú táwk'umxa, miskilíkiish táxshixa máytŝki. Kush míimi táxshixana cháwxí íxwi ík'áyxshamash kush míimi táxshisha, kush wachá palaláay kútkut kush awkú níwít awkú kútkutinxana, íchi wáa'aw atashkú wyáninxana k'úsiki pawilawíxinxana.

A long time ago, Indian people were lean, and it was probably because they worked hard, they worked all day. In the morning they woke up and they worked. I used to hear them say a long time ago, “Do not oversleep, get up in the morning.” And now some of us always sleep in, I too sleep in, I barely get up some mornings. And a long time ago I used to wake up real early, when it was still dawn, I would already be up. And I had a lot of work to do and I worked right away in the morning, especially when we were going around horse racing.

Táxshixana tash íxwi sts'aat, kush míimi áshapawiliilawisha k'úsimaman, wíinkniksha naxshk'anáxshk'aash, awkú áshapawiliilawixana anakwmák awkú pawáyksh wáyxtitay.

We would wake up when it was still dark, making the horses exercise, I rode around the track one after the other, I would be exercising those that were going to race that day. (I'd go around one mile really slow, to warm them up, but they wanted to run. At a quarter mile pole, Alex would tell me 'blow him out!' and we would run a quarter mile. My mother's job was to walk them out afterwards. She used to complain that she had the hardest job, and after she was done she had to cook breakfast for the whole crew, always toast, oatmeal, coffee, juice. We used to carry quite a lot of horses - we had a great big truck with stalls inside that could carry six horses. Getting all those horses ready by myself would take until 1:00. Some of the other jockeys had road work - they had to run and sweat to keep at the right weight. Alec (my stepfather) was very strict. Those who had sneaked out to a party the night before had to exercise twice as much.)

Íkw'ak íkush nátash kútkutinxana tł'áaxwma tł'áaxwmatash kwmak wyáninxana tash wachá kushkúsh kútkut ku tash awkú táxshisha máytski ku tash awkú kútkutsha,

That is the way we used to work together, those that went around racing with us. We had separate tasks. Each one had a job to do and we would get up early and work.

Ku muun awkú ikáyinxana ku anátshamsh Aan, ku kpaylk awkú páshtinma pawíyu'utyu'utsha ku pakútkutsha pawí'uysha ku tash míimi awkú namách'a tীনma náwnak'ixana kútkut. Kutásh chawmún pashúkwiinixana, mish nátash wachá k'úsima, ku pamíshhtł'ínkinxana "Túyay awkú íchi pmách'a panáchiksha íkw'tink íchi walím k'úsima?" íkuush tash pa'inxána.

And when it got light and the sun rose, and white people began to move around and begin work, we Indian people would have already finished our work. They never knew what we had, what quality horses we had, and they would complain, "Why are they bringing those kind of horses?" (They were referring to our ponies that were not thoroughbreds.) That is what they used to say to us.

Ku tash awkú áwilalaakwilalaakwinḡana k'úsima niimíki ku kpaylk nádash awkú patmáakna. Aw nádash uyt anakúsh chaw patk'íḡna tīnmaman, wáa'aw ashkú wáshaxana, ku awínshmasim íkush pawachá washatá, kush awkú inách'a ínpimḡnim ishapáwashaxana pawilawíḡtpa. Ishapáwach'akanixana waníkt kush awkú wáshaxana. Aw nimniwíit pasḡḡinḡana íkw'ak páshtinma washatáma awínshma, chaw patk'íḡshana ku áyat iwáta washatá pawilawíḡtpa.

Then we kept winning and winning, beating them with our horses, then they finally began to respect us. At first they didn't like the Indian people especially when I used to ride, since at that time only men were jockeys, and my stepfather used to have me ride in the race. He used to sign me up, then I would ride. Then they would get very angry, those white men jockeys, they did not want a woman to be a rider in the horse race. (At one time in Canada, the male riders were so angry that they said they would go on strike and not ride if I was riding. The officials at the race track said, go ahead, strike, Virginia will ride by herself and win. The owners then insisted that their horses and jockeys be in the race.)

CHAPTER VII

WÁNAK'IT CONCLUSION

Íkwaal nash aw t̄imnáxn̄imsh inm̄iki ash tun inách'a inm̄ima nch'ínch'ima pasápsikw'ana átaw shúkwaat. Ttuush íkuuk míyanash ishnawáy ittáwaxsha chaw shíyin pasápsikw'asha p̄inm̄ínk tiináwit ku ichishkínk s̄ínwit. Átaw iwá Ichishkíin s̄ínwit t̄'aaḡw shimín. Íkw'akmash awkú wa im̄ínk wak'ishkwit.

I have shared this far about how my Elders taught me the important things they knew about. There are children growing up today who do not have anyone to teach them Indian culture and Ichishkíin language. Language is important for everyone. That is part of your spirit of life.

Íkuukna tímasha íchishkink s̄ínwit anakú cháwk'a niimí plus p'íxn̄xa wyát'ish anakú wáawk'a t̄'aaḡwnam t̄unim inákpalayksha. Ku paysh íxwi chíma myánashma pawíwanikta íchi tímash ku kuts'k tun pashúkwaata ku pas̄ínwita Ichishkíin. Kw̄inkínk pasápsikw'ata piim̄ínk myánashma.

Now (at these modern times) our brain cannot remember words because there are too many interruptions in the environment. Perhaps these children will read this writing some day and go to school to learn their language. Then they can teach their own children to learn the language.

Níiptipana íkuuk t̄xánatpa íkuuk pimápaḡaapsha íchi namák t̄ínma. Kuna chaw míshkin áwyawaawta kuunák. Kushkínk haay myánash p̄ínch'axi iwáta kútxi sapáskuulyi ku kpaylk iwáta tmáakni pashtinm̄í. Íkuuk iwá íkw'ak kútkut shuyaput̄imtkisim, ku paysh myánashma paskúulita niiptík, Ichishkíin ku shuyaput̄impt. Kw̄inkínk pimanaknúwita.

We, Indian people, are wedged in between two cultures and there is no way for us to avoid it. Nowadays the Indian children must have equal education as the white people before they are shown any respect. Now those skills are taught in English, and perhaps when the child learns both Ichishkiin and English, they will be able to survive (in the modern world).

7.1. Three Questions

I have been asked many questions in my life. Three questions relevant to the dissertation stand out in my mind and I would like to address them here.

7.1.1. Cultural Heritage

What does your language mean to you, in terms of cultural heritage and identity?

My language means that I, my relatives and tribal members, are Human. We speak and comprehend language and process it the same as any other human being around the world. The traditions and cultural heritage that is passed down by the Sahaptin People through generations identifies our country and the inherent right to occupy the geographical place. It means, we, the Native people from America did not migrate to the United States of America from any other country. We are the original inhabitants of this country.

My dissertation is written about my immersion into the Ichishkiin language, culture, traditions, history, and modern life of the Sahaptin People who reside in the Pacific Northwest of the United States of America. All of these elements are related to the importance of maintaining and preserving the foundation of Indian Life. One wise

man said; “Without language there is no culture, without culture there is no language.”

The young people are the future caretakers of this country. Now, the next generation American Indian youth must obtain an education in science to keep pace with the modern world; study linguistics to preserve their identity, and to protect their ecological environment. Soon, the Sahaptin Elders will be gone and no longer available to consult about language and culture.

Life is an extension of individuality. Language is for survival. When people are aware of the gift, imagine the wonderful opportunities one can encounter.

7.1.2. Language Revitalization

How do tribal communities maintain, preserve and revitalize a language?

In my personal experience, I was exposed to the Native language before I could talk. My family home was the first environment. My immediate family members laughing and talking and singing were probably the first sounds I heard. There was the comfort of love surrounding me.

The most important thing is speaking and singing a lullaby to children when they are young. In this way the language never leaves the child.

7.1.3. What a Researcher, Particularly a Non-Native Researcher, Needs to Know

What does a researcher, particularly a non-Native researcher (but it could be some one from any other culture as well) need to know before beginning to work with a Native community?

This goes beyond the technical and intellectual knowledge someone must have, for example how to operate their recording equipment correctly and how to deal with areas where you may not have electricity. Here are several important factors.

7.1.3.1. Knowledge of Culture and History

How much do you know about the people you plan to work with? Some of the background information you should gather does not have to do with your particular field. Some of this information will be available to you at a public library, tribal library, or tribal museum. Some will only be available once you establish relationships with individuals in the tribe you plan to work with, since some of what you need to learn is typically unwritten. Be aware that you may find inaccurate information in published sources.

Before you proceed or early in your conversations with tribal people, gather information about:

- Current population of enrolled members.
- Languages and dialects of the community - even those you are not working with.
- Tribal history, mores and traditions.
- Was there a treaty? When was it signed? By whom? When? What were the circumstances of the Treaty, signing, and ratification? How many bands and tribes were included in the treaty? Read the treaty.
- What are the traditional foods and medicines?

- Geographical statistics about the reservation lands. What are the traditional lands, and how do these compare to the current reservation? Are there closed areas of the reservation?

7.1.3.2. Tribal Relations

Find yourself a member of that community who wants to work with you. This person should be well known and respected, able to take you to social ceremonies and introduce you to people. Then talk to that person, and ask him or her to go with you to discuss it with the people on the tribal level that he or she recommends you speak to first. On the Yakama Nation, we have a culture committee. Go to the culture committee and state your purpose. You will have to tell them how your work is going to benefit them as well as yourself. If they agree, you have permission to go on the reservation and do your study. They are not going to tell you how to do your research but want to know that the person who you have selected as your helper will be with you at all times, to pave the way for you. In certain homes especially, where you may need to get information, you will need to be accompanied. The work must benefit the tribe.

The Tribal and/or Culture committees will want to know what you plan to do with your work. What is the value of doing the work? Is the value for you, the tribe, your field? How will the tribe benefit from it?

Specifically for language materials, will these be translated? By whom? Will they be written down? Using what writing system? Will tribal members be able to read it in the system you plan to use?

Finally, the tribal council will have questions about access. In the past, some ethnographers put barricades around the research material they collected on Indian reservations, making it unavailable to the tribal members who provided the material and their families. Who will have access to your recordings? Who decides this? Who will be responsible for the stored material after you complete your work? Will the research be safely kept? Will the recordings be on the internet? (In my experience, many tribes will say "No!") Come to some consensus regarding copyright, as this is a difficult issue.

There are places on people's reservations where outsiders are not allowed and you will need special permission to go there. For example we have closed areas, and there are guards and gates up there. The only one that can give permission to enter to you is the council. If anybody approaches you, they will see your paper signed by the tribal council or culture committee and let you through.

The resource person you are working with will know other tribal members who can help you. You need to consider how much you can pay per interview. Your budget needs to be adequate for your project. Some individuals will only accept goods, not money, and this can be expensive. A Pendleton blanket can be \$200-\$300, and a beaded bag three times this. Others will be glad for the opportunity to work for money. Some people will refuse compensation, depending on their individual values and possibly the topic you are asking about. Your resource person can help you to know what is appropriate.

7.1.3.3. Ethics and Respect

Culture is an essential part of language. One without the other cannot function. The researcher must respect the language and culture of the people he or she works with. Tribal communities are liable to welcome a person who is comfortable around tribal people. However, there is a limit. Native people may have rules about, for example, female and male contact. Maintain an awareness of protocol and ask your resource person to keep you informed and educated about how to behave.

You must know how to conduct yourself properly at ceremonials and social activities. The Longhouse ceremonials are strict about how to enter the Longhouse. Male and female do not sit together; they must separate at the entrance. The man will go to the right side and the woman to the left side of the room. Children must be kept still, and may not play on the floor of the Longhouse. If your children cannot behave this way, leave them home. You too should be aware of when you can converse, because conversation may interrupt an important occasion. One time faculty members from a university were invited to the Longhouse. They stood around in groups holding discussions when they were supposed to be sitting down quietly in their proper places. In the meantime, the leader of the Longhouse was waiting for them to quiet down.

Getting involved in social activities and ceremonials paves the way for acceptance. When I was a student at Central Washington University I taught high school teachers American Indian culture. This was part of their retaining Washington State teaching certification. An opportunity came up for the whole class to attend a Memorial Service for someone who had passed. The teachers arrived before I did, and were at first

mistaken for distant family members of the deceased person. To be on the safe side, sincerely state your intention to help and your purpose in being at a memorial to the family. When I got there I found my male students working diligently putting the building into order and setting up tables and chairs. The female students were in the kitchen helping to prepare traditional foods, and one was actually making fried bread. Several teachers made lifelong friends at that ceremony. Now I will shift my narrative to talk about the responsibility of researching and archiving documented material and ownership.

7.1.3.4. Margaret (Kit) Kendall

My early experience with Margaret (Kit) Kendall, whose instructor, Melville Jacobs, sent her to the Yakama people's land to study culture, taught me about the importance of archiving documented materials. Kit asked for permission to make movies and record the fishermen out on the rapids. In order to reach the fishermen, we had to ride across on a tiny box, used for sending sacks of fish to shore on wire cables. We rode over the rapids in that little box over the tumbling water. It was frightening as we precariously dangled, swinging back and forth over the river. There were several little islands separated by gorges and we cross to each island separately. It was worth the effort. The documentation included: Fishermen, fishing at Celilo Falls talking about their heritage as fishermen; the Chief of Celilo Falls, discussing fish conservation; telling legends; women, cutting and drying salmon; baking filet fish in open fire; pictures of the rapids and salmon jumping out of the water; and pictures of social dances in the Longhouse.

Kit was reliant on people who contributed their cultural knowledge performing the following tasks: skinning a deer; processing the hide into tanned buckskin; arts and craft: beadwork, cornhusk weaving, and basket making; telling stories and legends about geographical sites wished by Coyote. With help from Yakama people, we collected specimens of medicinal and food plants in the mountains, and we preserved plant specimens in wooden panels, labeled where they were obtained, and detailed the type of soil where the plant was taken. Kit filmed an entire Indian Wedding Ceremony and a Wedding Trade between the Yakima and Umatilla Tribe. The bride was a Umatilla from the Shoeship family, and the groom was Yakima from the Alexander Saluskin family.

When Kit Kendall died, the data stored in her house was lost. There is no written information available as to where the collection was sent. The Jacob's Foundation in Seattle, at the University of Washington, has no record, nor was it mentioned in her will. Unfortunately, I was somewhere else when she died; otherwise I would have made an inquiry about the collection. Kit's collection should have been archived, and made available to the Yakima Indian Nation, who gave her the authority to do her research on the Indian Reservation. This is one reason why tribes are reluctant to give research permits when they are approached by linguists and anthropologists, unless the tribes hire them as witness in a Court case. The loss of this material also presented a personal problem for me because I was appointed by the Yakima Tribal Council to contact the Yakama people who recorded their knowledge. This made my involvement precarious, in case of future involvement with research done on the Yakima reservation. In this way, Kit's research also fell on my shoulders.

Researchers must be prepared to answer the following questions when approaching the tribe: What will happen to the data after it is documented by the researcher; will the tribe have access to it; and who owns it? Who owns the copyright, the funding agency, the University, or the researcher? Who is responsible for the misuse of research collected by the student? Who has the authority to decide these issues?

Aw nash tl'iks timnánaxta naxsh ayatmíki. Iwaníkshana Margaret Kendall, kútya itk'íxshana iwáta waníki "Kit". Iskúulishana Sityátl'inpa. Pinmínk Sapsikw'ałáyin páshapwinana Yakmułmamíyaw tiichámyaw pashapátwakstímishana tiináwit kwnamánk tiichámpama. Kúshxi anakwmák pasínwíxa kwíksim ku ipapáykinxa.

Now I will tell a story about one woman. Her name was Margaret Kendall, but she wanted to be called "Kit." She was attending school at Seattle. Her instructor (Melville Jacobs) sent her to the Yakama people's land she was sent to study culture about the land. To those people who spoke one language.

Uyt iwinanúuna Pak'ułámaman ku i'atł'áwya tímashyaw wiyaníntay kútkuttay tímanipa tiichámpa. Áshixnanya pat náwtmiyush, ku pat aníya tímash. Kuuk nash ích'a áwapiitashana Joe Meninaknan wiyatímat Nch'i pák'upa.

First, she went to the Tribal Council people to ask for a permission to work on the Indian Reservation. They liked her presentation and they gave her written permit. That was when I was helping Joe Menineck record the minutes for the General Council meeting.

Kuush pak'ułáma paníya kútkut twíntwint Kitnan, ku tamáshwikt anakú íkw'imataxnyay tínmaman. Aw nádash wiyanína áwatł'awya awínshmaman timnanáxtyaw, kúshxi áyatmaman.

Aw pat palaláay tীনma áshixnanya kútkut ku pat awiluxnúuna. Ishapáwach'akaanya sínwit hawláak sínwitpamáyaw, kúshxi iwipíkchashya kkanáywityaw.

The Tribal Councilmen assigned me to accompany Kit, and to translate when she talked to the Indian people. We went around the Reservation asking the men and women for an interview. Many Indians liked her work and they were willing to record their voices, and she also took pictures.

- *Awínshma patknísha paliitpamá.*

The men making dipnets.

- *Pa'anísha pipshmi xapiłmi.*

Some were making bone knife.

- *Miimawít twapwiinaynaktpamá k'aláx.*

Old fashioned log corrals for horses.

- *Pa'anísha kayáasu, ku tanínsh.*

They were making bows and arrows.

*Aw nátash awatl'away áyatmamank'a isíkw'atyaw, tun áwa áta w shapáwach'aktay.
Náxshnimtash áyatnim isíkw'ana shúwat yáamashnan, ku ilámshkt limíslimisnan. Napú áyatin
pashapátutya ts'xwíli, ku patká'ilkwa asht ilkw'shpaspa.*

We asked the women to show whatever was important to them for recording. One woman showed us how to skin a deer, and process it into (leather) buckskin. Two women put up a teepee and built a fire inside.

Átaw aníya Movie papshxwít Nixyawitáma ku Yakmúłama, pawachá píwnashma.

She recorded an Indian wedding from beginning to the end of.

Tl'aaxw awkú tun pawínakpayshka, páwaykt, wáp'at, chchípnat, ts'apxmi wápaas ánit.

They shared all kinds of crafts, beadwork, yarn weaving, tule mat making, and cedar basket making.

Íkush nátash awkú kutkútna. Ttuushma watít pashapáwach'aka sinwitpamáyaw, ttuush aw walímtimnanaxt. Íkw'ak áwacha átaw piimiláyk'ay myanashmamíyay. Anakú íkuuk piimínk miyánashma amts'íxwataxnay. Pft'xanukpaataash wiyanína ápikchashya patúun kákyamaman, ku píniipt wixánimaman.

That is how we worked. There were some legends told on the wire recorder, and some personal stories. They thought that would be important for their children. Their children could have had access to it now. We went to the mountains to take pictures of wildlife, animals and birds.

Xnítnantash áxniya ku itamaníka pinmipáyank nisháyktpa. Áwxi awkú áttawaxna.

We took some wild root plants and transplanted them. Some of it grew, others did not.

Kkúushnantash átmaaniya ts'ák'a Pátuyaw. Áwilaxyawyaataash, ku chaw átashix ílaxyawya.

We picked filbert nuts near Mt. Adams. We dried it but it did not dry very well.

Huuy tash áwakitna kw'ínchnan. Náxshnímtash áyatnim isapsikw'áyat'ashana támakt kw'ínch.

We could not find black moss food. One woman recorded a lesson on how to bake black moss.

Kúshxitash chaw shínim isápsikw'ana támakt wák'amunan. Anakú míimi ilátamawshana.

Nobody was able to show us how to process *wák'amu* because the season had passed. But it was recorded on tape.

Sawítxi míimi ílkwaasishana. Chaw túyay tkwátatay.

The Indian carrot plant had already disappeared, or it was unfit to eat. They showed us some dried.

Íkwłtash kkanáyna Yákimupa tiichámpa, kutash wíyit'ana Nch'i Wánakan. Kwnak tash Shix paxítwayna tীনma, ashkú inák tীনma pashúkshana shin nash wa.

This is how much time we spent recording on the Yakima Reservation, and we moved on to the Columbia River, at Celilo, Oregon. The Indians there were very hospitable, because they all knew me. (They liked Kit too, after they became acquainted).

Átway Lawátnímnash inamúnxana. Ku pániya ts'wáywit kw'ímat np'íwiłámaman imáawipa anakwnák panp'íwishana awínshma.

Old man (deceased) Tommy Thompson, called me his granddaughter (just a term used by Elders). He gave Kit the right of way to the fishing site on the islands and permission to interview the fisherman.

7.2. In Closing

Tł'áaxwna aw tun wyátunxisha kpaylk íchi, uu palaláay anakúsh tiin cháwtiya aw íchi tiin nímníwít áwtiya tł'aaxw páshtinma túman, anátúman aw pawá tiin anakúsh íchi txánat. Ku papxwípxwishaxi awkú pmách'a pak'inkúshaxi aw tł'áaxwna aw tun wyátunxisha pawápnamanxana anakúshxi namákna aw wápnamansha, pxwípxwisha túkinna anakúsh íshixitaxnay ánach'axi, íshixitaxnay kuts'k wapíitat tun niimí.

And now everybody is changing lately, everybody including the Native people and the white people, anyone who is human, and they are worrying, because they see the changes that are going on, we are changing. Others too are groping for solutions just as we are groping, we are wondering how can we make things better again, how can our help make it a little better?

Láakna myánashmaman átiiskawkta íchínki ku pmách'a awkú tun anakúsh wapíitat pa'aníta íxwi, laak pápawapiitata awkú tł'ápxi pawáta tunxtúnx.

Maybe if we call attention to the young generation they might also help make things better, maybe they will all help each other even though they are of different races.

Ku átaw iwá Ichishkíin sńwít. Aw ttuush tiinmamí Ichishkíin sńwít álaamna míimi, awkłáw młlaamna anakúsh panápayuuna piimínk Ichishkíin sńwít, ku panaknúwya piimipáynk

nisháyktpa, piimipáynk timnápa, kunkínk k̄waat anakúsh papíkshana tiináwit. Kunkínk nash ích'a k̄kanáywisha ikushkink kútkutki.

And our Indian language is important. Some people's Indian language disappeared a long time ago, and only a few are still defending their Indian Language, and they kept it in their home and in their heart, that is how they held onto their heritage. For that reason, I pursue this work.

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