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BERNARD FILLIP JACOBSEN AND THREE NUXALK LEGENDS

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ABSTRACT

In the late 1800s, as the world was more and more rapidly falling under Western influence, there was a rush by European and American scholars to collect everything of Native cultures before it all vanished. One of the collectors, working more or less independently, was Bernard Fillip Jacobsen. Jacobsen, a Norwegian, arrived on the Northwest Coast of North America in 1884 where he remained for the remainder of his life. There he encouraged settlement of the region, collected Native artifacts that he sold to museums, and wrote and published articles on the region and on his exploits. His articles included travelogues, descriptions of Native dances, and Native legends. Herein are three previously unpublished Bella Coola legends, translated, with new information about Jacobsen's life.

Introduction

After arriving on the Northwest Coast, Bernard Fillip Jacobsen, a Norwegian, began writing and publishing articles about his exploits and about the local indignous peoples he encountered (Fig. 1). Often called Fillip, his articles were published far and wide and in a variety of languages. Some appeared in the Norwegian-language newspapers *Washington-Posten* (Seattle, WA) and the *Tacoma-Tidende* (Tacoma, WA), in the German paper *Das Ausland*, and in the Swedish anthropological and geographical society journal *Ymer. Svenska sällskapet för antropologi och geografi*. With only a couple of exceptions (B.F. Jacobsen 1997, 2004) Fillip's articles have not been published in translation. The legends translated here are from *Ymer*.

Fillip's works have been used primarily by scholars, such as Randy Bouchard and Dorothy Kennedy (2002). However, the full texts of Fillip's works have generally not been made available in English. In addition, Fillip's works are scattered. They are found in local historical societies, such as the Wisconsin Historical Society, and museum archives, such as the Bella Coola Valley Museum in Bella Coola, British Columbia, and the Royal British Columbia Museum in Victoria, British Columbia.

Fillip's works are important for several reasons. They are important because the descriptions of the events and peoples are made by an eyewitness (much of Franz Boas's information was second hand). They are also important because they describe a time at and before substantial European settlement of the region. Further, the legends translated here are important because they reveal a different view, a Bella Coola view, of the characters in the legends (Bouchard and Kennedy 2002). Though Fillip was not a scholar, he provided considerable information on coastal British Columbia and its peoples, a fact in itself important.

Fig. 1. Bernard Fillip Jacobson, of Bella Coola, ca. 1903 (Royal BC Museum).

Nineteenth-Century Interest in Native Cultures

In the late 1800s growing awareness of the rapid disappearance of Native cultures throughout the world began to pervade scholarly circles. A rush began from such institutions as the Smithsonian Museum in Washington, D.C., the Museum für Völkerkunde in Berlin, Germany, and others to salvage as much of the material and non-material culture of early societies as possible before every trace had disappeared (Cole 1985). Some individuals who collected information on Native peoples were scholars such as Franz Boas (Rohner 1969) and William H. Dall (1870). Others, already working in the field at other jobs, for example, Edward W. Nelson, who worked for the U.S. Army Signal Corps in Alaska, were often asked to collect artifacts and information (Nelson [1900] 1983). Some used their own resources: Alphonse Louis Pinart, of France, spent his and his wife's fortune collecting data and artifacts on early societies (Parmenter 1966). Still others collected as a means of employment. These included people such as Johann Stanislaus Kubary, who collected for the Godeffroy Museum in Hamburg, Germany (Schmeltz 1897), and Johan Adrian Jacobsen, who worked on commission for the Berlin Museum and for Carl Hagenbeck's Tierpark and traveling show (Ames 2008).

The collecting of cultural materials occasionally became frantic and competitive, sometimes getting completely out of hand. This is well illustrated with the Harriman Expedition. Edward Harriman, a self-made millionaire who wished to contribute to science, purchased the ship *George W. Elder*, had it outfitted, and invited along a party of scholars, including William Healy Dall, John Muir, and George Bird Grinnell. They sailed up the Northwest Coast to Alaska in 1899, returning by the same route. Near the south end of the Alexander Archipelago, the ship landed at an abandoned Native village. The venerable passengers leapt from the ship and literally ran through the village, pillaging houses, and seizing even totem poles (Goetzmann and Sloan 1982:161–170).

Another not particularly praiseworthy method of collecting was that done by Dorr Frances Tozier, captain of the Revenue Service cutter *Grant*, who "was notorious for skimming material from villages by dubious means." The "dubious means" included theft, force, and use of authority. He acquired a large collection, envied by many museums, which he stored away "almost entirely unlabeled" in Tacoma's Ferry Museum and offered for sale to museums at many times the valued price (Cole 1985:186, 219–220).

Though not quite as unethical as these operations, every effort was being made by the major museums of the world to collect genuine ethnographic materials before they disappeared. Information, artifacts, and occasionally people were taken back to Europe and displayed. These displays created a great deal of attention and attracted some very well-known scholars to the Northwest Coast, most specifically Franz Boas. In addition to scholarly attraction, the reading public also became very much interested in accounts about the Western Hemisphere. This created a market for the accounts of travelers such as Bernard Fillip Jacobsen and his brother, Johan Adrian Jacobsen, who both wrote about the wonders of the New World.

The Jacobsen Brothers

Johan Adrian Jacobsen (1853–1947) and Bernard Fillip Jacobsen (1864–1935) both grew up near Tromsø, Norway, well above the Arctic Circle. In the late 1830s, their father, Jacob Carl Gregriussen (b. 1816) had purchased the small island of Risø, not far from Tromsø, moved his wife Erika Pauline Eriksdatter (b.1819) and family there, and carried out hunting, fishing, and farming for a living (Fosli 2000). For example, at Spitsbergen, a nearby island, "there were seals, walrus, white whales, polar bears, and many sharks and eider ducks" (J.A. Jacobsen 1977:218). The family marketed some of their procured products, selling haddock and other fish in Tromsø and eider down in Russia. In addition, they maintained a small farm with cows, sheep, goats, and pigs—in winter feeding the cows cooked fish because there was so little hay. The family subsequently had several children, both boys and girls.

The children of those who lived away from the city, particularly on islands, had no communication with the mainland for nine months of the year and therefore did not have an opportunity to attend a school "patterned after the German education" (J.A. Jacobsen 1977:215). In summer, children as young as seven helped with the fishing. Two sessions of schooling, in spring and in fall, were the standard terms of education. During this schooling a child studied reading, writing, arithmetic, and "religion" (J.A. Jacobsen 1977: 216). Though they might take three months to arrive, all fishermen subscribed to newspapers, which everyone read. Life on an island in the North Atlantic made the boys all skilled sailors, traveling on business voyages to places such as Spitsbergen, Russia, and southern Norway. This helped create wanderlust in the Jacobsen boys. One of the older boys, probably Jacob Martin Jacobsen (b. 1841), left home at about the age of 15 and traveled the world, ending up in Hamburg, Germany.

Johan Adrian Jacobsen

In the fall of 1874, Johan Adrian Jacobsen, known as Adrian, went to visit his brother in Hamburg, and soon decided to stay. After spending the winter in Hamburg, Adrian went to sea again, stopping over in Chile. This apparently didn't work out as well as he had hoped, and he returned to Hamburg. In early 1877, Adrian heard that Carl Hagenbeck, an entrepreneur who staged exhibitions of animals, artifacts, and peoples from all over the world, was looking for

someone to collect materials and people for his shows. Adrian approached him and was hired. For his first venture, he traveled to Greenland and brought six Greenland Eskimos back to Europe (Ames 2008:35). Three years later, in 1880, Adrian traveled again to Greenland, but the Danish government refused Adrian permission to take more Greenlanders. Somewhat frantic for someone to take back to Europe, Adrian sailed to Labrador, where he managed to talk two families of Labrador Eskimos (eight individuals) into going with him to Europe. Through a series of omissions and oversights, the Eskimos were not inoculated against smallpox. By mid-January 1881, the eight individuals from Labrador had died (J. A. Jacobsen n.d.; Ulrikab 2005). During this same year Adrian began collecting artifacts for the Berlin Museum of Ethnology.

After a brief period with the Berlin Museum, Adrian went back to work for Carl Hagenbeck. In 1882, Hagenbeck sent Adrian to the Northwest Coast of North America, where he assembled a group of Natives from the village of Koskimo on Vancouver Island. However, before he could depart, the Natives changed their minds and fled, leaving him empty-handed. In order to avoid a repeat of this catastrophe, Adrian sent his brother Fillip ahead in 1885 to round up a group of Kwakiutl for Hagenbeck. This was done, but once again, before Adrian could leave with his party, the Kwakiutl abandoned the project. In desperation he decided to try to acquire a group of nine Nuxalk (Bella Coola) whom Fillip knew were on their way to work as migrant labor in the hopfields of eastern Washington (Cole 1982:115; Ames 2008:45–46). This time he was successful (Fig. 2). These were the men Franz Boas met in Berlin, and who stimulated his interest in the Northwest Coast.

Fig. 2. The members of the Nuxalk (Bella Coola) First Peoples group that performed in Berlin, Germany (Royal BC Museum).

Bringing Natives to Europe was not new. George Cartwright had brought Natives to England from Labrador over a century before (Cartwright 1792:262 ff; Stopp 2009). Information, artifacts, and occasionally people were taken back to Europe to be displayed for public interest and studied for science (Virchow 1886; Boas 1886 in Cole 1982; Ames 2008). These displays created a great deal of attention and attracted some very well-known scholars to the Northwest Coast, in particular Franz Boas. Besides the scholarly attraction, the reading public also became very much interested in accounts about the Western Hemisphere. This created a market for people such as Johan Adrian Jacobsen to describe the wonders of the New World and new peoples. During his travels in North America, Adrian published, in addition to his book mentioned above (J. A. Jacobsen 1977), a number of articles. These dealt primarily with the Native peoples he encountered and the objects he collected. Adrian may have written his articles primarily in an attempt "to stake his own claim as an ethnographic authority on the region" (Glass 2010:35; J. A. Jacobsen 2010a, 2010b, 2010c), motivated by the recent arrival of Boas, who was recognized for having more or less "proper credentials." Adrian's ideas about the Native peoples he collected from and wrote about may have come largely from his brother Fillip (Glass 2010:40), who by this time had become a resident on the Northwest Coast.

Bernard Fillip Jacobsen

Not much is known of the early years of Bernard Fillip Jacobsen.[1] However, we know he was commonly called Fillip, grew up in Norway, later married Helga, daughter of Captain Thor Thorsen, and had a son, Thorvald. Fillip, like Adrian, traveled and collected artifacts, which he sold to various museums and collectors.

In mid-summer 1884, Fillip arrived in New York from Norway (Kopas 1970:219). From there he went directly to the Northwest Coast, visiting the Native villages to collect artifacts for museums in Germany. As a result, he became somewhat familiar with the region and therefore, when Adrian's attempt to assemble a troupe of Kwakiutl for Hagenbeck in 1885 went sour, Fillip helped him find replacements. The replacements turned out to be the Bella Coola Natives (Fig. 2).

In 1886, Fillip worked with George Hunt, James Teit, Harlan Smith, and others to gather the information that Franz Boas used in his study of cultural relationships on the Northwest Coast. Fillip provided Boas with objects of Native origin, for which he is cited in the Section of Ethnology in the catalogs for the World's Columbian Exposition (Handy 1893:17; Cole 1999:155) and in the National Museum of the American Indian (Smithsonian 2011), among others. Fillip's collection of almost 200 objects, purchased by the Royal British Columbia Museum in Victoria in 1893, formed the basis of that institution's ethnographic collections (RBCM 2011). He also gave Boas a small collection of Nuxalk (Bella Coola) narratives and assisted Boas in the field in 1897 during the Jesup North Pacific Expedition (Rohner 1969:199; Cole 1999).

On 15 April 1893 a reporter for the *Victoria Daily Colonist* caught up with Fillip in the British Columbia Provincial Museum (*Colonist* 1893). Here Fillip showed the reporter around the as-yet-to-be cataloged collections, identifying objects, and explaining the uses of various items. Fillip also related to the reporter the story of "Ianis the Man-eater and Nullemkilla the Dog-eater" (see legend No. I below).

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[1] Fillip's name is variously spelled. A single volume (vol. 7) of the *Handbook of North American Indians*, edited by Wayne Suttles (1990:74, 90, 337, 695, and 756) offers "Fillip," "B. Fillip," "Fillip B.," "Philipp B.," and "Filip B," respectively. He is identified as "Bernard Filip Jacobsen" (Wonders 2008), "Mr. P. Jacobsen" (*Victoria Daily British Colonist* 1886:3), Phillip Jacobsen by a resident of Bella Coola where Jacobsen had a home, and "Bernard Fillip Jacobsen" by several prominent researchers (e.g., Kopas 1970; Cole 1985; Ames 2008).—*RLB*.

Fillip eventually settled in British Columbia pursuing many courses. For a while he lived in Clayoquot, west central Vancouver Island, being one of the first Europeans to settle there. While living in Clayoquot he operated a store and managed the affairs of a four-vessel sealing fleet (Kopas 2002:236). It was during this time that, in November 1899, the schooner *Hera* was on its way from Seattle to Honolulu with a 700-ton cargo that included, among other things, 60,000 quart bottles of Seattle Malting and Brewing Company's "Rainier" beer. She was leaving the Strait of Juan de Fuca under storm conditions when a fire broke out on board. Running before the wind with the fire worsening, the *Hera* entered Clayoquot Sound off the village of Tofino. The crew abandoned ship and was helped ashore by Fillip Jacobsen who, with Harlem C. Brewster (later premier of British Columbia) and others, had set out in a rowboat to help in the rescue. In Tofino, Constable Spain's wife wrote: "As I write she (the *Hera*) is just in front of the house, one of the grandest yet one of the most awful sights I have ever seen. The whole room is lit up, and I have only to turn my head to see her. She is one mass of roaring flame, and it is a very black night, the whole harbour is lit up" (Griffith 2002). For this deed of bravery Fillip received medals from the Canadian Royal Humane Society and from the President of the United States for "conspicuous heroism" (Kopas 1970:236).

In 1913, Fillip and his wife adopted fourteen-month-old Gudrun Eide, who had been brought to Bella Coola by Elisabeth Thorsen (b. 1848), Karen Thorsen (b. 1882), and Ragnhild Thorsen (b. 1884) (mother and sisters of Fillip's wife Helga?) (Miller 2000). Gudrun grew up and married Hjalmer Gorden (an uncle of Peter Solhjell, a presently sitting board member of the Bella Coola Valley Museum). Fillip's son Thorvald had a daughter, Audrey, who presently lives in Bella Coola.

The Bella Coola Valley

The Bella Coola valley was occupied at the time of arrival of Europeans by Nuxalk (Bella Coola) people,[2] a Coast Salishan speaking population surrounded by the Kwakwaka'wakw (Kwakiutl), a Wakashan-speaking group. This region is rather remote, being located up the long and sinuous Burke Channel at the end of North Bentinck Arm. The first European known to pass through the Bella Coola Valley was Alexander Mackenzie, exploring for the North West Company (Mackenzie 1931:278 ff.). There, in 1793, he visited a Native village, the occupants of which initially acted hostile, but then, laying down their weapons, they approached Mackenzie and embraced him. Mackenzie (1931:280) states: "These embraces, which at first rather surprised me, I soon found to be marks of regard and friendship." Subsequent European visitors also found the local people friendly. About a hundred years later Fillip Jacobsen arrived in the valley, where he soon began recruiting settlers for the region. This was the result of the province of British Columbia offering free land to anyone who would "agree to organize colonies and supply a certain

[2] Various names have been used to refer to the Bella Coola (Nuxalk) people. Examples include Vilxula, Billechoola, Billechula, Bilhoola, Bellahoola, Bellaghchoola, Billichula, Bell-houla, and Bell-whoala (Simonds, Bland, and Dumond n.d.:10). The name Bellabella (Bella Bella), which is frequently given to the Heiltsuk, is, "according to Dr. Tolmies' very probable assumption, formed from Milbank. It is impossible for the Kwaküitl to say the word Milbank; from their mouths it sounds like Bilbal or Bilballa, from which traders then formed the harmonious Bella Bella. The name Bellacula (Bella Coola), by which the tribes of Bentinck Arm are known, has arisen in a similar way" (Simonds, Bland, and Dumond n.d.:9). The name Milbank comes from Vice Admiral Mark Milbanke, an eighteenth-century British naval officer (Walbran 1909:338). Another version is that "Bella Coola is an anglicization of the Heiltsuk (Bella Bella) name *bəlx"ələ́*, which is applied to all the speakers of the Bella Coola language" (Kennedy and Bouchard 1990:338 citing Rath 1981(1):188).—*RLB*.

number of settlers for specially designated tracts of land. Bella Coola resulted from such an agreement" (Bjork 2005:80). The Northwest Coast was probably not viewed as farmland superior to that of the Midwest and there were few takers until the economic crisis of 1893, with loss of jobs and land. Fillip Jacobsen had entered the valley as early as 1882, found it very attractive, and wrote glowing articles about it. One of Fillip's articles is believed to have fallen into the hands of the Reverend Christian Saugstad of the Free Lutheran Church in Crookston, Minnesota, who, during those desperate times, set off with his congregation to settle in the Bella Coola valley.[3]

Franz Boas and His Collection of Legends

Franz Boas (1858–1942) was born in Minden, Westphalia, Germany. He studied at the Universities of Heidelberg, Bonn, and Kiel. After receiving his Ph.D. in physics, he went on an expedition to Baffin Island, Canada, in 1883 for the Deutsche Polar-Kommission, where he worked among Eskimos. During that time he became more interested in Native peoples than in physics or geography and turned his attention to the study of anthropology.

After two ethnographic articles on the Native population (Boas 1883a, 1883b), Boas began collecting Native American/First Nation legends among the Eskimos of Baffin Island (Boas 1885). Boas returned after a year in the Arctic, and in 1886, while working as an assistant in the Berlin Museum, he encountered Bella Coola Indians "on exhibit" at the Berlin Museum—brought there by Adrian. This sparked his interest in the Northwest Coast. With the support of Adolf Bastian, who figured large in ethnographic circles in Berlin, Boas set out immediately for his first work on the Northwest Coast—collecting Indian legends, which resulted in ten publications in *Globus* in 1888. Later, between 1891 and 1895, Boas published a twenty-six-part series on Northwest Coast mythology. Boas ultimately combined the twenty-six parts and published them as *Indianische Sagen von der Nord-Pacifischen Küste Amerikas* (1895), which has been translated by Dietrich Bertz, with editing and notation by Randy Bouchard and Dorothy Kennedy (Bouchard and Kennedy 2002).

In vogue in Europe at this time (the late 1800s) was social Darwinism, that is, the idea that cultures, like species of animals, were subject to survival of the fittest, and therefore, since European culture was, in a manner of speaking, at the top of the food chain, any culture that didn't match up to European culture was inferior. For example, there was a certain amount of amazement among Europeans that Abraham Ulrikab, an Eskimo whom Adrian Jacobsen had brought to Europe in 1880, could read, write, sketch, and play the violin.

The idea behind social Darwinism, thought to have been based by Herbert Spencer on Charles Darwin's *On the Origin of Species* (1859), justified Colonialism and Manifest Destiny. Boas, who came from a progressive Jewish family and had actually spent the winter of 1883–1884 among the Eskimos, didn't exactly subscribe to this view. "Boas did not believe that cultural similarities constituted proof of uniform development. . . . His approach rested . . . on tracing a number of complex cultural phenomena spread over a limited continuous geographical area containing not one culture but at least several. The examination of the interactions and interrelations of these cultures as seen in the cultural phenomena led to a greater understanding of the roles of the environment, independent invention and diffusion, and human psychology in the history of culture. . . . Boas considered mythology to be one of the most fruitful avenues in the

[3] Fillip is reported to have been urged in the 1880s by Adam King, chief of the Nuxalk (Bella Coola) at Koomkoots, "to bring settlers into the valley for the potential employment they might provide for his people" (Hobler 2001:14).—*RLB.*

pursuit of culture history, and the Northwest Coast narratives presented a challenge to this pursuit" (Simonds, and Bland, and Dumond n.d.:4).

Boas arrived on the Northwest Coast in the fall of 1886 and began collecting legends, myths, and traditions. He had met Adrian Jacobsen in Berlin and therefore enlisted the aid of Adrian and his brother Fillip. Along with the Jacobsens, Boas ultimately acquired the help of George Hunt,[4] James Teit (whose wife was a member of the Thompson River group), and Harlin Smith (Jesup Expedition archaeologist), among others, in his quest for information on the Native groups of the Northwest Coast.

During his work on Northwest Coast legends, Boas collected over 50 legends or legend elements for the "Bilqula." Though Boas received Native American legends from Fillip Jacobsen, a comparison of Fillip's three legends given here and those provided by Boas in his publications reveals no exact duplicates. If the legends below were used by Boas, he altered them.

During his studies of the Northwest Coast Franz Boas collected a large number of legends. His intention was to determine tribal relationships based on the similarity of the legends. In order to organize them he divided them into cycles (groups of legends usually centering around one individual), legends, and legend elements. He then traced individual elements through various adjoining Native groups, assuming that the most complete form of the legend had originated in that particular Native group. Upon comparing legend elements Boas found, for example, that the interior Salish tribes had only a few contact points with the coastal people in their legends, that the Tsimshian essentially influenced only their immediate neighbors, and that the Kwakiutl preserved the greatest independence in the midst of their neighbors (Simonds, Bland, Dumond n.d.:143; Boas 1895). Another instance in Boas's comparison of legends delves into etymology. Here he finds, for example, that the Nuxalk (Bella Coola) and Kwakwaka'wakw (Kwakiutl) had a long history together. This is evident, for example, in the word for shaman (*atloqoala*), which is a modified form of the Kwakiutl word *tlokoala* (Simonds, Bland, and Dumond n.d.:108; Boas 1888).

Boas extracted a great deal of information from the legends he acquired. However, he used the cycles, legends, and legend elements to support his assumptions regarding group relationships. This, of course, is not to say that Boas distorted the information, but rather that he selected the legends that best suited his needs. The legends presented by Fillip Jacobsen provide slightly different versions of the legends, as well as possibly different etymology. To elaborate somewhat, we find in Jacobsen (below), for example, the story element of the Ganikillaks legend (beings changed into ducks) used in the legends of several tribes: the Çatlőltq (Boas 1892a:35) and the Nimkish (Boas 1892b:389), to name just two. In the Bella Coola legend, Boas (1888:155) names the protagonist Q'anikila, which is similar to Ganikillaks. However, by 1894, Boas calls the Bella Coola protagonist who changes the beings into ducks Mōk·oánts. It seems probable that the legends Boas used, or the forms of them he used, were intended to "prove his point," that is, to determine tribal relationships. I believe the legends that Fillip Jacobsen collected and presented here are in a "purer" form, possibly closer to the original traditions, at least for the Bella Coola region, since he is not trying to prove a point. Thus, providing these legends in the form Jacobsen recorded them will contribute to the ethnography of the region. As Aleksei Okladnikov states, "The only thing that helps comprehend the course of his (early man's) thoughts and perception of

[4] George Hunt was the son of a Hudson's Bay factor and a Tlingit mother. He was raised at Fort Rupert in Kwakiutl society, where he grew up "native" to the extent that he was initiated into the Hamatsa, the highest Kwakiutl society, and had "shaman credentials." For Boas's purposes Hunt had linguistic access to Native material, literacy, and reliability (Cole 1985:156–157).—*RLB*.

the surrounding world are the legends and myths in which very ancient layers have been preserved, coming possibly from the Paleolithic" (Konopatskii 2009:169).

The Legends Collected by Bernard Fillip Jacobsen

The following translations conform as much as possible to Jacobsen's style, retaining some formations that might be considered awkward in English. Also, Jacobsen occasionally interjects his own comments, views, and attitudes into the stories without warning. I have tried to indicate those sections with notes. The text has been translated as found in the Swedish journal *Ymer* (see note at the beginning of the article), though the grammar and syntax have been put into a more idiomatic English style. The names of people and places have been left as Jacobsen spelled them.

INDIAN LEGENDS: WRITTEN IN BRITISH COLUMBIA[5]

Fillip Jacobsen

Among those who devote research to the prehistory of American peoples, one often hears the complaint that lack of historical recollections and documents hinders or even makes impossible investigations of the early history of these peoples.[6]

From the burial goods to the house ruins, the objects found show at times a rather highly developed ancient culture. Large monuments often testify to architectural greatness and characteristics of taste. By deciphering those monuments to which sculptured ornamentation with those peculiar illustrations were applied—possibly coming from a kind of pictography—one still hopes, in some degree at least, to gain insight into the people's past culture and history. But for large groups of people one cannot find any fixed monuments. It is a matter therefore of trying to find other evidence. In reality still-surviving traditional memories could be of great importance to the knowledge of these people's cultural heritage, their mutual relationships and religious concepts, and their forefathers' manners and customs.

In northwest America, British Columbia, and adjacent parts of Alaska, domestic Indian tribes still retain a rich mythology and numerous sagas and traditions, which probably descended partially from long-lost generations. Through careful collecting and compiling, and also treating these traditions scientifically, one should be able to obtain a quite extensive and deep understanding of these peoples' past culture and its development. Some people, who stayed among these Indian tribes for an extended period of time, have in later years begun to record their sagas and myths. In particular, the ethnographer Dr. Boas has contributed a collection of writings with the help of other knowledgeable people and made them officially public.

Among those who actively supported him, special mention goes particularly to the Norwegian Mr. Fillip Jacobsen, younger brother of the well-known ethnographic researcher and traveler Captain Adrian Jacobsen, who also deserves mention regarding northwest America's ethnography. Mr. Fillip Jacobsen has for several years lived in those areas, particularly in the Indian village of Bella Coola, which evidently since ancient times was one of the centers for the

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[5] These legends were originally published in *Ymer. Svenska sällskapet för antropologi och geografi* [Ymer. Swedish Society for Anthropology and Geography], pp. 187–202. Stockholm, 1894.—*RLB*.

[6] This first section was written by the editors of *Ymer*.—*RLB*.

cultural development of these Indian tribes. With great pains and sacrifice he has over the years, led by his enthusiasm for this research, succeeded in collecting a rich treasure of these peoples' sagas and myths. Being completely familiar with their language and manner of ideas, he has in an unusual degree succeeded in gaining the confidence of the otherwise suspicious Indians. In general it has only been under the dark of night and in secure solitude when his Indian friends would reveal the religious secrets and myths of the tribe. That is not permitted otherwise, since they fear each other's revenge. Night after night in this manner Mr. Jacobsen for a long time sat by the dim lighting of a campfire and recorded Indians who related the old sagas and tales. In that way he succeeded in bringing together a very large collection of writings. Certainly it is not likely to be long before the fast-expanding "white" civilization will destroy the last of the still-existing traditions. Therefore Mr. Jacobsen's writings will be of great value. And one hopes that with time and opportunity he will write and publish the valuable collection. Of those reported, below are a couple of specimens of the peculiar mysterious sagas that Mr. Jacobsen willingly submitted to the journal's editors.

I. The Saga of Nullem Killa with the By-Name Wassusa Killa[7]

Once upon a time a long time ago, when there were not yet so many people in the world, there were four brothers and two sisters who lived in a village, called by the Indians Nutta, near Milbank Sound.

The four brothers supported themselves by hunting and fishing. One day they were out hunting near one of the many bays that stretch in toward Bella Coola. They had with them four dogs, and they pursued mountain goats on the high mountain slopes. The first day they successfully took three goats. Up in the high mountains no wood is found, which is why one heats there using goats' bones. So did also the four hunters, after which they lay down to rest for the night.

All at once the youngest of the brothers was awakened by a terrible sight and noise in the air. It sounded like the whole sky would collapse, he thought. He was convinced that it was a spirit that caused the noise and hastened to call his brothers. In the same moment the spirit appeared, sinking straight down on him. And he spoke in this way: "I, I am the spirit Wassusa Killa, who tempts the people to eat dogs. I will give you my spirit. I will also give you my name; Wassusa Killa will you be called, and you will eat dog flesh as soon as my spirit comes over you."

And so the spirit became part of the boy, who at that moment ran for one of the hunting dogs and bit a large piece out of its throat. When the dog was dead, he ate it up whole and entirely, with flesh and hair; then he flew up toward the heavens as a bird and disappeared.

The other brothers immediately made their way home to their sisters and told them what had happened to their youngest brother. The survivors wept in the Indian fashion for the lost one, whom they thought would never be seen again. In this way three days passed without cease. But on the morning of the fourth day one of the sisters went down to the river to get water. There she perceived to her great astonishment her lost brother, who stood on the opposite bank of the river.

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[7] Nullem Killa was a Hamatsa who ate dogs. According to Johan Adrian Jacobsen, there are three kinds of Hamatsa: those who devour slaves, those who tear apart and eat corpses, and those who eat dogs. He says, "The Hamatsa who kill dogs are especially common among the Bella Coola and Tsimshian. My brother [Fillip Jacobsen] saw among the Bella Coola in 1887 how an Indian tore out the throats of 16 dogs with his teeth" (J.A. Jacobsen 2010b:58). For a description of a Hamatsa performance, see J.A. Jacobsen 2010b:51–60.—*RLB*.

However, he was almost unrecognizable, because his head was bald in places; in addition he was so pale and emaciated that he resembled a skeleton.

"Is this really you, my brother?" the girl said.

"It is I," he answered.

"Why do you look so awful?" she asked further.

"Oh, listen! The spirit Wassusa Killa took me with him from the earth, going with such haste through the sky to his house on the moon, that the hair fell off my head. And when we were up there, I got nothing to eat other than dog flesh; that is why I am so thin."

"But, dearest brother, are you now coming home to us?"

"Oh. I can't do that," he answered. "I have not yet escaped from the spirit Wassusa Killa. Only if you do what I tell you can I be free from his tyranny."

The sister now crossed the river and threw her arms around her brother in order to drag him home with her, but, oh! it was as if she were embracing smoke. He disappeared all at once but immediately reappeared a few steps away.

"It is impossible to take hold of me in that way," he said. "But listen! In the morning you will see me here once again at the same place. At that time take a bow and arrow; tie a piece of bark from the red cedar to the arrow point, set the bark afire, aim right at my heart, and shoot. That you will repeat four times. Then you can take hold of me."

The next day both sisters clearly saw their brother at the same place on the other side of the river.

One immediately took the bow and arrow, attached a piece of cedar bark to the arrow point, and shot her brother directly in the heart four times one after the other.

At that time Wassusa Killa's spirit finally gave up possession.

The brother now came home to his siblings. He taught his sisters his dance song, the so-called Sissauch, which dealt with everything that he had seen on the moon and all the spirits he became acquainted with there, such as the people-eating Kallhoksua, Bek-Bek, Kwalla-nusa, and many others.

Now the boy took Wassusa Killa's name along with the practices and customs he had learned on the moon. He had four animal masks made for himself: One was the image of Kallhoksua, who eats corpses or "mummies"; another represented Bek-Bek Kwalla-nuse [sic], who first taught the Indians to bite pieces out of the arms of living people; the third was Nullem Killa or Wassusa Killa, who ate dogs; the fourth represented the spirit that inspires a desire to eat raw salmon. When these masks were finished, the new Wassusa Killa put on a dance in all its splendor, and the first evening he ate up no fewer than four dogs. For four days he danced. On the evening of the fourth day he said to his friends, "Now I want to return back to my spirit on the moon; but when this same moon is in the heavens next year you will catch sight of me coming from the forest to you again. Woe then to all dogs in the village! Keep in mind that at the time when I come I am very hungry, and then I will depend on you to provide me with enough dogs to eat. The spirit permits me not to eat anything while I am on the moon, except one dog every fourth month. If I do not return at the said time, then the spirit has kept me with him. At that time one of my brothers will take over my Sissauch and my dance name—but not before the fourth year hereafter has passed."

Then the boy disappeared.

When fall came, or more correctly winter, in the moon of Noakinim, he came back and performed his Sissuach dance, at which time the mask of Wassusa Killa was exhibited. This he did four years in a row. But the fourth year, it is said, he went back to the moon never again to return.

The spirit, you see, made the boy so happy that he remained with him constantly.

That boy was the first dog eater, and from him is derived the custom of eating dogs, which still occurs among the Indians on the coast of British Columbia.

The same saga is told by different tribes on the coast. Now, it seems as if both dog eating and the eating of human flesh first started among the Bella Coola or the Bella Bella tribe.[8]

II. The Saga of the Spirit Ganikillaks, the Transformation of Animals, and the Wizard Sekamai

A very long time ago, the story goes, animals on earth did not have the same form as now, but were all made in some way or other. Then it once happened that the spirit Ganikillaks came down among them with the intention of giving them what they needed.

At the time two ducks lived at Sanita Fjord in the land that is now called British Columbia. One day, as they sat and munched on some sort of root that they roasted on the coals, one suddenly noticed that his root was gone. But the ducks were blind at the time, so neither of them could see how it happened or understand why the food had disappeared. Then they called to each other, "It stinks here! It is definitely no other than Ganikillaks!"

"Quite right," said Ganikillaks, for it was he. "It is well done of you to recognize me again and know who I am; therefore you also will be rewarded."

With these words he blew four times on the eyes of both ducks. At once they had their sight and flew high up into the heavens.

And after that time, the story goes, all ducks were able to see and to fly high up into the heavens.

Ganikillaks continued his journey. Soon he saw the wolf, which was busily occupied sharpening the edge of a large mussel shell.

"What are you thinking of doing with that?" asked Ganikillaks.

"Ah!" said the wolf, "don't you know that Ganikillaks is coming here? He intends to transform all the animals in the world."

"I know it well," answered Ganikillaks, "but what is the purpose of the mussel shell?"

"It will be a knife which I will have as a weapon when Ganikillaks comes. With it I will fight him," said the wolf, who of course did not know that he had Ganikillaks before him.

"Let me look at your knife!" requested Ganikillaks. But no sooner had he taken hold of it than he threw it at the wolf and hit him in the backside. There the knife stuck and immediately changed into a tail.

"You haven't had respect for your master Ganikillaks; therefore you will run around in the woods from now on and maintain yourself on prey!" said Ganikillaks.

And after that time, the story goes, all wolves have tails and live on prey.

Ganikillaks continued his wandering anew. Now he encountered no animals until he came to a lake where he saw an oyster.

"What are you doing there?" asked Ganikillaks. "What are you occupied with?"

"I have borrowed fire from the deer," answered the oyster.

"How did you do that?" asked Ganikillaks.

"Why," answered the oyster, "the deer came running by here. He had gone away and stolen fire from Setskai."

"In what way did he get it?" asked Ganikillaks.

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[8] Jacobsen frequently interjects his own thoughts directly into the text.—*RLB.*

"Why, in order to get fire the deer took a piece of dry wood and tied it fast to his own tail. Then he ran into Setskai's house and lay down quite close to the fire so that the dry wood ignited. In this way fire was stolen from Setskai. So now when the deer came back, he ran completely over me. A spark fell right down into my mouth so that my tongue was completely burned. Do you see how black it is?"

"I can do nothing for you," said Ganikillaks. "You will from now on remain as you presently are."

And so, the story goes, the oyster always has a black tongue.

Now Ganikillaks set out westward and came to one of the islands in Queen Charlotte Sound. Here he saw a man standing on the shore.

"What is your name? And who are you?" asked Ganikillaks.

"My name is Sebamai and I am a very powerful medicine man," was the answer.

"Oh, so you are a medicine man? Show me what you do," said Ganikillaks.

"Do what you want to me," said the man, "I will always come out of it unhurt."

"We shall try it," said Ganikillaks.

Immediately he had a large pyre erected, set fire to it, and threw the medicine man into it. By this Ganikillaks thought that he had taken the life of the medicine man, so he climbed into his boat and rowed from land in order to continue his journey. But he had not gone more than a little way from land when he caught sight of the medicine man rising up out of the flaming heap of coals with a large animal mask on his head, representing a raven, which was his Sissuack or spirit.

Ganikillaks had never before seen anything like this. He now rowed back to the island, took the medicine man, tied a large stone to his feet, and threw him down into the sea where the water was the deepest. But the medicine man did not stay under the water long. He rose to the surface again quite soon and began to dance around on the water as if it were solid ground.

Ganikillaks could not understand that at all and decided once again to make an attempt to take the life of the medicine man, for he was very displeased with the spirit that could offer him resistance. He therefore set out to go to an Indian village, where he collected a large amount of dirty clothes.[9] In the Indian manner he prepared a fatal poison from them for the medicine man. To accomplish this one boils the dirty clothes together with other human filth and two human skulls. Then he puts it all under a tree and lets it stand four days. When the four days have passed, it is said that he who will be poisoned starts sweating violently, after which death immediately follows.

But the medicine man did not die. He was only changed into a frog. In order to offset the poison, however, his son and daughter collected a large number of red berries for him. When he had eaten these he sang his medicine man's song and had not sung long before he felt sick. And so a frog hopped out of his mouth, ridding him of the poison.

He changed the frog into stone, and it is found still today in this form on an island in Queen Charlotte Sound. There is a saying among the Indians that, when someone is poisoned by the above-described method, the stone frog turns around from west to east.

III. Kloma, Who Was Changed into a Salmon (A Story from the Bella Coola)

Once many many years ago a large number of youths of Bella Coola held a game on the river ice. It then happened that one of them by the name of Kloma, who was farthest out on the

[9] This probably included clothing "contaminated" by menstrual fluids.—*RLB*.

ice, had the misfortune of having the large piece of ice on which he was standing come loose and drift down the river with him. It was a long way to the people; before his comrades had time to call for help from the Indian village, Kloma was already long gone.

When Kloma saw that he had no prospect of being saved, he pulled his blanket of cedar bark around his head and lay down to sleep on the piece of ice. Naturally enough he had the thought that this would be his last sleep. But after having drifted around for ages he woke up and was not a little surprised, for while he had slept winter had changed to spring. The piece of ice was almost melted and moved by wind and current rapidly toward land. It was a long long way toward the sunset when Kloma saw a low piece of land with a level beach. Off a large cove he noticed that smoke rose up as if from a large Indian village. When he came nearer sure enough a large village appeared. It consisted of beautiful Indian houses and a large totem pole in front of an extraordinarily large house, which appeared to belong to the chief.

The piece of ice came nearer to the land with the speed of a sailing canoe. Kloma realized his situation, and when his piece of ice went rapidly bumping toward the shore he jumped onto land.

The beach was completely level, and along it lay an enormously large number of houses. But not a single person was to be seen. Kloma slipped up to one of the houses and looked through a crack in the wall. There sat an old man behind a large fire that burned in the middle of the room. Around the fire sat the old man's wife, his two daughters, and his two sons—all blind. Kloma went into the house and no one could see him, but all recognized his smell. They invited him to sit down with them, but Kloma went his way and wandered among the rows of houses. Finally he met a man who asked him into his father's house. Here he was asked to tell about his trip, but he could not since he had slept the whole time.

"You are pretty hungry now?" said the host. Kloma admitted that he was. "Well," continued the old man, turning to his son, who brought Kloma into the house, "ask him what he wants to eat." "Salmon," said Kloma.

So the old man ordered his son to get one of his own sisters and throw her into the sea. No sooner said than done. But, imagine! The girl changed into a salmon, which was immediately caught, cooked, and set before Kloma. But the old man also placed a small bowl of cedar bark in front of him and asked Kloma to put all the bones of the salmon in it. Unfortunately, however, Kloma forgot this order and threw a little bit of skin into the fire instead.

The next day the old man gathered the bones and skin of yesterday's salmon, took them all down to the sea, threw them into the water, and ordered them to be a salmon again. Immediately that happened. But, woe, a bit of skin from the salmon was missing. Now there was a search for the missing pieces of skin. Finally they were found at the edge of the fireplace but unfortunately so damaged by the fire that they were altogether gray. As a result, it happens that salmon are gray on the back.

When the salmon was alive again the old man changed it back to a girl. But a new problem! Kloma had lost a bone while he was eating—specifically, that bone which goes from the ankle down the foot. Now, good advice is dear. They looked high and low, but the bone could not be found.

While they were busy with this a raven came flying by. "You can't tell me what's become of my daughter's bone?" said the old man to the raven. "Ah, if I remember correctly," the raven said, "I found a bone yesterday down there by the ash heap. I took it home with me, but since it was not edible I put it aside. Now, in any case, I will bring it here so you can see if it belongs to your daughter."

The raven brought the bone, and sure enough, it was the girl's bone. The old man had the girl die once again and in this way inserted the lost bone into her foot.

The following day Kloma said to his new friend, "Can you not get me a wife?" Kloma had rapidly become quite full grown in the short time of his visit to the salmon village.

"Why, yes," said the friend, "let's go from one house to another so you can see for yourself all the beautiful girls who are found here. You can either get a girl of the Sokailax [Sockeye Salmon] lineage, or one of the Silfverlax [Silver Salmon], or finally of the Vårlax [Spring Salmon], which is king of all salmon.[10]

You have to keep in mind that all the world's salmon are found here. This village is their home. Now we are people, but when we go to the Bella Coola River and other streams along the coast, we are salmon. Soon the time will come when we will go to your home in Bella Coola. Maybe you don't know that it was I who brought you here."

"But why do all the salmon go to Bella Coola every year," asked Kloma, "when you own such a beautiful home here a long way out in the west?"

"Why," said the friend, "the reason is that, as you know, it is a custom among the Bella Coola to offer us, each year during the moon of Seagom (the month of March), rings of cedar bark and poles adorned with cedar bark. That is the greatest honor one can show us in Bella Coola and therefore we still return there."

It really is the custom in Bella Coola to decorate a pole every year with colored cedar bark, raise it at the mouth of the river and, when the first spring salmon are caught, tie them to the pole for four days. They even throw a specific number of cedar bark rings into the river. This is believed to hold a spell over the salmon. Also it should be observed that the first salmon are not cooked in an iron pot, which is believed to make the salmon avoid the river. In general, one is most careful with the spring salmon.

Kloma and his friend now went from house to house but found no girl beautiful enough for Kloma. Finally, they came to the chief's large house, where the father of all salmon lived. He was called Amel or Vårlax. "You won't go in here?" said the friend. "There's no use to. Indeed, Amel has a daughter, the most beautiful in the whole village. But a great many of my friends and acquaintances have already lost their lives for her sake."

"How so?" said Kloma.

"Well, since you want to know, I'll tell you how it is in order to warn you about her," said the friend. "Amel's daughter is not like other women. She has sharp teeth, which are placed so that she mortally wounds everyone who comes near her. When she marries, her bridegroom is so badly wounded at first contact that he bleeds to death. Amel always has four men on watch under her house. As soon as a new suitor makes his appearance and it happens with him as with the others, the dead body is thrown down through a hole in the floor. The four immediately take him and bury him. Consequently, friend Kloma, you see how it will go with you."

Kloma listened well to this tale but had already resolved to propose to the girl, wherefore he induced his friend to introduce him in the chief's house so that he could get to see her. She was truly extraordinarily beautiful, and Kloma, like all the others, fell completely in love with her. He was introduced to Chief Amel, the king salmon, and stated his business, namely a proposal for the daughter. Amel had nothing against this and a wedding was celebrated very soon.

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[10] *Silfverlax* (*silfver* or *silver* = silver, *lax* = salmon—both words coming from Old High German). Silver salmon is its name in English, its scientific name being *Oncorhynchus kisutch*. *Vårlax* (*vår* = spring [in Norwegian], *lax* = salmon). Spring salmon is one of the English names of *Oncorhynchus tshawytscha*, more commonly known as the king salmon, and, in fact, we are told in the story that the *Vårlax* is the "king of all salmon." Finally, *Sokailax* seems simply to be a transliteration of the common English name of *Oncorhynchus nerka*, the sockeye salmon. Further, it appears that the three lineage names of the salmon may have come from English, though Webster's *Third New International Dictionary* identifies "sockeye" as having come, through folk etymology, from the Salish word *suk-kegh*.—*RLB*.

When Kloma was to go in the evening into the bridal chamber, he first went down to the beach and sought out four sharp stones which he then used to break and grind off the sharp teeth of his bride. So she, who created so much misfortune, was now cured and made as perfect as any other person. Not long after that Kloma also had the honor and pleasure of receiving his firstborn son.

It is said among the Indians of the coast that, if Kloma had not succeeded in curing his wife, all women to this day would have been afflicted with the same evil.

And so Kloma lived happily with his wife. But when it was drawing near the month of March, the salmon began to get busy putting in order their canoes, which in themselves were nothing other than the fishes' own skin. There was life and movement in the village. All the salmon wanted to go to Bella Coola to get their share of the cedar bark offering. They said among themselves, "I wonder how much cedar bark I will get this year." And even the birds prepared to go, because they were there also. In fact, all creatures who leave British Columbia in winter live in the salmon village, including the smallest insects.

When the final days of February came to an end, Amel put his large canoe into the sea. Kloma did the same. That is to say, they changed themselves into salmon, which they called putting out the canoes. Even before the departure Kloma's wife had presented him with a daughter, so that his family now consisted of four people.

We now leave Kloma for a moment and see how it looked in his home in Bella Coola. When his parents heard from the other youths the sad news that Kloma had drifted out to sea on a piece of ice, their sorrows were boundless. In order to signify this they cut their hair, which is a custom among the Indians in the case of death. In addition to this custom, they cry for the dead every full moon, at which time they lacerate themselves on the face in four places until the blood flows. This is considered an extraordinarily outstanding way to grieve. The women also often paint their faces red.

Kloma's father was sub-chief in Bella Coola and therefore had the right to fish with what is called in English a fish trap, or in the Bella Coola language *silmak*—a kind of fence the Indians set up across the river and through which it is impossible for the fish to pass except in one place. At this location a basket or trap is placed, through which the water rushes with a fall of about two feet. In order to pass, the salmon have to jump right into the trap and are then caught, because it is impossible to get out of it again.

Kloma's father had just set up one such trap, since every day now the king salmon were expected to arrive. Everything was ready.

It should be noted that only the chief of a village gets to make that kind of trap. In front of every village only one is found. And it is the custom that whoever owns the trap gives away or cooks the salmon for the whole population of the village every fourth day.

Kloma and all the other salmon of all kinds were now on the way to Bella Coola. Amel and Kloma, with the latter's wife and two children, were the first to reach the mouth of the river. There they immediately encountered a large number of cedar bark rings and poles that the Indians threw out or set up. All the other salmon came later than the king salmon, if one excepts the dog salmon, in the Indian language *dillie*, which, it is said, goes along the beaches and laughs continuously.

This kind of salmon follows the land, and it happens that sometimes it jumps up on land, for which, the Indians say, it laughs at its own stupidity.

On the first day of *Seagom* or March Kloma's father was out early to his trap, which was properly adorned with cedar bark and looked inviting to the salmon. "Listen," said Kloma to his wife and his two children, "Come with me! I will introduce you to my father. He is confident and expects that Amel (a king salmon) will come to his trap."

When they arrived, his father was indeed there. Kloma jumped into the trap, his family after him. Kloma's father was quite delighted to get so many salmon on the first day. He took them out of the trap as quickly as possible, carried them to the house, and laid them beside the door while he went in and told his wife about his successful catch. Then he sent out one of his daughters to get the salmon to be cooked. But when the girl went outside, her lost brother stood where the salmon had been, and with him a beautiful woman and two small children.

"This is my wife and my children," said Kloma to the girl, who immediately recognized her brother. She ran in to tell her parents, who were standing where the salmon had been.

"Oh, my dear child, don't push your joke too far," said her mother. "You know how you hurt me every time you call my lost son's name. This pain in my heart has never once left me."

The girl protested that it was her brother, alive, who stood there. "Just come out with me," she said, "and you will see that I'm telling the truth." But no one listened to her. So she went back outside. Now, Kloma said to her, "Say to my father that he should have his whole house cleaned well and, in addition, build a small room on the back. I will give a dance, a *Sissauch* dance, which I learned from Amel, with whom I have been."

The girl went in again and told her parents what her brother had said. But they still did not believe her. Finally, the father went out and indeed his lost son Kloma did stand there alive!
Now there was rejoicing without end. A room was built on the back of the house, and Kloma performed the sacred *Sissauch* dance. His dance spirit was Amel, or the king salmon, and since this time it is customary to use the Amel mask in the *Sissauch* dance.

Kloma lived happily in this way in his father's house with his young wife, until one day he went to the river to get water and met a girl with whom he dallied for a long while. She immediately tried to entice him, and it did not take long for her to make Kloma unfaithful to his wife. When Kloma came home with the water to his wife, she knew at once what had happened. Without a word she took her son and her daughter, jumped into the water, and changed back into a salmon.

So now Kloma had lost his beautiful wife for the sake of his unfaithfulness. Therefore he was downcast and decided to leave the world.

Here it should be noted that ever since Kloma's wife took the two children with her into the water, it has been the custom among the Indians that if a mother leaves her village, the children follow her instead of their father.

The next day Kloma made ready a bow and four arrows, and he built himself a small hut of twigs down at the river. Now when any ducks or an eagle came into the vicinity of his little dwelling, he shot them and plucked the feathers from them. He busied himself with this until he had the whole house filled with feathers. Then he went to Bella Coola village and got together with some small boys and said to one of them, "I'm going to lie down here in the feather pile. When I do, you take a stick and hit it. Then you'll see me go up out of the feathers and end up in the heavens as a wind."

But no one dared to hit the pile of feathers. Finally, one of the boys took courage and struck it four times, and Kloma flew up out of the pile like a whirlwind and disappeared. Where do you suppose Kloma went? He had no more than four dried salmon in his pack for the trip.

Kloma climbed ever higher and higher until he finally came to the heavens. Here he first met a tall man by the name of Temeab (tree with large root), who asked him what he intended to do. "I intend to go to the chief here," answered Kloma. "Then you must ask my permission first," said Temeab; "otherwise you can't come in here." Kloma gave Temeab one of his four dried salmon, which helped. Temeab let him go where he wanted but said, "I want to warn you, Kloma. The chief we have here is not good to associate with."

Kloma, however, went into the chief's house. The chief's name was Sink (the sun). Just at the door sat an old woman who called to Kloma, "Come and sit with me. I have good advice for you, which it is necessary to have. When you go to Chief Sink you can be sure that he will try to burn you alive, because he has done that to the few who were here before. I want to give you this little mountain sheep bladder, which is made up so that when you open it a terrible cold comes out that prevails over all warmth. It is the north wind (Espis), which is in the bladder. Remember it and take it with you."

So Kloma went up to Chief Sink and was invited to sit by the fire, where he could get something to eat. The chief had four daughters, all markedly beautiful, and he said to Kloma, "If you will help me and my daughters build a house, you will get one of the girls to marry." Kloma thought that was good and promised to help the chief build the house, little suspecting that it was intended as a grave for him.

When the meal was ready, the food was set before Kloma. There were many splendid dishes, such as those the Indians liked most, for example, dried berries, dried salmon, and so on. Kloma pretended that he ate with great pleasure, but actually he ate not a single bite. Instead, he let everything fall down into his cedar bark blanket, since if he had eaten the food it would certainly have been sure death for him.

Kloma set about building the house the very same day, and around evening it was finished. When Kloma was in the house and putting it in order, Sink and his four daughters shut the door on him, and immediately a terrible heat came from the floor and walls, so that in a couple of minutes it would have been over for Kloma if he had not remembered at the right moment the bladder containing the north wind. He loosened the knot and immediately a terrible cold spread out so that everything froze to ice. Kloma himself was almost on the point of perishing from cold but nevertheless tried to endure the whole night.

Early in the morning Sink and his daughters came to take Kloma's singed corpse out of the house. One of the daughters went and opened the door but to her amazement was met by a cold so tremendous that she almost became paralyzed. She was still more amazed when she went through the doorway and saw Kloma in good condition, though almost frozen stiff.

Sink and his daughters were very surprised by this. They realized that Kloma was a great medicine man and that it was not so easy to put an end to him, though Sink himself was a widely notorious medicine man.

Kloma now demanded to receive the chief's daughter in marriage, but Sink still had excuses. Early the next day he woke Kloma and said, "See, there are four mountain sheep directly above on that high mountain. Take this bow and arrows and go up and shoot them!" Kloma went up on the mountain and finally got quite close to the sheep. He shot at them with Sink's bow, but the arrows did not penetrate the skin of the animals at all. Then Kloma noticed that the arrows were made of soft skin thongs with tips of charcoal.

When Kloma could not shoot the sheep, they ran up to him and threw him off the cliff, many thousand feet down, but Kloma changed himself speedily into an eagle feather and came safely to the ground. The four sheep were no other than Sink's daughters transformed. They had just reached home and told their father that Kloma was now dead, because they had pushed him off the high cliff, when Kloma arrived in person. Sink was quite furious, because it was believed that it was almost impossible to overcome Kloma.

Again Kloma demanded Sink's daughter in marriage, but he answered, "First we will take canoes and go out after firewood." They lived quite close to a large lake. Sink and Kloma set out accordingly. When they had gone some distance out on the water, they saw a tree trunk sticking up above the water surface. "That's suitable for firewood," said Sink, and set about at the trunk of the tree chopping it to pieces bit by bit with his stone axe. Then, he intentionally let his axe fall into

the water. He began to cry and complain about the loss and finally asked Kloma to dive down after the axe. If he would only do it, he would surely get Sink's daughter. But before they had rowed from land, Sink had stolen the bladder with the north wind. After Kloma dived down in the water, Sink opened the bladder, and immediately there was such a cold that the water was instantly covered with a thick layer of ice, so that when Kloma came up, he could find no way through the ice. Now good advice was dear. Finally, Kloma changed himself into a small salmon, swam around the entire lake looking for a hole but could not find more than a tiny crack. Though he searched long and well, it was not larger than a hair. So Kloma changed himself into a hair and crept up through the hole. Next he had the stone axe brought up, went to Sink's home, and threw the axe in his face, which nearly killed him. Now Sink finally had to give Kloma one of his daughters in marriage.

Early the next morning a large woodpecker sat on the totem pole outside the house. Sink said to Kloma, "Take my bow and arrows and shoot it!" "No, thanks," replied Kloma, "I have had, I can assure you, enough of your bows and arrows. I myself have a bow and arrows that are suitable for killing something." With this he went out and shot the bird, but only in one wing. He took it in to Sink and said, "Here, now you have the woodpecker!" "What will I do with it?" asked Sink. "Hang it over your bed!" said Kloma. In the night Kloma caused the woodpecker to peck out Sink's eyes. Then the chief cried and begged Kloma to cure him, but Kloma would not do it until Sink promised to leave him in peace from now on.

Kloma then lived happily with his new bride, so the story says.

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