

12/1/66

They were little people, not too small, about three or four feet high. They had the power of invisibility add to put you to sleep, hypnotize you .

Their hair grew white early and the old men had yellowish white hair , just like old people. They lived in the mountains, in the timber, and they were called Stick Indians. Some of them were around White Pass.

They came out at night, didn't talk Indian but talked like birds, night talk, all around, like magpies, crows and birds like that.

One big band lived in a cave in the mountains where they could hide the entrance.

They sometimes gave their power to children, boys and girls. It was a strong power, like making you able to steal horses , hide, or creep around and no one could see you. They were mostly seen by children only. They traveled around in the fog, you could hear them all around, talking like birds. Indians were afraid to ridicule them.

One time there was a girl about 12, up in the mountains, camped with her mother and families. Her mother told her to go down to the spring and get water. This was early in the morning.

She went down but a little old man, dressed in furs was there, cleaning his throat. He had yellowish white hair. He went on cleaning his throat with a willow twig like the people used to do. His hair was unbraided. None of the Little People braided their hair. He was twisting the willow twig down his throat and cleaning himself by coughing. The girl waited and waited but he kept on. He paid no attention to her. Finally she gave up and went back to camp without the water. She told her mother and her mother went back but he was gone. They could see where he had been, where he had broken off the willow twigs to clean his throat. She went back to camp and told everyone about it and they knew he was



A Stee-Ah-He, so everyone packed up and moved. No one would stay around one of the places where they had been seen.

The little man had a fur blanket which he had laid on the ground . He had a fur jacket and fur around his legs. He was dressed just like an old time Indian.

One time when I was a boy I went into the mountains, almost over to Lewis County, going with my father, just the two of us. We went to hunt. I hadn't been permitted to go on a long hunt like that before.

We found a small meadow to make our camp. It was surrounded by timber but we decided to make our camp in the middle of the meadow, 40 or 50 yards back from any of the trees on any side.

My first told me, if you hear strange things, don't be afraid. Just don't worry. And, don't whistle or call . Just pay no attention.

It got dark and after supper we went to bed. There were all kind of birds calling all around in the dark. It was out in the open, no trees close around. I laid still. I heard them and remembered what my father had told me.

Suddenly I heard, "schwirre"...like something falling, and a piece of limb with moss on it fell right on the bed, but I just laid quite and remembered what my father had said. There was no tree near it to fall from. Other pieces fell, always making a sound and there were birds like talking all around. But I just kept quiet. Then it was quiet after that and I went to sleep.

When my grandmother was little she had an experience she told me about.

She had a little friend, about her age, eight or nine years old then. The families, several of them, went up into the mountains for berries.



She said they heard the Stee-ha-ha talking all around them at night, like birds talking to each other.

The Little Girl wanted off into the dark and didn't come back. The Stee-Ah-Ha took her, the people looked for her next day and several days but couldn't find her.

The next year they went back to the same berrying grounds and the same camping place.

The first night they were in camp the Little Girl came into camp. She was dressed different and already was beginning to look like a little old woman. She said the Little People let her come back for just a little while to see her people, that they were kind to her but they wanted her people to know she was happy. As they were talking to her, she suddenly disappeared.

The next year the family went back to the same camp and the little girl came into camp again, dressed in furs and changing more to look like a Little Old Woman. She told them the Little People made her promise that she could come to see her people but had to promise to go back to the Little People. She told how she lived with them, just like Indians.

She showed them a little medicine bundle, It was the size of her thumb, tied up in fur and it was the medicine the Little People gave to her which made her disappear.

Her hair was turning white and her face was older. She stayed quite a while that night and then disappeared.

The next year the people went back to the same camp. They heard lots of birds calling and talking but the Little Girl never came back.



My father (Alec Shawaway) and George Wyneco and another man went fishing on the Naches. They went late in the season so they could spear the late run of salmon.

They heard someone fishing just above them, could hear the salmon splash when it was speared and then the slap, slap as it was killed by hitting it over the head.

There were some other men fishing just below them and they knew them. They talked with them and asked them who had come up and was fishing above. Their friends said no one had come up. They said there was no one and they had heard no one fishing.

Later, just before dark, my father and George Wyneco went just upstream to see who was fishing. There was no one there, but they could see that someone had been fishing and spearing salmon. It was the little people who hunted and fished, just like the Indians.

The Little People liked matches. When you heard them at night and laid matches out for them, the matches were gone the next day.

If you heard them around in the dark, talking like birds, and threw out a handful of matches, they took them and went away. You never saw them but the matches disappeared. They liked matches

My father told me that a long while ago he didn't believe in the Little People.

But he told me how he learned about them.

He was hunting one night time, way up in the Naches in his old hunting grounds. He was camped and the Little People made a lot of noise talking like birds. He hollered at them a few times and they made more noise than ever.

Then he took his gun and shot into the woods. There was a tremendous commotion and he heard a woman shout, "Ohwee," like she was shot.



My father went to bed and then didn 't know anything.

He woke up in the morning and found his clothing had been taken off. He found something stuck in his back. He worked and worked with it and finally got it out and a lot of blood came out too. It was a sharp stick with a knot on it.

His clothes were hanging up in the trees around the camp, some quite high. It had taken him a long while to work the piece of stick and knot out of him and he was very sore.

The Little People put him to sleep, took his clothes and stuck the piece of stick into him for shooting at them. He thinks the gunshot must have hurt the woman he heard scream.

I once heard about a man and a woman who were walking in the woods. They came to an old cabin and went inside. There was an old kind of bench there like a bed. They laid down and were making love.

Suddenly the man felt something jab him in the back. He turned around, there was no one there. He started to make love again and every time something jabbed him in the back. He got angry and got up and never did finish.

It was dark by then and he went outside the cabin to urinate. But there was a long piece of bark put down in front of him and he urinated on himself, every time he started to urinate, it would turn back onto him.

George Wyneco didn 't believe in the Little People. He used to go hunting with my father.

They camped out one night and when they woke up next morning George's clothes were all taken off him and hanging around, high in the trees. The seams of his trousers were pulled open, the thread was pulled out and they were in two pieces. The seams of his shirt were open the same way.



After that George believed in the Little People and didn 't whistle at night or anytying like that .

(more on Alex Shawaway, who died about 1949)

When he was hunting thetime they hurt him, he first threw rocks into the woods about him, but they , the Little People, made more noise, talking like birds, little squeaky voices. When he couldn 't sleep because of the noise he fired the gun.

The woman's squeaky voice sounded like Ah-wai-waaiii, wai.. like a woman hurt. Then he heard terrible noises and that was all he knew until he came to the next day

He never bothered the Little People again, never went back to that place to camp. There are some places in the mountains the Indians won't camp because Little People live around there

11/29/66

Stee-~~xxxxxx~~ Ah-He or Stick Indians

Louie Sohappay

There were lots of stories about the Stick Indians. They were called that because they lived in the heavy timber.

In the time of the war there were a few left up by White Pass.

That is where there are fogs frequently in the winter time or in the late fall.

These few met with the Yakimas before the war. I don't know how true but it is the story I heard. They came to the council and said they would help the Yakimas out, that they would come up on the enemy at night, and no one could see them.

They go around in the fog and at night, making sounds like birds.



Little People

Henry Alexander

12/29,66

About the Little People, Stick Indians. My grandmother used to tell stories about them but I never paid much attention like I should have.

They came down from the north about this time of the year, came in across the Valley with the fog and went travelling through. They whistled and talked, sounding like birds. They took several weeks to pass through. The Indians here didn't know where they came from or where they went to, but it seems like they were going south like the birds to keep out of the cold. And they came back from the south, going north, passing through the valley in the spring.



11/29/66

Stee\_Ah-Ha or Stick Indian stories.

Informant, Danny Sampson of the Satus.

They travel in the fog and from west toward the east to the hills where they get their medicine in the sagebrush hills, on top of the hills, they get their power from the sage.

They travel all the way over to Idaho and Montana in the fall at this time of the year. You know they are coming when the fog moves in. You hear them talking in it like birds.

They are little people, about three feet high, but very strong;. They stay mostly in the mountains and come down with the fog and travel to get their medicine. Their main medicine makes them invisible.

One night a man and his friends were hunting, they were camping out. He didn 't believe in them. Them told him not to go riding around at night, and whistling, imitating birds, that they, the Little People, wouldn't like it. But he went riding around, whistling and the fog came up.

He became lost. He rode and rode until he saw a fire, out that way (pointing ) He rode toward it but it disappeared before he could reach it. It just vanished.

Then he looked over that way, and saw another fire, and rode toward it. But it also vanished, just like that. It was there, almost before him and then there was nothing but the fog and the whistling, bird-like noises of the Little People all about him.

Then he looked another direction and saw a fire. And it was the same thing, and the he looked in the fi al direction and saw a fire but when he rode toward it, it also vanished.

He beame confused and knew he was lost. He became out of his head. He rode on and on and didn 't know anything but he was riding. He was like you would say, gone crazy.

When the next day came and the fog went away, he was riding in his saddle. He was still in the saddle, but the saddle



was sitting in the top of one of those tall fir trees. There was no horse around, just him in the saddle.

After that he believed there were Little People and he knew how they could punish you for not believing in them.