

Indian pottery is called Kee-Wish in the Wuk-Chum -Na dialect. There is clay for it here at the spring on the place and other clay down by the river. First we dig it up and bring it home and then work it, picking out all the little rocks. Then we let it dry and grind it on a rock or in a mortar. Then it is like powder. It is mixed up again then with water. First you make a bottom for the pot and then you roll out strips, long like a snake and coil them around and work them together, smoothing them down and fastening them together (demonstrated by motions how coiling is done, how placed on pot, etc.) Then you have to let the pot season. You don't let it dry out fast, keep it a little moist and covered it. When it is well seasoned you smooth it down some more, rubbing it over with a piece of soapstone.

When you are ready to fire it you don't put the pot right into the fire but close to it so it can warm up and you keep turning it so it gets good and hot. Then you can put it on the fire. The fire is made as hot as possible by oak bark and oak chips. It takes two days and two nights to properly fire a pot. After it is fired and when it is still hot you have to "doctor" it, it's good medicine and keeps it from breaking. You call it Toy Yok Toy is pronounced with a little sound like tough ...Toy Yok Keewish.

When I was a little girl I remembered pots for lots of people and lots of meat that were this big (held a odd arms out in a circle, describing one in size that was easily three or four gallons.

You cook right on the fire with the larger pots. You couldn't cook meat in baskets like acorn mush because it spoiled the baskets.

The smaller pots were dipped into the big pot and used to scoop out the meat soup. Sometimes acorns were cooked in the large pots. The flat ones were to hold meat.

The soapstone, used to smooth off the pot with was called Goudish.



The pots weren't decorated.

(she was asked about paint for face , used at dancing)

Two colors of paint used to be used by the old people to paint their faces for the dances. Only the Indians from the north tat~~ooed~~ and I don't know about that. The colors were red and black. Both were dirt. The black came from someplace south, I don't know where.

The red came from somewhere around Auckland. I don't think anyone is living know who knows where it came from. Only the old people knew when I was young. They are all now dead. It had to be cooked before it colored too.

Pottery was used to make pots to eat out of, cook with and for smoking , as a pipe. Then there was a smaller pot used to gather milkweed for chewing gum. It~~o~~ad the gum was called Dough-Own-Nuey. The old timers used to chew it and it would pop all the time. You could hear it pop and pop. You~~o~~ To prepare it ~~it~~ you would take one of the small pots and go out to the hills where the milkwee~~d~~ grew.

You could break the stem and then squeeze it into the little pot and then you would have to cook it until it was chewing gum. You chewed just the amount you wanted to and at first it was real bitter but it got better. We used to like to chew it and everyone did, the children and the old people. It would last for a week or longer. At night or when you didn't want to chew it you put it under clean water and that kept it. When it was bitter (before starting to chew it) it would keep for a long time. I had a ball in the trunk and my children found it. It was there for 15 years before they found it and it was still good. They got it at and we all chewed it. If you wrapped it up when it was bitter it would last a long time.

The Kaweahs or Dumni (Visalia) Indians had another kind of milkweed they used to chew. It wasn't so bitter. They called it Chawk and the made string of him too. It grows tall. They would chew the stalk to make the string and then roll it up and when they wanted string they would take the ball and roll

a string.

The milkweed used by the Wuk-Chum-Nas for string was Chidtik.



I was born on the old Broder ranch east of Visalia and am going on 73 years old now. My name was Garcia, Mary Garcia, but I know nothing about my father or mother who died when I was small. I lived with my uncle, Jim Harrington who was living at Sand Flat, across from Terminus Beach. There were three or four houses of people there. Sam Garfield lived across the River by Wuk-Chum-na Hill. My Indian name was Ya-a-let

My man was Joe Pohot, who was a Wuk-Chum-Na. He was born at Three Rivers. I guess that was about as far up stream as the Wuk-Chum-Nas lived. My Uncle and my mother too were born at Sand Flat, I was married when I was 14 years old, married the Indian way and later by the Catholic Church.

My oldest child was Leah. She married Valdez. Mary (Fredericks) was my next oldest. A boy, Willie, died when he was a year old. He died of the whopping cough. Cecil (Hamilton) or Teresa was the next and Jessie, a girl, is now dead. Susie Rousch was next and then there was Reapo or Refugio. She married a Swede named Olsen and lives in Oregon. Henry, my boy, was next to Susie and he was killed by an automobile a few years ago. Virginia (Aguilar) is the youngest.

My man's name was Joe Martin and old man Barton, who used to take care of the brook dam at Bridge Inn put his name down as Joe Phhot on the land registry. Pohot was his Indian name. He has was Joe Pohot since and until his death several years ago. It was the same with Henry Ichu. He was Henry Colvin and his Indian name was Chuki.

My Uncle, Jim Harrington's Indian name was Hia-Chi-Chi. Joe Hightone, another uncle, had an Indian name of Jow-Gush. They started calling him Hightone because of how he dressed up. Then there was another brother, Jim Little Breeches. His Indian name was Yaunie.

Maggie Icho's Indian name is Wah-Nom-Kot. Indian names are just names. Right off I don't recall any of them meaning anything .

I remember how we used to cook squirrels. We could gut them and stick a stick through them so the fat wouldn't run out and then throw them on the ashes. They had the hair on and they cooked nice that way. We would cook up lots of them that way, clean them off and then keep them in basket or bag made of tules. That kept the flies off and they would keep for several days.



The Wuk-Chum-Ma word for tobacco is ~~sh~~ shawgun. Bah-a-mow is smoke. The shell, cooked and ground up and used on the tobacco is gee-oo or gee-u, (hard g) When one Indian would say to another or group, Ta hin hami nin tree u, he would be saying, come over to my house and we will have tobacco.

Tobacco was picked, just the leaves and dried. If mild tobacco was wanted, which was rarely, it was quickly dried and in the sun. But strong tobacco was made by wrapping it up and drying it slowly. Then the leaves were put away.

The shell, used in the tobacco, came from the ~~moo~~ white shells found at Woodlake. They were roasted in the fire ~~and~~ until they were just like ash and then ground up. They were kept separately from the tobacco until it was all ground together.

The Indian pipe was made of pottery and was something like a tube, being four to six inches long. But while the Indians frequently smoked, particularly when they were out on long trips or travelling, eating tobacco was the more common. They would gather around at one Indians place and while one fellow ground tobacco in a mortar another would tell a story. The mortar was soapstone and the pestle was usually soapstone too or nearly any kind of a rock that could be used for a pestle. The man would grind away and grind up the leaves, mixing in the shell and ~~and~~ keep on grinding slowly while the other man told the story. The stories were always told by the men and lasted quite a while, but the women and children would be gathered around too. They did this after they had gathered and had their night meal. When the story was finished they would mix water in the tobacco and make a weak paste out of it. Then the man who had been grinding it would say "who is first" and some man would say "I am first" and he could get up and walk over to the man holding the mortar. ~~He would~~ The man who ~~would~~ ground the



tobacco would dip the pestle in the mortar and hold it out, (demonstrated holding it out ~~with~~ by each end, and the other man would ~~lick~~ lick off the tobacco. Then he would run outside and throw up. After that he could go to sleep and he would sleep good. The women and children would lick the ~~the~~ rock too and then they would run outside and throw up all their evening meal.

"You do not dream bad dreams on an empty stomach. You dream good dreams. If your stomach is full you dream bad dreams. The old timers liked the smoke licks the best. That is why they are healthy, why they lived a long time and were active a long while. I remember an old man, so old he had a cane, who used to come down from Dunlap bringing a message. He would come down in the morning, lopping along, all the way to Iron Bridge. He would tell his message and then take his cane and go trotting off again to Dunlap and get back there the same day. He was an old man but no old man could do that now.

"The stories were told by the men. They were told only at night and mostly when the acorn harvest was on and during the winter. But the smoke licks were held every night. First they would be at one house and then they would be at another house and then another until they came around to the house where they started. The invitation to come to my house however was always extended.

"The women and children just sat around and listened to the stories. My uncle (Jim Harrington) used to be a good story teller and told many of them. When we were small he would sit around telling stories when we were peeling acorns at night and when we droused off to sleep he would shout "wake up" and go on with the story. He wanted us to peel all the acorns we could. He told the stories to help us keep awake and next morning he would shout for us to get up and swim. We would go swimming early in the morning any time of the year.

"There used to be a great sweat house on this (west) side of



Iron Bridge, but there was only the hole in the ground left when I lived there. It was pretty large but not too large. Then there was a big one in Antelope Valley (in valley north and east of "oodlake) It was a large one/ and made by Jim Wilcox father. I guess it was large enough to hold 20 or more men. Women didn't go into the smoke houses because the men were naked in there. The houses were made by scooping out a depression in the earth, setting up a skeleton frame of branches and tree limbs, covering that with brush and then covering it all over with dirt. A small entrance, one only, was left and you had to stoop to go inside. The fire was just inside, so you had to hump over the fire going in and coming out. The men smoked inside and sang and it was pretty bad. Sometimes a boy, going in for the first time would faint and they had to throw him out the opening. Sometimes the men would sleep there. The men only went in when they weren't feeling well. After they had been there and sweating they would run out and jump into the water. When the women didn't feel good they didn't have a smokehouse to go into. They just had to weather it through.

"Wuk-Chum-Na Hill was called Ti-Up-Nish.

"No one told stories during the summer time. They were told mostly during the acorn harvest. They say if you tell stories at other times you will see a snake (rattlesnake) he is called ~~Wadad~~ Tra-Hud. After the stories are told at night those who hear them are supposed to wash in the morning.

Superstitions:

"If the bottom of your foot itches you are going to have bad luck.

If your eye twitches at the bottom, it is bad luck. If your eye twitches above, you are going to see someone.

If your nose drips, you are going to have bad luck. If you sneeze, someone is calling you.

When a bird comes in your house that is bad luck, particularly if the bird is the kind that lives down by the river. He isn't the



swallow but his upper part is black and he is a small bird. He goes tree-wheet. I remember one came into the house one day and then a little girl we were taking care of was drowned in the pond.

Another day the bird came again and I grabbed him and wanted to kill him but my man said "turn him loose, he isn't hurting anything. But it ~~was~~ he meant bad luck because my man died. So I know for sure that when a bird comes into the house it means bad luck.

"The Indians who used to live around Visalia didn't have stone mortars, only rarely. They were mostly made out of oak wood. That mortar is called Pan awa. The little rock mortar is called coi-wash and the pestil is pot week and the big pestil is per was.

"All the Indians got along with each other, our folks could go into the hills and get acorns and other places at the right time of season to get food, and we all got along but with the Taches. They were bad Indians and we were afraid of them. Whenever another Indian came to their place they would kill him ~~but~~ unless he was a chief or chief's son and then they wouldn't kill him. They were afraid to I ~~guess~~ but first they asked if he was a chief or a chief's son. He left them along.

"The Indians used to get the big shells and pretty shells for beads and necklaces (abalone shells) from the coast. They would go there themselves to the coast. I remember some of the old folks telling about going there a long time ago. They went to the coast and had no trouble with anyone. When they got there they found the ribs of a big fish, (so high) measured up as high as she could reach. It had been washed up on the beach and the flesh was gone, just the bones sticking up. So they threw up mats over the ribs and lived inside there in the summer and got shells and things and returned with them.

There was an old Kaweah man who used to live up the river and he spent all his time making necklaces out of the abalone shells and selling them.



That is all he did, all day long, just sat there and made the necklaces and ~~earrings~~ earrings. The earrings were made in the shape of pendants or long triangles and were tied into the ears in holes that had been made there by a sharp stick. Usually they used an elderberry stick to do it. Some of the older Indians wore shell plugs in their nose. They were long and hard and polished, about two or three inches long and made out of some kind of shell money. I have some of the money and pendants etc."

Mrs. Pohot then brought out a package wrapped out and tied up in an old flour sack. Laughing, she said, "this is the old style way." She picked out one longnecklace, about three and one-half feet long, strung on wool string with long hard polished white shell or bone, about two inches long, string between vari-colored Spanish trade beads. There were some 12 to 15 of the long shell beads. It is money she said and it was worn by the women. She then pulled out a longer necklace of Spanish trade beads, five feet long and explained it was worn by her son when he was a little boy. She had several beaded belts, one was very old she said and it was real old money. It had tiny beads strung on a belt about five feet long and an inch and a half wide. The background was wool. The other belts were also strung on wool, usually red and black. The beads and belts came from the Tejon Indians and from the Indians in the north she said. The wool came from Mexico. The old Spanish fathers had brought the wool to the missions and the mission Indians had made the belts and she explained "I guess they got the beads from the Spanish fathers."

"The soapstone was used to make mortars, small ones especially for the tobacco licks and for making rocks with holes in them to crack acorns. We used to get it back of the Lancashire place. My man would go down there riding and I would walk and we would get six, eight or a dozen pieces and bring them home. If you wanted to make the mortar hard after you



finished it you cooked it and it got hard. I got several pieces once and made some mortars. Some children broke one of them. Then someone sold another one of them. One nice one I made for an old lady when we lived down the hill. When she died I took the mortar and hid it."



7/8/45

Indian words and beliefs.

Pohot's rancheria.

Took delivery on artifacts, baskets and was given following names for them by Maggie Icho, Wukohumna and Mary Pohot, Wukohumna.

Chu-Poi root digging stick. Wood is obtained only from higher in mountains, a very hard wood, evidently mountain mahogany. Even Indians living lower down seldom use any other kind of wood. The stick also serves as a cane and weapon for Indians traveling from place to place. Women sometimes engaged in fights with them, men seldom. Sometimes a woman, angered by her man, would strike him with it. The point is further sharpened and hardened by subjecting to fire.

Sny-Yow --acorn mush stirrer.

Sho-Win Chaw-Mish. Pigeon basket . Made of willows. Carried on back, with band tied around ~~head~~ forehead. Decoy pigeon kept in it, released with string tied to foot and hunter hides, snaring other pigeons. Some times four to six pigeons kept in cage for several days until they were eaten. Sometimes they were killed as they were caught. Sho-Win is the name for pigeon. Chaw-Mish is basket name. This same name is used simply as Shaw-Mish for berry picking basket.

Beliefs: Common land snail shell, when tied to protruding navel of young baby will cause it to recede to natural position. Maggie Icho found such a snail shell and had it in a small can to show me and explain it to me.