UC Merced
Journal of California and Great Basin Anthropology

Title
Early Ethnographic Notes from Constance Goddard DuBois on the Indians of San Diego County

Permalink
https://escholarship.org/uc/item/7hq6196f

Journal
Journal of California and Great Basin Anthropology, 26(2)

ISSN
0191-3557

Author
Laylander, Don

Publication Date
2006

Copyright Information
Copyright 2006 by the author(s). All rights reserved unless otherwise indicated. Contact the author(s) for any necessary permissions. Learn more at https://escholarship.org/terms

eScholarship.org Powered by the California Digital Library University of California

Journal of California and Great Basin Anthropology | Vol. 26, No. 2 (2006) | pp. 205-214

Early Ethnographic Notes from Constance Goddard DuBois on the Indians of San Diego County

DON LAYLANDER
ASM Affiliates, Inc.
2034 Corte del Nogal
Carlsbad, CA 92011

Between 1899 and 1908, Constance Goddard DuBois, a novelist, philanthropist, and amateur anthropologist, published two dozen ground-breaking studies of San Diego County's Native Americans. Her writings focused on myths, ceremonies, and other elements of traditional culture, as well as the difficult circumstances faced by native groups in early twentieth-century America. DuBois' previously unpublished manuscripts and notes contain some additional information on these subjects, which is presented here.

A successful novelist who lived in Waterbury, Connecticut, Constance Goddard DuBois spent her summers in the San Diego area in the late 1890s and early 1900s. An intensive involvement with the Diegueño (Ipai and Tipai, or Kumeyaay) and Luiseño Indians living in the region's rugged backcountry soon began (Figure 1). DuBois channeled financial aid, offered political support, and promoted a revival of traditional basketry. In collaboration with Alfred L. Kroeber and other anthropologists, she also became a pioneering ethnographer, devoting particular attention to the description of native myths and ceremonies.

Between 1899 and 1908, when DuBois became incapacitated by illness, she published two dozen contributions of interest to Southern California ethnography. These ranged from short notes on the present state of native crafts to a major scientific monograph on traditional Luiseño religion. An annotated edition of these writings, together with biographical information on DuBois and a discussion of the context and content of her work, has been published (Laylander 2004). Her unpublished correspondence, field notes, and drafts of articles were preserved, and are now on file at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York. Most of the ethnographic material in these manuscripts consists of working notes and drafts that were subsequently incorporated into DuBois' publications. However, several items of interest have not previously been available and are presented below.

CINON DURO

[This is a portion of a manuscript entitled "Indian Summer in Southern California." Cinon Duro, or Hokoyél Mutaweér, was described by DuBois as the last chief of the Diegueños at Mesa Grande. She regarded his death in 1906 as an irreparable loss to ethnography, because "many a secret of the past" died with him (DuBois 1908b:232).]

> Although I have been able to listen dry-eyed to many a heartrending tale of wrong and injustice endured by the unoffending Mission Indians, I could never look upon Cinon's face and read what was written there, without rising tears and a tell-tale lump in the throat (Figure 2). This must be because the sufferings of the soul are more real than those of the body; and mental grief is more poignant than physical pain.
>
> Cinon, like many of the others, suffers want and hunger. His eleven sons have died one by one, and left him without support; but this is not the bitterest grief he knows. He is the aristocrat of his tribe, the last of the chiefs; and his sorrows are those of fallen greatness conscious of the gulf fixed between the past and present, realizing keenly the meaning of the word *Finis*, written large over the hopes and ideals, the habits and customs of a race.
>
> In one of the popular books of the day, the author expresses surprise at the suggestion that Indians may be human beings with thoughts and emotions like our own. A false civilization has so stunted our perceptions that the most primary truths are strange to us; and we deny our heritage as children of God in denying the fact of human brotherhood.
>
> A lack of intuition little short of stupidity leads us to decry the value of all that differs from our present social status, forgetting that in the changing processes of evolution there must be loss as well as gain; forgetting too that each phase in the upward development is good and sufficient to him who lives in it; that religion, family love, reverence, duty, were all possible in man so soon as he became differentiated from the brute. The religion may be so strange and primitive that we call it "heathenish," but in the times of that ignorance which "God winked at" it was an acceptable thing to Him, a vital movement of the human thought towards the divine.
>
> Cinon's religion is sacred to him. Although he is sunk in poverty and often suffers hunger, he refused

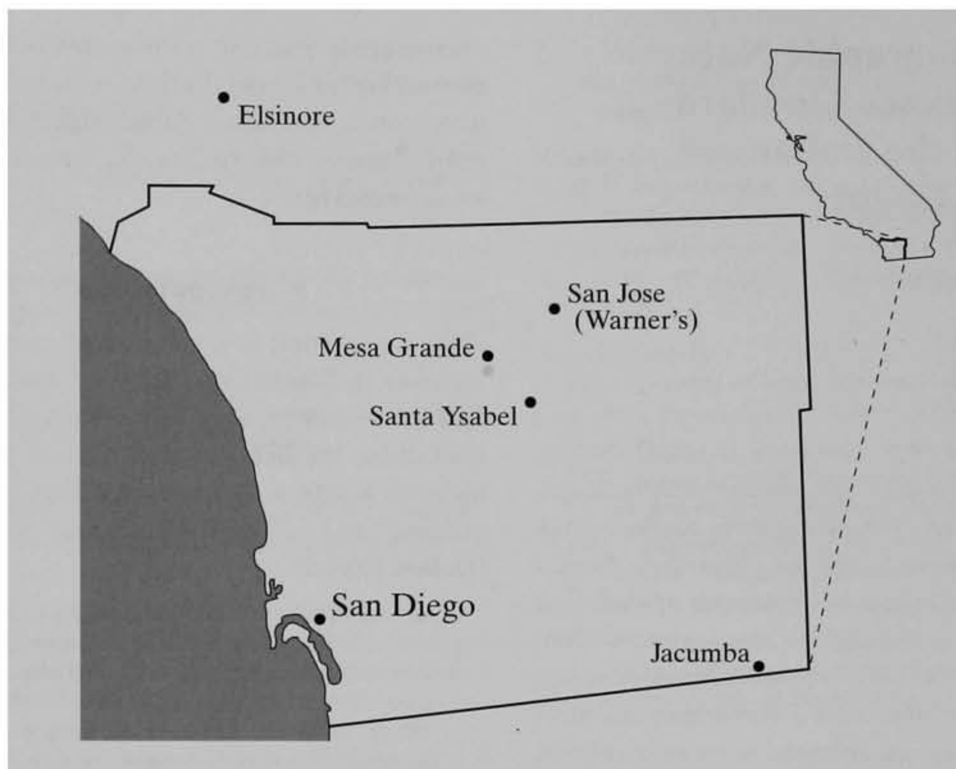

Figure 1. Map of San Diego County, showing locations mentioned in the text.

to tell the stories of the past, traditions reverently accepted from his father's lips, to a white man who offered him twenty dollars as a bribe; and he refused to sell for double that amount the cap of eagle feathers used in the religious dances. "These things were not to be sold for money," said Cinon, but for Ella's sake he promised that he would give his precious histories to the *Señora* who came from the East, on conditions that she would write them down and put them in a book so that they should never be lost and forgotten.[1]

In the old times there was no need of a written record. From chief's son to chief's son the tribal legends have descended. But now the times are changed, he sadly said, and the people no longer listen to his words.

He came to see me, dressed in his best clothes, and he seated himself in the room we called by courtesy our parlor, and prepared to tell his tale, waiting for Ella's ready interpretation and the *Señora's* rapid writing to follow every phrase.

He spoke with slow solemnity, using apt descriptive gestures of hand, arm and body to accompany his words, making them more vivid and impressive.

As I consider that the value of his narrative is in its verbatim reproduction I transcribe it almost without the alteration of a word, changing it however for greater convenience from the first to the third person. Cinon's father, the chief, told him all these things over and over in a very low voice, so that he might learn them well, and teach them to his sons; but Cinon's eleven sons have died one by one, and he is left alone. A white man once offered him much money to tell him these stories, but they are things which can not be sold. Cinon will give them to *La Señora* that she may put them in a book so that they shall never be lost and forgotten. He will tell no lies, but will speak pure truth as his father taught it to him.

[Here DuBois' manuscript presented Cinon Duro's version of the Diegueño creation myth, which was published (DuBois 1901; Laylander 2004:38–40).]

The Chief

Cinon's father, the chief, was named Quum-ech-loup. (The old man speaks this name with bated breath and great reverence as if it were a sacred thing.) He was the root, and Cinon is the branch. The root is dead; the branch soon will die; then all knowledge of the past will be lost. All the rest of the Captains and chiefs are gone; Cinon alone is left.

When God made the Indians, out of him came the witch-doctors and chiefs. Cinon's family, the Duros, was the oldest of all. They came in the night which is the reason that they are blacker than the rest. When first they came from God they had no clothes and were much ashamed, so they made things to cover themselves with. They came from very far East and were in San Diego before they came to their present home. After they came from the East they went to Elsinore, and helped the other Indians to make the lake that is there.

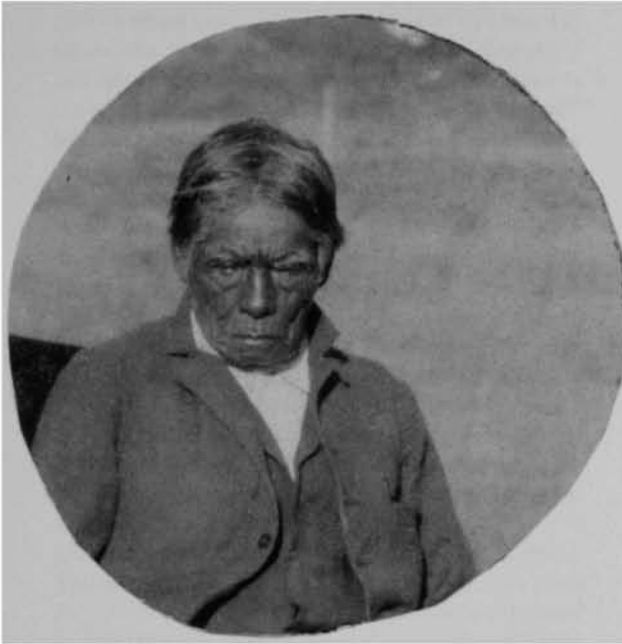

Figure 2. Cinon Duro (photograph by Constance Goddard DuBois, courtesy of the San Diego Museum of Man).

When they first came here they did not understand very much.

When the sun goes down, the chief calls the people together, and plays on rattles in order that the sun may come up again, and when it comes they are glad.

The Datura Dance

They had a dance to drink the juice of the datura. One or two boys out of every house would go to dig the root, and as many as twenty men would be down by the spring, pounding and washing it to get the juice in the water. Then they all took a drink, each in turn as he was called by name. And they made a very great fire and danced in circles about it for a long time, and then they were like dead men. Cinon, for he was the chief, sang and played all the night; and when it was almost day the fire had died down till it was only coals. So he sent his two daughters to bring sticks and weeds and bits of tobacco to put on the fire. For two months after this dance, no man ate meat nor salt.

The Customs of Olden Times

When a man died they took his clothes and all his belongings and made a proclamation, "In two weeks we are going to burn them." Then if any one else has died his belongings are brought too; and all the people who have acorn flour or anything good take it all together to one pueblo.[2] Then they invite the other pueblos, and when the people are all together, the chief explains who the dead ones are and they make a great fire, and the *tata-juilas*[3] come. This is not the chief's invention; but God taught them to do it. God taught the people in time past to make these fiestas.

When the son of a chief dies, all the men of importance must get on their hands and knees and walk in a circle with their backs painted with the design of their name upon them. It is a ceremony necessary to a chief's son. They make a great fire out of doors; for the hands and feet of him who goes away are cold. They can not make a fire big enough in a house. When the *cheseros*[4] or *tata-juilas* die they have different ceremonies. All the people are Cinon's because he is the chief; and all this knowledge is his.

In the time past they ate grasses and seeds and deer and rabbits. They had no flour and sugar. His pueblo had many houses, and he had many friends among the captains. Not for a mile or two but all the land was his. He had no lines made, but he knew just what was his. The men took bows and arrows and went out to fight. The women of other tribes would come to rob the houses, and the men of San José would fight and kill two or three of his men. Then he demanded the lives of two or three of theirs. They had a law unto themselves, and this was a very delicate matter.

No one knows how to make the fiestas any more. When Cinon is gone all this knowledge will be lost. There was his son who would have been chief; but now he is dead.

Go from the East to the West and from the North to the South and ask who is the oldest and the first, and all will tell you, "Cinon Duro."

Cinon's Conversion

Cinon was not a Christian. He was a Gentile, and he had five sons. Then Father Sancho came, and walked all around and saw many little children. After awhile Cinon went to Santa Ysabel and sought out the Father and heard him talk. Then he went home and said to his wife, "I want to be a Christian." And he and his wife sat and talked all night about this matter until the sun came.

Then he called the people together, and told them his wish, and they agreed. "You are our chief," they said, "and we will do as you say."

So he went again to Santa Ysabel. And the father said, "From where do you come?"

"From Mesa Grande."

"What do you want?"

"I want one thing, Father."

"I am too busy now." He was eating, and when he had finished he said, "Enter and eat."

"I come, Father, to be a Christian."

"Ha, ha, ha, I am very glad to see you. Wait a minute, I am going with a boy to get some water" (for his baptism). "Tomorrow I will come to your home."

The Father came in one week, and took holy water (to baptize the people) and he brought a cow and killed it for the people.

He told them that he wanted them to build a church. They did so, but now it is fallen down.

Old Cinon came again to see me the evening before my departure; and he was much affected to hear that *La Señora* was going away "forever." He was willing to tell her all the stories of the olden time in order that they should be put into a book; but he was so shaken with grief for the loss of his son, the first anniversary of whose death had been observed by a fire dance the night before, "according to the customs suitable for a chief's son;" he was so worn by the fatigue of the dance which he had led and directed; so overcome by miserable recollections, that his eyes were dim with tears, his voice was weak, and his whole frame bowed as if with the added weight of years. Every now and then he paused to wipe his eyes and choke the rising sorrow in his voice.

He told again about his father, Quum-ech-loup, whose power and wisdom he celebrates with fond recollection. It was he who knew all the dances and fiestas and directed them all. Before any white schools were here it was the chief who taught them all things. He taught them to think no evil, and told them what were the penalties of wrong-doing.

The Rattle-snake Dance

The chief planned the rattle-snake dance, tracing figures of all snakes and animals on the ground in red paint; and in the middle he drew the figure of the Milky Way. The people are afraid of the Milky Way. A youth who should sit beneath it thinking wrong thoughts would be hurt or killed by it.

When the chief had finished all this painting, he made three holes, and into the centre hole he put meat from his mouth. Then he called the snake from the East and the snake from the West, telling the people that if they did wrong they should die of his bite. He called them to this dance on the other side of José Carmen's house. Three times he sent them running home; and they had many beautiful baskets which they threw as gifts to their relations.

The chief taught them by this dance that if they did wrong the snakes would come and bite them.

The Rain-making

There had been no rain for a long time, and Quum-ech-loup, the chief, went to the *cheserros* (witch doctors) to ask them for rain. He said, "I am going to tell them to make it rain."

So they made a great fire in the middle of the house, and all the men were sitting down, and all the mountains were singing and all the men were singing, and they were singing of all things.

Then the man who could make it rain rose up, and he had an abalone shell in each hand; and he went all around the circle very slowly with the shell held down. It was perfectly dry. Again he went around the circle, with the shell held upwards, and there was water in it; and he threw this water on the fire and put some of it out. Then he went very softly around and about, and the people looking again saw water in the abalone shell, and again he threw it on the fire. Three times he made the circle, and three times he did this. Cinon himself and all the others saw this, and the two men who could make it rain were his relations, cousins of his father, and they were brothers and they understood all things.

At that time Quum-ech-loup was making a fiesta to burn the belongings of the dead; and when night came the fire was burning brightly and all the people were sitting about. It was too great a fire to have within a house, so it was made out of doors. There was no cloud or anything of the sort, and all the sky was blue with color and the people were full of grief; when immediately came clouds and rain, and it put out the great fire.

Cinon went to Temescal with his father, to a place where there was much wild tobacco. By this time the chief understood how to do all this business, and they needed rain. So after he had done the same things, oh, so much rain came. It was too much; so he told them all to make cigars; and they obeyed him, and they all had cigars and were smoking. Then he told them to puff all together three times and they did this; and after that the sky was clear again, and all the people came and sang.

Now everything is changed. Because the people dispute and disagree, God is punishing them. One man now plants beans and keeps them for himself. He does not tell the other men to come and eat them as he used to do. And now they can no longer talk to God.

The enlightened selfishness which we call civilization, that disregard of the rights of others which makes it possible for a man to keep his good things for himself, seems to the old Indian strangely deplorable. We who depreciate everything which is inconsistent with our own social polity, decry the Indian tribal system as wholly evil, but we must live many thousand years as a nation progressing toward the highest socialism before we can regain that sense of human brotherhood essential to the tribal relation.

A Question for La Señora

"Tell the *Señora*," said Cinon, "that all I have told her is pure truth. I am glad to have met her. I often think of her and of what she has promised to do for the people; and I want to ask her certain things. As I have spoken the truth to her, so I want her to tell pure truth to me.

"I want to know if the land is to be allotted. We are poor. Our wagons are broken to pieces. Why does not the Government do something? The first agent gave us four sections of land; but the surveyors don't come here, and they don't know where the lines are and it makes us so much trouble. The agent says, 'I'll come tomorrow and run your lines,' and tomorrow he comes, whips up his horse and hurries past.

"I once paid a surveyor named Mackintosh to come and run the lines for an Indian homestead of

forty acres. A man told me I could do this; but one day when I was plowing my land a white man came and fought me and burned my house and lost me my paper; and the quarreling and fighting went on until my wife said, 'It is better to stop the fighting and go away and let him have it; for the end will be that the American would kill you and then who would support your family?'

"I believed what my wife said, for she was one who always understood things, so I went up to the white man and said, not angrily but very calmly, 'I will go away for I am afraid. If I die who would take care of my family?' So I went away and took all I had to the reserve. All these years nothing has been done to right this wrong. There has been nothing but talking.

"And Ramon Lachusa had a little house on the hill there. In a pretty little valley Cristofero Pena was living. Then the white men came and drove them all to the mountains. They gave them four miles to live in on the mountains.

"Now why did they do this bad thing?

"The government did many cruel things to the people and the reason was that they were poor.

"Now I want to know if they are going to take away all this reservation except ten acres to one man and twenty to another, or what they are going to do. I want the *Señora* to bring my words to the attention of the Government, and to answer very quickly.

"If they take all the land except ten acres for one man and twenty for another, what will they do when more children come, and where will they put the animals?"

The repressed but ever present realization of bitter wrong, the baffling anxiety of fear, the sickness of hope deferred, are all expressed in Cinon's questioning. And there is in it more than the narrow-minded white oppressor can understand. To quote from Grinnell: "The idea of parting with their lands, of selling them outright, is opposed to all the beliefs and traditions of the Indian race. They do not regard themselves as owners in fee of the territory which they hold, but only as life tenants. These lands belong absolutely not to the existing members of the tribe, but to the tribe as a permanent community, which existed long before the present generation, and will continue to exist long after it. The unborn of the future have rights in the lands which nothing but force can take from them, certainly which their own forefathers have no power to abrogate, and which they would never give up except on compulsion. In other words, the land belongs to the tribe, with the right of occupancy by the individual, but with no power on the part of the individual to alienate it; so that not even by the consent of all the individuals of the tribe can the rights of those unborn be bartered away. In cases where lands in severalty have been forced upon a tribe this is the bitterest complaint of all, that those who are to come after us will have no lands."

"What will they do when more children come?" My poor Cinon, how can I answer a question whose inmost meaning hardly conveys an idea to the superior white man, since only a few so-called fanatics in advance of their age have any realization of a responsibility in the tenure of land that shall hold it above the greed of the individual. The white man's civilization is the apotheosis of individuality. Thus he has classes and masses and social problems of his own inventing, and the result hardly justifies his self-glorification. And disregarded in this social system, crushed between the upper and the nether millstone, is the Indian whom he scorns, vilifies and robs, but who might teach him lessons of value not only ethnological but moral, if he could stoop to ponder them.

JOSÉ YACHEÑO

[This account continues the preceding one in the manuscript "Indian Summer in Southern California."]

An Indian Beggar

Only an Indian beggar you would have called him, if you had chanced to meet him upon the city street, a dirty old Indian beggar, and you would have dismissed him from your thoughts after giving him a dime for charity. It would not have occurred to you that in that poor heart and head worn with the griefs and memories of nearly a hundred years, there were treasures of thought and feeling, simple but genuine, and worthy of the notice of Him who looks not on the outward appearance.

José Trinidad Cristiano Yacheño is a beggar from necessity, not from choice (Figure 3). Driven by the alternative of starvation, he is forced to seek for aid; but as Helen Hunt Jackson truly says of his tribe, "The Mission Indians as a class do not beg. They are proud-spirited and choose to earn their own living. They will endure a great deal before they will ask for help" [Jackson 1885:472].

On this occasion José had walked the sixty miles of rough and dusty road to San Diego with a definite purpose in view; and when one day a white man, choosing to amuse himself at the expense of a half-blind old Indian, gave him a shining brass check which to the dim eyes of the recipient appeared like solid gold, José thought that this purpose was accomplished, and he turned his steps homeward, rejoicing as he went.

Presenting himself before Ella he began triumphantly to unroll from its many wrappings of paper and rag, the precious piece of brass which he held up to her view exclaiming, "A man in San Diego gave me this gold piece. I do not know how much it is, but I think it is five dollars; and I want you to have it. You have been so good to me and have given me so

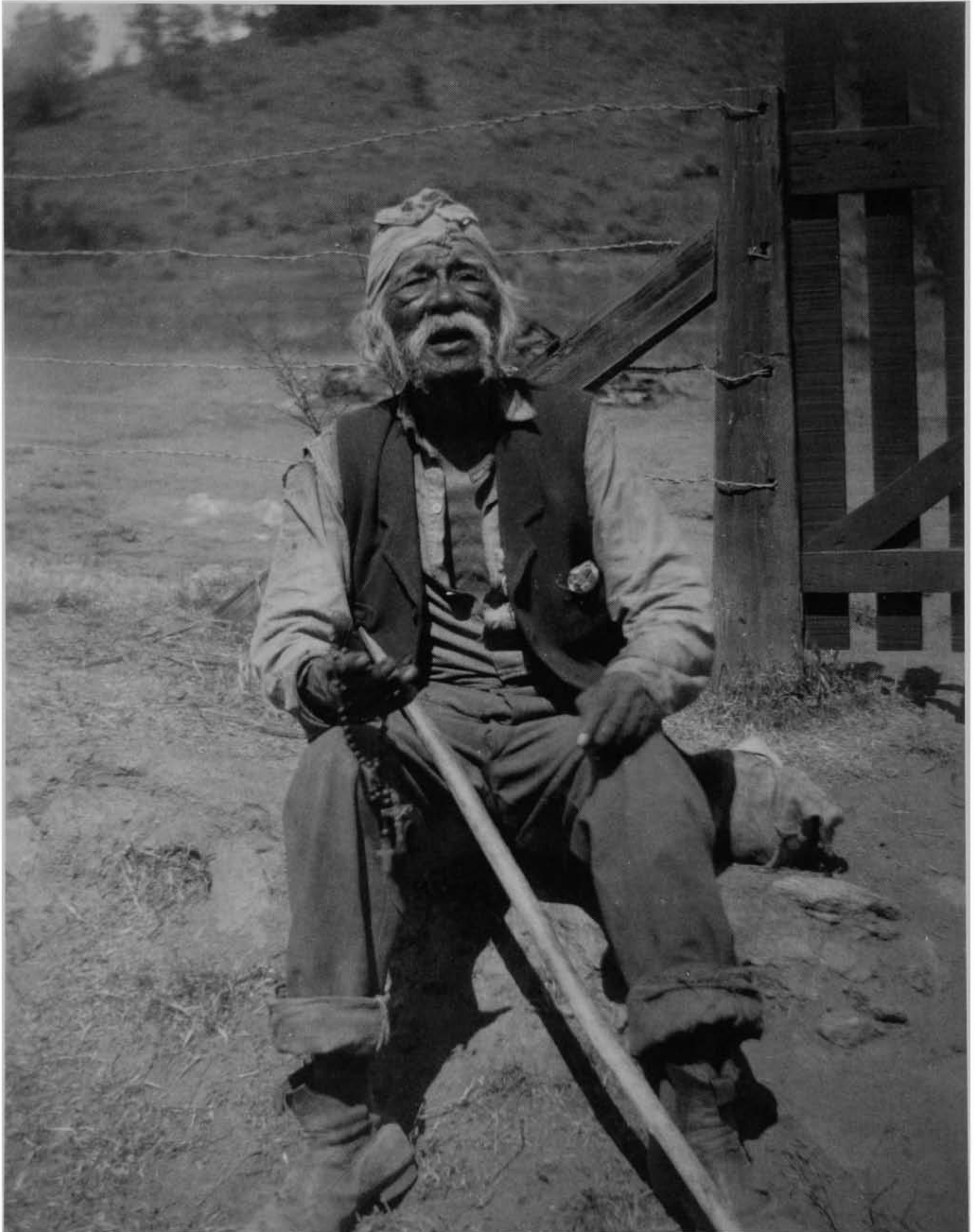

Figure 3. José Yacheño (photograph by Constance Goddard DuBois, courtesy of the San Diego Museum of Man).

much; but I am an honest man, and I want to pay my debt to you. Is this enough to pay it?"

"Oh, yes, José," she answered. "This is fine. *Está bueno, todo bueno.*"

"Is my debt paid?" he asked.

"Yes, your debt is paid," she answered, to his great satisfaction.

José was baptized and educated at the Mission of Santa Ysabel,[5] in the good old days when the adobe church still stood amid the Mission vineyards and wheat-fields, and the silver Mission bells rang out at dawn and evening to call the Indians to prayer. The Mission bells hang silent now on a rude frame-work of logs; the church has crumbled to decay. The last Indian is gone, driven from his home upon the fertile ranch to the barren slopes of the neighboring mountain. But José still remembers the lessons of the Mission fathers; he knows by heart the words of the beautiful Spanish liturgy, taught him when he served as acolyte about the altar; and he holds many a service of prayer alone kneeling upon the earth floor of his tiny hut. His only surviving relatives are a few great-grandchildren, hungry mouths that must be fed; and there is no one to minister to the old man's needs. He is nearly blind and he begs for candles for his solitary worship. He "must pray for this bad people," and he "can not pray in the dark."

He, like Cinon, feels that the times are changed and evil; and his simple faith teaches him the expediency of prayer. Cinon put on Christianity grandly as became a chief, offering all his people with him for baptism; but naturally enough, lacking any special instruction, he failed to grasp its essential meaning; and the primitive religion of the sacred dances and symbolic fiestas is still that which he best apprehends. To contrast his version of the old mythology with José's account of the same traditions is interesting as showing how the influence of the Christian dogmas predominates in the latter.

José was a little impatient of our efforts to draw from him the tribal legends which had been taught him by his grandparents, and his narrative was brief and condensed.

José's Story of the Creation

Tu-chai-pai was the name of God. He was good and he made the world very glorious and men very good. In the beginning he made the East and West and North and South. The old men say that the earth brought forth a son; but Tu-chai-pai alone was the Creator.

He made the sun and moon that the Indians might see to walk around. The moon died and God died, and the people wept and cried and moaned and made a fiesta for mourning.

When God made all things, animals and snakes and men, he made them to marry and not to fight; but the devil made them fight. The bad spirit lived in the middle of the world, and had neither father nor mother.

The rattlesnakes and other snakes and all the animals and men and women fought together and killed each other. Then the devil laughed and said to God, "Ha, ha, you can't take care of these people. I can take care of them."

God could not live with the devil; and because he was so sorry to see the sinning and the fighting and the killing, he died.

"God made some Indians of black mud, and some of red mud; and he made some people of yellow mud, like you," added José, as an after thought dictated by the polite reluctance to omit Ella and *La Señora* from the scheme of creation.

"When God saw the world was lost," continued José, "He said, 'A woman shall have a baby'; and so Christ came to Mary; and now we can say, 'Jesus, Jesus, save us. Jesus, Jesus, forgive our sins.'"

This is indeed the final word of all mythologies and all religions, man's need, and the divine fulfillment. It would require much ethnological skill to untangle from the web and warp of these old Indian legends the thread of Christian doctrine running through its texture. The history of the emigration of this tribe is one of those unrecorded movements, caused perhaps by pressure of Spanish explorers, or of other more warlike tribes. The Christian dogma with which José concludes was taught him in his boyhood by the priest at the Mission of Santa Ysabel; and it is quite distinct from the tradition of the death of God which he says was related by his grandparents and which Cinon gives as a heritage from the past; and yet it is probable that the half-apprehended teachings of the earliest Spanish missionaries, vaguely assimilated by savage minds, may have been thus repeated from one generation to another.

"The old men say that the earth brought forth a son." This would seem to refer to primitive Indian tradition; but the two modes of thought are so overlaid and blended in both José's and Cinon's narratives as to be almost indistinguishable.

It would serve as a curious commentary on missionary teaching in general if we could realize what is the convert's exact apprehension of the newly revealed truth; for the form of its acceptance in his mind must often bear hardly a resemblance to the idea existing in the mind of his teacher.

When, as with many of these Indian tribes taught by the Spanish friars in the wilds of Arizona and New Mexico, the story told to the early convert was repeated from father to son through generations of wanderings, it is surprising that there should remain in it such evident traces of the fundamental Christian doctrines. The three choices would appear to represent the ideas of heaven, hell and purgatory. The "fiesta of the death of God," the church services of Good Friday. The impiety of the frog might typify the rebellion of Lucifer. (Does not Milton represent the devil under the disguise of a toad?) Christ's death for sin is translated into God's death because of his sorrow for sin. An interesting field of study is opened by these suggestions.

José is too practical a modern Christian, if his ninety-odd years admit the title, to care to dwell with reverence as Cinon does, upon the legends of his tribe. He wears his rosary on festival days, and prayers are always ready on his lips. He prayed for *La Señora*, standing with bent head and folded hands in the attitude of angels in pictures. The poor old man would not otherwise suggest an angel; and once when Ella was ill he walked miles in a driving winter rain, entered her room, and knelt beside the bed to pray for her recovery. "Now you will get well," he said, and walked out again into the storm.

An election for Captain of the tribe was to be held, and we asked José whom he should choose. He laughed rather scornfully as if this were a foolish question, and replied, "God is my Captain. I do not want another. He is the Captain of us all."

The older men accustomed in their youth to the rule of a tribal chief may view the office of Captain as an unnecessary innovation. The Spaniards introduced the custom of an annual election for the two offices of captain and judge in every pueblo; and the people took so kindly to this sort of popular government that they still jealously adhere to it. A settlement of seven people will include its *capitán* and *alcalde*; and in general they are representative men, the most intelligent in the tribe.

THE DIEGUEÑO IMAGE CEREMONY

[This account comes from DuBois' manuscript, "The Chungichnish Worship."]

There is a modification of the Image ceremony performed by the Diegueños who live at Jacumba and further south across the Mexican line. It is thus described by my Diegueño interpreter. These Indians make a different sort of image for the dead, an object called *tuptur*, which represents the departed. In this ceremony they wear eagle feathers and bead necklaces, and various adornments; and the men and women dance around the fire all night for four or five nights; and on the last day of the fiesta, they burn the *tuptur*. (At present, the ceremony is so arranged that this last day falls on a Saturday or Sunday.)

To make this object, they first kill a deer and secure the skin, which they prepare by removing the hair and softening it by rubbing with brains and putting it in water. Then two pliable willow poles are bent into a couple of hoops about two and a half feet in diameter. One morning, the deer skin is taken out of the water, and the men and women sit on the ground and stretch the hide over each hoop, pounding it with a heavy stick and rubbing it with whale-bones. When it is stretched over the hoops, the two are tightly bound and sewed together, after the space between them is stuffed with dry grass. On the outside and in the centre of the circle of deer skin is painted a full length figure of the dead man.

Then the object is lifted up, and two poles are run between the hoops, one about seven feet long and the other shorter; and these are placed in the ground holding the object in an upright position. A number of sticks with feathers tied on the ends of them are inserted all around the outer edge of the hoops.

A shade is built (usually on Monday), circular except towards the east where it is square. The dance is sometimes held every other night. It takes all day (usually the Saturday before the close of the ceremony) to make the *tuptur*, and when it is completed the dance begins. One man lifts the *tuptur* and dances round the circle inside the shade. He dances as long as he has strength to carry the heavy object; then another man takes it up and dances with it. They dance all night; and when they are not carrying the *tuptur* they stand it at one side. Clothes are thrown away, and they cry over the image.

The final morning the *tuptur* is thrown on the roof of the shade (the sacred enclosure of the Diegueños and Luiseños had no roof), which is set on fire and consumed with it. The food which is collected in the shade is given away.

HOW THE FLEAS CAME HERE

[This story also comes from DuBois' manuscript, "The Chungichnish Worship." She greatly elaborated the tale and published it as a work of personal fiction in her short story "Across the Purple Sea" (DuBois 1908a).]

The interpreter has heard the old men tell this story, but has forgotten some of the details of it.

There was once a man who was out on the ocean in a little boat. The wind blew him many days to the west, and he landed on a coast where there were men who received him and kept him among them, until he got tired of staying there, and began to wish for his home.

So they allowed him to depart in his boat, giving him a shell full of food, and a small covered box. The food he was to eat on his journey, but the box he was to carry with him and on no account to open, under the threat of severest penalties.

So he began to cross the water towards his home. He feared he should starve without food; but when he ate what was in the shell it immediately became full again, so he had all he needed.

At last he reached him home, and all this time he had carried the little covered box with him. But now the desire to see its contents became too strong to be resisted. He opened it, and out jumped countless fleas which have infested the country ever since.

THE EAGLE CEREMONY

[Here DuBois' manuscript, "The Chungichnish Religion," adds some information that was not included in the published version of "Ceremonies and Traditions of the Diegueño Indians" (DuBois 1908b).]

> I have no satisfactory account of the Eagle Ceremony, but can give the following.
>
> The eagle taken in the spring was kept in captivity till fully grown; and brought by the visiting village to be presented to those who were intending to make the ceremony for the dead.
>
> There are all-night observances of dance and song, and the eagle is killed amidst much lamentation: "The people cry and the eagle cries." The eagle is killed by witchcraft by those who understand the art, or by pressure upon the lungs and heart, a more rationalistic explanation. The feathers are taken for sacred uses. The eagle is killed that in some way he may assist in releasing the spirits of the dead, help them to get away from this world.
>
> *The Dance with the Eagle-feather Skirt*
>
> This is danced by one man who is appropriately painted, and wears no clothes except the breech cloth and the sacred eagle-feather skirt. One man alone is able now to perform the dance; and like some of the other ancient customs, it is seen only at public gatherings, Indian fiestas, by an idle crowd, when a few white men bribe some of the Indians to dance for their amusement. In the old days it was an important ceremony and formed part of the ritual for the dead.
>
> When Cinon Duro, the chief, lately gave his farewell address to his people on his death bed, he said: "I think scorn of my brother's son (naming him), because for money he sells the sacred things to the white people, and dances the eagle dance for pay."
>
> Cinon himself would every year lead a dwindling number of old men, toloache initiates, in some of the old dances at the modern Indian fiestas. With him it was a pathetic attempt to fulfill his duty as a chief, and to preserve the old religion under almost impossible conditions.
>
> The signal for the Eagle-feather skirt dance is given by swinging *mumlapish* (Luiseño term), the whirling board, used also in the Image ceremony. At the sound the dancer appears, enters the circle representing the sacred enclosure, and taking the word from the leader of the dance, he begins to whirl lightly and with varied movements to the accompaniment of the women's songs.
>
> The leader of the dance sometimes enters the circle and traces mystic lines upon the ground. At intervals the dancer pauses, and bends forward resting the ends of two short sticks which he holds in his hands upon the ground. The religious significance of the dance is not known and the words of the songs can not be given.

SINGING AGAINST THE DEAD

[This is an excerpt from DuBois' hand-written fieldnotes.]

> Those old people sing against other old people and then they kill each other. Song means—they go among strange people and get killed and the relatives mourn for them and sing the song. (Song in old language not understood now.) Just as his father sang in old day, Antonio sings about Santa Ysabel and other people. They sing about their enemies that were dead long time ago, and the enemies sing about them...mentions their names.... Where are they? They are dead, and he mocks them and asks their relations: Where are they? ...[Of] their enemies one was killed by a witch and they burned him. His wife went around picking up his bones.... But they are dead. He makes fun of them.

THE FATE OF CHAUP

[In an unpublished draft, "Mission Indian Folk-Lore: The Culture-Hero, Chaup," DuBois added these details from Rosendo, a guide, concerning this figure. The Chaup was identified by DuBois with the natural phenomenon of ball lightning and hence with the Cahuilla mythic figure known as Takwish. In Diegueño versions of the "Flute Lure" myth (DuBois 1904, 1906; cf. Laylander 2001), the early life of the Chaup is portrayed more sympathetically. Rosendo's version of the fate of Chaup or Takwish is reminiscent of the story of Maihaiowit in the Kumeyaay creation myth (DuBois 1901).]

> He was a dreadful ogre whose occupation while on earth had been the reprehensible one of luring into his clutches and then devouring men and boys; until the people became so weary of his evil practices that they laid a plot to destroy him. So they made a great fiesta and invited Chaup to the gathering as if he were a friend; and when he came suspecting nothing, they had a great fire burning within the council-house; and they fell upon Chaup and killed him and flung his body in the fire, where the flames consumed it all but the heart which could not be burned but exploded and flew up into the sky where it still appears as a great light.

THE EAGLE

[DuBois heard this short narrative from Cinon Duro. DuBois' notes also contain a similar version of this story collected by Mary Watkins from two other old men.]

> When people were coming from Mexico up through the mountains, there was a boy whose mother was very cruel to him and she drove him out and told him

to go away. She did not want to see his face, and he went out and lay down on a high cliff of rock. God came and asked him what was the matter and the boy told him how cruel his mother was. Then God was sorry for the boy and he said, "I will fix it up." He gave the boy wings and he became an eagle.

NOTES

[1]"The *Señora*" is the narrator of "Indian Summer in Southern California," i.e., DuBois herself. "Ella," also identified as "Maria" in the manuscript, is a local woman with whom the *Señora* was living—evidently DuBois' close friend Mary Watkins, the government schoolteacher at Mesa Grande.

[2]According to DuBois' unpublished notes, "In the old times when a man's wife died it was very expensive. He had to collect all kinds of food and clothes and burn them with her. They did not dance when a woman died but they sang—the women wailed and they burned valuable possessions."

[3]*Tata-juila* or *Tatahuila* is a term generally applied to a type of dancing. Here it seems to refer to a set of ceremonial dancers.

[4]*Cheserro* evidently comes from *hechicero*, Spanish for witch doctor or shaman.

[5]Santa Ysabel, founded in 1818, was technically an *asistencia* or satellite mission station for Mission San Diego de Alcalá, rather than a full mission.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks are due to David Block, of Cornell University Library's Division of Rare and Manuscript Collections, for his permission to make these materials available; to Ken Hedges, of the San Diego Museum of Man, for permission to reproduce the photographs of Cinon Duro and José Yacheño; to Catherine McChesney, of the Huntington Free Library in New York City (the previous custodian of the DuBois papers), for access to microfilms of the DuBois papers; to Lowell John Bean, who organized the DuBois papers at the Huntington Free Library in the 1970s; and to DuBois scholars Deborah Dozier, Julie Holder, and Steve Elster, for their suggestions and encouragement.

REFERENCES

DuBois, Constance Goddard
1901 The Mythology of the Diegueños. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* 14:181–185.
1904 The Story of the Chaup: A Myth of the Diegueños. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* 17:217–242.
1906 Mythology of the Mission Indians. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* 19:145–164.
1908a Across the Purple Sea: An Indian Tale. *Southern Workman* 37:477–480, 512.
1908b Ceremonies and Traditions of the Diegueño Indians. *Journal of American Folk-Lore* 21:228–236.

Jackson, Helen Hunt
1885 *A Century of Dishonor: A Sketch of the United States Government's Dealings with Some of the Indian Tribes.* Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Laylander, Don
2001 The Creation and Flute Lure Myths: Regional Patterns in Southern California Traditions. *Journal of California and Great Basin Anthropology* 23:155–177.
2004 *Listening to the Raven: The Southern California Ethnography of Constance Goddard DuBois. Coyote Press Archives of California Prehistory* 51. Salinas, California: Coyote Press.