

his own hut. The time for story telling was here.

Inside his hut, he carefully painted red and white stripes on his body. The red was as bright as the toyon berries that grew on the hillsides. The white was like snow on distant mountain peaks.

Next, Medicine Man took his story-telling headdress from its place among his medicine bags and magic charms. The headdress was like a hair net, made from the tough strands of the milkweed plant. Medicine Man pulled the net over his black hair. Through the net, the soft down from baby eagles' breasts had been drawn. The pale eagle feathers fluffed out from the meshes to make a fuzzy cap.

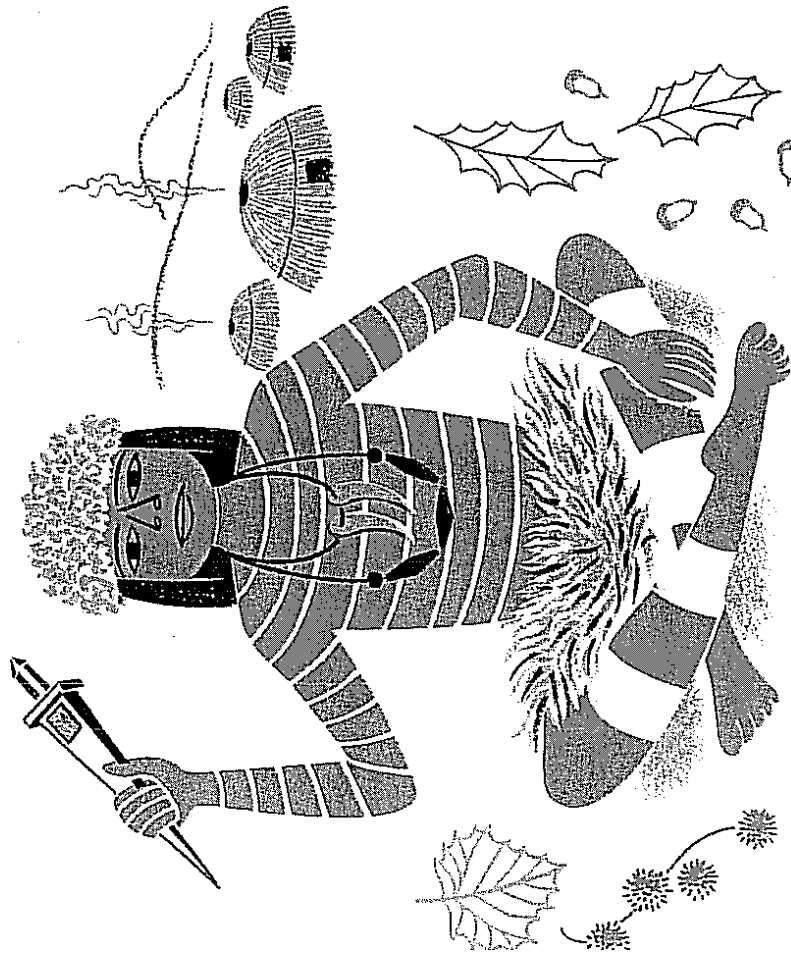
When Medicine Man, whom the Indians called the *Shaman*, was ready, he went outside and called in a loud voice to the Indians:

"Come sit around the fire and I will tell you a story."

From all the huts around, the Indian men and their wives and the Indian boys and girls came running. The people loved stories and they loved Medicine Man to tell them. One by one they settled down by the crackling fire. The fire gleamed in their eyes as they listened to the story Medicine Man told.

Before the time of people on earth, Medicine Man told them, *Kwawar*, the Great Spirit, looked down from his place in the sky. There was no earth to look at, but only water. There were no trees, no mountains, no valleys. The Great Spirit looked at all the water and he made up his mind: he would make land where things could grow.

"But how shall I make land?" he asked himself, looking straight off into the sky. "I don't have a single thing to



How California Was Made

Long ago, the Medicine Man of the Gabriolino Indians far down in the southern part of California, stood watching the leaves fall. He looked around at the brown hills. He heard the wind rustling the rushes and poles of the Indian huts. Medicine Man smiled and turned toward

use as a beginning."

He looked down again. There, suddenly, he saw a giant turtle in the water. The turtle was so huge it was as big as an island. The Great Spirit had forgotten about Turtle because he had made turtles such a long time before.

"I'll make land on the back of Turtle," he decided.

But Turtle, huge though he was, was not big enough to make the beautiful land later called California.

He thought and thought what to do. Then an idea popped into his head.

He called down, "Turtle! Hurry and bring all six of your brothers here where I can talk to them."

Turtle went swimming off. It took him a whole day to find his first brother. Then another day to find the second one. Finally, at the end of six days, he had found them all.

"The Great Spirit wants you," he told them and led his six brothers back to where the Great Spirit waited. Each of Turtle's brothers was as big as he. Floating all together in one place, they were like seven great islands.

The Great Spirit nodded. The seven turtles all floating in one spot were big enough to hold up the new land he planned to create.

"Now, Turtle Brothers," the Great Spirit called down, "form a long line head to tail — a line running north and south. You three to the south move toward the east a bit."

The Turtle Brothers did as they were told.

The Great Spirit was very pleased. "You'll make a wonderful California!" he told them. "Now, stay just where you are in the water. You must always stay very, very quiet just where you are, because this is a great hon-

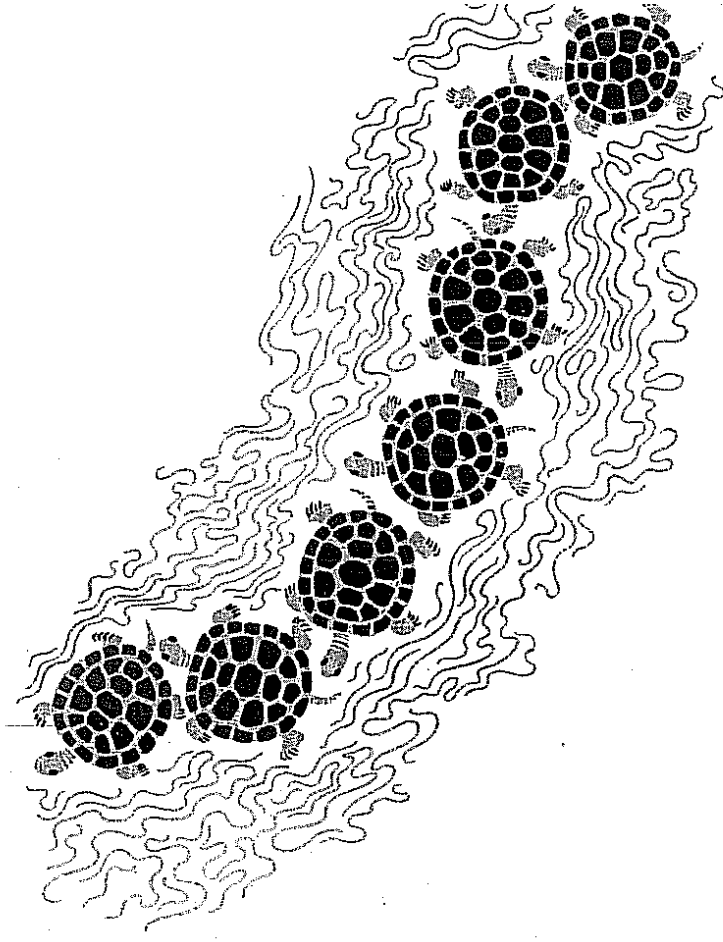
or I have given you — to bear California on your backs." The Turtle Brothers obeyed and stayed very still.

"Now for some land where things can grow," Great Spirit murmured. He took some tules (rushes) from his supply in the sky and spread them rather thickly over the backs of Turtle Brothers. Then he scooped up some earth from his giant pile and spread it over the tules and patted it down well.

"These humps on the Turtle Brothers' backs will make good mountains," he said to himself.

When the soil was all patted down he wiped his hands on a clean white cloud and decided what to do next. "Trees!" he cried. "I need some trees to grow."

He stuck his fingers into the earth on the Turtle



Brothers' backs and made trees grow. Then he let a little water seep up between the edges of the turtles' shells to make lakes. Water from the lakes leaked over the earth covering the turtles' backs and made rivers. The rivers ran down into the sea at the west side.

The Great Spirit studied what he had made and frowned. Everything was too quiet in the new world.

"That won't do," said the Great Spirit. "I need birds to sing." He picked some leaves from the new trees, blew on them and they flew away singing and turned into birds.

The Great Spirit smiled, looking at the new land and the mountains and the rivers he had made. He looked at the young trees rustling their leaves. He listened to the music of the birds, and he turned away satisfied.

Then came trouble. The giant Turtle Brothers began to get restless. They wanted to swim away.

"I want to swim east," said one.

"No!" snapped another, "west is better. West is where the sun sets. I've always wanted to see where the sun goes down."

For days and days, the Turtle Brothers kept quarreling among themselves. They just couldn't agree.

One day four swam east and three swam west!

"Ga-rumble," went the earth under California. The ground trembled and split with a grinding noise. A crack opened in the earth, zigzagging among the trees. The trees shuddered and their roots twisted. Birds fled into the sky where they wheeled and screeched in fear.

Suddenly, the earth shaking ceased. The giant turtles stopped swimming away from each other. All the tules and earth that the Great Spirit had piled on their backs

was too heavy to carry far. Also, the land was so packed and hardened that it held them back. They could only swim the width of the crack in the earth. There was nothing to do but try to make peace among themselves. They made peace and the earth stopped shaking.

But even now, every once in a while, the Turtle Brothers that hold up California start quarreling among themselves again. Each time, the ground shakes and the trees quiver. Sometimes, the huts of Indians and buildings of white men go down. A crack splits through the earth. Then, when Turtle Brothers make peace, everything becomes quiet once more.

At times, even the sky where the Great Spirit lives shakes. But this is not because of the Turtle Brothers fighting among themselves. It is because people are fighting. When people on earth fight each other, there is a great shudder in the land above the clouds. The clouds crack open and the Great Spirit looks down through the crack. He grows very sad when he sees men quarreling.

This is the story Medicine Man told to his people, the Gabrielinos. The Gabrielinos knew that it was true because they could see the mountains and hills and rivers running over the humps of the seven Turtle Brothers. There the turtles were, underneath all, floating head to tail from the north of California to the south.

As the Indians listened to their *Shaman* around the campfire, they hoped that Turtle Brothers would not start quarreling and make the earth quake. And they hoped that there would be no fights among themselves, for each Gabrielino knew that it was bad luck to fight each other and shake the home of the Great Spirit.