

## Interview: Lucy Young

Contributed by Ben Schill of Phillippsville

Found at: [http://www.blocksburg.com/lucyyoung\\_comments.php?id=5\\_0\\_6\\_0\\_C](http://www.blocksburg.com/lucyyoung_comments.php?id=5_0_6_0_C)

*In 1939-40 Lucy told her story to her friend Edith Van Allen Murphey, range botanist and author of "Indian Uses of Native Plants". It appeared in the California Historical Society Quarterly in 1941. Murphey tried to reflect Lucy's speaking style in her transcription and managed to preserve the voice of one of the last survivors of the coming of whites to this country. Accounts of this nature are very rare. It was not considered proper to speak of the dead and Indians believed that there would be retaliation if they made any criticism of white society. - Ben Schill*



### Lucy's Story, in Her Own Words

My grandpa, before white people came, had a dream. He was so old he was all doubled up. Knees to chin, and eyes like indigo. Grown son carry him in great basket on his back, every place.

My grandpa say: "White Rabbit" - he mean white people - "gonta devour our grass, our seed, our living. We won't have nothing more, this world. Big elk with straight horn come when white man bring it." I think he meant cattle. "Nother animal, bigger than deer, but round feet, got hair on neck." This one, horse, I guess.

My aunt say: "Oh father, you out of your head, don't say that way."

He say: "Now daughter, I not crazy. You young people gonta see this."

People come long way, listen to him dream. He dream, then say this way, every morning.

They leave li'l children play by him. He watch good. Have big stick, wavbe round, scare snake away. He had good teeth. All old people had good teeth.

One time they travel, they come to big pile of brush. My grandpa stop and look at it. He say: "This, good wood. When I die, burn my body to ashes on top of ground. Here gonta be big canoe, run around, carry white people's things. Those White Rabbit got lotsa everything."

How canoe gonta run around on dry ground all round here?" We ask him.

"Don't know." he say, "just run that way." He mean wagon, I guess.

I never grow much. They call me "Li'l Shorty", T'Tcet'Tsa, but I know pretty near everything that time. My grandpa put his head on my head, smooth my hair and hold his hand there.

"Long time you gonta live, my child," he say. "You live long time in this world."

Well, I live long enough, I guess. 'Bout ninety-five next summer, if I living til then.

My grandpa never live to see white people, just dreaming every night 'bout them. People come long way, listen to him dream.

My grandpa move down by big spring. One day he couldn't get up. He say: "I gonta leave you today. I used to be a good hunter. Kill bear, elk, deer, feed my children. Can't feed my children no more. Like old root, just ready for growing now." Pretty soon dead. Speak no more.