THE STORY OF JOHNNY BEAR:
A EUROPEAN TALE IN 'IPAY KUMEYAAY

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INTRODUCTION. The text presented in this paper was collected by me in the course of fieldwork I undertook in the spring of 1963 and again in the spring of 1964 to document the language previously called Diegueño in the literature, since no serious documentation on the language had been done at that time. This work was made possible with support from the Survey of California Indian Languages under the direction of Prof. Mary Haas at the University of California, Berkeley. My fieldwork in San Diego County helped demonstrate the great linguistic diversity of the area, where differences among the various reservations prompted me to revise the classification into three closely related languages: 'ipay, Tiipay, and Kumeyaay (Langdon 1990), all members of a subgroup of the Yuman family also now called Kumeyaay. Its closest relative in the Yuman family is Cocopa.¹

My main consultant was Mr. Ted Couro (1890-1975) of the Mesa Grande reservation in San Diego County, who was then residing in the city of Escondido where I worked with him everyday in my early field work, and whenever time permitted after I moved to San Diego permanently. I worked with him until his death, when he was 85 years old. It is only now, 25 years after his death that I have been able to work with my notes and tapes without crying. Even though Mr. Couro had not spoken 'ipay for many years, he remembered numerous stories which we spent long hours recording and analyzing. Obviously, none of this would have been possible without him and I dedicate this paper to his memory.

He was an extraordinary man: polyglot, fluent speaker of Mesa Grande 'ipay, Spanish, and English, artist, poet, musician, inspiring teacher. He was concerned about the fact that his language was endangered and strongly motivated to have it preserved and made available to all who might be interested, as the last part of this story will attest.

This story is one of a fairly large repertoire of tales of European origin which have become a part of local oral Indian literature. Several stories of this type have been recorded by fieldworkers in the Kumeyaay area. A typical one is the Tar Baby Story which is attested in numerous Indian languages (see for example Hinton 1976 for a version in La Huerta Tiipay).

The Story of Johnny Bear (as Ted aptly called it) is a well-known tale of clearly European origin which has diffused in various forms into a large area of the United States and Mexico (Paredes 1970, Thompson 1939, West 1988). It is known variously as Juan Oso, John of the Bear (Juan del Oso), etc. and has been documented in a large number of Indian languages, as well as French and Spanish (Thompson 1939:334-344). The manner of transmission of the version presented here is clearly through Spanish, which until very recently many Indians in San Diego County spoke fluently. Mr. Couro himself remarked on this by wondering why there were so many Spanish words in the story. More of this below.

The text itself is transcribed in section 7 of this paper both in 'ipay and in English. Mr. Couro's 'ipay version is given as I transcribed it with him and from his tape-recorded

¹ The Yuman language family consists of the following subgroups and languages: PAI: Upland Yuman (Havasupai, Hualapai, Yavapai), Pai; RIVER: Mojave, Yuma, Maricopa; DELTA-CALIFORNIA: Cocopa, Kumeyaay ('ipay, Kumeyaay, Tiipay); KILIWA.
performance, in the practical orthography which I designed for a wonderful language class he taught that was sponsored by Palomar College in San Diego County. The text has been divided in appropriate paragraphs, each first given in 'lipay and followed immediately by its English version. In the translation, I attempt to reflect as much as possible the style of the 'lipay version while simultaneously keeping it palatable to an English-speaking audience.

In the following sections, I discuss (1) the outline of the known European versions, (2) the ways in which Mr. Couro's version varies in content from the European model, (3) the form of the Spanish words and phrases found in the 'lipay text, (4) the Spanish words themselves, (5) the stylistic aspects of the story and the rhetorical devices Mr. Couro used to liven up the tale, and (6) the time depth of the story in Mr. Couro's family tradition.

1. Outline of European story content. A woman is abducted by a bear and later gives birth to a child who is half human, half bear, hence his name. He grows up enormously strong. He is sent to school where he is disruptive and fights with the other children and injures them. He is sent away carrying a magic cane. He meets three strong men who join him.

   The four men are hired to do some work and each day one of them is selected to stay in camp and prepare food. Every day, when the food is ready a stranger comes up and steals the food. They follow him in the underworld where several princesses have been kept prisoners by monsters and the hero rescues them. He receives tokens from them. The hero's companions bring up the princesses and abandon the hero in the underworld. He obtains help from a magician, is carried to the upper world by an eagle and has to give him some of his own flesh before he can be carried up all the way. The hero goes to the court, presents the tokens to the king and marries the prettiest princess.

2. Differences between the European and Kumeyaay stories. No reference is made in the Kumeyaay story to the bear/man nature of the hero, only that he is very strong, thus accounting for his name. The hero’s mother is never mentioned, only his father. The three companions he finds have Spanish names describing their individual strengths. The man who steals the food is the Devil and lives in the underworld. There is no mention at all of the king and princesses. The hero kills the Devil. He is abandoned by his companions and is rescued from the underworld by a buzzard who returns him to the upper world, but he can’t find his companions. The story ends abruptly, as Kumeyaay stories often do.

3. Spanish loans in the Kumeyaay version. As Mr. Couro mentions in his preamble to the Kumeyaay text, there are many Spanish words in this story. They are listed below in Kumeyaay orthography to indicate the differences between the Spanish words and their Kumeyaay version. As usual for Spanish loans in the language, the stressed vowel of the Spanish word determines the final syllable of the Kumeyaay version by dropping the unstressed part of the last Spanish syllable, to conform to the requirement that basic Kumeyaay words have

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2 The conventions of the practical orthography that may require explanation are: ' is glotal stop, double vowels are long, t is an apico-alveolar stop contrasting with dental t, n is an alveolar nasal contrasting with dental n; ny and hy are palatal n and l respectively, ll and lly are voiceless laterals contrasting with l and ly, h is velar [x], e is schwa [ə], hw and kw are labialized h and k; r is rather like English r, rr is like Spanish trilled r, ch is an affricate like English ch, sh is like English sh but slightly retroflex, native full vowels are a, a, i, i, u, uu. O and oo are very rare in native words, but common in Spanish loans; ee, b, d, g, f, g, are found only in foreign words, v occurs only in the unstressed forms of demonstrative suffixes or in foreign words.
stress on the last syllable. The only further syllables that Kumeyaay words can contain are unstressed grammatical suffixes, examples of which are given below. Sometimes, initial Spanish syllables, if consisting only of a vowel, are also omitted. Note that these Spanish words are treated grammatically as if they were Kumeyaay words: they have plural forms that conform to some Kumeyaay patterns, they have Kumeyaay personal prefixes and demonstrative and case suffixes like ordinary Kumeyaay words. They are given below in alphabetical order in which they occur in the text and are analyzed morphologically. The number of instances of a particular word or phrase in the story is also given in parentheses. Included in these words are the names of characters in the story. Not surprisingly, the hero’s name is the most often used Spanish name in the story. Note the inclusion of the Spanish article in some nouns.


5. Stylistic characteristics of the ‘lipay Kumeyaay text. The text is enlivened by a number of stylistic devices which are characteristic of Kumeyaay story telling. First of all, there is a tremendous amount of direct discourse, where the characters speak essentially in their own voices. This necessitates the profuse use of quote and unquote marks, since the quoted speech is often interrupted by such phrases as ‘he said’, some of which may also be repeated at the end of the quotes as well. Interestingly enough, direct discourse is used when Hwan Osiiit is talking to himself (paragraph 13). No instance of indirect discourse is found, although Kumeyaay has syntactic ways of indicating this. The identity of the person speaking is often not overtly indicated and is sometimes ambiguous. I have specified the speaker only when the context did not make clear who was speaking. A common stylistic device which has been reported in a number of American Indian languages is a construction which repeats the last verb of a preceding sentence (‘lipay Kumeyaay is a verb-final language), resulting in such passages as “...he left. When he left, ...” Vivid descriptions are provided by the use of a number of what I have called (Langdon 1977) ‘expressive say constructions’ which consist of an uninflected verb form followed by an inflected form of the verb ‘to say’. They convey the feeling that the action.
in question occurs before one’s very eyes. Examples: *laaw wii* ‘turns around quickly’, *pull wii* ‘exactly’, *hall wii* ‘in one leap’, *rur wii* ‘swoops down’, *tultyly wii* ‘hops along’ and my great favorite *’uy wii* ‘there is nothing there’ which often occurs in the longer and more dramatic phrase *’uy wii nesoon* ‘there’s nothing there, it’s all gone.’

6. HOW LONG HAS THIS STORY BEEN TOLD IN KUMEYAAY? I can only assume that this story entered the Kumeyaay repertoire through bilingual speakers and that the original was told in Spanish. This requires a period of contact when Kumeyaay speakers already knew Spanish. It is unlikely that many Europeans or Mexicans learned to speak Kumeyaay sufficiently to tell a complex story such as this one, but Spanish became a lingua franca in much of native California. In the particular case of Mr. Couro’s family, he told me that he heard the story from his wife’s grandmoher. Mr. Couro’s wife, Lillie, was born in 1898. Her grandmother (assuming generations of 20 years) must have been born toward the mid-1800’s and it is possible that the story presented here was already known in her family at that time, which gives it a minimum time depth at the time I recorded it (in 1964) of well over 100 years. To my knowledge, there are no extant native accounts of Indian life in the Kumeyaay area during the Spanish and Mexican periods. Some more recent reminiscences dating back from the period before 1900 can be found in Couro (1975), and Langdon and Gastil (1999-2000). For information about the period 1850-1880 in the San Diego area, see Carrico (1987). For linguistic information on the Mesa Grande dialect of *’lipay Kumeyaay*, see Langdon (1970), Couro and Hutcheson (1973), and Couro, Langdon et al. (1975).

7. THE TEXT

7.1 PREAMBLE BY MR. COURO. In recording this story, I want to explain in a few words a few things concerning the story. This story has quite a few Spanish words in it. I don’t know the reason why, but that’s the way I learned the story. Maybe it is because of its being a more modern story than what I’d been telling before. We’ll do the best we can to give you more Indian words that I can find without saying too many Spanish in it if I can, but I’m not too sure ‘bout that.

7.2. THE TEXT PARAGRAPH BY PARAGRAPH. The text is presented paragraph by paragraph with the *’lipay* version first and the English translation immediately following. Each *’lipay* paragraph is identified at the end by its number, i.e. (1i). The English translation is followed by the notation (1e), etc.

Hwan Osiit

Tewaaches *’iikwich ’ehinch hayaay kwapesiwiw. Nyewaayp tewaach hekwany *’ehinkem tenerr, *’iikwich hekwany *’ehinkem. Nyaapum *’elymaam puuch hemay *’iikwuuch, ’emaay sepir; skweelem uuchuttem waam tewam. *’Elymaam wellich apesiiw, kunnimii kwapesiwiw; ’elymash chetooch aa-arp chechekwaapem tenam. (1i)

Johnny Bear

There was a man a long time ago. He lived there and had one child, a boy child. In time, that child grew to be big, tall, and strong. His father sent him to school, and so he went there.
The kid was very bad, a truly mean one; he would hit the other children, whip them and knock them down; he kept doing it. (1e)


The teacher didn’t like it. One day he came to tell the father (and said to him): “This child of yours is very bad, you hear? I can’t have that. The rest of the parents don’t want it either. Now I’ve come to talk to you, you hear? You must do something. Some day this boy might kill a child, and that would be tragic. That’s what I came to tell you so you’ll know what to do.” He said that and left; the teacher went back home. (2e)


Then the old man told his son, he called him and told him and he came. “That’s what he said, your teacher. Listen! You are a very bad boy. You’re already grown, you’ve grown up, you’re big and strong. You grab the kids and knock them down; you hit them and throw them around. He doesn’t like that. That’s the way he was talking to me. He says you’d better not go back to school. Now I’ve been thinking. I also don’t want you to act this way. Better you leave and see the world. Go anywhere you please, get away and meet other people, find out how they’re living. Here is a cane I made; I’m giving it to you. Take this, look at it carefully and take it with you; it is inlaid with silver and gold. Take good care of it; it is very valuable.” (3e)

Then the boy said: “Alright” he said “I’ll go.” So he left. One day, as he was going along, he met three men coming his way. When they met, then the men stopped and they talked; one man said, he asked the boy: “Where are you heading?” “I don’t know. I’m just walking along. I don’t know where I’m going. And you fellows, where are you going?” the boy asked. When he said that, one of the men spoke: “We are looking for work. Where there’s work to get, we’ll work. That’s what we are looking for. Do you want to go with us? If we find work, then we could all work together.” “OK” said the boy, “I don’t know how to work, but anyway I can learn. Alright, let’s go!” (4e)


This boy was a lot bigger than the men. The men that were coming were very big too, but he was a lot bigger. Then he said when they left: “I was going to ask you something but I forgot.” “Well, what is it?” “What do the men call you?” he said to one of the men. “My name is Ranka Piin (Arranca Pinos) ‘Puller of Pines’, they call me that.” “What do you do?” “Oh, I’m very strong, you hear? Black oaks, white oaks, pines, any big trees that are there, I take them, pull them out, and throw them down, you hear? That’s why they call me Ranka Piin.” “OK”. (5e)


Then he quickly turned to another one and asked: “What is your name?” “They call me Moova Syeerr (Moya Sierra) ‘Mountain Mover’. Big mountains like you see over there, I take them, dig them out, throw them down; I make the land flat.” “Gee” he said “and you?” he asked the third man. “They call me Ranka Pyeeddr (Arranca Piedras) ‘Rock Puller Outer’” “OK, what do you do?” “Me? You see those big rocks high up on the mountain? I pull them out and throw them down the canyon; big ones or little ones, it doesn’t matter.” Then he said: “Let’s go!” (6e)

They started off—I don’t know how many days they spent—then they met a man coming their way. When they met him, then Hwan Osiiit (that’s what they called the big boy), they made him foreman. Then he asked the man they met: “Where were you going?” “Where am I going, I say? I’m going somewhere looking for men; I have some work to do. So I need to get some men together to work.” “We are looking for work. We’re here, you see?” “OK” he said “come on with me!” “What are we going to do?” Then the man said: “See that big mountain over there?” “Yes, I see it.” “I want that levelled off. The big rocks, black oaks and everything that’s there, I want it pulled out and thrown away, tossed down the canyon. Then when we finish, this land will be all level. I want it left that way.” (7e)

“We understand that kind of work,” said Rranka Piin, “OK, let’s go!” They went, they got there, then looked at the big mountain, and then they made camp. When they made camp, then in the morning, Hwan Osiiit said: “Now we go to work, hear me? Rranka Piin, you stay here and cook the food! Tomorrow at noon [the food should be ready]. You are the cook now.” “OK” said the man “I’ll do it.” (8e)

Then the men went off to work. At noon sharp the next day, the guys came back. When they got there, there was no food at all, and Rranka Piin didn’t explain anything. What happened? In the morning when he finished cooking, he finished setting the table. He was waiting for the men
to arrive. A man came over riding a black horse, he cantered up and said: “Is dinner ready?” “Yes, all ready” said Rranka Piin, “I’m waiting for the men.” “I want to eat” [said the rider]. “No, you wait. When the men get here, then you can eat.” “No, I won’t wait for them. I eat now.” He tied his horse and started to eat. Rranka Piin got hold of him by the hair, dragged him and threw him over there. He dragged him and threw him, then he got up and they started to fight again. Finally the man—who must have been the Devil—took and whipped Rranka Piin, hit him with a stick, and knocked him down unconscious. The Devil man sat down to eat and ate everything up. When he finished all the food and got on his horse, Rranka Piin woke up. He woke up and chased him down the ravine and caught up with him, but the Devil dropped down into a big hole in the canyon. There was a big hole in which he disappeared as he dropped down. (9e)


When the workers returned, there was no food at all; it wasn’t ready. They were mad. There they were and then the next day, in the morning, Hwan Osiit said: “Now you, Moova Syeerr, you will stay behind, you hear, and cook the food.” “OK” the man said. Then the others went to work. At noon, when they came back, the same thing happened—no food. It wasn’t ready. The same way, a man came cantering up, tied his horse, got off to eat. Mova Syeerr refused. He refused and they fought. They fought, but the man took the food away and ate it all. It happened the same way; he followed but the man dropped down in the hole in the canyon. (10e)


The next day, again, Hwan Osiit said: “Now you will stay, you hear, Moova Pyeedrr, you are to stay and do it.” “OK” he said. Then, as he was about to finish making the food, the same man showed up riding his galloping horse, he rushed out in a hurry, tied up his horse and said: “Is
dinner ready?” “Yes” said Moova Pyeddrr, “it’s just ready.” “I’m going to eat, you hear?” “No, you won’t eat!” “I said I’m going to eat, didn’t you hear me?” “No, you’re not going to eat!” He sat down, the man sat down and ate. Moova Pyeddrr came running. Right there they started to fight each other. The Devil got hold of him, he whipped him and knocked him down. He whipped him and knocked him down unconscious. The Devil again left running. He jumped down into a hole in the canyon. When he went in there, well, Moova Pyeddrr was sitting there, he sat there panting. The other men came back; when they arrived, the food was all gone. Hwan Osiit got mad: “You all, you men, you are very lazy. Tomorrow, I will stay and cook the food. You’ll see.” “OK” they said. (11e)


So the next day, Hwan Osiit stayed. He stayed and the other men went to work. Hwan Osiit made the food and just as he was about to finish the man riding a horse galloped up, stopped his horse short and got off. “Is dinner ready?” “No” said Hwan Osiit, “sit down and wait. I’ll finish right now.” “I’m not going to wait, hear? I said I was going to eat when I came.” “You’re not going to eat at all! I said the food wasn’t ready yet, didn’t you hear me?” But he grabbed everything, got hold of it, grabbed it and Hwan Osiit got hold of him, knocked him down again and again. The man jumped up and they fought each other some more, rolling over and over, and Hwan Osiit finally got hold of his cane, grabbed the man and knocked him down. The man ran and got his horse and away he went. Hwan Osiit chased him but never caught up with him as he ran down the canyon and was completely hidden. (12e)


Then Hwan Osiit said: “So that’s the way you guys are. You didn’t tell me. Well, you hear?” he said and left. He was talking to himself. When he got back to camp, the men were already there, they had come back. They were all sitting after working; they were laughing. “When that man comes back, he will give him a good licking, you hear?” They were laughing. (13e)

When they came back, dinner was all ready, so they sat down and ate. Then Hwan Osiit said: "You guys are very bad. Now why didn't you tell me? For these reasons, I didn't cook. We all could have stayed here and waited [for that fellow]. Now tomorrow we will catch an animal around there and kill it. Then, we'll do the hide. We will make a rope and we will follow the man. I will go down in the hole. You guys will do this [with me], you hear?" (14e)


Then the next day, they killed an animal, they got the hide and stripped it off. Then they made a long rope and then they tied Hwan Osiit to it. Then they let him down. "If I don't reach the bottom this time, I will jerk on the rope three times, and you'll take me out. If I get there, I'll jerk four times, so you'll know I got there. Then you will wait for me. When I [am ready to] return, I'll jerk the rope four times, then you take me out." So Hwan Osiit went in. He went down and down, but he didn't reach the bottom. He jerked the rope three times and they pulled him out. They pulled the man out. Then they went and killed another animal and made a longer rope. Then again they let him down, on and on. After a while then he jerked the rope four times. When he did that, one of the men said: "He reached the bottom there, you hear? Now we loosen the rope." They loosened it and left it. (15e)


It was getting rather late, then one man said: “Well, let’s leave him and go away. How can we keep waiting for him here?” They pulled the rope out, dragged it out. Hwan Osiit stayed there down below in another land. Then he went around looking for the rider, went on and on and on—how many days I don’t know—and finally he met another man riding a horse. He asked him: “One man came this way, a big man, where is he?” With his hand, the other man pointed that way to a house that was there. Then the rider left and called to Hwan Osiit: “Come here! Come with me!” Hwan Osiit followed behind, and when they reached the house, the man said: “Here is where that man lives.” “OK” he said. Then Hwan Osiit reached the door, he knocked at the door and the man came out. When he came out, Hwan Osiit said: “The other day, you were at my place. You were going to whip we, remember?” “Yes” he said “I remember.” “Now I followed you here, I came to fight you, that’s why I came. Now you and I will fight.” (16e)


The Devil man then said: “Oh, I won’t fight you. It’s already too late. Stay here at my house; tomorrow then we will fight each other.” “OK” said Hwan Osiit. So he stayed there. “And in the morning, we’ll do something else.” “OK” said Hwan Osiit. (17e)


Then Hwan Osiit stayed behind and the man gave him a bed. “Lie down right here!” he said. “In the morning we’ll do something else.” Then Hwan Osiit went, he lay in bed and was thinking: “I wonder how I can do it, hit him and finally kill him. I’m not going to give up.” he said. When it was morning, the man showed up. “Come here, let’s go and eat!” Then he ate; when he was through eating, the man went back outside, and Hwan Osiit went around the house looking it over. Everything he had was gold; sparkling, just shining all over, gold, silver, everything, all beautiful. Then also a lot of beautiful flowers. Absolutely everything he had was gold and silver—a very rich man. There he paced around back and forth, looking at everything. (18e)

Then the man called him: “Now come!” There they went into a room. When they went in, he said: “Look over here, there are lots of rifles here. Take what you want; anything you want, take it! Then we will fight against one another.” (19e)


“’Enyaach nya-araapvek, nyaamuuchh. Peyii ’enyemarx, kecham temeyaq.” “Hoo” wiis. (20i)

Hwan Osiit looked at everything. Finally, he didn’t want it. He said: “I don’t want it at all. I have a cane. That’s good enough. With this I will duel against you.” The man laughed and laughed and then he said: “Oh, man, do listen! If you should happen to lick me, everything that is here, this house of mine, the whole land, you take it all for yourself, you hear? If I lick you, I’ll kill you. I will bury you here and leave you.” “OK” he said. (20e)


Then they went outside; they fought. Hwan Osiit knocked him down and whipped him over and over. The man jumped up toward him. When he started to reach for him, he whipped him until he was all mashed. Then Hwan Osiit left. He was walking and was very tired. There was a black oak there and he lay down under it. (21e)


As he was lying there, a buzzard came flying by—a very big bird. He flew with wings flapping and flapping. He flew around banking, looking, waiting. He was thinking that the man lying there was dead and he would eat him. Finally he landed on the ground, he hopped along till he got close. He stopped and looked at Hwan Osit lying there. Hwan Osit was watching him and then he said: “What do you want? Come here!” Then the buzzard in one leap jumped to him. When he did that, he said: “What are you doing here? I thought you were dead lying there; I was going to eat you.” “No, I’m not dead, man. Do something! Do me a favor, hear?” “OK” said the buzzard. “Now we’ll go kill a buck, we’ll kill a lot of them and we’ll make food. Then you’ll carry me on your shoulders and take me away, take me away, you hear? There is a hole over there, I’ll take you and show you. When we reach there, you’ll fly upward, you’ll go, you hear?” “OK” said the buzzard, “but when I fly I will go up in circles and every time I circle you must give me a piece of meat, that way we’ll go on until we come out.” “Alright” he said. They went that way. (22e)


They were just about to reach the top. The meat was all gone; the buzzard was dropping back. Then again they went and killed more animals. Finally, they went back again, and Hwan Osit lay on the back of the buzzard; they again they went circling, rising, rising until there was just one more circle to go. The meat was all gone. Hwan Osit reached over, took a knife out and sliced a piece off his rump; he leaned over and gave it to the buzzard who swallowed it. He came out of the hole and landed on the ground. When he sat on the ground, Hwan Osit declared: “Man, you go back now, hear me?” Then he vomited, the buzzard vomited out the meat and said: “Take this and stick it back again onto your body. I can’t eat it. I don’t like to swallow it, I’ll get sick if I do that.” Hwan Osit got up and laughed, took the meat and stuck it back. Then he shook hands with the buzzard and said: “Now you go back down there and take all the land and everything for yourself. Everything that belonged to the Devil. I don’t want it. I belong up here. Four men are waiting for me; now I will go home, then I’ll go that way. I’ll do it, they will see that I am a man, you will know it. They’ll know it.” he said. Then the buzzard said: “Alright, mister, you really are a man. Now do it, do it again! As for me, I’ll go now, you

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"hear?" he said and left. He dove down into the hole. Hwan Osiiit picked up his cane and went back. (23e)


Then Hwan Osiiit went back to his camp. There was nothing there. Nobody was there. He was looking for the men, he couldn't find them. Then he headed for his boss's house, got there and said: "The men that were around here, where did they go?" Then the boss said: "I wonder where they went. Already there is no more work. It's all finished now. The men must have gone away. Where they went, I don't know." (24e)

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This is the end of the story. I heard this a long time ago when I was little. Now I've told you this, you write it, Margaret! Write it! Teach the people so everybody will know the things that we are doing. (25e)

REFERENCES


REPORT 11

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Leanne Hinton, Series Editor
PREFACE

The year 2000 was the 30th anniversary of the first Hakan languages conference. That first conference was imagined, planned and run by Prof. Margaret Langdon at the University of California at Berkeley, with the assistance of Prof. Shirley Silver of California State University at Sonoma. Almost every year since then, Hakan workshops and then Hakan-Penutian workshop in the previous few years had been either very small or even cancelled due to the lack of a sufficient number of people submitting paper titles. There was some thought of abandoning the Hakan-Penutian workshops altogether. Margaret felt that it would be a shame for this long tradition to end without a last hurrah, and so I offered to hold a Hakan-Penutian Workshop at Berkeley in conjunction with the “Breath of Life” Language Workshop for California Indians. The Breath of Life Workshop is a biennial gathering of California Indians here at Berkeley, and is designed primarily for people whose languages have no speakers left. We give them tours of the campus archives and show them how to use publications, fieldnotes and recordings of their languages for their own purposes – primarily language learning and teaching. I felt it would be a good thing to show the linguists who spent their careers working on these endangered languages to see the use their work is being put to by the descendents of the very people they worked with years ago. Therefore, the first session of the Hakan-Penutian Workshop consisted of presentations by the participants in the Breath of Life Workshop. The anticipation of this treat may have played a role in bringing a relatively large crowd here in 2000, perhaps along with billing the workshop as “The (Last?) Hakan-Penutian Workshop.” Sixteen papers (not counting the Breath of Life presentations) were given at the workshop, eight of which are published in this volume.

With both the Hakan and Penutian hypotheses in doubt, there is always a question as to which languages should be included at the workshop. Although my sympathies are with the “splitter” camp in linguistics, I’m definitely a social lumper. Therefore, for purposes of the workshop I chose to define “Hakan” and “Penutian” as rubrics rather than language stocks, and advertised the workshop as being “for any language that has ever been hypothesized to be Hakan or Penutian.” We thus have papers ranging from Tsimshianic to Zuni, and—oh, well – we even accepted Juliette Blevin’s excellent paper on Yurok, an Algic language, which has never been hypothesized as either Hakan or Penutian.

At the business meeting held at the end of the Hakan-Penutian workshop, no-one wanted to say that this was the last one. Instead, we voted to continue with the workshops on a biennial basis, to be held here at Berkeley from now on, overlapping with the Breath of Life Workshop as it did in 2000. As I write this preface, the two years have already passed, and we are preparing for the 2002 Breath of Life Workshop, which this year will overlap with – not the Hakan-Penutian Workshop – but the 50th Anniversary Celebration of the Survey of California and Other Indian Languages. The upcoming conference for the Celebration subsumes participants in Hakan-Penutian Workshops. I imagine that our biennial gathering will continue on; whether it will be a Hakan-Penutian workshop in 2004 or something broader than that remains to be seen.

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PROCEEDINGS OF THE MEETING OF THE HOKAN-PENUTIAN WORKSHOP

June 17-18, 2000
University of California at Berkeley

Juliette Blevins
Notes on Sources of Yurok Glottalized Consonants  

Catherine Callaghan
Problems of Writing a Historical Grammar  

Victor Golla
The History of the Term "Petenian"  

Anthony Grant
Fabric, Pattern, Shift and Diffusion: What Change in Oregon Penutian Languages Can Tell Historical Linguists  

Margaret Langdon
The Story of Johnny Bear: A European Tale in 'lipay Kumeyaay  

Lynn Nichols
Two Zuni Passives  

Marie-Lucie Tarpent
Tsimshianic l-Initial Plurals: Relics of an Ancient Penutian Pattern  

Esther Wood and Leanne Hinton
A Report on George Grekoff's Collection of Chimariko (and Other) Materials  

Leanne Hinton
The Proceedings of the Hokan-Penutian Workshops: A History and Indices