

Puhpohwee

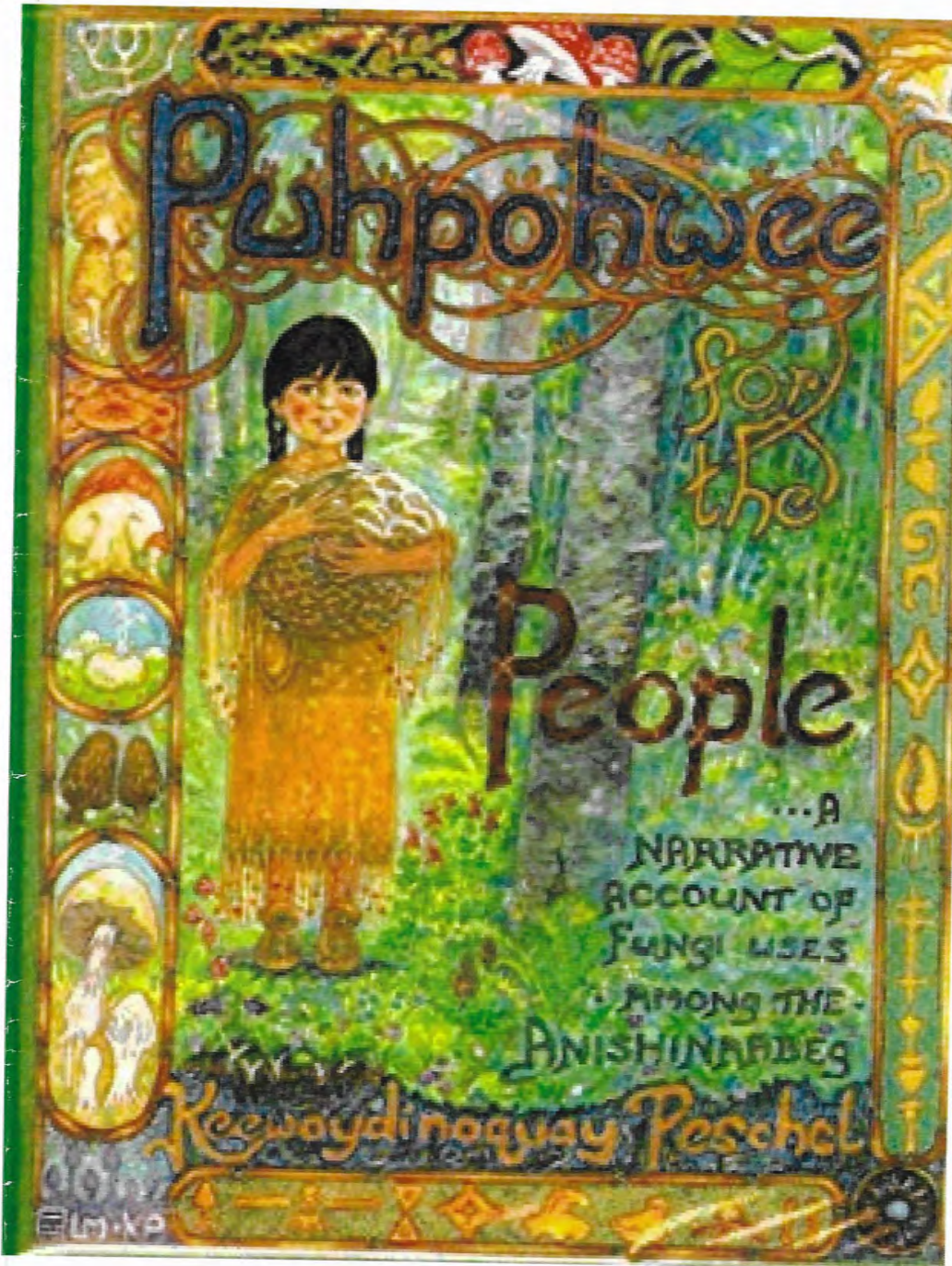
for
the

People

...A
NARRATIVE
ACCOUNT OF
FUNGI USES
AMONG THE
ANISHINABES

Keewaydinogway Peschel

ELM-XA



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PUHPOHWEE FOR THE PEOPLE

A narrative account of
some uses of Fungi
among the Ahnishinaubeg

by

KEEWAYDINOQUAY



Botanical Museum of Harvard University
CAMBRIDGE, MASS.
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Presenting Keewaydinoquay, by R. Gordon Wasson

FOREWORD

Chapter

- 1 FIRE CATCHERS AND TRANSPORTERS
- 2 FUNGI AS FOOD
PANADJAMITTIGOK: Chicken of the Woods
MinoSoahnkwe's Instructions on
Cooking Puffballs
Keewaynah's Version of MinoSoahnkwe's
Pickled Wild Mushrooms
Two Uses for the Little Garlic Mushrooms
- 3 FUNGI *pour la Toilette*
MISHIMIJ BINAKWAN: The Oak Comb
Perfume from the MISKWIMIKNIK: 'Bleeding Turtle'
- 4 MEDICINAL MYCETES
JABOSIGAN: Purgative from *Fomes officinales*
GASSIAKIDEG: Cauterizers
WADO: Coagulants and Styptics
An Aid in Parturition
- 5 *Miscellaneous Fungal Functions*
WASSIROGIDEMAGAD: Luminescence
MISKWABO WAJASHAUKI: The Bloody Flux
Mushroom or How To Use Fungi
to Gain Political Influence
JAWENDAMOWIN NAH: Happiness in the Half World?
My Reverend Grandfather Challenges *Coprinus*
atramentarius

GLOSSARY: List of Some Algonkian Fungal Terms

BIBLIOGRAPHY

PRESENTING KEEWAYDINOQUAY

With this opuscle in ethno-mycology I introduce to the larger world scholars and scientists interested in the Amerindians and their mushroom lore the Ahnishinaubeg herbalist and shaman Keewaydinoquay (Ke way'dn • o' quay), a woman in her early sixties, three-eighths of European ancestry. She has a Master of Education degree from Wayne State University. She is the only resident on Miniss Kitigan in Lake Michigan, where some hundreds of her people once lived. (Miniss Kitigan is the northernmost island of the Amikogenda archipelago.) In her childhood she was apprenticed to the famous Ahnishinaubeg herbalist, Nodjimahkwe, thus falling heir to the traditional knowledge of the plant world among her people. She is well known in medicine circles and tribal organizations in the Lake Michigan and Lake Superior areas, also having connections with white institutions interested in the anthropology and history of that area.

R. Gordon Wasso

November 19, 1977

FOREWORD

The word PUH-POH-WEE is an old Algonkian term that we would well to rejuvenate. It means 'to swell up in stature suddenly as if silently from an unseen source of power'. It is particularly suitable when referring to fungi but the verb is certainly not limited to that use. In English there is no equivalent. The Ahnishinaubeg can find a potential PUH-POH-WEE in their ancient cultural heritage. For all peoples there is better health in that natural source of power, the full use of plants.

I said 'Ahnishinaubeg' and must explain that name. We prefer not to be called 'Indians'. Christopher Columbus was the one who made that mistake. Many know this to be so but just the same the mistaken name has continued for centuries. We are not of the same race as the Indians, and the native peoples of the Americas are apparently not all of one race. I belong to the Algonkian group named by the French as the *Ojibwé*, usually translated into English as the Ojibway, a group consisting of the peoples of 'the three fires' — the Pottawotomie, the Chippewa, and the Odawa (= Ottawa) who with local variations and intonations all speak the same language. 'Ojibway' is frequently taken as meaning 'to roast until puckered up'. Recently I read a booklet sponsored by the State of Michigan that suggests it refers to the treatment of captives! Thank goodness, most authors writing on the subject have related the word to moccasins. The name originally comes from OJIBBEWEG, Writing-on-Birch-Bark. We are proud of this accomplishment because we alone, among the Woodland folk, had a system for conveying ideas by writing. 'Ojibway' is usually spelled today by scholars 'Ojibwe'. Both spellings are equally unscholarly.

Assuming that a people has a right to be called by the name that they themselves have always used, throughout this paper I use 'Ahnishinaubeg', The-people-who-came-from-the-place-beyond-where-the-sun-rises. In practice 'Nishnawbeg' is used by many.

The native peoples of America are known to have made use of a vast reservoir of herbal knowledge, actually believing that there is an herb to meet every possible need. People unacquainted with the harmony of the old tribal life have assumed these herbal uses to be largely superstitious. This is not so. 'Authorities' who have written about us have, more often than not, remained silent on the subject of herbal knowledge or else denied its existence. This is true of the fungi: in fact, recent scholars, quoting an early 'authority', have stoutly maintained that our people disliked and

always used the fungi, their only use being reserved for departed spirits who munched on them in a gray after-life! The contents of this paper is limited to a few uses of fungi but of course the beneficial uses of plants including fungi are not so limited.

Most of the information contained herein was gained from four persons:
my mother, MinoSoahnkwe (Sarah GoodCook; literally 'She-is-cooking-well-woman'), who was a superlative culinary artist;
my father, WaubOstigwan (Whose-Head-Is-Silver-like-the-Sun), whose personal yardstick of anyone or anything was the degree of his/its practical success;
my paternal grandfather, MidéOgema (Who-Leads-in-the-Grand-Medicine), who measured all things by their spiritual and sensual qualities, and completely confounded all European minds by confounding the two; and
Nodjimahkwe (Healing-woman), whose accumulation of *materia medica* was truly astonishing.

Nodjimahkwe was a member of the Crane Clan (DODEM AHJIIK) as I am. The Crane Clan is the repository of the traditions of our people. At an early age I had determined to 'stand MIDÉWIWIN' and be 'medicined' at least three times. In the Old Society, before the impact of European materialism, long preparation was required of each individual so that he could eventually assume a specific responsibility within the clan unit. I was accordingly apprenticed to Nodjimahkwe, herbalist of the village of Onominee, for two years, although ultimately our association continued much longer.

At that time the old ways had already declined and Nodjimahkwe, whose extensive resources and 'professional' acumen were worthy of many apprentices, had not received an apprentice in fifteen years! She was delighted and honored. In truth, it was I who was honored, but, in my youthful callowness, I did not realize it.

To Nodjimahkwe I am obliged for many fine gifts, the greatest of which is a belief in the nobility of the human spirit. In a world fraught with the uncertainty of change, danger, and sorrow, and the ignorance of extreme prejudice, this woman managed to maintain, in splendid solitude, as truly scientific an attitude as if she had been university trained.

Kid animikon, Nodjimahkwe!

KEEWAYDINOQUAY
Woman of the Northwest Wind

Fire Catchers and Transporters



My grandfather, MidéOgema (pronounced Middy-OH-gemah), never stopped fighting battles. The day of counting coups on the battle field may have been long gone, but he always found some way to prove his prowess, and life in his camp was interesting and exciting. One of his annual adventures was obtaining enough wild honey for everyone in the camp to feast for several days.

On the day of the feast (which always turned out to be some time in early autumn just after MidéOgema had located a TICAMOC, 'bee tree,' with a good cache of AMOGSISIBAKWAD, 'honey') the women of the camp would be up early baking cornbread and singing the honeybee song. Grandfather, undressed for the occasion (to show his lack of fear), started off into the MITTAG, 'woods,' followed by a delegation of men and boys. A few females who were not required at the camp for cooking tagged along behind. I recall carrying a huge bundle of dried puffballs impaled on sharpened green willow sticks. My two boy cousins carried huge growths of JIBIÉPUSH-KWAEGUN¹ that had been ignited by being laid against the coals of grandmother's cooking fire. The smoke from the dried fungi drifted through the forest as we wended our way to the honeybee tree.

At the location, we walked a circle about the bee tree and approached from downwind so that the smoke of the fungi — one a *Fomes igniarius* and the other a *Fomes fomentarius* — circled around the log. This, grandfather said, was pleasing to the bees. It was my job to place the impaled puffballs in the ground around the trees and ignite them. When I heard the roar of the bees inside, I was frightened, but I tried to imitate grandfather's air of nonchalance.

While the fungi smoked and the circle of men kept up a constant humming tone, grandfather began an address, half-talking and half-chanting.

'We are your friends, IO AMOGASSI,² he began. 'We clear forest openings so that your flowers may grow and provide you with nectar . . .' etc. This went on for a half hour — no wonder the bees became sleepy! I was getting that way myself.

1. Literally: 'Dead Man's Leather', which applies to any of the leather-like fungi, but if you ask any of our people what it means you will be told, 'bracket fungus'.

2. 'Oh thou Bee Spirits.'

Suddenly, grandfather's huge hand shot out and grasped the opening of the hollow tree. With a great wrench he pulled open the side of the tree, exposing the stored sweetness.

'ATAIA-TIWE!'¹ exclaimed all the menfolk.

'NIA-NIA!'² murmured the admiring ladies.

A few still alert bee warriors zinged out of the opening, but grandfather met them head on with a smoking *F. fomentarius* in one hand and the smoldering *F. igniarius* in the other. It was like watching one half of a two-handed ping pong game! The greater body of bees remained in the cavity humming and basking in the smoke.

Then grandfather laid some of the smoking puffballs inside the opening and men from the village came forward with clean maple planks. (We never use pine, as the resin from that tree will taint the honey.) The honey was piled high on the planks and covered with basswood leaves. It would take several sticky men to carry each plank back to the village.

When grandfather signified the honey gathering was over, one of my boy cousins cried out in protest, 'There is still honey inside!'

'Certainly,' responded grandfather, 'that is for the little ones to overwinter. We would not want our friends to die. They must live and propagate. We shall want honey another year.'

A few of the smoldering puffballs were left inside the tree, but the still smoking fungi were carried back with us. Perhaps they would be used again. Also, their big bodies held fire so long that on a windy night a forest fire could blow up, a horror no Ahnishinaube³ wished to face.

'Let the bees dream while we feast,' said Grandfather, and we hurried off toward the village from which shouts of feasting and pleasure already came to us borne on the wind.

Several years later, I saw my father, WaubOstigwan, use smoke from a lighted birch fungus (*Polyporus betulina*) and the oak fungus (*Daedalea quercina*) to approach a swarm of bees that had followed a new queen from one of our hives.

'The smoke quiets them down,' he explained to me. 'They don't resist while the smoke pours around them, and I can carry the sleepy swarm home to a new hive.' In the same year, Nodjimahkwe told me how she had once anaesthetized a screaming baby who had fallen on a fishing spear by the use of smoking puffballs.

1. A form of exclamation, used only by men.

2. A form of exclamation, used only by ladies.

3. Singular of Ahnishinaubeg. One man is an Ahnishinaube. One woman is an Ahnishinaubikwe.

With these two facts tucked into my mind, I began to wonder if my Grandfather was really so very brave after all and if the old rascal had known all along of the anaesthetic effects of the fungi. I resolved to inquire the next time I should see him.

'Enh, yes,' he replied in his best expansive style, 'The JIBI-EPUSI KWAE-GUN (polyporous shelf fungi) are great fire carriers. Why, I remember one time when a group of our people were out on Fishing Island netting and drying fish. A tremendous storm came up and washed everything away. The water rose so high that the people barely escaped with their lives by climbing to the top of the dune ridge and holding onto the trees. You grandmother and I took a five-man canoe and went out to them with dry wood and fire in the JIBUG. Of course, we were much younger then. Remember that, NINNEMUSHA?'



My grandmother gave a wrinkled grin at being called sweetheart.

'Your grandfather is a great braggart,' she said fondly.

'But did you really do it?' I persisted.

'Surely. There is really nothing to it. Just set three coals on a dry shelf fungus until they have burned their way into the soft punk a little. Turn another fungus upside down over the top of it, and you can carry fire safely through all kinds of travel and wet weather.'

I was at home inside my bearskin that night before I realized that Grandfather had done it again — evaded the basic question.

'Oh well,' I thought, 'let the old man dream of his deeds. I am young. I will find out for myself if breathing puffball smoke is really an anaesthetic.' I did. It is. I experimented on a bird, a cat, a muskrat, and a dog, and all unintentionally on myself! The bird never came to at all, the dog gnawed through his bonds and ran away howling, the cat and the muskrat went promptly to sleep. When my mother discovered what I was doing, she sent me to my loft bed as a punishment, whereupon I promptly went to sleep for two hours right in the middle of the day. My father backed over the cat with his model-T Ford; he had assumed she was just basking in the sun and would move as she usually did when he beeped his horn. I was made to listen to a long lecture on cruelty to animals, and when I went out to investigate the muskrat was gone.

There is an interesting story, one of those told for the edification of the young during the Long Night Moon, about one Ahnishinaubikwe who gained everlasting fame by sacrificing her oak comb (*Daedalea quercina*) to hold the last fire when a severe blizzard killed all other flames in camp. Because of its usefulness as a beauty aid, few 'Indian' women ever use *Daedalea quercina* as punk, preferring instead *Fomes fomentarius*, *Fomes igniarius*, *Ganoderma lucidum*, *Ganoderma tsuga*, and *Trametes betulina*.

Many Americans are aware of the use of KINNIKINNIK¹ by the Ahnishinaubeg to seal an agreement. This use was not necessarily to conclude a major treaty, as some suppose: it could be used merely between two friends who had come to agreement upon a problem. Habitual use of tobacco simply for pleasure was reserved for the old, partly owing to the labor involved in finding, curing,² and preparing the product.

In the event of a major treaty, one can imagine the ensuing embarrassment if the smoking mixture did not ignite! It would certainly not augur well for the pact.

To prevent such a mishap, when tobacco was prepared, a portion was laid aside in a special KISHKIBITAGAN (pouch made especially for holding tobacco) as 'important tobacco'. With this was mixed an amount of pounded and powdered *Fomes igniarius* or *Fomes fomentarius* to enhance ignition. According to Nodjimahkwe, the narcotic properties were increased by this admixture.

1. A smoking material of which *Arctostaphylos uva-Ursi* is the main ingredient.

2. See Glossary, words 1-3. They indicate some of the difficulties in the successful preparation of tobacco.

Fungi as Food

The types of fungi used in foods, or as foods in the event of necessity, are so many and varied as to defy any attempt at inclusiveness. A few of the interesting and usable are discussed here.

PANADJAMITTIGOK: *Chicken-of-the-Woods*

All peoples who live in or near the woods, whatever their race, seem to know about the chicken-of-the-woods. This fungus is quite different from other bracket fungi. While it is young, the marginal parts are soft and tender and can be easily removed to make a superb dish. The consistency of the cortex is for all the world like cheese! The Chicken is classified as *Polyporus sulphureus*.

I was surprised to discover, in several of the reference books I consulted, such comments as 'said to be edible but scarcely worth the effort' and 'unpalatable.' Three references did not even list it as edible. All I can say is that these authors did not have MinoSoahnkwe for a mother!

Here are her instructions:

'Look for PANADJAMITTIGOK when it is late summer or autumn. It will come earlier if the weather of midsummer becomes like late summer. It is to be found on rotting logs and stumps. Sometimes, too, you can find it growing from a place where there has been a bad hurt to a tree that is alive. It pays well to notice where you have found Chicken-of-the-Woods before and to remember to go back there again, for it will reappear on the same log for several years. This is an almost-too-good-to-be-true WAJASHKWEDO (tree fungus), for once you have found it, it is a good food source for a long time. It is possible for hundreds to grow on a log at once, saving much hunting around, so you had better keep the secret where the Chicken grows, and you will have good food for your family. Cooked lightly and served up with a little meat or left-over gravy, especially chicken gravy, it is excellent. This helps to stretch what little meat you have and also saves your wild rice supply for winter.

'How will you recognize the PANADJAMITTIGOK?

'It is a brilliant sight to see this WAJASHKWEDO growing, and it makes you feel good all over just to look, even without thinking of the food to come. The top is sprinkled with orange, red-orange, or orange-red, with the openings on the underside a pure clear yellow. If you can catch him when he is still a little all-yellow knob, the better for you. When you break the



chicken, the inside flesh shows white and it does not change its color as do other mushrooms when pinched or broken. The bracket sticks straight out from the tree or log without any stem. It has a good musty smell. The brackets can be as big as a pim drum¹ to as small as a hummingbird egg, and most often they grow together in layers, one over another. I would say, too, that sometimes it looks as if the WAJASHKWEDO had tried to grow a little stem, but didn't quite make it. No trouble with this WAJASHKWEDO in any way — it gives only good.'

Pearse's Mushroom Pie

The following is a recipe we always called 'Pearse's Mushroom Pie,' not because he had anything to do with the recipe or the making of it, but because it was the favorite dish of Pearse Querck, who ran a trap line through our property. (My mother used to declare with pride that our many guests who dropped in had come to consult my father or discuss matters with him because of his education and wisdom. I know now that for many if not most the prime motivation was my mother's cuisine.)

'Wash mushrooms well, be sure to throw out any that show signs of insects. Cut what is left into small pieces and drop them into salt water for five minutes or a little more. Have ready in a pan upon the stove about two ounces of butter (or other seasoned shortening) for each pint of mushrooms. Now, having butter very hot but not scorching, dip the mushrooms from the salt water with a skimmer and drop them into the hot butter. They will spatter, so stand back quick as you drop the mushrooms. Cover with a lid fitting down closely to hold in the flavor, shaking the pan or stirring them to keep them from scorching or sticking. This is IMPORTANT, one burnt mushroom can spoil the whole mess!

'Let them cook with moderate heat from fifteen to thirty minutes, according to the tenderness of the mushrooms you are using at that time. Now, take the cover off the pan, pull the mushrooms over to one side, and tilt the pan so that the gravy runs to the opposite side, stir into the juices tablespoonfuls of flour according to the amount of juice, and then rub this into the gravy until smooth, next, let it boil for one minute. Already in the oven have a deep pie shell. Fill it with the mushroom mixture, which you have seasoned with salt and pepper and your favorite herbs, and set the whole back into the oven for a few minutes to heat and set, before you put it on the table.'

1. A small drum used by a story-teller for sound effects as she or he narrates. Mine is about six inches across the drum head.

After consulting several references, I am sure the two mushrooms MinoSoahnkwe used the most for this recipe were *Tricholoma saevum* and *Pleurotus ostreatus*, but I think that other edible mushrooms would no doubt work as well.

MinoSoahnkwe's Instructions on Cooking Puffballs

'Please be sure that any size of puffballs you use at any time are white — white all the way through. As puffballs become older they also start to get bitter, and if they are yellow at all, this is a sign that they are in that condition. If you know of a place where puffballs grow, look there several hours after a rain.

'Small puffballs can make luscious little morsels, but they can also cause one great big mistake . . . your last! Take with you into the field a sharp knife and a DRY brush, and as you collect, brush off the puffballs; also cut off any little white rootlets and dirt. (One sandy puffball in a basket may easily make the rest of them gritty.) When you get them home, never dump in a pan of water as you would potatoes; just peel those that are peelable. Next, slice them right straight down through the middle. Examine the two halves carefully . . . NOT CASUALLY. If there is anything inside at all which looks even vaguely like outlines that might become a cap and a stem, AS YOU VALUE YOUR LIFE, THROW THAT ONE AWAY! Then wash your hands carefully, and scald the knife and the cutting board thoroughly. The immature button of any of the NEBOWAHJASHAUKEESUG (death-causing mushrooms) can sometimes look much like a puffball from the outside. If you have looked at the inside, it is not possible to have made a mistake, for the interior of a puffball is plain, unrelieved opaque white. Included in a stew, like dumplings, little puffballs are WINGIPOGWAD, possessed of excellence in taste.

'In the use of large puffballs no mistake of any kind is possible, for there is nothing in this world that looks like either the inside or the outside of the giant puffballs. Slice up the puffball, just as you would a piece of meat, dip the slices into beaten egg, roll in a mixture of crumbs from hardened bread and oatmeal (or in crumbs and cornmeal, or cracker crumbs and finely-smashed nutmeats), and fry until crisp on both sides.

'Now here is the secret of cooking puffballs at their very best: DO NOT ADD SALT AT ALL UNTIL AFTER YOU HAVE COOKED THEM. If you add it before, the salt will destroy the special delicate taste that is theirs alone.

'If you are so fortunate as to have found a really giant puffball, share what you have left with a neighbor, as it will not keep long, and when your neighbor finds something good he will share it with you.'

Keewaynah's Version of MinoSoahnkwe's Pickled Wild Mushrooms:

1/4 cup olive oil (Keewaynah uses a polyunsaturated sunflower oil)

2 tablespoons of lemon juice or vinegar

1/4 teaspoon of ginger

1/4 teaspoon of salt

Keewaynah's variant: add 2 tablespoons of lemon juice AND 1 tablespoon of vinegar, plus 1 tablespoon of sugar. Also one sprig of pennyroyal and 4 leaves of catnip, both cleaned of grit, of course.

1 clove of garlic crushed but not broken apart. Let above mixture sit for at least one hour, then remove the garlic clove.

Keewaynah's variant: Remove pennyroyal when you take the garlic clove out, but allow the catnip leaves to remain until just before serving.

Add 1 pound of cleansed meadow mushrooms in the button stage. Chill in the refrigerator overnight.

Actually, I never make such a small amount, because if I do, the kids sneak it out of the refrigerator ahead of time, and I never get any myself! Mother didn't put the refrigerating part in her recipe, because she didn't have a refrigerator; but she put the crock in the springhouse overnight. We think it's better chilled. Mother often added 1 clove per pound of mushrooms and one green tomato very, very thinly sliced. Again, take your choice. A friend of mine adds a few tablespoons of cooked-but-firm red kidney beans.

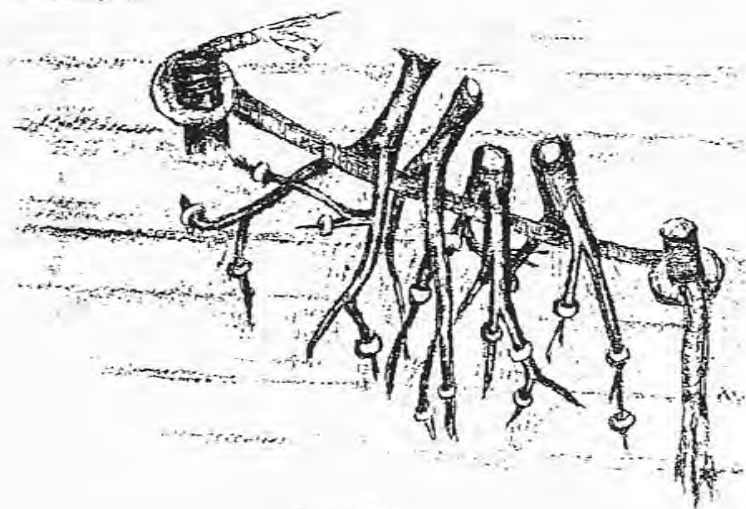
Two Uses for the Little Garlic Mushroom

(A) Garlic Flavored Whisks

One of my many jobs as a child was to make garlic whisks for the flavoring of the winter menus. To prepare a whisk, one cuts small branches

from a sassafras tree, stripping the little twigs of leaves, but not buds. If you live in an environment where there is no sassafras, use for the 'whisks' any deciduous tree that has no flavor. Onto the clean whisk, thread the caps of the Little Garlic Mushroom, *Marasmius scorodoni*, and hang them in the sun to dry. Since these little fellows pop up quickly after a rain, there may be no sun, in which case they can be dried in the remaining heat of an oven when you have finished baking.

One cannot mistake the Little Garlic, for it both smells and tastes faintly of garlic. It pops up among leaves and dead twigs, especially near the edge of a beech wood. The cap is pale tan and the stipe is light brown, with a slight red tinge. The gills are whitish, *crème* would be a good description, and if you try to make a spore print on a piece of paper it will turn out shell pink, rosy pink, or salmon brown. The whole of the Little Garlic is no more than an inch high and the caps are no more than a half inch across with an 'umbilical cord' mark on the top. The real clincher for identification, though, is the taste and smell.

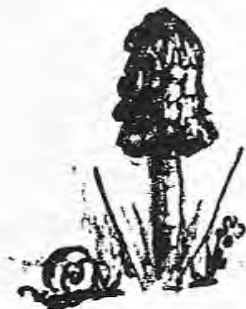


When the Little Garlic caps have dried on the whisks, you can hardly notice that they are there, the caps are so small. MinoSoahnIkwe added a 'garlic whisk' to a dish while it was cooking. It was especially useful for adding to old meats or anything that lacked a good strong flavor of its own. When the dish, for example a stew, is cooked, lift out the whisk. The Little Garlics will have cooked away into the food and you will never find anything of them but the flavor.

(B) Garlic-Flavored Fry Bread

- 2 cups of flour
- 1 tablespoon of baking powder
- 1 teaspoon of salt
- 1 cup of milk

Mix the ingredients together well, pat out with floured hands to about one inch high. Pull off a rough piece, put a cap of the Little Garlic in the middle, fold over the edges so that it is buried in the middle, and fry in deep fat. Drain. Serve hot. This is a great favorite with the Ahnishinaubeg and is sure to be served at every pow-wow, but more than likely the cook will have gone white-man-lazy and sprinkled on a little garlic salt instead.

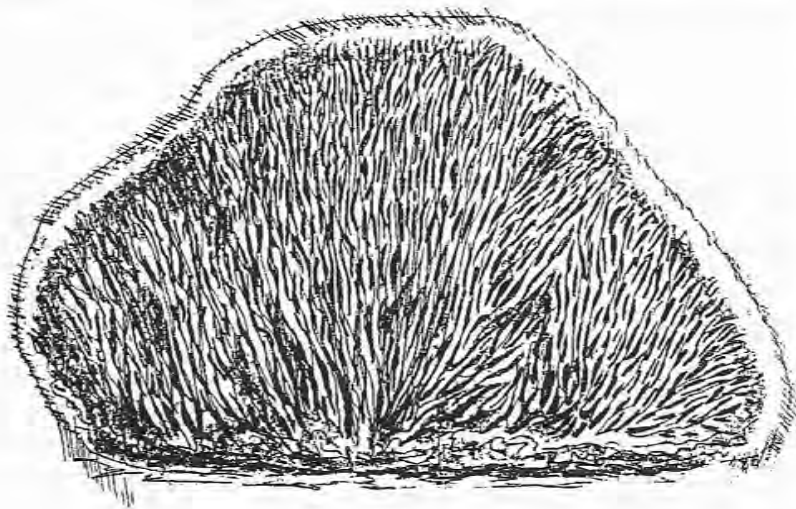


Fungi pour la Toilette

MISHIMIJ BINAKWAN: The Oak Comb

The oak comb (*Daedalea quercina*) is a fungus on the oak trees that has a shape naturally convenient for currying the coats of horses. This natural curry comb is especially useful with those animals who might have tender skins, or with show horses whose coats must display a glossy shine all the time. 'Showing-off' horses were about all the Ahnishinaubeg had prior to 1890, most of their travel being done via canoe and by foot trails. This oak fungus, when allowed to grow on the tree until it is at least the size that will fit into the palm of an adult hand, will dry quite hard. It once was a good item for trade with the native peoples of the West who possessed more horses and fewer oaks. Most of our 'oak combs' went west through trade with the Sioux.

Our people used the *Daedalea quercina* much more for their own hair, particularly during the long winters of little washing and much bear grease. My mentor and herbmother told me that in the old days a good oak comb was one of the few things not discarded in travelling from seasonal camp to seasonal camp, and that it was believed there was a 'spirit' in the



growth which actually cleaned the hair! I have not found any support for the latter tradition, but there are explicit references to the use of *Daedalea quercina* as a curry comb and as a human hair-brush-comb in the GLOSSARY under MISHIMIJ and MITIGOMIJ.

The Oak comb grows on old stumps and fallen logs of any kind of oak or sweet chestnut and sometimes on other wounded deciduous trees. It was believed that a comb fungus growing up very high on a white oak was the best kind. Often a brave, finding a young fungus in this situation, would climb the tree and carve his clan mark below it, designating the mature form as his property. When two or three years had passed, he would climb the tree and carefully remove it with his hunting knife, taking the 'comb' home to his woman as a valued gift. The fungus is so tough you have trouble to break it off evenly with the hands. The pore openings on the underside are a labyrinth much resembling a modern child's maze puzzle. The woman would add a rawhide handle, sometimes ornamented with a beaded band. I possessed just such a comb with a beaded band for over thirty years although I admit I used it regularly for only the first five. One of my children, mistaking it for a dirty old fungus, threw it away. It had been given to me by Rose's mother, whom the reader will come to know in 'An Aid to Parturition' under MEDICINAL MYCETES. She had worked the beading with their clan sign, the Wawbeno (yarrow), and our clan sign. Especially fine MISHIMIJBINAKWAN were often among the esteemed gifts willed-away at a give-away party. The 'give-away party' was the custom among the Ahnishinaubeg that gave rise to the commonly used term 'Indian-giving'. When one of our people felt death to be imminent, he (or she) threw a give-away party. At this time he emptied his home of all personal belongings and presented them, one by one, to the persons he wished to have them. It was a type of public will witnessed by the whole village. After the party was over, the recipient carried the item back into the house and the owner continued to use it until his death. In this way there were never any violent disputes over the ownership of valued items.

Perfume from the MISHIMIKNIK (Bleeding Turtle)

At the beginning of the Moon-of-the-Falling-of-Leaves, you will find, living under the trees with cones and resin, the wonderful Bleeding Turtle. This is a WJASHAUKI. You cannot mistake this one for anything else. The top looks much like a brown turtle shell. As the mushroom gets older, it often splits open in the flat center just a little, and here during wet weather it will squeeze out tiny droplets of bright red-pink liquid. The liquid and

the mushroom have a sweet rising-up smell. Collect the red drops in a small bottle. If there is not enough rain to make them come, you can make some 'rain' on top of them yourself. It is slow work, but the results are worth the trying.

Now to the red liquid add the oil you have boiled out of any sweet-smelling plant, such as violet, rose, wintergreen, or cedar. You must make the oil first, of course. The red liquid will turn moldy if you let it sit around without adding the oil. Put together almost equal parts of each.

The perfume makes a good gift for a wedding or to wear when you are going to be packed in a small place with many other people, especially in winter. Apply a little to the parts of the body that heat up most, and a sweet odor will rise up to please you and whomever you are with. It lasts a lot longer than the usual cedar smoke method.

To recognize the Bleeding Turtle: there are spines about one-quarter of an inch, very slim; they are as the width of a beading needle, down the soft wooly stipe. Then there is the turtle top, red liquid, sweet odor, and a peppery taste that warns you not to eat it. What happens if you do, I haven't any idea. It is such a strange and ugly mushroom I don't believe anyone has ever dared try. I am dismayed that I cannot identify this mushroom: I have not seen it since childhood but my recollection of it is as clear as a bell. The mushroom manuals describe a number of species that tally in part with Bleeding Turtle but differ from it in some vital particular.

Medicinal Mycetes

JABOSIGAN: *Purgative from Fomes officinales*

Nodjimahkwe: 'Find in the forest good clean growths of JIBI-JABOSIGANUG.¹ He grows only on trees of living or dead firs, tamaracks, pines, and hemlocks. His shape: it comes first like a knob and then to be something like a horse's hoof, but all cracked and knobbly on top, not in neat even bands like the fire-catcher fungus.

'Check over carefully to see that there are no flies or worms living in him. If so, leave him there, for even then he can be after the making of his own kind. If clean, cut him off the tree, and scrub off all loose particles, next carrying him home, scrub twice again, once with a stiff wire brush, and then with spring water.

'Now with a sharp knife, take away all outer skin and throw into the fire, saving only the white inside. Slice him into thin pieces, about the size of a little finger, and hang up to dry thoroughly. The material will have a faint, sweetish smell and taste, but leaves a bitter and pungent aftertaste. What is left will be spongy, fibrous, and powderable. JIBI-SUG-JABOSIGAN is no more — but the spirit has gone into the medicine.

'When completely dry, powder with a small hardwood mallet. You can have someone make you one of these in exchange for the medicine. (Practical tid-bits of advice like this Nodjimahkwe gave me, for it never occurred to either of us at the time that I would not become a MASHKIKI-KWE, woman herbalist, either helping and eventually following the Herb Mother, or else in some village into which I might marry. (Privately my parents hoped I would go to the House-of-Many-Windows and learn the ways of doctoring among the WhiteEyes, but because of the Depression they did not speak of it at the time.) When not in use, hang the mallet up in a separate MIGWASSI-MAKAK² marked for use in powdering the JABOSIGAN.

1. Plural form of 'JIBI-JABOSIGAN', which can also be expressed 'JIBI-SUG-JABOSI-GAN'. In the former case it would be translated: 'More than one spirit-of-purgation fungus', in the latter, 'spirits-of-purgation fungus'. 'JIBI', which is also spelled by some 'TCHIBI' etc., refers to a ghost, spectre, or phantom. I suppose this term was used in reference to the 'spirit' of the shelf fungi, rather than the word 'manidou', in order to be consistent with the name under which they are grouped: 'Dead Men's Leather'.

2. Enclosing-container of birch-bark. In the sign language our people were designated as 'those-who-make-everything-out-of-birch-bark.' This a true application if ever there was one, and it is a wonder that any birches are left!

Never mix up your mallets. Sometimes they crack a little, sometimes so little, the cracks you cannot see, and the medicine will stick inside the cracks. If you mix the mallets, you may also mix the medicines, with unfavorable results.

For one adult, you give only the amount that can be taken up between the thumb and finger tip. I always have the asker clean his hands and take up the JABOSIGAN himself. This way, the amount always seems to be just about right. A bigger person has a bigger thumb and finger point, so the dosage is appropriate to his own size. Also, if he has taken the medicine out himself, he is less likely to blame you if it does not work the way he wishes!

Never use this medicine for a child. It is a powerful purgative. For a child, use the herbs instead.

This is an effective purgative when poison is suspected, whether it happened by intent or unintentionally. It is equally effective when poisoning is desired. A large dose will cause a central paralysis, which can easily be mistaken for NIBOWAPINEWIN (a stroke),¹ and death will come after. These are dangerous things to know, but they are your responsibility to understand and keep your counsel. Also, there is always some stupid person who, considering himself in extreme need, will beg you for a double portion of medicine, reasoning that it will do him double good. Now you know better and YOU MUST NEVER FORGET.

There are some extreme cases, especially in adults around forty or over, where this medicine can be used to cut down secretions from the chest tubes and stop the night sweating, which, if severe, may itself cause pneumonia. These times are few, with practice you will know them when they come.

We will now go into the forest and you will find for me JIBI-JABOSIGAN. On what trees does he grow?

The foregoing was one of my first lessons with Nodjimahkwe, and I was made to repeat it so many times that I was at first irritated. Under her watchful eye, I helped in preparing and replenishing the supply of JABOSIGAN until I was sure the little MASHKIKIREWIGAMIG,² the little house where we prepared the herbs, should never need any more. At the end of a year, the supply was gone! In those days our people were great believers that a

1. Literally: the-entering-in-of-death. The word is applied to palsies also.

2. The-house-for-the-mixing-of-herbs. Baraga translates it: 'apothecary's laboratory'!

good purge would take care of everything. It did seem to do just about that. Perhaps, after all, there was a JIBI spirit in the JABOSIGAN purgative.

CASSIAKIDEG: *Cauterizers*

My first experience with *Fomes fomentarius* as a cauterizer came long before my acquaintance with Nodjimahkwe. I recall the incident clearly, for it was about my sixth summer and my mind was not yet cluttered with many things. It was the first time I realized that mighty WaubOstigwan, whom I called father, was not infallible.

Father came bursting into the cabin long before he was due for a meal and there was a great bleeding rising from a deep cut on his forearm.

'NINMINO,'¹ he gasped, 'NINMISKWIW! I bleed.' My mother bandaged his arm, gave him love and hot soup, a dose of her SASSABIKAN,² and put him to bed, warning me to be quiet.

In the early morning I heard my father cry out, 'TA WAH TAH!' 'I told you so.' I peeked out from under my bearskin. He had wrenched the bandage from his arm and held it up in the dawn light. It was an ugly sight, the wound turning purple and festering, and great red welts streaking toward his wrist and shoulder.

'I knew it!' he exclaimed, 'I knew it! There was a WINDIGO³ in that tree. I felt it take my axe and turn it back upon me.'

'Se, my husband!' — 'Shame on you' said mother. 'For such silly talking did you study eight years in the Houses-of-Many-Windows?⁴ There are little ears listening. I am but a woman but I fear no WINDIGO. I shall get up and go to the axing place. Your axe shall be brought home and I will find also the cause of this happening.'

'Go then,' father said shortly, 'while I think what to do about this wound.' But he had already thought what to do. No sooner had mother left than he went to the shelf behind the kitchen stove and took down a small punk fungus. (It was *Fomes fomentarius*.)

1. My father's affectionate name for my mother. It comprised the first two syllables of her given name plus the possessive. Literally it would mean 'My Goodness'. Such names are private: they cannot be used by anyone else.

2. A root used for the relief of headache and other minor pains. It is burned on coals, the suffering person's head perspires, and either from the perspiring or the breathing of the fumes, or both, the pain is no longer felt.

3. Evil spirit; fabled giant bent on destroying human flesh.

4. Usually a most modest woman, MinoSoahnkwe had one subject of which she bragged — my father's education. She would never let him forget it either!



'Pound it up fine,' he ordered me. While I did this, he cut open a hunting cartridge and poured out a little pile of gray powder. He mixed the two together many times. He propped his hand on the back of a chair and then, just as carefully, piled the mixture down into the wound, up above, and all around it. I presumed he would bind the admixture to his arm and ran for a



bandage. When I returned, he had **LIGHTED IT!!** WaubOstigwan stood there like a statue, with his lips pressed together, and he was as white as his name. The fire on his arm burned and sputtered with puffs of flame and there was a strange sickly odor I had never known before — the smell of burning human flesh. I screamed. Father tried to answer but the pain would not let him speak.

The angry red streaks disappeared the day after the cauterizing. The wound took longer to heal than father liked, but it healed clean.

Once, when mother was bandaging his arm, he looked straight at me and said, 'You shall have learned three things from this, my pigeon: to inspect any tree for barbed wire before you sink an axe into it, how to cauterize an infected wound, and the great power we Ahnishinaubeg have to make our spirits control our bodies.'

WaubOshtigwan was as proud of that scar as his grandfather would have been of a ceremonial eaglefeather. Sometimes I thought he turned his shirt sleeve up a little more so it would show!

When Nodjimahkwe set about to show me this method of cauterizing, I answered with a child's directness, 'I already know that.' And I proceeded to prepare a mixture as my father had done.

'Very good, even the proportions are right,' she said. Her eyes twinkled, and she added slyly, 'This is a good way to cauterize, for if it fails, we can always blame it on the patient's lack of fortitude.' Other and better ways of cauterizing she showed me, but they were not concerned with the use of fungi.

My father's greatest admiration was for those with self-discipline; to him it was the supreme virtue. He believed that all right-thinking persons should strive for it; if they did not, they were shallow (**DOKEMAHSEEG**) like the lesser animals. He forgave the capriciousness of the WhiteEyes by saying, 'They have neither training nor self-direction. As a result, most of them remain like children.'

We had one magnificent and final demonstration of WaubOshtigwan's belief. In his later years he fell victim to a progressive palsy (Parkinson's disease). The situation must have been degrading for him, yet he bore it nobly. His treatments, medicines, and hospitalizations took everything we had, and we were desperate. One evening he found me looking over a land mortgage application.

'No, not the land, **NINDANISS** (my daughter) never the land. In spite of the law of the WhiteEyes, it is not ours to give away. The land is for your children-to-be.'

Four weeks later he was dead. When the county health officer handed me his death certificate, I nearly fainted in a paroxysm of grief and love. He had starved himself to death!

WADO (*Coagulated Blood*): *Coagulants and Styptics*

Here is our good friend — fungus *Fomes fomentarius* again! These are the directions I learned from Nodjimahkwe on how to make a styptic.

Choose only very young specimens. This makes for more work, but the young ones are more effective for this purpose, and it is stupid to put labor into something that will not do what you are needing. Remove the rind and the tubes, and burn these in the fire. Now take the small inner portions which are left and store them for a time in a cool place, like a spring house or in a deep root cellar.

'To do this next part you must have an extremely sharp metal knife. The portions must be cut into very, very thin slices. Watch your fingers or you will need the styptic yourself! Next, beat each and every piece thoroughly with a maplewood mallet. Dampen everything with clear spring water and beat again.'

Here Nodjimahkwe added that in sprinkling the water, she usually used the mystic seven¹ for if anyone was watching they probably told others and that made everyone feel better.

'But it doesn't really matter,' she put in quickly, 'for I am often thinking of something else and lose count, and it works anyway.'

'Now the beating and the dampening and the beating must be repeated again, but do not weary, for this time is the last of it. Clean the hands thoroughly now, and also under the fingernails with a whittled stick. Take the material into the hands and rub and rub. It is not ready until each piece is relaxed and soft. Maybe you find it hard to believe, but these will stop the bleeding of any little cut right away.' And she calmly proceeded to use the 'very sharp metal knife' to make a slit upon her arm. She used the styptic we had just prepared, and the bleeding stopped immediately. I was amazed.

1. For the followers of the MIDÉWIWIN, seven is a holy number, as is the Holy Trinity to Christians. In this case, the Herb Mother meant that she had collected the water with a dipper four times in the direction of the source (in honor of the Source) and three times from the direction to which the water was flowing, the dippings being alternated. Then when she sprinkled the bloodstoppers, she did the same: four sprinkles to WAUBUN (eastward, the Holy Direction which dignified all things WAUB — 'White' — with its name) and three sprinkles to NINGABIAN (westward — 'the direction of our landing'), the direction of the sprinklings also being alternated.

Nodjimahkwe chuckled. 'From the Wabakissi family (they were fisher folk) I get a WIJINA or something special at least every week, just for using a styptic on their cuts.' (The WIJINA is the liver of a young beaver, a great delicacy.)

When I told my mother about the wonderful styptic she recalled, 'Why yes, I know about that. I used to make them for your SAUGANASH grandfather to use when he shaved. I had forgotten. I should prepare some for you to use when you make little scratches.'

'I can do it myself now,' I said proudly, and immediately wished to recall the words.

'So you can,' answered mother, 'you had best get right at it.' I sighed. It was hard work being a girl child, and I resolved to grow up quickly.

Nodjimahkwe's next technique in staunching the flow of blood was something quite different.

'You will understand that the styptic is for the little blood flowings. For the big, deep wounds, such as our men once suffered in the days of battle, we need something that will bind the serious bloody flowings.'

She then began a series of lessons on the selection of OZUSH-KWADO-WUK (*Lycoperdaceae*) to be used for the development of coagulation in cases of severe bleeding. Almost any of the dried puffballs could be used, she postulated, but, as in everything else, she had her preference. As near as I can ascertain, the species she preferred was *Lycoperdon caelatum*, or as called by some *Calvatia caelatum*. If the genus is to be determined by the manner of natural opening in the peridium, then Nodjimahkwe's favorite is the latter, for the top part breaks away leaving a large ruptured opening.

Nodjimahkwe had worked out a process of applying the spore masses to a large open wound. The spores were puffed into a funnel until it was nearly full. Then another funnel was inverted over the first funnel and the spores were blown out over the wound evenly. She had me practice this again and again — on a simulated amputated finger, a foot, a leg, an arm, and even a visceral opening! I rather enjoyed this exercise as blowing the spores around seemed quite a lark.

Sometimes I was so zealous she would admonish, 'Gently, gently, the patient hurts.'

Not for one moment did I believe that the 'OZUSH smoke' would really work on a mortal wound, in spite of the wonders that Nodjimahkwe had shown me. It seemed so utterly preposterous!

1. My mother's father had come from Yorkshire, in England, as a missionary to the Native Peoples. SAUGANASH is translated 'English.' Indian men have little need to shave; a slight beard or no beard seems to be a part of their genetic inheritance.

Many moons later, when I was in my second year of college, my dorm buddy had a brother interning in the Petosky Hospital.

'They brought this Indian kid in, see, he'd been working on the carferries and in the storm he'd been caught between two boxcars and bashed up something awful . . . left leg chewed off and all that . . . well, they took his bloody mass home to die, and what did his silly folks do but load him into a car and drive forty miles over bumpy roads to the hospital! Bob said he couldn't understand why he didn't bleed to death or develop blood poisoning or sumpthin' . . . for he was covered all over from head to foot with layers of some icky brown powder.'

I shot out of my chair. 'OZUSH-KWADO-WUX!' I shouted.

The babbler stared. 'Man, do you need a drink,' she said.

As late as 1910, the following comments were published in Whitla's *Materia Medica and Therapeutics*: 'The interior of *Lycoperdon giganteum* provides a soft and comfortable surgical dressing. The dusty powder is a most powerful haemostat.'

An Aid in Parturition

Eventually Nodjimahkwe came to instructions regarding childbirth, and at these revelations my mother balked completely. After all I'd seen and heard (and done) I couldn't understand. But WaubOstigwan understood. He knew better than mother did herself that she was the result of her upbringing in the household of a SAUGANASHIMEKATEWIKWANAIED, a priest of the Church of England. For himself he had appreciated her shyness and modesty, and he had like the singleness of love that she directed only to him.

'I simply will not have this,' mother rattled on, 'it is bad enough for her to be mixed up in the MIDÉ doings at all . . . that awful tatoo on her hip and all that . . . now this. You absolutely *must* put a stop to it. I thought we had agreed . . .'

'To let her think out her own choices,' put in my father.

Both my father's and my mother's parents had been against their marriage. With the father of one being a BlackRobe (a priest) and the father of the other being a Bearer of the Divine Megis, it is not difficult to see why they felt this way. As a result of their education, my parents came to feel that both groups had much good in them — and much superstition. They agreed to follow their own consciences and to let me do the same.

'Husband, you are impossible!' My mother was really worked up. 'If you don't go into action on this I'll . . . I'll . . . I'll . . .' Mother cast about wildly

for an adequate threat. We were poor; there was only one terrible thing for her to threaten. Father and I held our breaths. In Ahnishinaubeg society such behavior was tantamount to a divorce.

'NICCONIKWE,¹ I beg your pardon for intruding on a family matter,' intervened the quiet voice of Nodjimahkwe, 'but this girl is to me like my own daughter. WEGONEN WENDJI? WABIDE — why do you speak so? She is ripe (mature). Why are you waiting to let her know of these things?'

'MINMINO, the old woman speaks wisely,' said WaubOstigwan.

Mother cried copiously, supposedly because she had not prevailed, but more, I thought, because it was the nearest she and father had ever come to real trouble. WaubOstigwan had spoken, so the lessons continued, and thus it was that I came into possession of that which Nodjimahkwe considered her most prized secret.

The first time I assisted at a 'birthing,' I am afraid I was of little help. In spite of all Nodjimahkwe's instructions, I just stood there with my eyes hanging out of my head! I'd seen the animals of the field and forest give birth, but it was different, I thought then, when it was a person I knew. Nodjimahkwe may have expected this, for she did not scold me, and by the time I had helped at two more birthings I felt like a veteran. Actually, I was ignorant, but too young to know that.

As we walked home from the third birthing, I asked Nodjimahkwe if we'd be helping at the birth of Rose Kokosh's first baby. I had a particular interest here, as Rose wasn't much older than I and we had walked to school together. There was real havoc at school the day Rose announced she would come no more as she had been given in marriage to Ray Kokosh. The teacher expostulated all day long on what uncivilized barbarians Indians are. I had felt sorry for Rose. What the teacher didn't know was that the welfare had cut off giving food stamps to Rose's family because of her father's workman's compensation. Mr. Wawbeno had been crippled at the sawmill, but the lumber company had not sent in the compensation fees for any of their Indian employees, and consequently he was receiving the compensation only on paper: not a penny did they get. Winter was coming on and there was no one to hunt and fish for them. Rose was the only resource they had left.

Nodjimahkwe frowned a little at my question. 'I think not,' she said. I knew by the tone of her voice she intended for the matter to drop there, but I persisted.

1. Ladyfriend. A nicety of title not frequently used.

'Why . . .? You know as well as I do that she has had no NENANDAWILWED' — no medical help of any kind.

'For one thing, the Wawbenos could not afford birthing gifts.

'Do we help only those who have gifts to give?'

'No, but you are a WAGOSHENS!' — always snooping around.

'All right, there are other reasons. For one thing, this is her first child and that is usually the hardest. For another, I remember Rose was badly hurt PINDJI KAWIN WABAMINAGWASSINON — in her inward parts, where it does not show — by a falling timber when she was a little girl.'

'You learn to remember things like that when you are MASHKIKIKIKWE' (an herbalist, female), she added significantly. 'Have you seen Rose lately?'

'Enh, Herb Mother, but two days ago. She does not seem well to me, but she says she is fine. Her mother says she is two weeks overdue.'

'So—? Perhaps you had better drop around and see Rose tomorrow.' But I did not wait until the next day. When we had finished boiling the birthing utensils which Nodjimahkwe kept in a large kettle for that purpose, I hurried home the long way around in order to stop at the Wawbenos'.

'KIN UBIMIN, NAH?' I called at the door.¹

'NIN UBIMIN SAH,' called her father, 'but Rose and her mother are not. Rose is in her birthing house in the back pasture. It is difficult for her. The child will not come.'

I hurried out on the pasture path. Rose's mother leaned against the corral, her face daubed with ashes, and her voice raised in the traditional lament. I was so angry I did not even pause to greet her, but ran to the little birthing hut and crawled in the doorway. What a place to bear a child! The shallow pit had been dug carelessly and the clutching bar was covered with grease and rolled in sand. It was hot and sweaty inside, for they had not bothered to make any opening to the sky. Rose's swollen body smelled and the flies were everywhere.

Painfully, Rose opened one eye. 'ZHATAY — go away. You are a good friend, but you should not have seen this. Go away and forget.' I went — straight back to Nodjimahkwe as fast as my legs would carry me. I burst into her cabin and spilled out all I had seen.

'Come at once,' I demanded, 'only you can save her.' In anxiety, I forgot my manners. Snatching the kettle I had just put away, I raced outside again and was off down the path before Nodjimahkwe could answer.

1. 'Art thou at home?' The syllable 'NAH' means 'I am asking a question to which a reply is requested.' The syllable 'SAH' at the end of a response indicates the statement to be an answer to the question previously asked.

I was rude at the Wawbenos'. Banging the kettle I called, 'Attention, the Herb Mother comes! It is She-to-Whom-the-Spirits-Have-Given-the-Secrets-of-Life! She will save Rose.'

'We did not send for the Herb Woman,' said Mr. Wawbeno.

'We most certainly did not,' agreed her mother. The young husband leaned against the wall sullenly. He smelled of liquor.

Nodjimahkwe did not disappoint me, and I have never seen her so angry.

'What foolishness is in your heads? It is a child of the Ahnishinaubeg we are expecting here — not another pig for your sty.' This scathing comment carried a double innuendo. The name 'Kokosh' means 'pig.' She spat out the orders for a new birthing hut to be dug deeper and wider at the far end of the pasture near the brook, where there would be water, and it would be cool.

'There will be a clutching pole of smooth beech with the bark left on, and the floor will be a foot deep in bracken.' Mr. Wawbeno reached for his cane, but Nodjimahkwe stopped him with stinging words.

'I speak to the husband of the birthing woman. He who conceives a child must work for the child. All this must be done in an hour, and since you cannot do all this alone, go get your cronies. They drink your liquor — now let them help. If they will not come, get some of Rose's friends. If they will not come, get some of my friends, but get it done.' Ray scuttled out of the house as Nodjimahkwe called after him . . . 'And don't worry about any taboos. I have lifted the taboos to save two lives.'

'I'll cut the bracken,' I volunteered.

'No, you won't,' said Nodjimahkwe, 'that will be for the new grandmother to do. I have another job for you.' Drawing me aside she whispered, 'I heard what you said to the Wawbenos. Has anyone told you I have a child-birthing secret?'

'No, I only knew if anyone in the world could help Rose it would be you.'

Satisfied, Nodjimahkwe nodded. 'Now listen carefully, for to you I am giving the knowledge of my most treasured secret. Do you know the black smut of the MONDAHMIN?' [Maize; the multicolored corn used mostly now for autumn harvest and Thanksgiving decorations, commonly called 'Indian corn.']

'Ugh!' It was filthy stuff, and I wondered why she was wasting precious time talking about anything like that. These blackish-brown globs on the maize were a threat to the winter corn supply. We hated them, and we burned them up whenever we could. (This was *Ustilago maydis* parasitic to *Zea mays*.)

Nodjimahkwe continued, 'Go now to my MASHKIKIKEWIGAMIG. You remember the MAKAK which is tightly covered on all sides with red porcupine quills? It is filled with the nodules of the MONDAHMIN smut. Bring that to me, together with the shell of a four-year-old clam that you will find on the window sill.' By now I knew better than to question and was off like an arrow.

When I came back, they had carried Rose out of the old hut and were putting the finishing touches on the new one. With great care, Nodjimahkwe squeezed the juice from the nodules, one after the other, until the clam shell was almost full. It smelled awful.

'Does it taste bad too?' I queried.

'Yes, but never mind the bad smell and taste. It does much good for both mother and babe.' The medicine was carried to Rose and Nodjimahkwe said, 'Drink all of this, if you would have your heart's desire come true.' Rose even licked the shell!

While we waited for the medicine to take effect, Rose was carried into the clean, new birthing hut. A now meek Ray kept the fire going under the big kettle, and Nodjimahkwe called me down beside the brook to explain about removing the nodules from the maize. She said that they must be stored within their natural membranes in a thoroughly dry place. It would lose its power to increase the force of uterine contractions, she said, if it were stored for over a year. She always replenished the supply each summer as soon as the globules appeared full. Nodjimahkwe also told me that she had heard of the same treatment being used for young men who had shock from their first battle — 'but days of battles long gone now, no need to know about that any more ...' (I will comment on this when I have finished Rose's story.)

My faith in Nodjimahkwe and her faith in the maize parasite were not misplaced. We heard a long low cry, not of pain, but of thankfulness, from the birthing hut.

'It begins ... it really begins!' Rose assured me she was not crying with pain, but for joy, and I joined her.

While Nodjimahkwe looked after Rose, I cleaned the new baby, as the Herb Mother had taught me, and rubbed down the squirming little boy with monardo oil. It was with great pride I carried her new son to Rose.

She played with the child for a while and then whispered, 'What was the magic medicine that made the baby come, what was it, ZHATAY?'

I shook my head, 'That is the secret of Nodjimahkwe and not mine to give, but I can tell you this, it comes from the maize.'

Rose looked at her sleeping son.



'Then I shall call him MONDAHMINING,' she said. The name means 'corn-in-this-place' but the sense is rather like The-Harvest-Is-Here.

Rose had two more children before she died, of tuberculosis, at the age of seventeen. She was buried in an unmarked grave on Garden Island because she was MIDÉKWE. (A woman of the MIDÉWIWIN.) Burial in any of the church cemeteries would not have been possible, since she was not a member of any church. The township cemeteries are all controlled by 'Cemetery Associations' — directors of which are all white, of course.)

Mondahmining Kokosh now calls himself Monty Koho, lives in the state's capitol, wears mod Jantzen suits, and gives flamboyant talks on injustices to Indians.

What would he say, I wonder, if he knew that the lady with streaked hair in the fourth row had cut his umbilical cord and wiped his little genitals

with galling juice? . . . or that his whole existence is due to a smutty parasite on an inferior corn he wouldn't even consider eating now?

Nodjimahkwe was actually convinced that no son of the Native Peoples would ever participate in battle again! To her, the 'days of battle' were either the times of wars between nations of native people or the warfare of the native peoples to defend their lands against the aggression of the WhiteEyes. With the rest of us, she honored the graves of our warriors who died in the Great War (World War I) but she felt that these had been misguided in giving their ability at warfare to a conflict that was not their responsibility. Incidentally, the graves of these 'misguided warriors,' marked with gravestones of U. S. government issue, are the one thing which has kept the Onominee cemetery from being plowed over and tilled by local farmers. This is irrelevant to the paper, but I include it here as a protest. As recently as 1972, the bones of one of our oldest cemeteries were dug up (legally) and sold, and the ground planted to cherry orchards by a prominent local farmer.

Adding to the information that *Ustilago maydis* had been known to be of value in treating nerve shock, Nodjimahkwe taught me that it should NEVER be used on a patient where there was much bleeding. 'There is something about it that causes the blood to flow faster and no coagulant I know can stop it,' she said. 'Once I used the maize birth-helper on a woman in labor whose foot had been caught in one of WhiteEyes' iron bear traps, and ever since I have wondered and worried about what I should have done differently. It saved the babe, but the mother's blood came out of the foot wound like a gushing spring. I tell you this so you need have no burdens of the heart by mistaking. It is the value of passing things on.'

Still another time, Nodjimahkwe told me that she had seen the medicine of the maize² parasite administered to the noble chief, Spinning Feather, when he was carried, bleeding from many wounds, from the field of battle. She had always suspected the MASHKIKIKE who gave it of knowing better, for he was soon afterwards given much honor by a rival chieftain who annexed Spinning Feather's village. She was an in-between girl, like me, studying with an herb woman at the time. The ill will of that MASHKIKIKE had caused her parents to leave that village and travel far to the village of her great-grandmother. It had been a good thing for Nodjimahkwe, for there she found a place with a MASHKIKIKE who was much more skilled. It was good fortune for all of us too, for that village to which she came was Onominee.



Miscellaneous Fungal Functions

WASSIKOGIDEMAGAD: *Luminescence*

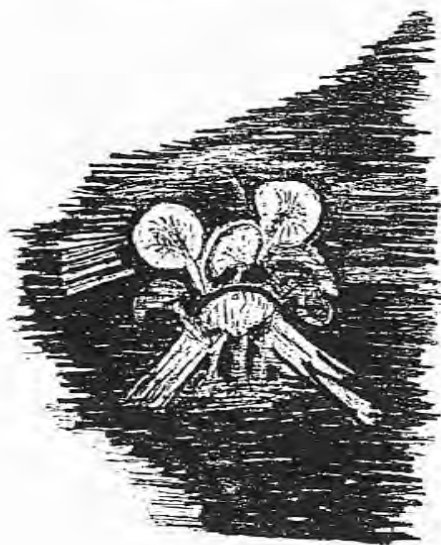
The cold lights of the WAH-WAY-TAYSEEG, the fireflies, and the WASSIKOGIDEMAGAD, the 'touchwoods,' were well known to the Ahnishinaubeg, but few understood them. There were the exceptional, curious persons, of course, like WaubOshtigwan and Nodjimahkwe, who had investigated and found the tiny mycelial strands in the wood and recognized them to be the feeding fingers of the WAJASHAUKTISIBAKWAD, the honey-top mushroom. Certainly there was enough general understanding among the people for the word WASSIKOGIDEMAGAD to have been a part of their vocabulary. (It was *not* invented in my father's generation!)

Understanding and use are two different things. I have heard of WASSIKOGIDEMAGAD being used to ornament masks for the night dances, but I have never seen it done, nor have I ever met anyone who has seen it, only a few people, who, like myself, have heard of it.

Nodjimahnkwe told me she once had a 'shining log' brought to her yard and cut in half so that there were two little pillars of pale blue-white light on either side of her doorway. But rather than attract visitors, the ghostly light had only frightened away some of the people who had badly needed her help, so she had the logs dumped back onto the swamp again.

Intrigued by Nodjimahnkwe's experience, I went around pulling the bark off swamp logs and then walking back in the late evening to see if I had located a WASSIKOGIDEMAGAD. At last I found one with some light on its side. WaubOstigwan carried it home for me. We put it along the path to the spring house whither MinoSoahnIkwe was always sending me with foods to be kept cool. On bright moonlit nights the WASSIKOGIDEMAGAD barely showed, but on dark nights it was a wonderful help. After two weeks it began to dim, and after three weeks the light disappeared completely, never to return.

Father said he thought the spring house path just wasn't the right environment for the mycelium to grow. Mother suggested that, since it was a living thing, perhaps the day of the light-making was over. I never did see a WASSIKOGIDEMAGAD as bright as Nodjimahnkwe's, but my SAUGANASH grandfather had, once long ago in his homeland far across the GITCHEE-GITCHEE-GUMEE. (Among the Odawa and Chippewa the superla-



tive is formed by doubling the adjective. GITCHEE GUMEE is Lake Superior; the greater GITCHEE-GITCHEE-GUMEE is the 'Great-Great-Water,' the ocean.]

My grandfather's story from his homeland will come up again, when I have finished one about Ahischicum.

This is a wonderfully exciting legend, frequently told about the fires of the Long Night Moon, concerning Ahischicum, that wisest chief of the Chippewa, who saved his people by the use of the WASSIKOGIDEMAGAD. (Among many other famous deeds, this ancient chief of fabled wisdom made the treaty with the Sauk women concerning the land in the forks of the Tittabawahsee, thus causing that place to be forever called 'Saukinaw' (the present Saginaw). His name, like Abraham's, means 'Increasing-with-Blessings.'

It was one summer when he had taken a delegation of the Chippewa from the lower peninsula to the land of their Chippewa cousins in the upper peninsula to hunt for the soup-thickening rock tripe (WAKON), which never existed in their own lands, and for elk and moose, which were disappearing from their own lands. One night as they camped on the bend of a river (which was then called the Blueberry River) they were surrounded by a superior force of invading Iroquois. Even the Iroquois had heard of the magic that Ahischicum carried in his medicine bag¹ and they feared him, but they wanted the women and children, for they had brought none of their own, so they waited like vultures for the Chippewa to begin to starve. Many of the braves wanted to fight and die with honor.

'What?' cried Ahischicum, 'you can call it dying with honor when you would be leaving your women and children to become slaves?' Then he took a swamp log and broke it into many little pieces. He called to him the five little children of a family by the name of AuzeehawMo — Yellow Dog. He told them to follow along the trail leading through the pass, poking into mole and gopher holes and looking for roots, and pretending they were so hungry they would gladly eat these things raw. As they leaned over, they were to drop some of the wood. That night, in the dark of the moon, the Chippewa banked their fires to make it appear that they were still there,

1. During his lifetime, Ahischicum's storied genius were attributed to the infallible magic of the contents of his medicine bag. In his youth he had refused to wear a medicine bag, but he was finally prevailed upon, when all the Mide of his tribe converged on him, to display the medicine bag. Ahischicum was martyred [somebody must have been reading Julius Caesar] somewhere in the vicinity of Cadillac, murdered by warriors who desired his 'medicine' for themselves. When they tore the bag open on his bloody body, they found it to contain nothing but earth! Then it was recalled how he frequently spoke of 'WEGASHEEMIC-ZILWAKKEE' — Our-Mother-the-Good-Earth.

but they evacuated the valley, following the trail of glowing chips from the WASSIKOGIDEMAGAD. To this day that place is called the Yellow Dog Gorge, and the river which plunges out of the valley is the Yellow Dog River, in honor of the five young AuzeehawMo who scattered the WASSIKOGIDEMAGAD. This river can be found on any Michigan map. It is still called the Yellow Dog River and is located in the northern part of Marquette County, Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

Now I will return to grandfather Sauganash's tale from the Old Country.

Grandfather Sauganash told me of a happening that occurred in the parish of his uncle who was also an Anglican parson. This is supposed to have taken place in Dorset. His little church was badly in need of a new rood beam, a large, heavy timber that in many of the old churches spans the roof above the chancel, supporting the vault of the sanctuary and also a wooden carving of the crucifixion. The struggling little congregation had given all sorts of benefits and sales but was still short of their financial goal, and the rood beam was sinking so low that many people were refusing to sing in the choir because of the danger. Suddenly a man who hardly ever came to church and who was noted for his miserly habits donated a magnificent timber from his estate. All the church people had to do was move it. It took those good people, man, woman, and child, plus any mules and horses available, two days to transport the timber. The money they had raised paid the architectural contractor to put the beam into place.

The next service after the installation of the new rood beam was the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, a ceremony that involves extinguishing all the lights in the church except the altar candles, and the passing out of lighted candles to members of the congregation. When the lights were extinguished, a great 'ah-h-h' of astonishment and holy fear welled out of the congregation. The entire chancel was illumined by an ethereal light emanating from the new rood beam! Overnight, the entire village became intensely religious, and the church was always crowded.

Father Swithin climbed a ladder in the daylight and examined the rood beam and found the entire timber permeated with some sort of tiny mycelia. Quickly he recalled the contractor, and, at his own expense, required him to place iron rods straight through the stone walls of the church and on all sides of the rood beam. (Family gossip has it that this cost so much he died a pauper, and a collection had to be taken to pay for his last expenses.) Nevertheless, he was the rector of an extremely successful parish and one that eventually became wealthy. Pilgrims came from far to see the miracle.

MISKWABO WAJASHAUKI: *The Bloody Flux Mushroom*
or
How-to-Use-Fungi-to-Gain-Political-Influence

This concerns the mushroom *Lactarius deliciosus*.

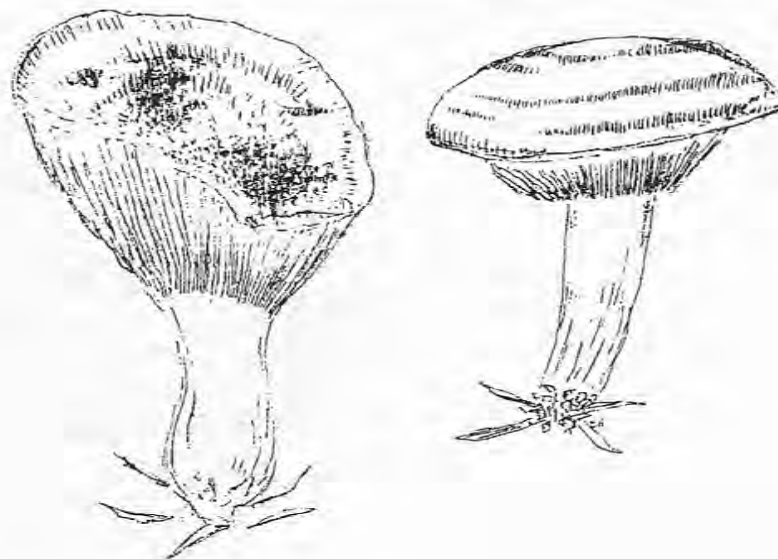
A certain chief wished to make a pact with a nearby tribe and thereby increase his political influence. His adviser and medicine man was also ambitious and gave his chief the advice to invite the nearby tribe to a feast. By this means, he said, they would be delivered into the chief's hands.

When the occasion arrived, the medicine man gave orders that no dish whatsoever was to be served at this feast unless it was well laced with the MISKWABO WAJASHAUKI. (The Red-water mushroom growing from the ground, *Lactarius deliciosus*.) For two days the guests were regaled with entertainment and gustatory delights.

At the palaver time, the chief rose and said, 'You are foolish to resist my power for it is great. Join me and you will enjoy the benefits of my power. Is there any man among you who can say he does not have the bloody flux?'

Startled, the guests looked at each other. No one spoke.

'Join me and my plans and this affliction will be removed from you by the fast-breaking, day after tomorrow. Continue to resist, and you will carry this affliction until all the blood is washed out of your bodies.'



The visitors quickly agreed and the pact was sealed with KINNIKINNIK. The medicine man then gave orders that great bowls of corn soup were to be passed around, and that on the morrow no dish served should contain any portion whatsoever of the WAJASH MISKWABO.

'Ho!' cried all the guests. 'This chief's power is great indeed!'

As its scientific name indicates, this mushroom is delicious, but MinoSoahnikwe would never prepare it for our family, even though almost everyone else did. WaubOshtigwan explained that she had seen a dear friend die of mushroom poisoning, so she would take no chances.

Lactarius deliciosus does look poisonous. The natural rubicund appearance resembles some poisonous mushrooms and the flesh may turn green in spots. The milk is plentiful and first bleeds reddish-orange but quickly turns green on contact with air.

Anyone preparing to enjoy *L. deliciosus* should be forewarned that his urine will temporarily turn red!

JAWENDAMOWON NAH: Happiness in the Half World!

In the days when the woodlands belonged to the Native Peoples, every Ahnishinaube child was taught 'don't touch' to four things: flaming fire, animals with running sores, Grandfather Rattler, and the OSHTIMISK (Red Top) WAJASHKWEDO, *Amanita muscaria*. This WAJASHKWEDO, along with its cousins, the WAUBWIJIGAN (White Skull) and the JISHIGAGOWAN (Vomit Mushroom)¹, possessed plenty WINDIGOC. Should a person even so much as have the juice of these on his hands, we were taught, death might be the result. Our parents used a forked stick to pull back the soil that we might see the 'little skulls'² from which they grew. It was small wonder that young children even tip-toed past the places where the death-dreamers showed their heads!

All we ever did about the death-dreamers was to leave them strictly alone; after all, though they were poison to us, they still were the homes of many MANETOANSESUG — small animal spirits — to whom they did no harm and gave food and shelter.

Matters were different with Nodjimahkwe. She seemed to have a personal war on the death-dreamers, especially with OSHTIMISK, *Amanita*

1. The 'White Skulls' might be any of the Destroying Angel or Death Angel mushrooms, *Amanita virosa*, *Amanita verna*, or *Amanita bisporigera*. The original territory of the Ojibway ('The Three Fires') covers a range in which all three might be found. The Ojibway do not distinguish between them. The Vomit Mushroom: possibly *Amanita phalloides*.

2. Basal bulbs and volvae remains are characteristic of the Amanitas.



muscaria. If she and I came upon the OSHTIMISSUG on our gathering trips, and the plants were immature or red, she smashed them into the ground with a frightening vehemency, using a PUMMAGUGDEON — stone tool with a long handle wrapped in leather. If their bodies were old and dried, she carefully removed them, with sticks, into a birchbark case attached to her gathering pack.

'These are the worst of all! — the worst of all!' she would cry. Back at the MASHKIKIWIG, the dried boles went into a small stone slab oven without any chimney.

Several times I found her hovering over the oven and muttering, 'Burn ... burn ... BURN — every bit of you, even your tiny seedlings ... they shall never spawn again.' I asked her about it more than once, but each time she turned me aside saying, 'Someday I will tell you.' Then, one day, when I hadn't asked, she told me, and I wished she never had.

It seems that there once was a wicked sorcerer (JOSSAKEED) who lived in our area. He could throw his voice and make lodges tremble, and do magic tricks, and he fooled many people into paying him good blankets for worthless charms. Among other expensive tastes, this JOSSAKEED — a shaman who is believed by the community to possess magical powers — had a fondness for women. He never applied to the council to make them his wives, for he never intended to support them, he just took whomever he wanted whenever he wanted; sometimes he had as many as seven at a time!

'However did he get the women to agree to such an arrangement?' I marveled.

'That was the most wicked thing of all,' said Nodjimahkwe. 'He would get them to come to him for some charm or other, and then have them drink this decoction he made from the OSHTIMISK. Whatever was in it, it made them leave everything and everyone else and want to be with him. They said they saw colored lights and heard beautiful music and had at last found true happiness. They washed that salamander's slimy clothes, and mended his lodge, and cleaned up his filth, and didn't half know what they were doing . . . they lived in a half-world where nothing was real, but they stayed with him because only he could keep them that way.' Her voice was bitter.

'Once a young girl, even younger than you, ZHATAY, came to me and asked me to make her a love charm. She had fallen in love with the chief's son, a man much older than she, who already had two wives. I told SunFlower, my dearest daughter, that in truth there is no charm that summons real love. It is real love given that calls it. But she would not listen, and she went to this JOSSAKEED who said he would give her the charm. He gave her to drink of the OSHTIMISKWABO and took her in his arms, and behold, he was more handsome than the chief's son, and there was singing joy in his hands. Handsome! That rat had yellow teeth, a twisted body, and the eyes of a snake!'

There was a long silence, and then Nodjimahkwe said, 'When the sorcerer left here, there were seven women dead, and he took with him as many more. SunFlower — my SunFlower — lay dead in a Spirit House on the hill. Our men, our big, brave men, they would do nothing, they were all afraid. I could do nothing about the JOSSAKEED, but I can destroy his evil WAJASHKWEDO.'

Three drops of water fell on top of the hot slabs and sizzled. I stared in amazement. Ahnishinaubeg women never cry — not unless they are peeling wild onions. It must have been the smoke.

My Reverend Grandfather Challenges Coprinus

The tale of the evil JOSSAKEED that Nodjimahkwe had related both horrified and fascinated me. I could scarcely credit it as being true. My usual procedure, when in doubt about anything, had been to try it out, but I was unwilling to subject even the woodland creatures to an experiment with *A. muscaria*. Yet the curiosity to know for sure gnawed away inside my brain almost constantly. I thought that if I should repeat this tale at home my parents might break off my relationship with the Herb Mother, or, at the very least, my father would go to remonstrate with her, and then Nodjimahkwe would know I had questioned her veracity. It was then that I thought of my mother's mother: for thirty years she had lived with the cultures of both races, and surely, out of the wisdom of both, she could tell me the truth.

The next time we visited at Grandfather Sauganash's I sat in the immaculate little kitchen with its shiny pots and pans and nibbled slowly at a stack of cookies until everyone but Grandmother Mistiquay and me had left the room. Then I asked her.

'Ai-ee, so someone has told you about that? Well, I am glad; it is not a pretty thing to think of, but it is dangerous not to know.' She laid down the wooden mallet with which she had been pounding dried rosemary into a great slab of beefsteak.

'ZHATAY, many of the stories you will hear among the backwoods Ahnishinaubeg are nothing but superstitions, like the tales of the WINDIGO and the Bear Walkers, but this one is true. Of course I have never eaten any of the death-dreamers myself —' she chuckled at the ridiculousness of such a thing, 'but I know for a fact that to some they bring strange dreams and wild, strange behavior, while to others they bring death. Why, even the crispies of the Change-Over Mushroom (French fried *Coprinus atramentarius*), which your grandfather loves so much, would, if taken along with spirits, cause strange hallucinations and for a time —' At this point, my reverend grandfather stormed into the kitchen. He was purple with rage and the ends of his mustache quivered with anger.

'I'll NOT have you poisoning this child's mind with that devilish nonsense!' he shouted. 'I thought I had trained those heathen superstitions out of your silly head, but I see the shadows have not all given way to the light. Very well. There is one way to prove the situation. Tonight we shall have crispies and elderberry wine with dinner.'

Grandmother gasped, 'but this is Sunday . . .'

'What better Day to learn truth!' roared grandfather, 'go, woman —'



Grandmother had surely been trained to one thing, and that was obedience; she scuttled away like a drenched hen. I wasn't so easily intimidated.

'Grandfa-' I began. He landed a big wallop on my bottom.

'Impertinent upstart.' I didn't know what that meant, but I got the general idea.

Late that afternoon, as was the Sunday custom at Grandfather Sauganash's, we sat down to a splendid repast, the dinner grandmother had planned, plus the huge platter of cropinus crispies that grandfather had ordered. Grandfather intoned a blessing and made the sign of the cross.

'And now to the feast,' he announced gayly as he dug the serving fork into the platter of crispies. In a second, he was roaring again.



'Margaret, you have forgotten the elderberry wine!' The cut-glass decanter from grandfather's ancestral home in Yorkshire came to the table in grandmother's shaking hand. Spirits of elderberry wine, as Grandfather Sauganash made it, was potent stuff. Only a tiny gobletful was allowed at christenings, two of the tiny glasses were permitted at weddings. Waub-Oshtigwan never took any. He told my grandfather that he had taken a religious vow never to drink spirits, and grandfather gave him a blessing for it, but I think what he said later was closer to the truth: 'No Sauganash with firewater is going to make a damn fool out of me.'

Grandfather poured himself half a waterglass of elderberry wine!

'The truth will out,' he said, and lifted the glass toward his womenfolk.

Dinner was a long affair at the rectory, and it usually was fun, but that day it was an unhappy meal. By the time grandmother stood up to bring in the dessert, Grandfather Sauganash began to turn red, blue, purple, and white, and made strange growling noises deep in his throat. My mother whisked me upstairs to the bedroom and locked me in. Of course I didn't stay there.

It took me a little while to figure out how to unlock the door. I crept down to the stair landing in my bare feet, and an utterly weird sight met my eyes. Dignified Grandfather Sauganash was dancing on the dinner table, shouting some strange song in a foreign tongue, throwing dinner knives through the window and door panes, and laughing uproariously as they shattered. Glass panes were terribly expensive in those days. Grandmother Mistiquay cowered behind the sideboard, but she wasn't so cowed that she hadn't thought first to obtain the carving knife and slip it under the rug. Mother did what she usually did when there was trouble — ran for father.

'Oh, do something, do something,' Grandmother Mistiquay pleaded with my father, 'he must not be seen outside the house like this. CHEMUK — neighbors — would never understand, they might even send us away.' Father hesitated, and while he did so, a gravy boat caught him on the jaw and splattered brown ooze down the front of his only white linen shirt. Once father decided, it was all over in a split second. Grandfather Sauganash lay on the floor smiling like a baby in his sleep. It was something he had learned how to do in the marine corps, Waub-Oshtigwan told us. There was no Evening Prayer at Saint Ipswich's that night.

When Grandfather awoke early the next morning, the house was all in order and grandmother, clean and starched, and smelling of lavender, stood by his bedside. Grandfather looked around at us all, and he chuckled. Then he laughed.

'Ho, ho, ho . . . out like a light, eh? Margaret — he always called grandmother by the Christian name with which he had baptized her — I ask your forgiveness for doubting your word. I should have known better by this time.' He reached for grandmother's hand.

'Son,' he looked straight at my father, 'I suppose you brought me here. I thank you.' My father nodded gravely, apprehensive about just how much my grandfather did remember.

'And you, young lady,' he looked in the direction where I had been peeking through the portieres, 'come here and get a big kiss to make up for an undeserved swatting.' I suffered the wet kiss for my mother's sake, but it was worse than the wallop, I thought.

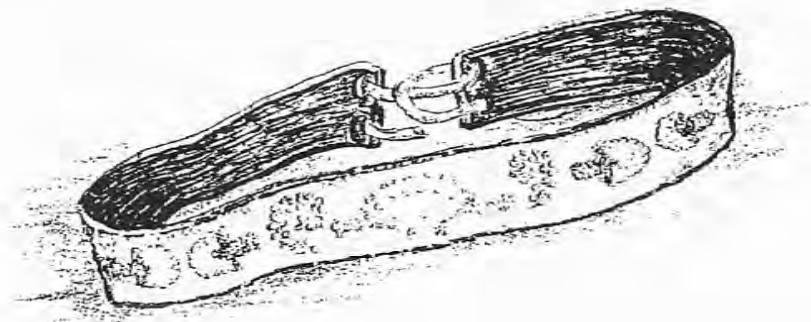
'Ho, ho, ho —' he continued in such good humor that the great brass bed shook with it, 'those spirits of elderberry wine of mine are mighty powerful stuff. Just like a young sprat with his first bottle — out like a light. Ho, ho. What year was that bottle, Margaret?' In surprise, I thought to myself that the old nut didn't even remember what had happened!

A very quiet little family started home in the buckboard that afternoon. I was deeply ashamed for my Grandfather Sauganash, and I supposed my parents were too.

It was with much amazement, then, that I heard my father say, 'Your Grandfather Sauganash is a great man, a very great man. Few are the chiefs of any race who can admit they have made mistakes. Hardly any of them are able to laugh at themselves. But your grandfather could. Yes, a great man.' Then he began to tell me about a chief of the CHEMUKS over the GITCHIGITICHIGUMEENONG whose whole life was one long mistake. This chief, he said, was called by the ridiculous name of Nap-a-long Boney-Part . . . Soon I was shrieking with laughter over the silly chief who split his satin pants and put stilts on his shoes. The tension lines about my mother's mouth began to relax.

My grandparents and my parents were gone and my own papoose was becoming a man before I realized that WaubOshtigwan had truly meant what he said, and that Grandfather Sauganash was indeed a great man. Just the same, I have never really been able to enjoy eating *Coprinus Atramentarius*.

The End



GLOSSARY

A List of Some Algonkian Words Related to Fungi or the Use of Fungi as Once Spoken by Ahnishinaubeg

1. AGWAGPBAGA: It is moldy, speaking of leaves, vegetation, or material of vegetative source.
2. AGWAGOBAGISI AW ASSEMA: That tobacco is moldy.
3. AGWAGO BAMAGAD (or AGWAGO BAMAGAK): Something moldy is in the leaves.
4. AGWAGOPOGOSI: It has a moldy taste, taste of moldiness.
5. AGWAGOPOGWAD: It tastes moldy.
6. AGWAGWISHI (usually said AGWAGOSHI): This is always combined with the name of an animate object or an object of animate source, such as AGWAGOSKI-MUKASIN — moldy moccasin.
7. AGWAGWISSAGA (usually pronounced AGWAGOSSAGA): The floor is moldy! [or any other object made of wood, such as — AGWAGMAKAKOSAG, the wooden box is moldy].
8. ANUNG-WUG: Star puff balls.
9. JABOSIGAN: Purgative made from *Fomes officinalis*.
10. JIBI-E-PUSH-KWA-E-GUN: Any of the group of Xylaria. Dead men's digits.
11. JIBI-JABOSIGAN-UG: 'The-spirits-that-cause-mighty-purging' . . . found in *Fomes officinalis*.
12. JIBI-MAKISINEIAB: Dead man's moccasin thong. A name applied to the mycelium consolidation of *Armillarielle mellea*, which climbs the host-tree under the bark.
13. KIJAGAMIDE WAJASHEWABO: The mushroom soup is warm.
14. ME-TIK-O-MISH OZHUSK-KWATOWUG: Oak wood deteriorated by mycelium, much used to burn out mortars for pounding corn.
15. MININS-PIGIDJISSAG: Small pustules erupting on rotten wood.
16. MISHIMIJ BINAKWAN: *Daedalea quercina* if from the white oak and used as a comb for human hair.
17. MISHIMIJ NASIKWEIGAN: *Daedalea quercina* if from the white oak and used for a curry comb.
18. MISK-WABO [WAJASHAUKI]: Bloody flux mushroom (*Lactarius deliciosus*).
19. MITIGOMIJ BINAKWAN: *Daedalea quercina* if from an oak tree other than the white oak and the 'comb' is used for human hair.
20. MITIGOMIJ NASIKWEIGAN: *Daedalea quercina* if from an oak tree (or stump) other than the white oak and it is used as a curry comb.
21. MISKWI-MIKNIK: 'Bleeding Turtle,' a WAJASHAUKI found under conifers.
22. NIN RITCHIGAMI-WAJASHINAN: I gather mushrooms of the Lake Superior area.
23. NIN MICHIGA-WAJASHINAN: I gather mushrooms of the Lake Michigan area.
24. NIN WAJASHE-JITAMAWA: I gather mushrooms for him, her, it.
25. NIN WAJASHENAN: I gather mushrooms (literally, 'I mushroom, I am mushrooming').
26. O-ZHUSH-KWATO-AHNSUK: Reindeer moss, which is really a lichen. One of the Cetrarics, *Cetraria islandica*, which can be eaten by man.
27. O-ZHUSH-KWATOWUK: One of the large-sized puff balls, or *Lycoperdon gigantea*.
28. O-ZHUSH-KWATO-AHNSAYUG: Little puff balls, often added to stew, like dumplings.
29. PIGIDJISSAG: Rotten wood (can't make anything from it).
30. PIGISHKANAD: It is rotten (spoiled for any practical use because mycelium has penetrated the object).
31. PIGISHNANI-OPIN: Rotten potato (can't eat it or plant it).
32. PUH-POH-WEE: To unfold and enlarge unexpectedly and silently as a mushroom does.
33. SIBISKUG-WAJASHUG: They are viscid mushrooms.
34. SUG-GUH-TAHGUN: punk of any kind, i.e., punk in general, from the fungus — infected parts of any tree.
35. WA-RO-NUG: Edible *Polyporus serpula*.
36. WAJASH-SIBISKAN: It is a viscid mushroom.
37. WAJASH-KWEDO: A mushroom growing from a tree.
38. WAJASH-AUKEE: a mushroom growing from the ground (apparently).
39. WAJASH-AUKI-WABO: A mushroom drink made from mushrooms growing from the earth.
40. WAJASH-KWEWABO: A mushroom drink made from mushrooms growing from a tree or the decayed part of a tree.
41. WAJASHEWABO: A decoction of several kinds of mushrooms, which may be a combination of the two types mentioned above, also mushroom soup if it is not warm (see KIJAGAMINDE WAJASHEWABO).
42. WAKON: Lichens growing from the cedars (edible). These were frequently eaten especially as a necessity food.
43. WASSIK-OGIDEMAGAD: Rotten wood shining with the mycelium of fungi.
44. WAUBJASHAKI: White agaric.
45. WAW-BUT-TO: Pine wood luminescent with mycelium.
46. WINDIGO-WAHKONUG: 'Bad-Spirit-Lichens' (plural form).
47. WINDIGO-WAHKON: 'Bad-Spirit-Lichen' (singular). Said to be a form of rock tripe desired by Indian woman to thicken stews. The 'Bad Spirit' part comes in because one had to climb so high up precipitous rocks to obtain it. (Does not grow below 1,000 ft. above sea level, so Michigan Ahnishinaubeg had to trade with Upper Peninsula groups to obtain it or else travel there to collect.)
48. ZHEEBE-MAKISIN-EIAB: Under the bark rhizomous mycelia of fungi; literally, 'dead-man's-moccasin-strings'.

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and
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- MidéOgema, my paternal grandfather, husband of KishaWish, my paternal grandmother, husband of MinissingOhdanikwe, my paternal co-grandmother, sometime leader of the Midéwiwin among the Grand River Ottawa, the Garden River reservation, and a bewildering number of other places.
- MinissingOhdanikwe, my paternal co-grandmother, second wife of MidéOgema, blood-adopted mother of WaubOshtigwan, native of MinissKitigan (Garden Island) in the Michi-Tchigamig (Lake Michigan).
- MinoSoahnkwe, my mother, daughter of Margaret Misticquay Moorhouse and the Rev. Francis Blackman Moorhouse, wife of WaubOshtigwan.
- Moorhouse, Francis Blackman. My maternal grandfather, husband of Margaret Misticquay Moorhouse, father of MinoSoahnkwe (Sarah Moorhouse Goodcook).
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