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from the company this morning would have come so straight from the heart if there hadn't been fried chicken in the stomach" (p. 44). Crawford was intelligent and clever. She writes about the time a trader came by with turkeys for sale for \$1. The trader was also a Baptist and told her he would sell her a turkey for fifty cents. She asked if he had change and he said yes. After she gave him the dollar, however, he handed her twenty-five cents saying that he was mistaken; he thought he had a fifty-cent piece. He camped on the other side of the river and shortly thereafter Crawford waded across the creek, handed him his quarter and told him that she had decided to take two turkeys instead of one.

The foreword by Clyde Ellis contributes positively to the value of the book by providing historical information about Crawford that is missing from her diary. We learn about her upbringing, illnesses, and determination to become a missionary. We also learn the circumstances under which she left the Saddle Mountain Reservation—she was the brunt of a doctrinal dispute with her mission board because she actively encouraged her congregation to allow its own Native American deacons to serve communion. Ellis' brief glimpse into Crawford's life adds depth and historical context to the events she writes about in her diary.

*Kiowa* is a lively and interesting historical account told in the words of the woman who experienced the events. Crawford offers a rare first-hand account of reservation life as told by a white woman. This is Crawford's story of life among the Kiowa in her own words—it was not meant to be an academic assessment or a theoretical critique of the clash between white and Native American cultures. Therefore, some individuals may find the story bland, perhaps even self-righteous. However, after reading carefully one discovers the genuine love and respect she felt for the Kiowa and understands the inscription on her tombstone located in the Saddle Mountain Indian Baptist Church Cemetery: "I Dwell Among Mine Own People." This book will make an interesting and informative addition to the bookshelves of those interested in Native American studies, turn-of-the-century western history, religious history, or women reformers.

*Juanita M. Firestone*

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**The Morning the Sun Went Down.** By Darryl Babe Wilson. Berkeley: Heyday Books, 1998. 178 pages. \$22.50 cloth; \$13.95 paper.

Autobiographies are not usually my choice of literature to read or assign the American Indian literature classes I teach at California State University, Long Beach. Most autobiographies I have read seem myopic, self-serving, and, even with the help of a ghost writer, unable to articulate insights about the very life they purport to illuminate. The genre is difficult to define and, when attempted, rarely takes into consideration the question of influence and control by non-Native writers in such "autobiographies" as *Black Elk Speaks*, translated

and written by John G. Neihardt, or *Lame Deer Seeker of Visions* and *Lakota Woman*, both transcribed, edited, and largely written by Richard Erdoes. Darryl Babe Wilson is a gifted writer and his autobiography, *The Morning the Sun Went Down*, is more in the company of N. Scott Momaday's *The Way to Rainy Mountain*.

Darryl Babe Wilson writes with an integrity that I respect and appreciate very much. He is a profound storyteller with layers of meaning imbued in the telling. *The Morning the Sun Went Down* is told primarily from a child's point of view. At the same time, the book maintains a cultural consciousness and a history and wisdom of his people, the Achumawe and Atsugewi of northeastern California. This is consistent with the oral traditions of Native American cultures, which are always multi-vocal. One can hear the voices of the Old Ones whispering around and through the boy, Babe, as he tells about his life. *The Morning the Sun Went Down* is a cultural landscape of people, place, and time, told with poetic and hard-hitting honesty.

Wilson establishes the authority of his elders in the book's prologue. We are taken into an old shack at the far northeastern corner of California and placed in the presence of generations of Achumawe and Atsugewi people. They are an ancient people taken to the brink of extinction and we sense their timeless dignity and concern for the present generation. They question Wilson about his knowledge of "Americans" and the white man's world and the reader discovers that Wilson, the man, has been placed with an unspoken mantle of responsibility that makes him tremble. Though this encounter is specific to Darryl Babe Wilson and his people, in a very real sense he represents all Native Americans and, more widely, all human beings. It seems fitting that our place in the world and our responsibilities toward life should be addressed by a child of survivors.

The story of Wilson's childhood begins in 1945 when he is six years old. The observations of the child, Babe, are written in a clean, vivid style, allowing the reader to experience the innocence, wisdom, and magic of childhood. We enjoy long summer days playing in the abandoned mill, daydreaming in the old barn, chasing silver bubbles with soapy hands, and going on family outings. The reader also learns of the hardships the family suffers when his father loses his job at the slaughterhouse. His childhood perspective is lyrical, humorous, and often heartbreaking.

Especially painful to read is the devastation that nearly destroys his family when his mother, Laura, and baby brother, Jerry, are killed by a runaway logging truck. This experience is central to Wilson's story and the title, *The Morning the Sun Went Down*, is a reference to this. Wilson's gift as a writer and storyteller sears into consciousness the vivid images of what his father must have seen as the logging truck hurtled by him at alarming speed toward the stalled car where his wife sat, singing to their infant son. The reader watches as Wilson's mother jumps from the car with the baby in her arms, seconds before impact, only to see her and the baby crushed by tons of lumber from the snapped load of the truck. The reader hurries with the people who have stopped to help his father as they lift the timbers to get to the crushed bodies of the mother and child. Wilson was not present at the accident, but he is courageous and unpar-

ing in his descriptions of the deaths, the details of crushed bodies and blood, and the aloneness that comes to shadow the surviving members of his family when the sunshine his mother and baby brother brought to the world is taken from their lives.

This aloneness is exemplified by Wilson's father who becomes a lost, bewildered man whose life has no meaning or purpose. Like so many of our walking wounded, Wilson's father becomes dependent on alcohol to ease his pain, neglecting his surviving eight children. Wilson writes about his father with tenderness, love, and compassion, even though the book's child is hurt and confused by his father's actions. Juxtaposed with memories of neglect, a series of foster homes, and being many times relocated throughout California are memories of times when his mother and baby brother were alive and the family was poor but healthy and together. This interwoven darkness and light is particularly effective and reminds me of driving up a winding mountain road, the car dipping in and out of shadow and sunlight, both more pronounced because of the pointed contrast.

Woven throughout these contrasts of dark and light, sorrow and joy, are the ancient stories of the Achumawi and Atsugewi people that give a deeper meaning and ageless perspective to what is happening to Babe and his family in the 1940s and 1950s. One senses the Elamji, or the unknowable spirit, throughout the book. The descriptions of the Elamji and the spirit-tribe from the perspective of the child are deliciously spooky and wondrous. We are told about Kwaw, Silver Fox Man, Annikadel, a powerful and wise spirit, and Napon'a'ha, Cocoon Man. The story of the Qwillas, large lizard-like dinosaurs who killed and ate the Iss/Awte-speaking people is especially intriguing since I am always looking into old stories for leads to factual events. Could the Pit River country of northern California have been the home to a species of dinosaur during human time? Very possible.

Along with characters from the ancient stories are real-life characters like Grandfather Adam Carmody, Aunt Gladys, Aunt Lorena, or Uncle Ramsey Bone Blake, who appears in some of Wilson's other writings. I was first introduced to Uncle Ramsey in the story "Et-Wi," which appears in *The Sound of Rattles and Clappers*, edited by Greg Sarris; reading about him in *The Morning the Sun Went Down* was like meeting family again. Wilson also introduces the reader to Uncle Rufus, whose powers lay in a particular huge rock in the Great Canyon of the Pit River. Like Uncle Rufus, much of the power of Wilson's story comes from the character of his homeland. His descriptions of the land are integral to his story.

Long before this book was published, Darryl Wilson, Kat High, and I were in northern California for a meeting about a documentary High was producing. Wilson suggested we leave at midnight to reach Soldier Mountain before dawn. We traveled all night so he could share with us the experience of seeing the sun rise over the distant Warner Range until Ako-Yet, Mount Shasta, was blushing pink. We stood on Soldier Mountain, facing the Warner Range to the east, Mount Shasta to the left, and Mount Lassen to the right, and Pit River shining silver in the darkness below. As we waited in the darkness, Wilson told us of Silver Gray Fox, Cocoon Man, and the creation of the world.

As the sun rose and Ako-Yet blushed pink we grew silent in the shining splendor of creation, each of us with our own thoughts, our prayers. That bright morning on Soldier Mountain reminds me of McGee Peak, Che'wa'ko, the place in the book where the spirits watch the world. "Che'wa'ko" is the title of the final chapter of *The Morning the Sun Went Down*. Someone is singing a survival song there. The song is both old and fresh. The telling of *The Morning the Sun Went Down* is also like this song and the sunrise on Soldier Mountain, ancient and new, the continuum and beginning of many more stories of life and love and healing.

*The Morning the Sun Went Down* has renewed my appreciation of autobiography as an important literary genre and will be one of the texts my American Indian literature class will read. It is an excellent book and an affirmation of life that transcends survival. I can give my students no greater gift, except, perhaps, the sequel to this story.

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**Native Libraries: Cross-Cultural Conditions in the Circumpolar Countries.** By Gordon H. Hills. Lanham: Scarecrow Press, 1997. 464 pages. \$59.50 cloth.

A book-length treatment of any aspect of Native library services is a welcome though rather unusual event in the literature of library and information studies. Gordon H. Hills' book, *Native Libraries: Cross Cultural Conditions in the Circumpolar Countries*, discusses library services for Native peoples in northern rural and urban communities in the United States and Canada during his career as a professional librarian. The book is a very personal one, drawing heavily on Hills' own experiences as well as his research in library and information studies. Though flawed, Hills' work is a welcome addition to the literature on Native library services.

Gordon Hills states that his primary goal in writing *Native Libraries* is to "stimulate...increased attention to cross-cultural librarianship, including services by and for Native peoples," which will help to give library professionals a stronger role in the future of American Indian studies (p. xv). Hills spent a significant portion of his career as a professional librarian providing library services to Native peoples in a variety of locations in the northern regions of North America and *Native Libraries* is at its best when the author writes about his own experiences. Hills clearly feels that graduate professional training does not adequately prepare librarians to meet the demands of multicultural library services, particularly in Native communities, and his own interest in rectifying this state of affairs emerges clearly through much of his book. The library and information studies education community is clearly one of Gordon Hills' intended audiences, and he addresses this group directly in the book's final chapter. Here he argues that what he terms *multicultural librarianship* is a normal part of library services and should be an integral part of all aspects of graduate library education along with the requirement that pro-