

JOHN LOUWALK

Medicine Man of the Pawnee

Pawnee, Oklahoma



A COLLECTION OF FOLK STORIES OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN

by

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A.B., University of Kansas, 1931

Illustrated with Indian Designs by Vincent

Matt, a fullblood Flathead Indian

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## PREFACE

This collection of Indian folklore naturally falls into two parts, the Haskell Papers, tales that were written down by students at the Government Indian School, Lawrence, Kansas; and the Hampton Papers, reprinted from the Hampton Institute school paper, "Talks and Thoughts," for the years 1890 to 1898. The Haskell legends have been corrected only enough to make the spelling and punctuation acceptable, the phraseology having been left just as the children wrote it. This seemed best since the young Indian is often not yet able to express himself in the correct English manner, and the tales might have more value if they were written just as the Indian thought them. Several of them are examples of a story first thought out in the native dialect and then virtually translated into a foreign tongue. This is particularly true of those tales that come from the Southwestern and Northwestern tribes. Those legends that have been accepted from the Hampton Papers have been left exactly as they were printed in that publication. Since, as far as I can find out, there are few of the papers extant, and none that are available for the public, it has seemed wise to preserve them in such a collection as this.

It is significant to note that many of the legends told by the Indian students of Hampton Institute some years ago are still told by the pupils in government boarding schools today. The Indian folk tale has persisted in spite of three generations of the white man's education and the effort upon the part of the administrations to destroy everything that was Indian.

Several of the stories included in both collections are not strictly legends, but because they have historical value or are the personal tale that the old Indian is so fond of telling, they have been accepted as the material from which folklore is evolved. They are legends in the making, and have therefore a place in such a collection as this represents.

There has been no effort to record intimate and secret stories and ceremonial rites of the Indian, for it should be recognized that Indians do not relate these things to white men, no matter how highly they may regard them. An educated Indian man, who does not wish his name used in this regard, says that often when, upon the invitation of the Indians, white writers and scientists have recorded sacred rites the old men have purposely made up ceremonies which they have exhibited to satisfy the curiosity and investigations of their guests. There are things which an Indian tells no one outside the select circle of his clan.

An interest in Indian lore and traditions is not usually prevalent among college teachers, so it is with especial gratefulness that I acknowledge the sympathetic criticism of Professor John H. Nelson, Department of English of the University of Kansas, who encouraged me in developing the material I had gathered from a people whom I both admire and consider my friends.

M.S.

**TOTEM POLE OF WASHINGTON INDIANS**

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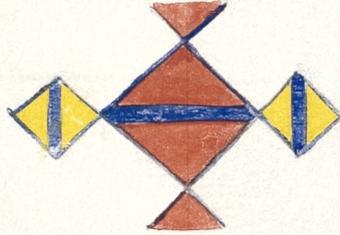
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**UCHEAN**

**Designed by Haskell Student**



UCHEAN



## INTRODUCTION

### I. Linguistic Classification of Stories.

In classifying Indian folklore the most scientific method seems to be that of the ethnologist, who has for years grouped all Indian tribes linguistically. In the Seventh Annual Report of the Bureau of the Bureau of Ethnology to the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, for 1885 and 1886, printed in 1891, Mr. J.W. Powell presents a paper, "Indian Linguistic Families," in which he enumerates in alphabetical order fifty-eight distinct linguistic groups of North American Indians with the principal tribes comprising each family.

Using this classification as a basis I have grouped all the stories of the Haskell Collection under the linguistic heads to which they belong. Those of the Hampton Papers are not so classified, as it was impossible in some cases to tell to which tribe the author belonged. For this reason they are classified according to subject matter. Although many of the family groups include a large number of tribes, none is mentioned in this Introduction, that is not represented in at least one story included. Using the same arrangement as did Mr. Powell, I find the tales falling naturally under the following heads:

1. The Algonquin Family. This group, whose original home reached from Labrador to the Rocky Mountains, and from the Churchill River of the Hudson Bay country as far south at least as Pamlico Sound of North Carolina, comprises the Arapaho, the Cheyenne, the Delaware, the Chippewa or Ojibway, the Piankishaw, and the Pottawatomie. Indians of all these tribes but the Chippewa live today in Oklahoma; and a few of

the Pottawatomie remain on a reservation near Mayetta, Kansas, and a few Cheyenne still in Wyoming, South Dakota, and Montana, states which were no doubt their original home. The Chippewa are found in Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin, with a very few in North Dakota. They have been traditional enemies of the Sioux, whom they long ago drove from the Great Lakes region.

As an illustration of tribes of one family not understanding each other, we may note the Cheyenne and Arapaho who live together in the western part of Oklahoma, and have for years had their union agencies at Cantonment, and Conocoche. But neither is able to speak the language of the other, although they have the same origin. On the other hand, a Pottawatomie will tell you that he can understand and speak the language of the Chippewa. The Piankishaw have a close resemblance to the Peoria, and Miami, all three having originally lived in the lake region of Illinois.

2. The Athapascan Family. This group comprises a large number of tribes ranging from the extreme northern part of the United States to the southern limits. However, the only two tribes represented in this collection are the Apache and Navajo. Among the southern tribes of this family have been classified the former, who originally occupied Central Texas and the territory extending from there to the Colorado River in Arizona. Today part of them are in Arizona, while some live in Oklahoma, having been brought there as prisoners of war with the great Geronimo. The Navajo once lived south of the San Juan River in northern New Mexico and Arizona. Today their reservations are in both these states, at Ainslow, Tuba City, Fort Defiance, Keams Canyon,

and Leupp, in Arizona; and at Crown Point and Gallup in New Mexico.

3. The Caddoan Family. To this group belong the Pawnee, whose hunting grounds extended from the Dakotas to the mouth of the Red River in Texas. Today they occupy a reservation by themselves in a county in Oklahoma that bears their name. Another tribe of this family is the Caddo, who live in the Rainy Mountain area of Oklahoma, near Anasarko. It was this group of Indians that very early met the Spanish and learned from them the use of the horse. On almost all Pawnee ceremonial robes, and on their decorated teepees, is found the figure of a horse. A term of opprobrium applied to them by the Sioux, was "horse thieves."

4. The Chumashan Family. The Indians of this group were originally found on the St. Lawrence River, but were gradually pushed down by the Algonquin to the region of the Great Lakes, and later became the Indians famous in early New York Colonial history. To this group belong the Cherokee, the Mohawk, the Oneida, and the Seneca.

The Cherokee are the most famous of the mountaineer Indians and made their home in the lovely Tennessee Mountains. They were the southern branch of the Iroquoian family, but were never a part of the great Iroquois Confederacy. Today they are found in the eastern part of Oklahoma and the county of North Carolina that bears their name. They met white civilization at an early time and adopted it much more readily than most other tribes.

The Mohawk and Seneca still live in New York, with a few of the latter in northeastern Oklahoma. The Oneida were brought to Wisconsin and given land around Green Bay.

6. The Keresan Family. This group include what are today called the Pueblo and the Hopi. They dwelt in the upper Rio Grande valley and along its tributaries. The noted Pueblo village of Laguna is located in New Mexico.

7. The Kiowan Family. The home of this family was the valleys of the Arkansas and the Platte Rivers, and their tributaries. They constitute a family all their own because of the difficulty of their language. Today they are living on allotments in Oklahoma, near those of the Caddo.

8. The Muskogean Family. To this family belong the Chickasaw, the Choctaw, the Creek and the Seminole, whose original home extended from the Savannah River and the Atlantic, west to the Mississippi, from the Gulf of Mexico north to the Tennessee River. Today there is a remnant of the Choctaw in Philadelphia, Mississippi, and many of the Seminole live hidden in the everglades of Florida. These four tribes were brought to the Indian Territory, now Oklahoma, before the Civil War, after having relinquished their lands to the Southern states. Today they are all under the Union Agency at Muskogee, Oklahoma.

9. The Pima Family. The Pima family occupied the Gila River valley of Arizona and included both the Pima and the Papago. They live today on reservations in this same state.

10. The Quarteon Family. The Quarteon family lived originally at the mouth of the Salmon River in California. To it belong the Kerek who live today on the lower Klamath River.

11. The Salish or Flathead Family. This family lived on the Salish River a branch of the Columbia. To this group belong

the Spokane and the Flathead tribes, who now live in both Washington and Oregon.

12. The Shaluptian Family. This group occupied the valley of the Columbia River and its tributaries, their western boundary, the Cascade Mountains; their eastern, the Bitter Root Mountains. In this group are classified both the Chopunnish (Nez Perce) and the Walla Walla Indians. It was the Nez Perce that were so brilliantly led by their great chief, Chief Joseph, and were with him finally placed upon their present reservation in Idaho, after having been held as prisoners of war in the Indian Territory. The Walla Walla live today in Oregon.

13. The Shoshone Family. This family extended over a large part of the interior of the United States, the Comanche occupying the head waters of the Kansas and Snake Rivers; and the Shoshone, the sources of the Columbia River. Today the Shoshone are living in Wyoming, while the Comanche are living with some of the Apache near Anadarko, Oklahoma.

14. The Siouan Family. This group covered a large territory, largely in the north-central part of the United States. They were subdivided into the Sioux and the southern river tribes, or Little Sioux. There are today many clans of the Sioux proper living in both North and South Dakota; while the Omahas and Winnebago are in Nebraska, and the Osage, Kaw and Oto are on reservations in northern Oklahoma.

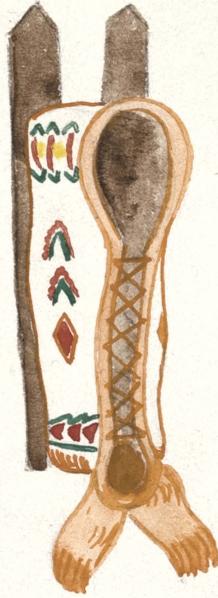
15. The Uchean Family. Neither the early home nor the linguistic origins of this family have been definitely placed; but it is thought that they originally lived on the left bank of the Savannah River, not far from Augusta. Later they were found among the Creek tribe, and today they live near and among them in Eastern Oklahoma.

16. The Washoean Family. This group made their home in the Carson valley and is today represented by one well known tribe, the Washoe. They occupy a reservation in Nevada.

Beside these sixteen linguistic groups, there are numerous others, as has been already indicated. Several of them are as important as the most important tribes and families I have mentioned; but as no sample of their literature is included in this study, it has not been considered necessary to include them in this list.

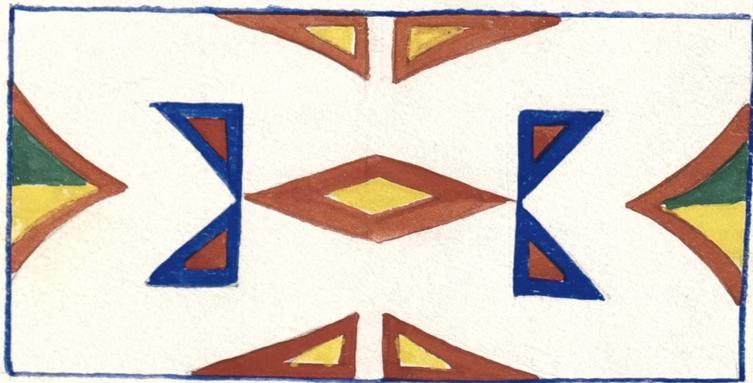
**COLLECTING**

**Crow Suitcase Belonging to Vincent Matt**



Comanche Cradle

# COLLECTING



Crow Suitcase

## II. The Collection of the Material.

Before explaining the aims and purposes of making this collection of Indian folklore, legends and tribal history, it seems worth while to explain that difficulties have always met collectors of this kind of material. One of the greatest obstacles has resulted from the formal education which has been given the young Indian, and which has made him indifferent to his lore and racial traditions. The Indian schools have systematically frowned upon the study of anything Indian. The Indian too, both old and young, is very reticent, and is loath to give out anything which he knows is foreign to his present day surroundings. He fears ridicule and misunderstanding, so he keeps still.still. The influence of the Christian religion has stamped out much that was distinctly native, and has left a certain confusion in the Indian's mind. His tribal customs have actually become for him a moral problem.

So it is that much material that has been gathered is worthless so far as giving any insight into Indian thought and philosophy is concerned; because the Indian all too often does not give what he believes, or because the author writes of Indians not as he finds them but as he thinks they should think and react to his investigations. Often an old Indian, because according to his ethics it is rude to contradict, finds out what an investigator wants to know, and then tells him that. At other times he feels that investigators are inexcusably rude, and he deliberately tells falsehoods in answer to their questions, and afterwards laughs heartily about what he has done.

Any collector of Indian stories has these obstacles to meet, and must be prepared for them. A long friendly intercourse with Indians

will overcome many of them; while an appreciation of their racial timidity and how it has developed, will help in interpreting what one finds.

Fifteen years ago, had any teacher in the United States Indian Service endeavored to collect from the students in one of the non-reservation boarding schools legends and folklore, she would have been reprimanded by the superintendent in charge of the school for encouraging the pupils in retaining their native ways. Had she gone a step farther and asked a group of boys to dance and sing for her, she would probably have been reported to Washington for insubordination. As has been suggested, the early policy of the Indian Service was to discourage everything that was Indian, in order to make the students in the government schools accept as readily as possible both Christianity and the customs of the white man.

In Vol. XIII, No. 11, of the Hampton School publication, "Talks and Thoughts," for April, 1898, this account of the first education for Indian students that the United States Government assumed is given:

It was in 1875, at the close of the war with some of the wild tribes of the Indian territory - Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes and Arapahoes - which ended as usual in starvation and surrender, that seventy-five of the principal chiefs and their boldest followers were selected by the government to be made an example of. They were separated from their friends - some bound hand and foot - loaded into wagons, and driven off they knew not whither. On the railroad, all the long way to St. Augustine, Florida, they rode in grim expectancy, chanting their songs, making their hearts strong for their fate. At last the massive gates of old Fort Marion opened and closed upon them. They believed it to be their tomb.

The officer in charge of them was Capt. R.E. Pratt, U.S.A. He believed in education - even for the Indians. Gentle ladies of St. Augustine - from North and South, gladly came, day after day, to teach them. Many others came to witness the transformation scene going on for three years in that historic old fortress. Real live Indians - braves and warriors - clothed in United States uniforms, going through evolutions, laboring dili-

gently and patiently, reading and writing and speaking in English, actually praying to the Christian's God, actually trusted to guard their own prison house.

The three years passed; the prison doors were opened. But Capt. Pratt did not rest from his labors. He urged the young braves to stay East and improve their chance to continue an education so well begun. The "honorable women" who had helped in the work, earnestly seconded his efforts. The consent of the War department was obtained for any to stay who chose and for whom provision could be made by private benevolence. General Hancock went to Fort Marion and told them, on behalf of the Government, that it was satisfied with their good record for three years and would now give them free return home. The choice was put before them. Twenty-two of the younger men gratefully chose to stay three years longer from their homes to learn more of the white man's road. The others were mostly too old for such an understanding, but wished the young men God-speed.

Capt. Pratt requested admission for them at Hampton, then the only school where they could receive a training in industry and self-help as well as in English. Fifteen, chiefly Kiowa and Cheyennes, were received at Hampton in April, 1878; two of the others later.

All the prisoners were brought here first, on their way to Washington. . . .The next night old Chief Lone Wolf,<sup>1</sup> Kiowa, told the large audience gathered, to hear him: "We have started on God's road now, because God's road is the same for the red man as for the white man."

The seventeen braves fell cheerfully into line, with spades and plow and hoe, awl and hammer, side by side with their comrades of the other race. Kobe,<sup>2</sup> wrote from Hampton, "I pray every day and hoe onions."

President Hayes called attention to the new enterprise in his message to Congress, saying; "The experiment of sending a number of Indian children of both sexes to the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute in Virginia, to receive an elementary English education and practical instruction in farming and other useful industries, has led to results so promising that it was thought expedient to turn over the Cavalry barracks at Carlisle in Pennsylvania to the Interior Department, for the establishment of an Indian School on a larger scale."

1. Lone Wolf legend, found in Kiowa collection.

2. A descendant of Kobe tells of his religious experiences in part VI of Introduction.

This is the manner of the beginnings of Indian education, and the account shows how deeply in earnest were these few prisoners of war, and how they took to this change in their lives with that religious fervor peculiar to all their undertakings. But it is very apparent that staying in the East meant giving up much of their native culture; and that those who took charge of their formal education, expected them no longer to sing the death chants which had comforted them on their long journey from western Oklahoma to Florida.

This early policy of education practised with students who were young men and women, but who were doing at first only primary work, was built on the theory that if the Indian did not relinquish everything that was native, he would not be able to accept that which was modern. Using the Indian's reverence for everything that is of a religious nature, those early teachers and missionaries taught him that the Christian religion demanded that he turn his back upon his tribal rites, ceremonies and customs, if he wished to adopt the white man's education.

This policy explains why, in the Hampton papers, included in this collection, the bulk of the material was written in an effort by the Indian to think in terms of the white man, and to express himself as such, and why only incidentally were recorded legends, accounts of tribal life, and folk tales. Then, too, Hampton Institute was never wholly an Indian school under the direction of the Indian Service.

Not until recently has any authorized attempt been made by the Indian Service to instil into the young Indian student a pride in the literature of his race, and a desire to keep it alive.

Up to the present administration of Indian Affairs the plan of suppression was enforced so completely in some schools, Carlisle for

instance, that today many middle-aged Indians remember with humiliation how they were once punished for speaking their native dialect. Fifteen years ago, boys of the Chilocco, Oklahoma, school who, wishing to escape the humdrum monotony of school life, gathered in small groups on spring evenings on the banks of the Chilocco creek, were severely punished and lectured for their return to savagery. The authorities disapproved of engaging in the Creek stamp dance, the Cheyenne war dance, and the Oto rabbit dance, survivals of which many young Indians saw and danced in their camps every summer. Many a child thus came to school in those days, having learned the war song of his father or grandfather as part of his home training, or the ceremonial chants of his clan, only to be told that they were totally inconsistent with his reading, writing, and arithmetic. If one were found singing them, beating out the rhythm on the bottom of an old lard can, while other members of his tribe danced to his accompaniment, he was forced to give up his privileges for weeks, and suffered from the ridicule of misunderstanding teachers.

It was not easy to find these "dance camps." About an hour before taps, which always sounded at nine, the disciplinarian might hear a faint tum-tum, tum-tum. He knew then that some of the "most primitive" of the boys were "at it again". He might go himself, or he might send some of his trusted student officers. Quietly through the fields, and then through the brush that bordered the creek, the detective made his stealthy way. Usually when he reached the camp, the drum had been turned into a harmless cornparcher, and a dozen boys were squatting around a bonfire parching field corn. Bird Finger Nails had been a great success as a scout, and the faint cry of an owl had warned the dancers that trouble

was close at hand. Very rarely did anyone slip up on the boys.

All of the textbooks that the children formerly used were written by white men of the doings and sayings of white men. Several years ago a teacher with a comprehending mind was harshly reprimanded for suggesting to a class studying "The Lady of the Lake" that the Highlanders were much like the Indians. American history was taught, but the Indian part of the drama was totally ignored, or grossly misrepresented. A veteran English teacher refused to allow her class to read "Walden," lest their young minds be too strongly reminded by it of the old days.

In the sewing classes, formerly called Domestic Art classes, the girls were taught to embroider anemic violets and roses upon cotton cloth. It was years before anyone recognized that they might weave beautiful native designs, or teach their white instructor combinations of color and line that had withstood centuries.

There were singing classes, but the teacher spent much of her time showing young Indians how to sing negro songs as interpreted by Stephen Foster. Before a certain commencement the whole school practised weeks and weeks in order to sing for their parents who visited them at that time, "Italia, Italia, Beloved". Not one out of five of the parents understood a word of English nor probably had ever heard of Italy.

With this pressure and the resulting absolute disregard for anything that was Indian, it is not to be wondered at that in 1931 and 1932 it is no easy task to gather together a group of Indian folk tales from the students of our Indian schools. Since 1884, the educated Indian has been taught, both by the schools and by the missionaries, that to cling to any of the native lore or habits was a mistake and a sin. How

could they become educated if they insisted upon singing Indian songs and thinking in terms of their native lore?

If today you should ask a class of Indian students in any subject to bring you an Indian legend, the majority of them would tell you that they had nothing to contribute. "I never speak Indian," they might answer you, "Mother never lets me. I have never been told any Indian stories. My father won't let my grandmother tell me any. I have lived like a white person."

Sometimes this is true. Sometimes it is just a pose. They have learned that to speak their dialect marks them, and their parents have no doubt been the products of the old regime that discredited anything native. Sometimes the child tells a falsehood, because he does not want the rest of the class or the teacher to know that his family still clings to any of its native customs.

So it is necessary to know your children very well indeed before you begin any investigation, and to have them feel that you value what you are asking for. The slightest sense on the part of the child that he was being ridiculed or that mere idle curiosity was prompting his questions, would put the child on his guard and there would be no stories.

In the winter of 1931, Haskell Indian Institute at Lawrence, Kansas, began classes in Indian Art, Indian Lore, Indian Sign Language, and Indian History. These classes were organized to prepare students, both boys and girls, to take positions in summer camps where they might teach Indian woodcraft and arts and add a bit of color to a drab American civilization. These directors of camps were apparently willing to admit

that the Indian might know some interesting things about the woods and streams and animals.

Most of the classes were taught by full-blood Indians, young men who had been subjected to the education of the white race, but who had retained some of their native flavor. William Dietz, a Sioux, taught the classes in art, assisted by Mabel Morrow, who although a white woman, is one of the outstanding authorities today in the field of Indian design. Charles Starr, a full-blood Cheyenne, a teacher of chemistry in Haskell Institute, taught the classes in Indian history. Reuben Jacobs, a full-blood Sioux, directed the work in folk lore.

It was in this class that the first group of legends contained in this study was collected. Each member of the Councillor's Club was asked to contribute one or more stories. They were to be the results not of reading, but of having listened to some Indian story teller. They were to be written as nearly like the original as it is possible to keep a translation. They were not to be judged from the standpoint of rules of English rhetoric, but were to be retold just the way the student had heard them.

More than a hundred stories were handed in. Some of them were almost identical, since the same story appears often among all the Plains Indians with little or no variation. The hunter, who climbs a tree to separate two limbs that have been rubbing together and irritating him, is in one story caught by his hands, in another, by his foot, in still another by the tail of his hunting jacket. The Sioux, the Blackfeet, the Pawnee, the Cheyenne, the Arapahoe all tell this same tale. The hunter has several wild duck roasting or already cooked and lying snug in the ashes, when he is annoyed by the noise of the interlocked branches. While he hangs help-

less in the tree, a wolf, a fox, or a coyote, comes along and devours the feast. The embellishments differ. In one account, the scenery is mountainous; in another, great plains stretch on every side, and the hunter sees the wolf long before it reaches his solitary camp under the fire. In one account, the animal devours all the ducks; in another, he finds only those that were hanging on a sapling over the fire. But in every account, the discomfort and disappointment of the hunter is the same. Every Plains Indian tells it as a humorous story.

The belief that the stories used in this collection are the stories most characteristic of the Indian race, has been confirmed by both Mr. Starr and Mr. Jacobs. In order to prove more carefully their authenticity, each student whose story had been accepted was interviewed separately by the author. He was asked where he lived, his tribes, his degree of Indian blood, who told him the story, and whether he heard it told in his native dialect. Any additional material he volunteered about his belief in the tale, his interpretations of what it meant, was kept as throwing additional light upon a folk literature. For instances, when Frank and Sam Buffalo of Canton, Oklahoma, brothers, and full-blood Cheyennes, told orally two stories their grandmother had told them, they both said that while they had never heard any animal talk, their grandmother had, and she would never have deceived them. "She speaks no English, but she is a very good old woman", was the formula which for them disposed of any suspicion on their part that the otter may not have spoken to a young Cheyenne brave when he was hunting his sweetheart, who had been stolen by a marauding band of Sioux.

The students all knew why their stories were being collected and agreed that they might be published in a handbook for Haskell Institute

and used as an example of Indian folklore.

The second section contains stories, personal experiences and customs as set down by young Indian men and women who in 1893 and 1894 were being educated in Hampton Institute. These were first published in the school paper, as explained in the Preface.

Ebenezer Kingsley, a Winnebago Indian and a graduate of Hampton, was both editor of and reporter on the Talks and Thoughts; and because of his pride in the accomplishment he had bound two volumes of the school paper for the years during which these narratives were published. Mr. Kingsley now lives in Concho, Oklahoma. Through his son, Llewellyn, the volumes were lent as references. As far as he knows, the stories have not been printed anywhere else as they are given here. All of the authors he knew personally. In almost every instance they were full-blood Pawnee, Sioux, or Oneida.

As far as their native flavor is concerned, these Hampton stories have more value than the Haskell collection, for they are the accounts of boys and girls who were among the first of their tribes to receive any formal education.

The stories of the Haskell collection have this added value, that they represent the type that has persisted through three generations of education in Government schools, and in spite of that great pressure that was through many years brought to bear to stamp out any racial thinking or consciousness.

**STORY TELLING**

**Indian Grandmother and Papoose**

**(original)**



# STORY TELLING

### III. Story Telling Among the Indians.

Mr. Charles Starr, who spent his childhood in a teepee near Whirl Wind, Oklahoma, on the Cheyenne Reservation there, says that all Indian story telling was done for a moral purpose. Stories told to children were never told in the summer, for then the children played out of doors until it was time to go to bed, and bedtime came early for Indians. They were never told in the daytime, for then the children learned by doing.

But in the winter evenings the child became a problem. He had to be taught the necessary rules that govern good behavior. He had to learn the virtues by hearing them extolled in tales of bravery and courage. He had to learn to despise bragging and cowardice by hearing accounts of men who had lost because of them. He had to learn to trust certain animals and be suspicious of others. He had to know what were the gifts of the Great Spirit, and why they were given to men.

The old grandmother knew all of these. She was rich in experience and tribal lore. She could no longer bear heavy burdens nor do the work of the household. The small children up to the age of ten or twelve always slept with her at night. So every winter evening as she softly persuaded her restless grandchildren to quiet down for the night, she recited story after story until every little eye was closed. She had taught them the moral lessons they must know and she had brought peace to the teepee or one-roomed house. The stories she told were a form of bedtime story, and often had the same elements and charm as fairy stories. Most of the stories in the Haskell Collection here given are of the type

the grandmother told in the long winter evenings.

In explaining his own boyhood and the part that stories had played in his education, Mr. Starr said:

My grandmother knew at least two hundred stories, and it was her greatest pleasure, the high spots of her happiness, to so direct our future lives. No one else ever told the children of the family stories, unless there was no grandmother, or female relation of her generation, an old grand-aunt, perhaps, whom we called grandmother, and whom we revered as such.

Manners, customs, simple lessons in behavior were all taught in this way. When possible the Indian roasted a whole side of an animal. When it was done it was cut up, rib by rib, with all the meat and fat that would cling to it. At the feast the ribs were offered first to the highest ranking guest. It was considered good form for this guest to take the biggest piece, and so on down to those who were giving the feast.

Indian children are like all other children in that their mouths water for the largest dainty. When the deer ribs were being passed by the women, the small boys looked with longing eyes as piece after piece disappeared.

But my grandmother explained all this to me, when I was very small. To make me keep still and not fret while all the choicest parts were being taken, she told me how the short, small ribs were made just for boys to eat, in order that they might become great runners. The shorter the rib, the boy ate, the greater the runner he would become. I have often seen small boys fight over the small ribs, for that reason.

Other stories were told in order to impress upon the children that they must get up. Under ordinary circumstances, Indians go to bed very early. When sunrise comes the old people are always ready to get up. "Ill luck finds the boy who lets the sun shine on him while he's sleeping", often said my grandmother. I remember several different stories of grief coming to boys who slept past the rising of the sun, and were not at its first ray splashing in the nearest stream.

Perhaps it would be well to dwell a little longer on the matter of the time of telling the stories. As has already been stated, the accepted time for story-telling was the winter time. Julia De Cora, a full-blood Winnebago Indian, and a student at Hampton Institute during the year 1898, begins her article in the school paper by saying:

Winter is the time for story telling. In the summer snakes may listen and do mischief. My great-aunt was an authority on folklore, but when on summer evenings all her grandchildren gathered around her for a story, her reply was always, "My little grandchildren, it is not right for me to tell you fairy tales in the summer, for your grandfathers, the snakes, do not like it. I shall be sure to step on a snake if I tell you a tale at this time of the year.

Then would the children slyly ask each other questions about various spirits, and purposely give the wrong answer. Although the old woman was deaf, she carefully watched the motion of the children's lips, and warned them to be careful or the spirits would be angry and punish them. This usually brought more questions about spirits and finally the coveted story.<sup>1</sup>

This, however, was an exceptional situation.

The effect of the grandmother's story on the Indian child must have been almost enchanting. That this is so is at least suggested by Frank Buffalo, who told me:

I never cared how many times my grandma told me the same story. I was a little boy when I first heard the Cheyenne story of the lover who pursued his stolen sweetheart through innumerable dangers, and I did not understand all of it then. But the animal part I could know about, even when I was small. I knew about the mole, and the dog who helped the sad captive. I knew how brave one had to be to talk to a big mountain lion.

The light from the fire in the teepee would shine in my eyes. Then grandmother would put my head in her lap and shade my eyes with the folds of her calico skirt. I would listen and listen, going farther and farther away until I finally was asleep. I made long trips into the mountains that way with my old grandmother.

Besides the stories for children told by the grandmothers, there were other and more weighty narratives found among the Indians. Some were told simply for entertainment, although as has been pointed out,

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1. Talks and Thoughts, Vol. XIV, No. 2, July, 1898.

the Indian always saw in every story a point to be remembered that might help him in his living. Some stories were told to teach the historical and biographical material of the tribe. Some were told to give lessons in the manly arts of war fare and hunting. Some were used as a means of handing down the ceremonial rites of the tribe or clan, and were with great solemnity recited to a picked group and at certain sacramental gatherings.

These ceremonial stories, accounts of great tribal or religious significance, were not told in public gatherings nor to children. Some belonged to a certain clan and were never told outside its membership. Some belonged to a sacred society, which had also its own dances and songs. They were as carefully guarded as were the ceremonial rites.

Among the Plains Indians there is a custom of ceremonial story telling which makes each story the personal property of the narrator. He tells it as long as he lives or is able; then he names some one to tell it when he shall be gone. Everyone in the clan or society knows the story, but no one tells it but its rightful owner.

"I had given to me the story of my uncle, Turkey Legs," said Mr. Starr, "but I shall never use it."

"Are you ashamed of it because of its character?"

"No."

"Are you afraid to tell it, although you have become a Christian?"

"No."

"Then why are you never going to hand the story down to your son, should you have one, or give it to some collector of Indian Lore? You are making a study of the Plains Indians; why don't you use it?"

Mr. Starr led up to the answer to my question with further explanation regarding the telling of the ceremonial stories.

A ceremonial story often takes four days in the telling. Friends who are members of the clan are invited. If they accept for one session, they must go to all. The narrator sits in the teepee facing the east, and the opening, his guests forming a circle, half on either side of him.

When the owner of the story feels that he may not be able to tell it much longer, he rises at the conclusion, and names some member of his family or a special friend, as the next rightful narrator. It is a great gift.

But I shall never tell my story. Perhaps if I were sure I was to die tomorrow, I might tell you tonight. I am not afraid to tell it. I am not ashamed that such a story is mine to tell. But it is too savage. We are often more savage than you think. I do not like to dwell upon how much we are so.

You know well the Pawnee Skeedee. You have had stories from the old men of the other Pawnee Clans. You know that the Skeedee once made human sacrifices. Would you be surprised to know that perhaps last summer in the hills on the Pawnee Reservation the Skeedee Pawnee were telling their ancient ceremonial stories and observing their clan rites? These things no Indian will ever tell; the man who believes in them will not because he believes in them; the man who does not believe in them, because they are too barbarous.

There is another type of story that is dear to the heart of an old Indian. John Louwark's account of his boyhood and young manhood is an example of this type of tale, the autobiography, through which the old Indian relives the days that will never come again either to him or the young Indian whom he is both entertaining and instructing in the ways of his race.

In the Kansas City Star for March 28, 1932, appeared the picture of an old friend of mine, Bacon Rind, Wah-she-hah, chief of the Wah-ti-an-kah band of Osages, and the story of his death. The reporter who wrote the account said, and rightly, that Bacon Rind shrugged his shoulders and turned his back upon those who came to discuss tribal lore with him. Yet Bacon

Rind could and often did relate the biographical or historical type of Indian story.

With his wife, Lizzie Mahoja, a Kaw or Little Osage, or his nephew by marriage, Forrest Chouteau, also a Kaw, as interpreter, the old man would tell of his early experiences all the day long to me, who was at that time the government teacher of his step-son, Louis Mahoja. Wearing his ceremonial otter-skin band on his head, and holding in his right hand a huge eagle feather fan, the chief sat upright in a modern, overstuffed chair. The room in which he told his story was the parlor of his modern ten-room house. The floors were hard wood. The furniture had been purchased in the best shops in Tulsa, Oklahoma. This was certainly a strange setting for the tribal dress and primitive recital of an old Indian warrior and hunter.

The chief's story was entirely biographical. He lamented the passing of the old days. He mourned because his stomach had grown huge. "No more exercise and riding, that he knew when he was a boy." He told how he had for days refused to sign any agreement with the government until the mineral rights should be held in common on the Osage Reservation. He told how hundreds of his people had died when they were first taken to the Territory. The first winter they had suffered from an epidemic of measles, which their medicine men did not know how to treat. For a cure they had tried breaking the ice in the creeks and deep ravines and driving all the sick through the freezing water. "For days the men just pulled down the teepee poles, and left whole families dead." There were not enough strong and well men to make the rock graves that an Osage thought were necessary. He described how he once killed buffalo, riding west on the Cherokee Strip

to the hunting grounds. He told how the nephew, Chouteau, although a Kaw, was born on one of these hunting trips, and how the Kaws and Osages hunted and shared their kill together. He deeply resented the marriage of the white men and women to members of his tribe.

Such stories as Bacon Rind told of his experiences when his tribes lived according to the ancient rule, although they cannot now be strictly called lore nor legend, are the matter that will survive and if told long enough by their descendants, take on the same flavor as the older hero tales that the Indian grandmother is telling today to teach her young charges the essentials of Indian manhood. Bacon Rind's recital of his experiences, too, has value because it gives first hand information of what the older families feel about the culture that surrounds them.

The grandmother told her tales of animals and brave men to instruct and entertain. Turkey Legs told his sacred story as part of a ritual worshipping the Great Spirit or some minor gods. Bacon Rind lived over his young days in a losing fight to keep alive in the young Indian boy the philosophy and valorous deeds of the days when to be a hunter and a fighter or a medicine man was the sole aim of every Indian man.

**OLD MEN STORIES**

**Records on Buffalo Hide**

**(original)**

# OLD MEN



# STORIES

#### IV. Typical Indian Story Tellers

Since the following personal experiences will perhaps throw more light upon the material itself, it has seemed worth while to include them here. The two accounts recorded furnish pictures of the kind of Indian from whom many Indian stories are obtained today. I offer these as representative Indian story tellers, and their tales as typical of the kind of thing the old men of the race are telling to their grandchildren.

It is unfortunate that I am not able to recount some personal experience with the old Indian grandmother, from whom as has already been made clear, many of the Haskell tales were gathered. But old Indian women are very shy, and any I have met have been too embarrassed to recount their favorite stories. In response to my inquiry for a legend, they have always told the interpreter to say to me that their "old man" (husband) knew more and better stories, and that they were too busy with the affairs of the camp to tell stories. They tell the lore to the children in the quiet of the evening, but they do not relish the inquisitive eye of even a friendly visitor.

When an old Indian tells a story, he must first get himself into the mood. It is useless to approach him and ask him for a tale, unless you have plenty of time to wait for his reply. This fact was never more clearly brought home to me, than when in March, 1931, I visited John Louwalk for the purpose of getting first hand some authentic material from the Pawnee tribe. Louwalk, a Pawnee, medicine man, who has contributed many songs to Frances Denamore's book on Pawnee music, pretended for some time that he did not understand what his nephew, Theodore

Eagle Chief, wanted, when the younger man told him in his own language that I wished for any account of his life or story of his healing among his tribesmen. His wife, Stella, Spotted Horse Chief, once the wife of the great chief of that name, speaks English, and volunteered the information that the old man sat every night until late telling stories to his grandchildren who live with the old couple, until they all fell fast asleep. Many nights when the withered old fellow could not sleep, he sat by the fire and chanted songs that originated in the ancient societies of his clan.

She urged him to talk to me, and explained, as did his nephew, that what he said would be kept as a record, as were his songs. For more than an hour the Pawnee sage sat staring into the open door of a large, wood stove. If he heard what was being said, he paid no attention. Occasionally he gave a long drawn out grunt.

"Tell him that I am very sorry that he is unable to talk tonight," I said. "Say to him that I have not forgotten his oration at the grave of his young nephew, my pupil. Say that the stories of his people are fast disappearing and many wrong things are being said of his tribe. Say it is a long way back to town and that I must be going. If, when he comes to the council meeting tomorrow, he will eat with me, I will order beefsteak and much bread. I will wait for him in Pawnee. Give him these cigarettes. I am going."

This was repeated slowly to the old man, who at the end of every sentence nodded his head and used the universal sign of understanding, by extending his right arm and index finger, with a crisp

downward motion of the latter. As soon as the interpreter was through, the medicine man began his story, but not until he first explained why he had been so diffident. Obviously he did not wish me to think he had been inhospitable or impolite, nor that he had been enticed by the promise of beefsteak.

His voice was low and musical. He punctuated every utterance with signs to illustrate his narrative. Soon it was possible to tell in part what he was saying by his motions. Usually he looked straight into the face of his listener, turning away only to indicate distance or the approach of a storm or messenger. As he talked, his wife and five small grandchildren who live in his household, reflected in their faces what he was telling and often laughed at his account before I was told by the interpreter what had amused them.

Stella explained from time to time that in this manner her husband spent many evenings; and since the account was a personal history, I judge that it was probably reasonably true. In talking to me Louwalk was speaking to someone he had known for almost fifteen years and who was then the guest of his nephew, whom he loves. His narrative is typical of the accounts which have been handed down by word of mouth for generations among the Pawnee, and which, should their literature be collected, would represent the sort of thing the Indian has, to tell about himself and his beliefs. His words, as given me by the interpreter, are set down just as he spoke them:

My nephew is very sick. It is hard for me to forget him even for a minute. I am treating him; I must have him ever on my mind. Evil reaches him when I do not keep my thoughts upon his dreadful sufferings. His throat closes

up when I am not keeping it open. So I have hesitated to speak.

I do not know when I came from Nebraska - perhaps when I had lived ten summers. We met the Wichita. My feelings are not my own about these old days. They are my father's feelings, who did great things among his tribe. All people of the Pawnee knew his name, De-~~dee~~-wah-soo. Four bands there were, Skeedee, Kit-ka-hawk, Chauwee, Pet-ta-ha-we-ra-ta. The Skeedee and Kit-ka-hawk were partners. So were the other two bands.

When boys are small we chose up sides and play hand game. We kick each other hard--we grab hold of hair and pull. Hair was in roach on top--rest shaved.

On our way to Indian country we heard of soldiers coming to fight the Wichita. Our braves joined the soldiers. Here I saw first black man--soldier. No fighting with soldiers ever in Territory.

We lived in villages on government rations. Our villages were mud lodges. Mound of one of them in my yard now. You see him in the morning. Our camp ran from the east to west--the Pet-to-ha-we-ra-ta first, then the Chauwee, the Kit-ka-hawk and last the Skeedee.

We hunt much. Our father saw boy growing up, so taught him to provide for a family. If a boy afraid, he was made to ride and hunt more than ever. All had strong bows and arrows. We learned to care for a horse--Pawnee loves horses--then we learn to farm. Always Pawnee love Mother Earth. By stories we know we always have corn. We learn corn is necessary. Once our women do all the work, for they, women, care for Mother Corn.

But my father, a medicine man, a wise doctor, when young his father told him to watch and learn all that was good. He did not think much then. Later he knew and asked father to bestow great and sacred knowledge upon him.

As a doctor he prays to Great Spirit to make sick people well. Sometime he can work a cure by the power the Almighty One gives him. The part of the body which holds the sickness tells what is wrong. We take out the evil there.

My father taught me to be honest. His father said to him, "Work out your own life. Keep yourself in control. Keep your temper in your hands." This is gone. Many old Indians died--bad influence of new life. Bad. Old times better--we have lost our good days.

We knew how to punish, and if one man stole another man's wife, then husband could kill him. If a man was murdered and should have been--all right--we did nothing. So we keep our tribe clean. But if a man kill in anger, that is bad. The murdered man's family quickly mutilated the guilty one. The chief and warriors sat in council, and a trial was held, if the man was important, big man, in tribe. There was no trial, if the man who had killed was not a big man. Perhaps all this made a blood feud. Then the chief settled it at last.

We punish our children then, but not anymore. We whip our naughty children, but not anymore. Bad times have come.

Once I plowed with my father, across the creek from here. Big oxen pulled the plow. I drove; my father kept the plow in the earth. I did not pay attention. The oxen got out of the furrow. My father was very mad. He rushed at me quick. He threw me to the rough earth. "I have a notion to stamp you. You'll never amount to anything. You'll never never be able to provide for a family. You are not fit to live."

He was right. I did not get mad. He told the truth. I knew it.

We old men know the right way. Speak low. Do not hurt people's feelings. Walk straight, sit quietly, wait--there is no reason to hurry.

I sing much--great singer in my tribe. Much of my songs recorded. When a Pawnee teach a song, he sings it over many times; then he instructs the listener. This song is for a dance.

Then the old man sang one of the ceremonial songs he had sung for the Denmore collection, to illustrate how it was done.

It is called Kee-it-se-da. There are no woman in the dance that goes with this song. The men came out of their lodges and went through all the village. Then they made a circle. A boy carried a drum to the old man who beat upon it. The dancers carried bows and arrows and danced in one place, except four in the center who danced criss-cross.

There were dances for special times of the year. When the grass was so high, we Chauwee danced Kee--it-se-da.

Here old Louwalk measured on his hand about four inches.

We were glad at spring time. Just the doctor clan danced this.

Never dances without a reason--always ceremony for Great Spirit. Each clan had its own form.

We make our own songs. Here is one by Petallashara, Man Chief, a great leader of all four bands. We listened for the first thunder in the spring, and then began our songs. So began our new year, and Man Chief would listen to the Spirit and talk for the gods. So were we fortunate and well because we did these things. They were good. There were many clans. The doctor, the bear, the otter, each had its own dance.

The Louwalk sang the spring song of Petallashara. First he clapped his withered, old hands in two-four time for a few seconds, stopped long enough to point upward with one emaciated forefinger--as if calling down the blessing of the Great Spirit upon his undertaking--then began clapping his hands again and chanting. Just before the end of what sounded like a series of chromatic scales, beginning very high and gradually getting lower, the singer suddenly changed the rhythm, and the song was abruptly closed. Louwalk shut his eyes for just a second, then looked up at the ceiling as for an unseen blessing.

"What example can you give me of a Pawnee love song?" I asked, "Surely such a great singer must know many that were sung when you were young?"

Love songs we did not sing except sometimes when leaving for the hunt or to fight. We sang them to ourselves as we rode along, getting farther away from the camp. We had no love songs as the white man sings. I never sang outside my woman's lodge, and I was a mighty singer. Many songs live in my heart. They will live in his heart.

(As the old man spoke he pointed to Eagle Chief, his nephew.)

To-morrow I go early to give medicine to my sick nephew, Frank Louwalk, who lives across the creek. You know him. Meet me there and see him. The spring comes and he gets better.

The night was far gone. The grandchildren of Louwalk had fallen asleep. The fire burned very low. Old Stella nodded upon her greatest treasure, an overstuffed divan.

My nephew needs me. I can feel it. My thoughts are his for the rest of the night. I am all through with the story.

In an entirely different setting I found M-abuck-que-ah, nicknamed Joe Simon, one of the oldest and most primitive of the Pottawatomie, on the reservation near Mayetta, Kansas. He had driven his buckboard to the agency office on a Saturday in early spring where I happened to be the guest of the agent, to ask a government official who was holding land hearings for permission to buy a horse and a new plow for the spring plowing.

When I entered the office, Joe was sitting on the floor close to the stove. From under an old straw hat, decorated with a single parrot feather, straggled his long gray hair. His eyes were button-holed in red, and he must have been nearly blind. His teeth were blackened fangs. An old blue shirt, a torn brown coat, nondescript trousers, and shoes quite off his feet, were the only modern signs about Joe. Never in school a day, belonging to the worshippers of the Sacred Drum, entirely unable to adapt himself to a foreign economic and social order, he does a pitiful job of farming his allotment and lives always on the edge of hunger.

So when Joe Blandin, the agency clerk, who is himself half Pottawatomie and half French, called to the old man that there was a woman who would pay him for a story, old Joe was eager to begin. Mr. Blandin brought him a stool, and several of the waiting Indians crowded into the room to hear the recital. Catherine Jessop, Ne-gan-sat, with a small baby at her breast, was called in from the outer office to act as interpreter.

"Tell a good story, a long one, and a true one," directed Mr. Blandin. "I shall listen to every word, and no money will you get unless you tell a true one."

Old Joe looked at Mr. Blandin and nodded assent. Then after a wait of almost an hour, the story began.

I am M-zhuch-que-ah. My step-father, Cow-te-g-zhuch, told me this story. It is a love story about Wah-boz-o, the rabbit, and Nah-nim-way, the coyote. It happened long ago when Pottawatomies lived by a great lake.

The rabbit and the coyote were brothers. They both loved a fair maiden--a little white Wah-boz-o. She was foolish and did not love her kind. The lover Rabbit went for advice to the Great Spirit.

"Get me a sack of ants", said the Great Spirit.

"How can I?" asked the Rabbit.

"Take sugar, se-se-bach-quet, and sprinkle it," answered the Almighty.

So the Rabbit caught the ants and brought them to the Great Spirit.

"Now I must have some blackbirds. Take this corn and hide under a tree. When the birds come, sprinkle it and catch them in this sack."

All this the Rabbit did and took them to the Great Spirit.

"Now I want a rattlesnake," directed the Almighty.

Then the Rabbit took a stick and waited for hours on the hill for a snake. Finally he saw one coming. Going down the hill to meet it, he said that he had come to measure it--for the Great Spirit wanted to know which was the largest snake. Pretending to find out its length, he jammed the stick down the snake's throat, killed it, and quickly carried it to the Great Spirit.

"Very good," said the Great Spirit. "But before I give you any advice I must have an alligator's tooth."

The Rabbit went to a great Lake and sat watching on the shore. Late that night he hollered:

"Come out, Mr. Alligator. I've come to sing for you to dance."

"Wait until I get my paint on and I'll be there, called the Alligator.

Finally he came up out of the water, and the Rabbit invited him to come with him to the Great Spirit. "He wants to see you dance," he said.

The Rabbit dropped behind the Alligator as they walked away from the shore, and picking up some stones tried to kill him. But the Alligator escaped.

The Rabbit was worried and wondered how he could get the tooth. Looking up into a tree he saw a squirrel.

"Come down, little Squirrel. I have something so funny to tell you."

So the Squirrel came down and the Rabbit killed him. He then skinned his victim, and putting on the skin, went back to the lake for the Alligator.

"Come out, old Alligator, the Great Spirit wants you," he called.

So the Alligator came out and the Rabbit took him to the Great Spirit.

"Why didn't you come with the Rabbit?" asked the Almighty.

"He abused me," answered the Alligator. "He almost hit me on my weak spot."

"Which is your weak spot?"

"It is on my hip."

"That is all I want to know. Friend Rabbit, take him back to the lake."

So the Rabbit took the Alligator and started back to the lake. On the trail home, he killed him and got the tooth. This he took to the Great Spirit.

The Almighty laughed and said: "You're smarter than I am. You'll get your sweetheart."

By this time it was noon, and with the dollar I gave him, Joe went off to the neighboring agency store to an unaccustomed feast. Catherine with her Kickapoo husband and several small children followed to enjoy the fruits of her translation. About one o'clock as I came down the path from the agent's house, Catherine came to meet me, to explain that there were things she could not interpret for me, as a white woman would think them vulgar.

When they laugh, all of them, at Joe's story, it is because they wonder how I will say it in English. I am not telling the story just as he tells it. You would not like it. I went to school. I know how white folks think. They do not call things like Indians.

When we entered the office, Joe was on his stool, and the story was resumed.

The Rabbit went hurrying back to the lovely maiden. But alas, he found the coyote making love to his sweetheart.

The coyote went out the back door and the Rabbit went home. That night they talked it all over.

"Let's us court her again," said the Coyote. "Let's go together."

"My feet are too sore," wailed the Rabbit.

"I'll take you on my back."

So the Rabbit put a string around the coyote's neck, and rode him like a horse. When he reached his sweetheart's house, he tied the coyote outside and took the lady fair for his wife.

Now the father-in-law of Mr. Rabbit got his water at a spring, and Mr. Rabbit riled up the water so it was not fit to drink.

The father-in-law made a statue of a person out of sticky clay, and left it on watch. Young Rabbit came and was curious. He went up and touched the statue and was caught. He tried to get away but got stuck worse. Once he stood on his hind legs. He fought and fought to get away. Since this time he has walked on all fours.

The father-in-law heard the struggle and came quickly. He put young Rabbit in a cage, and began heating water. How the Rabbit did cry! The coyote came by and heard him.

"Why do you cry?" he asked.

"Oh, I am to marry a queen, and I do not want to leave."

"Why are they heating water?"

"To kill some animal for my farewell dinner."

"Oh, I will go the queen in your place," said the coyote, letting the Rabbit out of the box and getting in himself.

Just then the water was brought out and poured over the Coyote. He cried and cried. It was too late. He was killed.

The Rabbit ran and ran. A Grizzly bear saw him running and ran after him. The Rabbit hid in thick brush. The Bear hunted and hunted, but late that night he gave up and went home. Then he called a council. This was their plan. A Bear would go out on the hill and play dead. Another bear, all safely hidden would call, "Come on out, Rabbit, the bear is dead."

The Bear, Ka-gan-ge-she, pretended to be dead. The Rabbit answered the call. He walked cheerfully up to the Bear. Then he listened. "That bear's not dead," he said.

"I was at your Daddy's funeral. I saw him jump up and run. I am at your funeral. You will jump up and run. So I run first."

So off ran the Rabbit and hid again in the thicket. He has been the fastest thinker and the fastest runner ever since.

Just then someone called from the office that Kno-wa had come to tell a story. "He is a religious man," said Catherine. He can tell you about the Indians in the Bible."

Joe got up and shuffled up to ask again for the horse and the plow.

In Louwalk, the Pawnee medicine man, and Joe Simon, the poor old Pottawatomie, I found two of the typical story tellers of the

case. Louwalk, although far from rich, is still economically independent, and tells his stories to those white people whom he knows and trusts. He would not tell anything that he did not believe was true. He has learned and still practises as much as is possible, the stern philosophy of his fathers. He still upholds the mystic arts of the medicine clan to which he belongs through inheritance. He is a sage among his people and a deep student of Pawnee nature and customs. He does not ask or expect money when he tells his experiences to his friends. He takes the cigarettes and a dinner as friendly offerings, not payment for service. He is too reserved and dignified to do what many old Indians practise today. He does not tell bogus tales to the tactless or impertinent investigator. Louwalk would just walk away and leave them, or have some one ask them to leave his house.

But when a friend or a relative whom he loves brings to his farm house some one who is willing to wait for his story, and asks no questions that he considers are rude, he enjoys greatly living over again the old days. The day after he gave me the account that is recorded here, when he met me for dinner at the hotel in Pawnee, he told me through Eagle Chief, that he was glad to have had me as a visitor to relieve for a while his troubled mind from worrying over his sick nephew, Frank. He came dressed in his very best store suit, his hair in long shiny braids, his shoes polished, and his hands immaculate.

John is childish in that he likes to boast of his accomplishments as a singer. He is truly part of the past, for he believes absolutely in the old Indian customs and ways of living.

A certain dignity attends such a man as John Louwalk and his

story telling is never just for amusement or idle curiosity. He takes a long time to begin because he must first clear his mind of everything else. What he tells he lives over again in his imagination, and for a minute the past becomes real.

This is not true with men like Joe Simon. Poor Joe has been lost completely in the shift from the old to the new. He is pitifully poor, and privation would make him tell a story to any one that would offer him a bit of money. Nor would he be at all careful whether he told the truth. The change of cultures has completely destroyed Joe's sense of fair play. He has no code by which to live. He does not tell tales of his youth, his father's wisdom, his family integrity. He has to fall back on a story that he heard when he was a little boy, a poor little rabbit story, which makes him forget, for a while, his hopelessness. He told the truth, as far as he could remember it, for there were many other people sitting there who also knew the tale, and would have kept him from lying. Then, too, Joe Blandin told him to tell nothing but the truth, and he wanted to secure a horse and plow. Besides this, there was nothing to lie about. He had nothing to boast about in front of this group that knew he was a failure. He had no position among the tribe which could be for him a point of pride. Joe told the only kind of story that he dared tell in the presence of such a critical audience.

He did wait, as did Louwalk, a long time before he started. But for a different reason: as has been pointed out, Louwalk wished to clear his mind of an ever-present anxiety but Joe, who probably knows many animal stories, was thinking them over, deciding which he had best tell in front of men and women who also knew them, and would ridicule him

for any mistakes. Since he was to have money for the telling, they too, needing money, would be glad to pick out any flaw in his recital.

There was not the dignity and charm to the Pottawatomie's account that I found in that of the Pawnee. But Joe's story is an example of what the children hear from an old man as they sit around the fire in winter evenings. These animal tales such as Joe told, do little more than amuse.

Louwalk's story he has no doubt repeated many times to members of his family, in a losing effort to teach them Indian ways of behavior. He knows that he is not able to counteract the influence of the present day civilization, but he does not lessen his efforts, nor lose his dignity and his belief in the old days of his boyhood.

**RELIGION**

**Buffalo Dancers - Southwest Indians**



# RELIGION

## V. The Religious Element in Indian Lore.

The Indian is a quiet, reflective, person. Surrounded during his savage days by mysteries he could not understand, he resigned himself to fate, and built up a wall of superstitions, which taken together, constituted his religious creed. The secrets of nature and human life, he left to the medicine man, his healer and at the time time religious leader, from whom they were handed down at death. Among the various tribes there was no common distribution of religious knowledge. Sometimes a medicine man would give out inconsequential bits of information to improve his economic and social status. That is, he might accept from a member of his clan some much coveted gift in return for a medical formula; but never did he tell enough to endanger his great hold over the minds of his uninitiated tribesmen. To impress other members of his camp, or those of a visiting tribe, he might tell just enough of his magic to command further their respect and fear. Mr. Charles Morrison, a Chippewa of the White Earth Reservation of the Ojibway Indians in Minnesota, and an educated man, set word this winter that so many of the Indians of his district were suffering, that two of the oldest men of the tribe, and the two whom the pagan Indians hold most potent, had come to the trading post saying that for a given sum of money they would tell the secrets of their medicine. However, it is very doubtful if they would really have told anything that they thought should be held sacred, for their important secrets they have always jealously guarded.

Mr. Starr, a Cheyenne, says that the medicine man's power was made up of three contributing elements. First, the real knowledge

that he had either himself learned or had had told to him about medical herbs and plants; second, a sleight-of-hand which he practised in secret and in which he was very adept; third, the power of suggestion which he was able to wield over his weaker minded patients. It is quite natural, then, that the medicine man and priest did not impart much of his knowledge except to members of the doctor clan; and then he always kept secret his own personal methods of healing.

Natural phenomena the Indian could not understand. He feared the storm and because of his fear, he pictured it as a beast with wings, whose roaring was the thunder, whose every blink of the eye was a vivid flash of lightning. Sickness and death meant there must be a great witch in the tribe, an evil which only medicine bags could combat.

To counteract the pervading fears of such evils as this, he very early appreciated the necessity of courage. "Eat a live turtle heart while it is still pulsating, and you will always be courageous, was told me when I was a small boy," says Mr. Starr, "And all the boys of the tribe were willing to do this for the reward. It was good medicine against lurking dangers."

The Indian's spirit was one of independence in spite of his many fears, and in spite of the power of his gods. Although he believed in a Great Spirit, a prevailing power, whose authority was supreme, each Indian had his own personal god, or guiding spirit. To it he made an intimate and private appeal. Old men sat around the fire and told of dreams in which they had direct contacts with their own gods.

Since he saw a spirit in every beast, in every manifestation of nature, he classified everything around him as a good or an evil

influence. Many of the stories he told were allegories, accounts of the conflicts between right and wrong, the strong and the weak. His stories were often the means of relating a tribal experience in such a way as to benefit the coming generations. Just as all the dances were a part of some religious ceremony or of some prayer for aid or for thanksgiving, so most of the stories carried with them instruction bearing on the moral or ethical code of a people.

When Spencer Thomas, who was educated by his Kiowa grandparents, old Smokey and his wife, was asked why so few of the stories told by the children were of a religious nature, he explained by saying:

Most of them are religious, but you do not know it. Our stories of the brave and wise men of our tribe, are the same as the Hebrew accounts in the Old Testament. Our battles and our hunts began with prayers and dancing, and when we tell of them, we know that is so. When my grandmother told me stories of Heap-of-Bears, of Lone Wolf, of Napawat, my ancestors, she was giving me examples for my behavior. They were lessons in religious education. My grandfather, Smokey, prayed before he did anything. He called me to him before I came up here to Haskell to school, and he had me sit down close to him. Then he made a long prayer and asked Dah, your God, to bring me back to him in a year, so that we might again eat together in peace. Ah-peah-tone, who died last summer, was my uncle. He told me of the ten major gods of the Kiowa, each of whom had a keeper. The greatest was the Sun God. My people always know to offer prayers to him before everything is done. We had no ten commandments, but our stories told us not to lie, not to steal, not to be cruel to our parents, not to hurt our sisters and brothers.

Possibly the most convincing way of making clear how the Indian thinks and feels about religion, is to quote certain members of the race, who are in a position to impart authentic information. For example, Oliver Marshall, a Pottawatomie, of the Mayetta Reservation in Kansas, has had enough education to be able to make a simple compara-

tive study of his tribal faith and that of the different Christians he has observed. When I talked to him at the Agency in 1931, he was urged by the agent, Mr. Jasper Cross, to tell me just exactly what he felt and not to be afraid that I would misunderstand if he criticized the white man. He was also told that what I wanted was real Indian opinion for the better understanding of the Indian, and that it might help his people for him to tell the truth.

Marshall began by relating a native legend which explains one of the chief instruments in Indian religions, the herb.

Before there were any herbs on earth, a man, who had done just what the Almighty wanted him to, and who had lived for many years according to his plan, was taken very sick. God wished him to know that he was pleased with him. I will say God to you, for that you will understand, and the Indian thought too of one God.

The Man died and went before God, who was waiting to reward him.

"You have been a good man. I am glad that you have lived in my world. I will give you three wishes as your reward."

"All right", said the man. "Now that I am dead I want to go back to the earth, for I want to help my people. That is my first wish. I want you to plant me. That is my second wish. I want to grow into a helpful plant, because I love my people. I want to stand up straight before you. That is my third wish, There is much sickness in the world. I love my people, so I want to cure them of disease."

The herb is the spirit of the first benefactor of the Indian. For the Great Spirit gave the good man his three wise choices. So the Indian always looks up and prays before he gathers any herb.

Before the Indian ever came to know about the Christ, he knew about the sign of the cross. That means

something. Before he pulls an herb, he turns east. That is a prayer for heat, so the herb can grow. Then he turns south, and prays for the seed. He turns west and prays for the thunder to bring water to make it grow. He turns north, and thanks God for winter that will let the herb rest. So he makes the Indian's cross.

Did you know that everyone is always standing on the cross? Wherever you are, there the four directions are. Indians knew all about the sacred cross before you killed your Jesus on one.

The church was made by man. The Great Spirit made the true church years ago, a man's body. The altar of God's church, is your heart. All Indians know this always. God knows what goes on in his church, your heart. He does not know why you build churches. He does not even like them. They are to cover up what is in your heart.

I used to be a very bad man. I was sick. I was sent to jail. I had a vision when I was there, all bright and shining. Your stories are also like this. So does the Great Spirit speak to you and me. There in a field of Mother Corn, the sacred plant of all the Indians, stood the Christ. His arms made the cross; and I knew that I too was standing with him on the cross.

I do not drink now. I do not run after bad women. I do not cheat anybody. Because I now take the great herb which the good man became when God gave him the three choices.

Here Marshall was referring to the peyote, or cactus plant, which is described in the story of Spencer Thomas, in the Kiowa collection. He continued:

In our ceremony, in our prayers, words are not necessary. The words are in our hearts. There God can reach them easy and read them. They are in his church. We sing our own songs and think the words we want to. Then God takes each man's words to himself. I make my own songs.

Just then Henry McKinney, part Kickapoo and part Pottawatomie but full-blood Indian, came in to speak to me. I had taught him when he was a small boy at Chillico, Oklahoma, and he remembered me when he heard my name spoken in the outer office.

After greeting me, he told me that he had made a peyote song which he would gladly sing for me. He then sat down next to Marshall, and both men pounded out the necessary rhythm with two sticks which they had picked up from the coal bucket, as the song was chanted:

Chiagaga ewi pyot kossinon kijeminto  
 Chiagaga wajo pyot ewe jetsaak  
 Wena a-na-yo-way

The coming of our heavenly Father is near.  
 The time of his coming is very near.  
 Our Lord. Amen.

Chiagaga ewi pyot kossinon kijeminto  
 Chiagaga ewi pyot kossinon kijeminto  
 Chiagaga ewi pyot kossinon kijeminto  
 Wena a-na-yo-way.

After completing the song and translating it for me, Henry discussed the peyote. According to him, the cactus button is a gift. Incidentally, Henry said that he sometimes eats as many as sixty buttons at one meeting, and he uses the peyote always when he has sickness in his family. The monotonous hymn of thanksgiving he always sings both at the meetings and when he blesses it before offering it in any form to one of his ailing children. As each Indian composes his own prayer of thanksgiving, there would easily be on one reservation, where the religion is practised, enough songs to fill the ordinary

hymn book. The most significant fact about Henry's chant is that in the healing and comforting properties of the dried root of the cactus, he sees a promise of a Messiah and Savior for the Indian race.

Another example of this hope in a Messiah is found in the story that Spencer Thomas tells of the search made by Ah-Peah-tone, or Ah-Pia-tone (Wooden Lance), his great uncle, who heard of a prophet among the Paiute and went in search of him. Spencer tells the story in this way:

Ah-pia-tone, my great-uncle, was a holy man. All the Kiowas said that of him, and this story of his travels and the songs that he sang of them are known among all my people. The ghost dance was spreading among all the Indians. The Kiowas were dancing it and praying for the Messiah to come and save them. My uncle heard of a wise prophet among the Paiutes, and started out to find if he were real or not. For miles he traveled on a stage. Then he went on foot over the high mountains to the land of the Paiutes, and started out to find if he were real or not. For miles he traveled on a stage. Then he went on foot over the high mountains to the land of the Paiutes. It goes that he thought he could make it. When he reached Utah, a great storm came up. A great blizzard blew, and the snow filled all the trails. My uncle thought he would freeze; so he took all his ceremonial clothes out of his pack and put them on to die. He began to chant his death song and was ready for the end. He cried out in his prayers to the Great Spirit, but not for deliverance. Suddenly he knew that he would not die. He knew that he was quite safe. The blizzard died down as suddenly as it had arisen. My uncle saw ahead the light and smoke of the Paiute village and was received by them. There he spent several days making friends with them. Then he asked to see the prophet who said that he was the Messiah.

He was directed to a solitary teepee. There he went and raising the flap, went in. The prophet sat within, and my uncle questioned him. But he found that the Paiute was only a man, and my uncle told him that he was a fake, and he left the camp of the Paiutes and the wicked man at once. He hurried home.

He had been gone over six months, and his tribe thought that he was dead. They had sung the death song for him. When he reached the camp of the Wichitas, who live close to the Kiowas, he found them dancing the Ghost dance. The dancers sprinkled themselves with something and then fell into a trance. Then they could see their dead relatives, who told them that the Messiah was coming soon. My uncle knew now that this was wrong.

So he called a mass meeting of all the tribes. He told them that this was all wrong. He said that the Paiute was a fake. He told of his being saved in the great blizzard, and they knew that he was telling the truth. They knew that the Great Spirit had saved him to bring them the truth. No Messiah was coming to help the Indians chase out the whites. My uncle told these stories night after night to all those who came to listen, and he quieted them down with his chants and stories. Now they all know that he was right and a very wise man.

They were all poor in spirit and soul. They were all in need of a Saviour. So when they heard the Jesus stories, they were converted. My uncle thought that Jesus was the man to save the Indians. He used his influence for that later.

The Kiowas are afraid of ghosts. The Caddos are not. The Kiowa wise men say to us: "When you are in the woods near Rainy Mountain, and some one calls you by name, never answer. Never look back, when you hear your name called. You will get your face twisted. Never sit under a tree, where an owl is sitting. They will witch you and they will throw sticks at you.

Russell Bates, whom you know, and my brother were fishing near home, and they sat under a tree. A screech owl threw sticks on them. They ran away fast, so as not to be witched.

But the Caddos do not believe so. My father is a Caddo. He says when the ghost comes, offer him a smoke. He says the Rainy Mountains and the Wichita Mountains are full of ghosts. All my people say so. They have seen many times. My mother's people hurry through and never look back. My father's people stop and offer them smoke and friendship. I have not seen them myself, but they are there. These mountains are called Beheading Mountains by the Indians and I will tell you why that is.

While this young Caddo-Kiowa student of Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kansas, believes in the supernatural without having seen actual evidences, another graduate of the school, Albert Kobe, who has done several years of college work in William Jewell College in Missouri, did not believe until he had seen. Now he is convinced of the religious power of the Chippewa medicine men of his home region in Michigan. For years, while he was in government schools, and church colleges he ridiculed the holy men of his tribe. He is now in charge of the Boy Scout work in connection with a unit of the Y.M.C.A. in Kansas City, Missouri. Quite recently he told of his having been home in the summer of 1931, and of having seen such evidences of supernatural power that he is now willing to believe the religious stories of his people.

His sister resented his disregard for the powers of the medicine men and the ceremony known as the Jesa-King healing. She took him to Michigan to the woods to see the healing. What he saw is told in his own words:

Where my sister took me, deep in the woods, there were three teepees set up in a clearing. Soon the medicine man came out of the shack where the sick man lay. I had been in all the teepees; so I know they were empty. The old man put into the first teepee, the one at the right, his coat. Into the one on the left, just opposite, he put his moccasins. Into the one nearest me, which formed the apex of the triangle of teepees, he went. I sat apart with my sister and looked and listened. Soon a voice came from the teepee. The old man was praying. He asked the Great Spirit to tell him why the sick man had to suffer so. He also asked if the man would get well.

We waited. Soon the teepee in the middle began to rock slowly. Then the other two small ones began to shake, at first very slightly. Soon all were rocking so violently that I thought they would tear loose from their stakes and ropes. Suddenly a voice came from the eastern one where the old man had prayed. It said in Chippewa that the man who lay ill was

too nearly dead to recover. It was a deep voice and not the same as that of the medicine man.

Then all was still, and the old man prayed again and sang songs to the Great Spirit. But although the three teepees rocked violently the second time, the answer came back just the same. The sick man could not get well. There was no hope.

After a while the medicine man came out of the teepee and went at once to the home of the sick Chippewa. I waited for awhile, then I looked into the teepees. There was nothing in the middle teepee and the coat and moccasins were gone from the other two teepees, although the old man had not gone near them on his way to the shack of the sick Indian. I know that the medicine men can do strange and unusual things. I know that they can talk with God. That night the sick man died.

From the accounts of the speakers just quoted, certain facts about the Indian religion and Indian superstitions are clear. It is impossible to separate one from the other. The medicine men were the priests of their religion. All human suffering, all disaster, all tribal misfortunes, all personal failures were the results of some evil influence, of unseen spirits, or the witchcraft of some member of the tribe. Their medicine practice was a system of sorcery aided by a simple knowledge of herbs from which they brewed concoctions both to drink and to apply.

All that was good for the Indian he attributed to the Great Spirit. All that injured him he tried to drive out through incantations, chants, drumming and sacred charms. This constant warring between the evil and the good that surrounded him, made of the Indian a deeply religious person in that he held constant communion with his Great Spirit and saw in everything that influenced his life the evidences of good or evil spirits. Even before he enjoyed his pipe he offers one first puff slowly heavenward as an offering.

Even today there is never a time in his waking hours that the old Indian does not have direct contact with the spirit life. When he

sleeps, he often has dreams which to him are visions either warning him of approaching danger or heralding good fortune. Having lost his prestige, and being forced to change completely his manner of living, he has tried to comfort himself with the hope that a Messiah might come to rescue him from a civilization he cannot accept. To this end he is constantly looking.

It is for this reason that religious stories are preserved. Many children at government school carry in their pockets, small bits of rag, in which some older member of their family has tied a peyote button, a feather, a bit of hair, a kernel or two of "mother corn" as a sure charm against an evil influence, which the child would be too young or ignorant of native customs, to combat.

Yet in the stories which have been told by both the Haskell and the Hampton students, very little of this religious material is included. There are several reasons for this. In the first place, the Indian child would not be told stories of this kind, as has been already pointed out in the account given by Spencer Thomas. The tales that are told him are to aid him in his conduct, to teach him to be brave and to observe the rules of Indian decorum. They are told to keep him quiet in the winter evenings. The stories of brave warriors that he hears are to put iron into his soul and give him pride of race.

He sees the healing of the medicine man and will tell someone that he knows very well, how the feather was taken from his sick mother's throat, or how the medicine man saved the baby by sucking pebbles from the soles of its feet, but he will never write such things when he is asked to give a story. They are not stories to him, but something he cannot understand and about which it is better not to be too inquisitive.

Rather will he turn to the nature stories which he has had of days when the rabbit and the fox and the buffalo played an important part in the affairs of man.

The great religious tales and accounts of ceremonials, are not told to children, and probably never to women. Yet all through these stories appears a reverence for the Great Spirit, a feeling that human affairs are divinely directed.

Indians seem very much like white people in that their religious convictions usually arrive with advancing age. Then, too, although their people may be what the missionaries call "Pagan," they have at school accepted some form of the Christian religion, and in the presence of a white man they would guard very carefully any primitive beliefs that they might still have or any account of religious ceremonials. The stories they tell are usually told as our children tell fairy tales.

In the tales written by the Haskell students, only one truly religious account has been given. That is the contribution of Spencer Thomas. He is not a peyote worshiper himself, but his family is, and he believes in the healing powers of the herb, and respects the ceremony with which his people worship it. In his pocket he carries always the charm made for him by his grandfather, Smokey. In his room hangs a sacred gourd, made for him by a Caddo kinsman, with which the peyote worshipers often accompany their songs at the ceremonial. Adorning the top of the stick is a bit of horse hair, dyed the brightest red. This is the flame of the sacred fire. The small, round, yellow gourd, represents the sun, which to the Kiowa is especially sacred. The irregular pattern of beading decorating the rest of the stick is the individual's

way of life, his destiny, the road he must travel. This sacred emblem is illustrated by Vincent, Matt at the beginning of one of the stories in the collection.

All other stories that carry with them moral lessons, directions for behavior, examples of the punishments for the animals that bragged, were cruel, or were greedy, have within them the religious significance of our commandments. All accounts of the deeds of brave men are to the Indian the same as our stories of the sufferings and accomplishments of the Saints and the early Church Fathers. A German or Norse fairy tale has no religious significance now to a European child; but the Indian hears his mythology with a certain awe and reverence.

**SUPERSTITION**

**Kateina Doll - A Wooden God**

**Pueblo and Hopi**



**SUPERSTITION**

## VI. The Superstitious Element in Indian Folk-lore.

As has already been made clear, the religious beliefs and the superstitions of the Indian are very closely bound together. They cannot well be separated. It is also evident that the Indian is intensely religious and hence intensely superstitious. Today, in an environment largely made for him by the white man, he clings tenaciously to his tribal beliefs; and although among the younger people there is some tendency to discount tribal stories and traditions, on the whole, these tales survive with surprising vitality. From the vast store of material given me by friendly Indians, I have selected a few accounts which are especially illuminating in showing the Indians thought and lore.

Sam Lincoln is assistant small boys' advisor at the Chilocco School, in Oklahoma. He is an Oto full-blood, and a graduate of Chilocco's first graduating class of 1889. He is not an ignorant man, for he has lived in several parts of the United States and has always been an employee of the Indian Service. He is a Mason and a member of the Baptist Church; so he has met many types of white people. His first wife was a Sioux, and for years he lived among her people, and was for a while layreader at a small Episcopal church in South Dakota, established for the Sioux. His second wife is the widow of Richard Shunatona, an educated Pawnee of the Bayhille family, which has been prominent in Skeedee affairs for many years. Yet in spite of these influences, in spite of Sam's training in Indian schools and his acceptance of the Christian religion, he told me the following stories with no doubt at all in his mind as to their being true. He has no children, but should he have had, these illustrate the kinds of stories they would have heard, and which he would have

expected them to believe.

Sam's stories are here set down just as they were told to me.

My brother-in-law, Big Snake, brother of my Sioux wife, was very old and very wise. He could do many wonderful things which you will not believe. But I have heard them from my aunt who saw him do them, and I have seen him do strange things myself. So I know to be true these things which I shall tell you, and you may use it in your book as so.

When Big Snake was a young boy he stayed with his aunt. He looked after the ponies, and every Oto family had many ponies. In the spring they were taken out to the big grass. Later many of them were taken to Indian gatherings to run races against the ponies of the Kaws, the Poncas and other tribes. Big Snake did not go with the horses; so he did not know where they went. But when they come back from the races, no matter how far they had gone, he could tell where they had been and if they had won the race. This I know to be true.

When Big Snake came to the Indian Territory and lived near Red Rock, he grew watermelons. He loved to eat only his own melons. His old lady (that is not slang in Indian) would sometimes try to fool her husband and cut a melon that he had not grown. He would first smell of it, then bite into it. "This is not my melon, Old Lady," he would say, "Cut another melon, one that we have grown."

In the same vein are two other stories told by Sam Lincoln.

When the Otos were being brought to the Indian Territory there was one man called Buffalo, who was old and also very lame. He could not walk fast. When the Otos started south this old man was traveling with two young Indians. They told him one night that they were leaving the rest of the camp and going to a different place. They had no wagons or horses, but were traveling on foot. They were of the Coyote band, who had gone ahead some three or four years before and had been roaming around what is now Stillwater, Oklahoma. These two young men started out to find the Coyote band that was already there. When they got there they found the old man was already with this band. He had turned himself into a bear and had traveled fast ahead of them. This is true because I know the two men who knew the man who could turn himself into a bear.

You see he belonged to an Indian Medicine Lodge, a secret society. You buy the secrets from the chief medicine men, like paying dues in your lodge. You must pay for it, or it will do you no good. These men then learn how to turn themselves into animals.

When my father-in-law, Dennis Kitto, a Sioux, was a young fellow, he was considered the best runner of his band. There came to the camp a young man who was the best runner of his band. He challenged Dennis to a race. The challenge was accepted. The date was set. The young Dennis was kept in one teepee all alone. The medicine men visited him and advised him what to do. He was to stay behind the other Sioux boy until almost at the end of the two miles.

This he did, until three or four hundred yards from the end of the race he passed the other runner. All at once he could not run. He was not tired. But he fell down. The medicine men raised a cry, for they knew there was mischief. They carried him to his teepee. His uncle and his old grandfather knew something was wrong. They called a meeting of their medicine lodge. All night they sang over him and gave him medicine. About dawn they took out a feather that had been shot into his knee. The oldest medicine man had sucked it out.

"Whoever did this is very unwise," they said. "They will receive this back. We shall send it back into their heart."

The morning following there was a loud cry from one teepee. The friends of the runner sent a spy to find out where the cry was coming from. He crept along in the camp of the visiting Sioux and heard a groaning. He peered in at the flap. An old woman was lying facing him with her back to the fire. Blood was running from her mouth. He crept away and told the medicine men what he had seen.

That night the old woman died. Then they all knew that she had shot the arrow into the knee of our best runner, Dennis Kitto, my father-in-law.

Peter William Shepherd, student at Haskell Institute, and a full-blood Yankton Sioux of Flandreaux, South Dakota, goes every summer to a boys' camp, where he teaches woodcraft, and tells Indian legends. These stories he told me as an example of one that he tells his boys. "They are true," he insists, "or I would not tell them. My grandmother, Louise Walker, a Santee and Yankton Sioux, told them to me, and she knew the men to whom it all happened."

A young Sioux went to another camp to see the girl that he had loved. Because he did not belong to that clan, he was not welcomed by her father, who threatened to kill both him and his daughter. The young man went back to his camp and told his grandmother of his experience. She could make medicine. She gave him some and told him that with it, he could change himself into anything he wished. "We'll get even with that mean man," she said. "I have had this a long time, and it is very powerful."

So the young warrior took some of the medicine, and made up his mind to be a bear. Then he became a bear. He then went to the camp of his sweetheart. He waited at a spring until she came for water. She was not afraid of him, and talked to him; but when an old Indian man came to the spring, he was afraid and ran to get his bow and arrows. The bear went away. When he got home, he had lost the medicine, and could not change back. So he told his grandmother, and she got her friends to help her hunt for it. Finally they found it, and the boy was changed back. In that way he visited the girl, until he won her and ran off with her.

Then there were two young warriors, who got lost from their band, when a detachment of United States soldiers was chasing them. They were trying to get back to their camp, but found that it was completely surrounded by troops. They were worried over how they might get through to their people.

One of the men was much older than the other. He said to his young companion, "We are never going to see our people again unless you do what I tell you."

The young man said that he would do what he was told.

"All right," said the old warrior, "At a certain time I'll say something to the Great Spirit. Then a great fog will come. I'll say some thing again. We will then be changed into some small animal and can get through to our camp."

The old Indian mumbled something. Then they waited. Suddenly there was a dense fog.

"Lie down on the ground, and keep very still," he directed. They both lay down.

Then he mumbled something again, and they were very still. Slowly they felt their shapes changing, and then they knew that they were snakes. They crawled away through the high prairie grass, and found their way into camp. I do not know how they changed back to men, but my grandmother knew them both very well.

"Pete," I asked, "Do you really believe those things actually happened?"

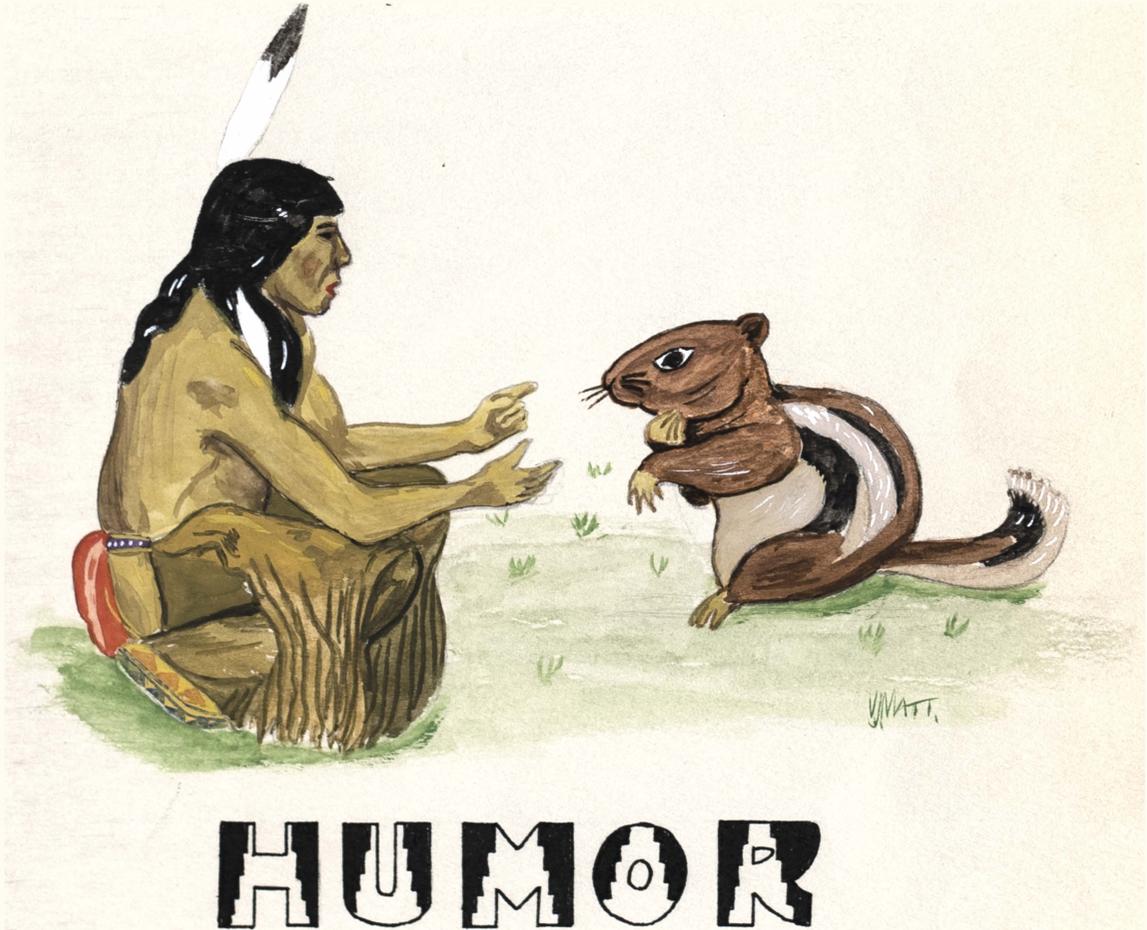
"Mrs. Speelman," he replied, "Do you believe in the miracles of the New Testament?"

So in all the stories that have been selected for this collection, whether they were written in the last part of the last century, or were told last year, whenever a young Indian gives an account of an animal speaking, of a man changing into a beast, of the Great Spirit directing the affairs of men, of the stars and the moon and the sun influencing man's destiny, he is telling what he at heart believes to be true. The Indian may, when he is sick, go to a doctor, undergo an operation by a modern surgeon, and submit to the treatments in a government hospital, either on the reservation, or in the boarding school, but he knows the stories about the medicine men's healing are true. No collection of Indian literature would be complete if it did not contain these supernatural stories. In fact, most of the tales that an Indian tells contain what a white man would consider a strong element of superstition.

**HUMOR**

**Sandai and Prairie Dog**

**(original)**



**HUMOR**

## VII. Indian Humor.

Since, as has been previously explained, most of the stories included in these collections were told either to amuse small children, to teach them moral lessons, or to set before them problems in behavior, there is little among them that illustrates what the Indian considers humorous. There are, however, situations in the stories at which both an Indian child and an adult would laugh. For example, in the story told by Henry Shields, in the Haskell Collection: when the spider who had roasted the ducks was caught in the broken cleft of the tree, while the visiting coyote ate all of the feast - although the coyote was a rascal, the spider was the spirit of evil and the Indian enjoyed having him embarrassed and beaten by the coyote.

Spencer Thomas, a Kiowa-Caddo, in telling a story that his grandmother often told him, shows how the Indian enjoyed seeing a braggart punished for his egotism.

Sandai is a favorite character in Kiowa funny stories, a braggart, although a medicine man. Mary Smokey, my grandmother, and Mattie Meaka, my other grandmother, have both told me this story many times. We children always laughed hard at it.

Sandai was going along, when he met a quail. In these stories he usually meets a quail.

"Where are you going?" asked the quail.

"I'm just out walking," answered Sandai.

And then he began to brag about how many things he could do, and how very brave he was.

"You think you are brave, but I can scare you," teased the quail.

Sandai laughed, saying, "You're just a bird, and don't know much." Then he went on his way.

He walked and he walked. He became very thirsty, and wished for a cool drink. Many hours afterward he came to a river. He was all ready to take a drink when he saw in the water the reflection of some ripe plums that were overhanging the stream. Sandai was greedy, so without thinking he reached for the plums. Just then the quail fluttered out of the bushes and went "Kil.....". This frightened Sandai, and he fell into the river.

We children used to love to hear grandmother go "Kil..." and we would beg her to do it again and again, and laugh heartily when she did.

Once Sandai was traveling over the prairie and became very hungry. He came to a town of prairie dogs, which all scattered away as he came up over a small hill. How he wanted a nice, fat prairie dog for his dinner. He thought of a way to catch them.

"Come out, come out, little prairie dogs," he called, "I will not hurt you. I am your good friend. Come out, and I will sing for you and you can dance. I have a whole bag full of fine songs. See, I have already begun the music."

And Sandai began to drum with his stick on the ground and sing a dance song.

One by one the timid prairie dogs began to peek out of their holes. Then they came out and sat up on their hind legs, listening to the song that Sandai sang.

"Close your eyes tight and dance now, my friends," said Sandai. And the silly little animals did what they were told. Then Sandai sang:

"Sado, Sado, tdomb ba dtow,  
Sado, Sado, tdomb ba dtow."

And all the prairie dogs in the village, with their eyes tightly closed, were whirling around the treacherous Sandai. "Seet, Seet," they would cry as they gaily flipped their tails and went round and round in the dance.

Then as they came close to Sandai, he took his stick and hit several of them on the head, killing them, and put them into his bag, all the time either singing or calling out between songs, "Keep your eyes shut, little friends, keep them very tightly shut."

Finally one little prairie dog peeked out of just one eye and saw what dreadful thing was happening.

"Run for your lives," he called. "The bad Sandai is killing us."

And all the remaining animals ran for their holes. Sandai went away with his sack almost full of the poor little prairie dogs.

On his way across the prairie he met a coyote. "What have you in your sack, Sandai?" he asked.

"I have some lovely sweet prairie dogs, and I expect to have a great feast when I get home."

Now the coyote, pretending he was lame, was limping. And he asked Sandai if they might not run a race. "I have a sore on my leg, and cannot run fast, but I should like to race with you."

"All right," said Sandai, "And I'll tie a rock on my leg, for I know that I can run faster than you can, for I am the greatest runner. I'll leave my sack here until I get back, so I can run faster."

So Sandai tied the rock on his leg and the race began. Away went Sandai to show off how he could run. The coyote ran fast at first, although he still pretended to be lame. Then he lagged behind after Sandai had gotten over the hill, and could not look back and see him. Then the coyote trotted back to the place where Sandai had left the sack, and putting it over his shoulder, he ran off in the opposite direction toward his home.

In this simple fashion the evils of bragging and deceitfulness were learned. The interesting fact about this legend that is given here is that although it was told to point a moral, the Indian child considered it amusing.

Just as the grandmother was the teller of tales to educate and amuse the children, so was she privileged to tease them, to teach them lessons they should know. So she laughed at the customs and habits they had learned at the government schools and frightened them into doing what the tribe held as fitting by telling them that, "The scalp is

coming over the hill and will get you if you don't do as told." This to a Pawnee child is as fearful as the announcement to a white child that the bugaboo will get him. An illustration of the Indian's habit of teaching a lesson by ridicule may be found in an anecdote told by Chauncey Matlock of the Pawnee Reservation in Oklahoma:

I had always gone swimming with the little boys and girls of my clan. Grandma used to sit on the bank and watch that nothing happened to us. We never paid any attention to the difference in sex. Then suddenly when I was about nine or ten Grandmother one day began laughing at us and telling us that it was not nice to swim with the naked little girls. We boys all scampered up the bank out of the water, ran for our clothes and off for home. What Grandmother told the little girls I do not know, but she just teased us into a realization that there was a difference which we would have to respect after this.

No doubt all the little girls that were swimming, laughed and disappeared under the water, until the boys had all gone. Then they were probably told in a serious way why the old woman caused the little boys to run away. The use of the sense of humor as a means of instruction is by no means an out of date method.

There are certain animals that are endowed by the Indian with a sense of humor. The rabbit usually has great fun in embarrassing his victims, especially if he has been fooled for a while himself. The toad is funny-looking to a Pawnee, and this Indian sees in him a broad-grinning mischief-maker. Another story told by Chauncey Matlock, illustrates the Pawnee's sense of humor.

Curley Chief was working in a field, driving a binder and team. This happened on the Pawnee Reservation after we had begun to farm like the white man. He was anxious to get through and so was working just as hard as he could and urging his horses to their best efforts. As he reached a certain part of the field, higher than the rest of the land he was cutting, the horses stopped. They couldn't pull any longer. Curley Chief got off his horse and looked under the binder.

He saw nothing wrong, so he got on again, and called to his team to get up. They still wouldn't move. He whipped them. Still they did not go. He got off the binder and took off a wheel. There was nothing wrong. He took off the other, with the same result. All the time people were going by to the dance, and as they drove past they called to him, "Hurry up, you will miss the dance." He asked them for help, but they refused to do anything. Finally one of his best friends drove by, and stopped to ask if he could do anything. Curley Chief told what was wrong and begged for help. They hitched six horses to the binder and still it would not move. Just as they were about ready to give up, Knife Chief said, "Let me look under the sickle." He looked, and there he saw a toad, grinning at him, and hanging on to the sickle with all his might.

This story is often told as a joke on Curley Chief as the reason why he was late to one of the ceremonial dances. Every time it is told, the men all laugh loudly, and it is often enlarged upon, by telling just how the toad looked and just what he said.

Another Pawnee story is told about a turtle, which also is considered a humorous animal. This tale was given as an example of Indian humor by Raymond Cummings, student of Haskell, whose home is on the tribal reservation in Oklahoma. It is a much older story, and has been told since the Pawnees rode out to the hunt on horseback.

The Pawnees were going on a buffalo hunt. Whenever they saw a bug, a small animal or a bird cross their trail, they stopped and prayed to it for good luck. Later in the day they came to a spring, and all stopped to drink. In the water they saw a large turtle. The first hunter blessed it, praying to it that it would give them good luck on the hunt, and gave it in return a strip of gay cloth. The second hunter when he bent to drink, also asked it for its blessing on the venture and left as his gift, a bit of tobacco. Still another gave a special arrow as his gift, and so all the members of the hunting party gave something. Finally the last man got off his horse and started to drink. As he leaned down, he shut his eyes and extended his hands toward the turtle with his gift of some food. The turtle reached out its head and snapped his finger. Again and again the hunter tried to loosen its grasp. But it was all in vain. The other hunters had all ridden on, so he was forced to take out his hunting knife and cut off the turtle's head. So were wasted all the prayers, for good luck, and the gifts that had been made to the turtle.

Beside the animal stories that amuse the Indians there are certain situations and conduct which will illustrate the Indian's sense of humor. For example, the Wichitas and the Pawnees belong to the same linguistic group, and because of this fact entertain each other frequently through the summer. When the Wichitas travel up from near Anadarko to visit their kinsmen, the Pawnees, go into camp in a bend of the creek near the house of John Louwalk. There for several days the Pawnees feast them and amuse them with games, dances and songs.

One of the famous dances of the Pawnee is the Pipe dance. On one of the days of the entertainment, the dance this ceremonial with all correctness, to give pleasure to their guests. Then they select some of their cleverest and most humble dancers and have them enter the ring where the drummers are sitting. These men are in the proper costume for the dance, but with great effort and awkwardness they do the dance all wrong. The Wichitas howl and laugh, and the dancers get more and more ridiculous. Chauncey Matlock describes the first time he saw this burlesque.

I was sitting close to my grandmother on the Pawnee side. Across from us sat all the Wichitas. Suddenly three men that I knew very well jumped into the ring, and the dancers that had been doing the Pipe Dance left. These three men did everything wrong. The Wichitas laughed and laughed. I thought it was very funny too, and not noticing that none of my people were laughing I let out a loud cheer. My grandmother's hand caught me right across the mouth, and I went over backwards. When I righted myself, trying hard not to let the tears come from my eyes, for I was only six, I saw that every Pawnee face was as straight as could be, and not a smile marred the dignity of the hosts. So I learned that to laugh at your own jokes is very bad form, and I never laughed again at an Indian meeting, unless I was among the guests that were being amused.

Another amusing thing, at least to Cheyenne Indians, is the relationship between certain members of the family. Sullivan Miller, of El Reno, Oklahoma, a full-blood Cheyenne, says that it is always considered a funny thing to play a joke on your brother-in-law and the situations involving him and his mother-in-law. When a group of men sit telling funny stories, they do not begin with, "What reminds me," but they tell brother-in-law and mother-in-law jokes. Any embarrassing position in which they can place the husband of their sister is to them a rare treat. One situation that always causes a great laugh is that of having a man and his mother-in-law together in a room, or somewhere where they have to address each other or pass each other. It is not considered good form among the Cheyenne for a man to pay any attention to his mother-in-law, and the practical joker will spend a long time trying to plan some way in which he can get these two people together and then catch their discomfort. The woman will cover her head with her shawl and try to get away. The man will pretend to be very angry. The accounts of such meetings make up the bulk of the funny stories that are told among adults of this tribe.

But since the stories collected here are for the most part those told to children, they include only such tales as were told to amuse them and at the same time teach them lessons. They have a certain ethical and social value, for they teach the children never to put themselves in a position to be laughed at. Ridicule is the worst form of punishment that can be inflicted on an Indian child, and he will do nothing that he thinks may cause a laugh at his expense. Some of the lessons he has had to learn early in life have been taught him in this way. Most of his early mistakes have been so corrected, and he cringes under the slightest display of satire.

Indians enjoy stories that show display of wits. Sullivan Miller tells this story which always amuses adult Cheyennes:

A Cheyenne scout for a hunting band suddenly rode over a hill and was startled by the lone figure of a Pawnee scout, who stood in the tall grass, unarmed and surprised. The Cheyenne's horse started and jumped into the air. This made the Pawnee laugh and he said, "You make me laugh, for when your horse saw me and jumped back, your eyes looked funny, like the owl's. I have no weapons with me. My horse is tied down in the ravine by the stream. You made me laugh. Now you can kill me."

And the Cheyenne pulled back his bow and shot the Pawnee through the head. The Pawnees were always noted for their slyness, and this scout tried to make the hunter laugh so he could get away. But the Cheyenne knew that somewhere near was a party of Pawnees and if he let this man go, his own hunting party, which was very small, would be killed. So he laughed with the Pawnee at the idea of his eyes looking like the owl's, but he killed the scout the next moment.

This is an example of gruesome humor, but the Indian enjoys any situation showing one person as getting ahead of another.

The Indian is commonly supposed not to have any sense of humor. He does not see the same jokes the white man does, and plays on English words are usually lost on him. However, whether or not he has plays on his own words, can be determined only by one who knows the Indians thoroughly. When I asked this question of students, they usually have not known what I meant, and I have never been able to get an example of such humor although old Smokey, the Kiowa, tells this story on himself, through an interpreter, and laughs heartily at it:

I was buying things for my family in Anadarko, and decided I wished to go home before my grandson was to come for me. I knew one white man who had a motorcycle. He was going past my place. He said he would take me on the back. So I tied my braids tight together, jammed down my hat, buttoned up my coat, and with my purchases under one arm, got on behind him.

We started and were soon out of town. The motorcycle went faster and faster, and I had to hang on tight. Still we went faster, my hat blew off but the white man did not know and I could not make him hear.

I began to be very afraid, and wondered how I could stop the white man. I thought of something to yell at him, something in English. Then it came to me that I had heard to call, "Hold on," meant to go slow. So I leaned over close to him, and yelled as loud as I could, "Hold on!"

"Hold on, yourself," he yelled back at me, and I knew he meant hang on to his machine. My words did not stop him. When he got close to my daughter's house, I just fell off. I had had all I wanted of a motorcycle.

This story of a play on words shows that Smokey enjoyed that form of wit in the English tongue, for he laughed over his futile efforts to get the speeding white man to stop. But, as I said, when I questioned any Indian for an example of play on words in their native tongue I got no response. It may be such does occur, and that I was unable to make my meaning clear.

From these tales, and from my personal observation of things that amuse the Indian, I conclude that he enjoys the physical and mental discomfort of the victim of a joke. His humor is essentially cruel, and has that characteristic found in all primitive people, in that contemplation of the suffering of others gives a certain satisfaction.

Situations that make people ridiculous, greatly amuse the Indian, especially if he thinks the victim in any way deserves the embarrassment because of his vanity or boastfulness. There is a pronounced strain of heartlessness and callousness in all of his funny stories.

If he hears a sentence which appears funny to him, he will repeat it over and over as will other Indians who are sitting around him. Repetition makes things funnier for him. His humor is simple, built largely upon dangerous circumstances; and he enjoys antics, pantomime, unadorned accounts of human endurance against great odds, and the relentless play of wits against wits, even if it results in death. No real Indian, however, would ever joke about the ceremonies or observances used for the dead, nor run any risk by being flippant over sacred rites.

FOLKLORE

Coyote Singing

(original)



**FOLKLORE**

### VIII. Conclusions after Having Heard Many Indian Tales.

It will be seen that most of the stories included in the Haskell Collection and those reprinted from the Hampton Papers are typical folk tales and legends, and that those which do not fall directly under that category, are the stuff from which folk-lore is made. Those that are partly historical and biographical represent legends in their beginnings. They are akin in spirit to the folk-lore, in that they are the recitals of the brave deeds of racial heroes, who by their living have exemplified the philosophy peculiar to the Indian. Then, too, these tales have been handed down by word of mouth in the manner in which all folk-lore is preserved. Any comprehensive literature of the Indian would include both the stories that reach back to his earliest mythology, and those that reflect what to-day is distinctly Indian in thought and character.

Accounts of tribal ceremonies and dances have their place in such a collection, for it is impossible to separate the dance, the song, the Indian's ritual, from his mythology and folk-lore. From earliest times men sang to charm the animals, to heal the sick, to placate the gods, to perpetuate some personal experience, to arouse themselves for great exploits of war, to express the tender passions.

One related matter suggested here seems important enough to merit a digression. I mean the Indian love song. For a number of decades there have been many songs published which have had for their themes the supposed sentiments of the Indian. Several collections of Indian poetry have been made which include Indian love songs. They stand out on the page as poetic expressions that are common to the race or tribe. They are for this reason misleading.

Frances Densmore in "The American Indians and Their Music"

Presents a chapter on Love Songs. I shall quote Miss Densmore regarding the place these songs have in the literature of the Indian.

It is probable that the world would not have reached its present interest in Indian music if our artists had not sung Indian love songs, and yet the writer has been repeatedly informed that songs concerning the passion of love were not sung by the old-time Indians except in the working of "love charms." There are many love songs on Indian reservations at the present time but they are modern and do not represent a phase of life which is creditable to the Indian.

In the absence of love songs among the old-time Indians we see evidence of their delicacy and sensitiveness as well as their silence concerning whatever is deepest and most sacred in their feelings. The Indian knew how to leave a great deal unsaid, and he trusted more to silence than we, in our day of "much talking."<sup>1</sup>

Then Miss Densmore quotes my friend, the Pawnee, John Louwalk, whom she calls John Luwalk, as saying to her just what he said to me, and which I have quoted on the Chapter on The Collection of Indian Stories, that his people had no old love songs, but "that the modern love song arose among a low class of Pawnee who lived near towns and worked for the white people." On one of the pages which follow in these conclusions I have quoted several songs of this type, songs which are popular today with the young people of the Indian reservations of Oklahoma, and which they sing at their tribal gatherings and dances, much to the chagrin of their elders.

Not once in my investigations among both the old Indians and the young Haskell students was I able to find any record of a love song which was considered old and authentic. When I asked old Louwalk, the Pawnee, after he had sung his chants of thanksgiving and faith in a Divine Providence to sing me a song that he might have sung to the girl that he wished to marry, the old fellow laughed and said that he never sang any

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1. The American Indians and Their Music. Page 85.

such song. He might, he said, have sung to himself as he rode out to the hunt, across the length of the Cherokee Strip, to the buffalo grounds of the West, but never did a member of his tribe sing a love song directly to a woman. In the old days, when the Pawnee went on raiding parties, they thought of their sweethearts whom they had left in camps, and each man might chant his one own personal love song as he rode toward the country of the Sioux or the Cheyenne. But when pressed for one of these, Louwark said that he had none to give; he just did not sing songs like that.

Sullivan Miller, the Cheyenne, remembers a number of songs, "sentimental songs," he calls them, because the children of his reservation sing them when they go away to school, as songs of longing for home. It is the love for what they have left, the home, the camp, the parents, that they sing; and into these songs has crept such English words as "good-bye" and "fare-well". In explaining how these songs affect him, Sullivan says:

When Sam Buffalo sings these sentimental songs around the building, I think it sounds good. I know that he is thinking of home, and it makes me feel lonely, but I like it. This is the way it might go in English. The young singer is leaving in the early dawn to go on the warpath, and as he rides along, he thinks of his sweetheart. He sings something like this, but it is his song:

"When I am leaving, my sweetheart,  
 She was watching me in sorrow;  
 Just before I left her  
 I wooed her,  
 Telling her to be brave  
 I would surely return."

Or perhaps there was in the old days a bunch of gay young bucks who always hunted and went on war-parties together. One of them got married. In the spring evenings he sat in front of his teepee. Across from him, in another part of the camp, his old pals were joking

and enjoying their freedom. So he softly sang to himself:

"My comrades, they are catching girls;  
I used to be the main one,  
Now that is all over;  
I am sorry that I am married."

Elizabeth Lane, granddaughter of Philip Deloria, well known Sioux and Episcopal priest, herself a student at Haskell Institute, tells how when she was a little girl and a student in a mission school, the small girls used very softly to sing themselves to sleep with tribal songs. "One Dakota love song was the one I used to like best, and it went like this;"

"Pahata manwange nansina cicuze,  
Maya-maya leci ouwa nan."

"I stand on the hill and wave my shawl at you,  
Oh say, oh say, please come over here."

Mr. Charles Starr says that the Plains Indians had no romantic poetic sense, as the white man interprets it. He knows all the chief songs of the Cheyenne, and nowhere has he been able to find anything similar to the love songs of the Europeans. The Indian love songs were all very short, the words being repeated, and they were never sung in common, nor in the presence of anybody. In the old days each lover sang what came into his heart, and never directly to his beloved. Sometimes in the evening, he might withdraw to a hill and there alone chant his song of passion, and the girl, down in the village, hearing him, knew that it was addressed to her. "But it was the tune, rather than the words, that she caught and recognized. It was the air that gave her the feeling in her heart."

Again Miss Denmore substantiates what I have thought to be true, when she says in the same chapter from which I have already quoted:

The playing of the flute at dusk was a general custom in all the tribes. Young boys did it at the bashful age, and young men did it when really in love. Perhaps the first form of love song (apart from those used in "magic") consisted of an imitation of a flute melody, sung instead of played in order that words might be added to the melody. Thus the Indians emerged a little from his native reticence and used words in his musical love-making.<sup>1</sup>

Sam Buffalo and Sullivan Miller say the same thing, that it was the tune rather than the words that was first used and that has survived. The words were added by each individual singer. Now when a Cheyenne boy sings these songs, he puts in his own words about being lonely for home, or saying good-bye to his family. Sam and Sullivan answered a request for a love song, by saying, "Yes, I can make one up for you. I can sing a sentimental song about my home."

Incidentally, this modernizing of songs has made a strange contribution to the music of the modern Pawnee. At the dances that are given on the reservation every summer, it is possible to hear the oldest Indian melody sung by the young men and women, dancing together around the drummer and singers, but as in a march, accompanied by both Indian and English words.

Raymond Cummings, part Kit-ka-hawk and part Chauwee Pawnee, contributed these words and sang them to an ancient Pawnee tune:

"I'll take you home when the hand-games's over.  
Oh-hai-ya.  
I'll be waiting for you.  
Ah-hai-ya.  
Eyah-hai-oh.  
Eyah-hai-oh."

Today on the camp grounds along the Oklahoma creeks in Pawnee County, the Ponca, the Oto, the Osage all join the Pawnee young people in

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1. The American Indians and Their Music. Page 86.

singing and dancing to this song the Indian two-step. In the middle of the ring sit the drummers and singers, each wearing a gay colored blanket. Around them dance the young people, wearing the most modern clothes, each couple facing the same way, as in a grand march, and taking two skipping steps forward and one back, all the time holding to each others hands. The man does not put his arm around the girl, but still in dancing directly with a girl, he breaks the old Indian idea of propriety.

But strange yet is Henry Good Fox's song, which he calls "Old Town," after the tourist camp of Major Lillie (Pawnee Bill) -- a camp which tops one of the Pawnee hills in Oklahoma. Henry first sang the words for the young people to dance. The tune is that of "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby":

"You told me that you loved me.  
 Hai-ai-ya. Hai-ai-ya.  
 I want to see you to-night on the highway.  
 Hai-hai.  
 Just to tell you that I love you.  
 Ah-ho-e. Ah-ho-e.  
 Ah-ai."

These are sometimes called "forty-nine" songs, and among all the tribes of Oklahoma, except those that belong to the Five Civilized Tribes, in the eastern part of the State, they are danced every summer. Sometimes the dancers, both men and women, stand shoulder to shoulder in a great ring and slowly dance around the drummers and singers, who are in the middle. The tune and the rhythm set the tempo. Another of these songs, modern in thought, has been brought to the Pawnee by the Kiowa and the Comanche:

"Oh, yes, I love you, honey,  
 Ai-ai-ai.  
 I don't care if you're married;  
 I still love you.  
 I'll get you yet;  
 I love you ho ey.  
 Ai-ai-ai.  
 Hai-ya. Hai-ya.  
 Hai-ya. Hai-ya.  
 Yo."

Miss Denmore found these same strange mixtures of the old melody and the new words among the Sioux, and when she asked Robert P. Higheagle, her interpreter, why he did not get her some of the beautiful songs she had heard coming late one night from the guardhouse of the Standing Rock Reservation, he answered: "Those were love songs. The men were put in there because they were drinking. If you recorded those songs the old chiefs such as John Grass would have nothing more to do with our work." It makes one wonder just how many of the so-called Indian love songs are respectable in the eyes of the real Indian, or rather whether recording them seems respectable.

Indian young people of the present day have been in contact with the cheapest features of the American civilization which surrounded them, and as a result they are rapidly losing much that is fine and artistic that should be preserved. The Indian's songs, and his stories also, although not in such a great degree as his songs, will be sure to lose their native flavor and value if they are not collected at once from the old people of the tribes. These older members resent the new forms and see in them a violation of their traditions and customs. They are like all elders, hating to see the old order change. The Pawnee men will not allow any of the so-called "fancy dancing," which resembles the gyrations of the "Gold Coast Negro," at their ceremonies.

But it is safe to conclude that should Indian camp life continue, these changes will gradually creep in, and become permanent. Each has been introduced at some time by some dancer or singer, as have all Indian songs and dances, to be repeated by their author many times

until they are finally adopted by large groups.

When I asked Mr. Reuben Jacobs for a love song of the Sioux, he answered me by saying that he was embarrassed. "I cannot sing a love song; they are for the wooing, and to mean anything would have to be made up by the person who was in love. I cannot sing so to you."

This digression into the field of song, especially the Indian love song, is excusable, perhaps, because it indicates that any collection of ancient Indian literature should not have in it a section devoted to the love song unless it be explained that the Indian love song differed fundamentally from that of the white man. Such other songs as it might contain would be included as incidental to tales about animals, where the song was used to charm; to tales about a hero, where the song was a death song or a chant of victory; and to ceremonial tales, where the song was a sacred hymn used as part of the ritual. John Louwalk sings his song of praise for the blessings of the Great Spirit as a part of his worship.

And in the tales that have been collected from the children, little of this ceremonial and religious element is found. The tales for Indian children, like children's tales for all races, are much alike. The tales have grown in teaching the lessons necessary for the survival of the race and the betterment of its social and economic order. The first stories that an Indian child hears are those about animals which he is taught to believe once held direct communication with his fathers. The snake, the spider, the owl, the tarantula, the fox, the coyote, all have an evil influence upon the lives of men; they are sly, cruel and cunning and should

be checked in their plans. The rabbit, most of the birds, the bear, the deer, and the otter are all man's friends and should be treated as such. Time after time different animals are portrayed in the legends as having saved the Indian race or a tribal division of it; and from the earliest time clans have been organized and secret societies have been founded upon the worship of some one of those sacred animals. In times of stress, members of these clans could take the shape of their protecting deity, and so escape death.

The stars, the moon, the sun, all were very early conceived by the Indian as having their place in the folklore told the children, for they had been placed in the heavens by the Great Spirit to befriend the race. All the legends involving them indicate that the Indian lived close to nature.

The Indian child saw and believed in the charms and ceremonies that were necessary to propitiate the evil influences that beset him from every side. He knew what the medicine man could do, but he did not know how he did it. Even to-day, Sullivan Miller, for example, knows that at certain ceremonies in his tribe held near El Reno, Oklahoma, strange things happen. Just what they are, he has never been told, and he will not ask when he gets old enough to participate in the rites of the society of which his father is a member. "Women of my tribe subject their bodies as an offering to the gods. I know this, but I have not taken part in it. The men who go through the rites, and the woman who assists at them, never tell when they come out of the ceremonial lodge what has happened. These are not stories for children, but they sense what is going on."

It is, then, from various sources, such as the story-telling of the grandmothers, the personal accounts of the old Indian warriors and hunters, the recital of ceremonial tales, and the songs that accompany the dances and rites, that the literature of the Indian must be collected if it is to be really representative of his life and philosophy. In the accounts of the old women will be that matter concerning the children and designed for their early education. In the reminiscences of the old men there will be a vast store of tales about the deeds and teachings of their racial heroes. When an old Indian can be persuaded to discuss his religion and his tribal rites, there will be found a great fund of material concerning the ceremonies, including the songs and the sacred dances that they accompany. This type of religion literature will be the most difficult to obtain. In order to be truly representative a collection of Indian literature must include contributions from many tribes and contain accounts of both the old and the modern story teller. It cannot consist only of animal stories that often carry with them no racial experience and so fail to interpret the early history of the Indian. It should not include love lyrics and tales told with the passion that an Indian would never have thought it good taste to express. It cannot be drawn from the casual talk of a people who have, as has been shown, for years, been urged to scorn their customs, their beliefs, their ceremonies, and even their language.

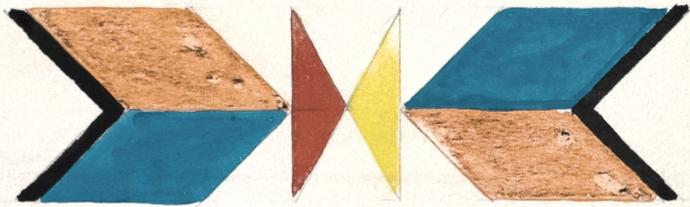
On the other hand, a thorough and intelligently pursued study of the literature of the Indian will reveal not only the matter that is still obtainable, but the interesting fact that in America to-day

lies the possibility of getting at first hand the life experiences of a primitive people. Here is, even yet, a chance for the collecting and the scientific classification of a literature that is still actually developing through the folk-lore stage; and from the careful analysis of it, one may discover how the legends and folk-lore of other races have developed.

**ALGONQUIN**

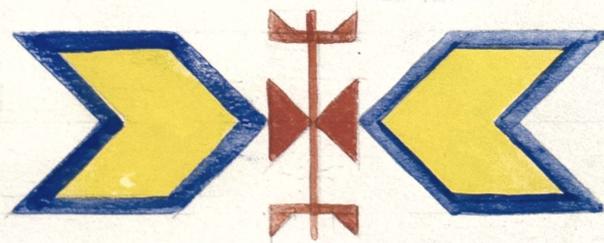
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Chippewa

# ALGONQUIAN



Delaware

### THE DREAMS

Told by Sullivan Miller

(Sullivan Miller is a full-blood Cheyenne Indian who lives near El Reno, Oklahoma. This tale was told him by his grandmother, White-Bob-Tail, in the Cheyenne dialect. The old woman was a teepee Indian of the Whirl Wind Mission district of Oklahoma.)

Long, long ago an Indian by the name of Plenty-Horses and a white man known as Blue Eyes were very close friends. One fall as their food began to dwindle they both planned to go toward the north in search of ducks. So up to the north they went. They found a good camping place after several days of weary traveling. Also here ducks were sure to be found. They pitched camp and settled down in order to be up early to begin their hunt. The next morning they started out in search of food. They hunted all day long. Plenty-Horses had only brought down one solitary duck; but Blue Eyes, the white man, was unsuccessful. At evening they returned to camp very tired and hungry. As soon as Plenty Horses arrived he started preparing his supper while Blue Eyes looked on. He became much more hungry. The Indian chanted a song as he prepared his evening meal and the white man thought of how he could induce him to share his duck with him. So finally Plenty Horses spoke up, "Well, my friend, I have hunted all day, and only brought home one." "But," cried Blue Eyes, "I'll tell you what we'll do; you put the duck away, and the one who has the best dream tonight will be the one to eat it in the morning." After a few minutes of thinking the Indian agreed to do as his friend suggested.

The roast duck put away, they went to bed. Blue Eyes was soon fast asleep; but Plenty Horses could not sleep, so he got up, took his pipe out and puffed away. At the same time he became very hungry. He thought that he had a perfect right to eat the duck since he had killed, prepared and roasted it. Why let himself remain hungry? Convincing himself, he got up and began to eat his meal. Finishing his meal, he retired and enjoyed a good night's rest.

At dawn, both were up early. Blue Eyes, ready to relate his dream, said, "I dreamed I went up a long ladder and upon reaching the top round I was in a strange place. Before me I saw a table set with golden plates, cups, knives and everything. I ate to my heart's content. Now you tell me our dream and we will see who is to eat the duck for breakfast."

"Well," said Plenty Horses, "I dreamed I saw you going up the ladder, and saw you eating up there, so I got up and ate the duck." Much astonished Blue Eyes found the duck was really no more.

## HOW THE BEAR LOST HIS TAIL

Told by Charles Barnard

(Charles Barnard is a Piankashaw from Tulsa, Oklahoma. These stories were told him by his grandfather, G. W. Finley, Ta-ah-wa-quah-non-ga, Chief of the Piankashaw, in the language of that tribe. These people were brought to the Indian Territory from Illinois, along with several tribes that resembled them linguistically, the Peoria, the Miami, the Wea and the Kashka.)

The Indians always liked to watch and study the wild animals. Every time they went hunting they would always watch the actions of their prey, so they would know how to find them easily.

One time an Indian was following a fox to see what he would do, for the fox was considered one of the slyest animals of the woods. The Indian kept the wind to the other side of him and the fox, so that the fox would not pick up his scent. The fox went down to the river and saw an Indian fishing through a hole in the ice. The Indian had quite a long string of fish. This made the fox hungry, so when he caught the Indian not looking, he sneaked up and stole them. As he was on his way home he met a big, black bear. The bear asked him where he got his fish. The fox told him that he cut a hole in the ice and stuck his tail down in the water; after a while he pulled it out and had this mess of fish on it. The bear was easily fooled by this story, and he decided that he would like to have a mess of fish. So, he went down to the river, cut a hole in the ice, stuck his tail in the water, and waited. He waited a long time, for he thought if the fox could catch that many fish in a short time, he ought to be able to catch more fish by holding his tail in the water longer.

After a while the Indian decided that he had learned enough about the fox, so he decided to see how foolish the bear was. So he came down to the river and watched the bear.

The old bear thought that he had caught enough fish, so he started to pull his tail out of the water, but he could not even move it an inch. Mr. Bear thought that he must have a lot of fish. He could imagine the big feast that he was going to have for supper. He gave one big pull and something snapped loose. When he turned around to see what it was, he saw that the water had frozen around his tail, and that he had pulled it off. The Indian surely did laugh. He then went back to his people, telling them what he had seen. And until this day the bear has had to go about with just a stub for a tail.

THE OWL TO THE EAST

Told by Charles Barnard

There are many Indian legends and superstitions that many white people look upon as just myths. Of course there are some that we think are just stories; but the old Indian superstitions of a screech owl to the east is very true. The superstition is that whenever an Indian was out in the woods, or strange territory, or a stranger came into camp, and heard an owl screeching to the east of him, he said that it was a warning to him to get away from that place, for there was danger lurking about for him. As I say many white people look upon this as just a mere superstition, but I can prove to you that it is actually a true warning, especially for Indians, for they believe in it.

Back in 1896 my grandfather and another fellow, by the name of Jim Charlie, had had some of their best horses stolen, which was very common in those days. They decided one day to try and locate their horses, for there wasn't much law in the Indian Territory, which is now Oklahoma. They put a small pack of grub on their saddles and rode off on horseback. They rode for several days all over what is now northeastern Oklahoma. Finally they rode down into the Creek Nation, where there were many negroes at that time. Upon the end of the first day's journey, in the Creek Nation, they came to one of the most beautiful spots to build a camp. They decided that they would camp there for the night, so they unsaddled their horses and

turned them out to graze. After they had had supper and were sitting around their campfire, a negro came walking up. He was a tall, well-built, and strong looking negro. He walked straight up to them, and they greeted him, as anyone would do. He did not talk very long, for he only asked them if they intended to camp there for the night. They told him that they were going to stay there until morning. The negro then told them that they had better not stop there. Of course they wanted to know why, but he would not say a thing, only that they had better not stop there. Finally he left, muttering that they had better not stay there. They did not think of what he said, any more, until they were just about asleep. When they were just about asleep they heard that mournful screeching of a screech owl. My grandfather listened carefully and noticed that the screeching came from the east. He started talking to his friend about what the negro had said. My grandfather told his friend of his people's superstitions. What the negro had said, and the screeching of the owl, made my grandfather's story very convincing. So just to be on the safe side, this friend suggested that they travel on. Of course my grandfather agreed, for that is what he wanted to do the minute he had heard the owl. They caught their horses, broke up camp, and journeyed on into the night. They were getting very tired and sleepy when they came on to a lighted window of a house. They asked if they could stop there for the night. The man, who was the only occupant of the house, looked at them for several minutes; then he finally said

yes. They put their horses up, fed them, and then came back to the house and went to bed upon a bunk fixed upon the floor. My grandfather did not like the looks of the man or the surroundings. He pulled the covers over his head and watched the man through a hole in the blanket. Finally he dozed off to sleep, but about five o'clock in the morning, he was awakened by the slamming of the door. He peered through the hole in the blanket and saw a great big negro. This negro had a gun and a long knife on him. He looked at the bunk and its occupants, very closely. He ate his meal that had been waiting for him and then he left rather hurriedly. Finally the man came and woke them up and gave them breakfast. My grandfather told his friend what he had seen after they had ridden off from the house. So they decided to return to the spot they had been warned not to stay. There they found one of their stolen horses. After looking around awhile, they found the ground had been dug up by horses hoofs. The horse thieves had assembled all of their stolen stock there to brand them. It would have meant death to anyone who would have tried to stop them.

This is only one instance, my friend, that will prove to you that there is something to the so-called superstitions.

THE ORIGIN OF THE PINE TREE

Told by Leona Charette

(Leona Charette is a half-breed Chippewa of the Red Lake region of Minnesota. Her grandmother told her this story in the French Ojibway dialect.)

Many years ago when there were no forests on the land, there lived an old Indian with his wife and son. This little boy was very kind and always obedient to his parents. One day his father told him to go and gather wood to build a fire. He willingly went, as he was a very brave little lad. As he was going along he suddenly heard a voice call out his name. He looked around but saw no one. He wondered about the voice, but proceeded on his way. He walked until he came to a brook. He saw a toad there, so he stopped and asked the toad if he knew anything about the voice. The toad told him if he should hear the voice again, he should say, "Speak, my Good Spirit." He thanked the toad and went on. The little boy had not gone far when he heard the voice calling him again. He said, "Speak, my Good Spirit." The voice replied, "You are very brave and kind. I have never known another little boy like you, so I shall plant you here. You will grow tall and straight. You will be known as Pine Tree." The little tree grew and grew. Several years later a man saw the tall and stately tree. He admired and wondered at it. The tree spoke. "I was planted here by a Spirit and I am known as 'Pine Tree'." This is how the first pine tree originated and there grew many more after it. Now we have forests.

## THE GIRL WHO MARRIED A STAR

Told by Sam Buffalo

(Sam Buffalo, or Woist, is a full-blood Cheyenne of Cantonment, Oklahoma. His grandmother, Mist, told him the stories in the Cheyenne tongue, when he was a very small boy, before he was sent to the government boarding school at Cantonment. She told her stories on long, winter evenings, between puffs of her pipe, in which she smoked the thin, red leaf of the sumac shrub. She was, at the time of the telling of this story, eighty-four years old.)

A great many years ago, there lived in a grass house by the side of a meadow, a man and his wife and three daughters. The grass hut was large and beautiful with a floor of hard beaten earth and a fire place in the center, where the food was cooked and to keep them warm during winter. Behind the house was a forest with large trees that furnished shade and dry branches to burn during the winter.

The daughters were very beautiful. When the oldest one grew up, she got married to a chief's son who lived close by. Later on another beautiful young man came to see the second oldest girl. They too were married and lived in a lodge, the home of the young man. This left only three in the family. The youngest daughter was the most beautiful of all the three girls. Many men came to court her but she cared nothing for them, although she was very romantic. She often wished she might go out into the world and see strange things. She would sometimes go out alone in the woods. At night she would look at the moon and the stars and often wonder what heaven was like.

One night she was all alone in the woods looking at the North Star. She said to herself, "I wish that beautiful star was a man and would come down to marry me."

No sooner had she said this than the star disappeared from the sky and she heard a voice behind her. She turned around and saw an old white-headed man with bent shoulders who said, "You have your wish; I am the North Star, and I come to marry you."

The girl became frightened and started to run, but the star-man caught her up by the arm. Soon they were sailing upward into the air with rapid speed. She became unconscious, and when she came to again, she was sitting in a grass hut and the star-man was sitting by the fire. He said, "This is my home, and we shall live together here forever. I must go out every day to hunt for food, and you may walk around but don't go out of sight." So the girl lived with her star-man husband. She noticed in the center of the house a large stone. She often wondered what was beneath the stone. One day while the star-man was away, she made an effort to move the stone to see what was under it. Although it was a great task, she managed to move the stone. She looked and saw that the stone covered a large hole. She could look down and see where she came from. This made her very homesick. She began to plan how she could get back to her home. She would go out into the woods, and one day while she was out there, she found a great deal of soap weed growing near the lodge. She at once began to make a rope with these weeds. When she would

see the star-man, she would hide the rope, but as soon as he left she would begin to work again. She worked day after day, week after week, and month after month. Finally she thought the rope was long enough. One day when the star-man was away, she moved the stone and tied the rope to one of the poles which was supporting the lodge, and began to climb down toward the earth. She went further and further from the lodge, and the earth came nearer and nearer. At last she was at the end of the rope, but about a hundred feet from the earth. She did not know what to do. It was impossible to go back to the star-man's lodge and she feared that if she jumped off, she would be killed.

At last an eagle came flying by. The eagle asked the girl if she wanted help down to the earth. Of course she said yes. So the eagle flew beneath her and told her to drop on his back; so she did. The eagle asked the girl where she wanted to go, so she directed the eagle to her home. They soon got there. The girl was very happy to get back home with her folks again and she lived happily ever after.

TURTLE AND THE RABBIT RACE

Told by Sam Buffalo

Once there was a turtle. This turtle was very old. This turtle would make a trip once a month to a big pond where he would get water. He was used to this. Once while he was on his way to this place he met a rabbit. The rabbit asked him where he was going. The turtle told him. Then the rabbit made fun of him and told him that he would never get there, that he was too slow. This made the turtle angry, so he challenged the rabbit to a race. Again the rabbit made fun of him, but he accepted the race.

Early in the morning they started and about mid-morning the rabbit became sleepy. He decided to sleep just a bit. He thought the turtle would never get there. Instead of the rabbit sleeping just a little, he slept all day, waking up late that night.

He jumped up and started again but when he reached the finish place, he found the turtle there. The turtle then made fun of the rabbit. This has always proved to warriors that the one who keeps going will always get his scalps first.

## THE DISAPPEARANCE OF A BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN

Told by Rose Charcoal.

(Rose Charcoal is a full-blood Arapaho Indian of Calumet, Oklahoma. Her grandmother whom she knows only by the name of Na-wa, meaning grandmother, told her these tales in the native tongue.)

The Blackfeet had been preparing for war against the Arapaho. The Arapaho heard the beatings of the drums of the Blackfeet. That same night the Arapaho held the war dance. That was the sign for declaring war.

Fear was in the heart of every girl and woman for her sweetheart and husband.

The next day the warriors, clad in their war costumes, prepared for war. They held a council before they started.

The Arapaho's head chief, Little Whirlwind, had a son whose name was Swift Deer.

They called him Swift Deer because he was the swiftest runner of the tribe. He was skillful with the bow and arrow. He had the strength of seven men. He was admired by every person in the tribe. They looked up to him as a sort of a God.

He loved a maiden called Beautiful Waters. She loved the outdoor life very much. She was a skillful swimmer. She was very beautiful. She loved Swift Deer very much.

Everybody approved of their love because they were of the same tribe. Everybody had an understanding that they would soon marry.

When Swift Deer told Beautiful Waters he was going to war, she took it calmly.

They then started. No one knew how long the battle would last.

Gradually, but noticeably, Beautiful Waters began to droop. She spent most of her time in or close by the water.

One day she was sitting by the bank of a river. A large turtle came on the bank and rested there. Beautiful Waters climbed on the turtle's back. The turtle crawled into the water, taking her with it. No one ever saw her again. Her mother mourned for her for a long time.

THE BUFFALO AND THE GIRL

Told by Rose Charcoal.

A girl lived with her father and mother with the rest of the Indians. She was very beautiful and a lot of the braves asked her father if they could marry her. But her father refused, as he didn't want to lose his daughter.

Some buffaloes were grazing on the plains not far from this Indian village. This girl went after water, and she did not see a buffalo watching her. This buffalo fell in love with her as soon as he saw her. He wanted to get this girl for his wife. So he held council with the other buffaloes. He told them he wanted to steal this girl. So that evening she came after water again. While she was getting the water these buffaloes stole her and took her away. The Indians missed her that night, so her father sent hunting parties to look for her. The next morning they found her among these buffaloes. The Indians chased the buffaloes, and this certain buffalo lost no time in getting away so he could not get this girl away in time. The Indians took her back, but before night the girl was gone again. They kept this up for two days. But the last time the buffaloes had her. Then the Indians stole her and hid her on a high tree and the rest of the Indians climbed on trees also. The girl was on the highest tree. The buffalo came to look for her and passed the trees where the Indians were hidden. The Indians started shooting the buffaloes. The buffaloes could not do anything

but tried to knock the trees down by hitting against the tree with all their might. The Indians finally killed all the buffalo and took their girl back. One of the braves finally won her as his wife.

AN INDIAN WHO RESCUED MUCH

Told by Rose Charcoal

The Shoshone and Arapaho were great enemies. At this particular time they were at war. The Shoshone drove the Arapaho south, then they fled. When the Shoshone turned to go back, they found lots of Indian maidens and took them captives.

The Arapaho chief son's wife was among the rest of the captives. The Arapaho brave wanted his wife back, so he went to look for her. He came to a teepee and went in. He sat down and was resting. Then a wolf came in. The wolf asked him what he was doing there, and he told the wolf he wanted his wife in the Shoshone's camp. So the wolf said he would go and see. So he left. When he returned he said the girl was there, and at morning, noon, and evening, she went after water at the river. He told this brave to go there, as it was nearly noon and she would be going after water. He would meet her there if he went. So the brave left. When he reached the river, he just waited a little while before he saw her coming. He went and met her half-way. He told her that he had come back to get her and to go right on with him, so they would not waste time.

But one of the Shoshone chiefs had already taken this girl for his wife. Her husband tried to persuade her to go back with him but she said she would go back to her teepee and get her

belongings. So instead of getting her things, she told the chief that her Arapaho husband was at the river and that he was trying to get her back. That made the chief angry, so he got some of his best warriors to help get this man. They went to surround the place where this Arapaho brave was hiding. One of the warriors gave a war whoop when they were ready. Then they rushed toward this man and captured him. He had no way of escaping because he was surrounded on all sides.

One of the Shoshone gave a Sun Dance. They were to sacrifice this man. The Sun Dance is a dance given by one certain man of the tribe; some other men join this dance. It is held three or four days. The men who are in this dance fast all through the days they are dancing. The last day they give a big feast for these dancers.

The Shoshone tied the Arapaho brave to the ground inside of a teepee, which is called a lodge. They smoked their pipes. They would empty their ashes from their pipes into this man's eyes or on his body. The next day the Sun Dance started. They tied this man to the middle pole on the top and started dancing. The middle pole is a pole which is in the middle of the dancer's ring.

After the Sun Dance was over the dancers had a feast. The chief said for all the people to move away the next day and go to another place to camp and to leave this man.

An old woman in the camp had four sons. She told them

to go and drive their horses far off where no one could see or find them, so they would not be able to move away. After they came back she told the chief they could not move away because they could not find their horses. So the chief said they could stay until they found them.

That same night the old woman had her sons get the man off the middle pole. They obeyed her. When they brought the man to their teepees, the old lady fixed him up. She put animal grease all over his body where he was burned. Then she had her boys to dig a long hole in the ground so he could fit in it under her bed, as the Indians used to sleep on the ground. After the boys were through, she put the man inside. She made her bed on that and the man was covered, but he had breathing space.

The next morning the chief saw that the Arapaho man was gone off the pole. They started searching all the tents and teepees. When they came to this woman's teepee, they did not find any one there. They went on but they could not find him. They thought he had run away. They let him go, as they could not find him. The same day everybody moved away but this woman and her four sons. After the man got better they lent him a horse and gave him clothing. He started back to his camp with one of these boys as a guide because he was blind. Then he reached camp he told his mother all about it and his wife's brothers. The man said he loved her. He did not care what she did to him and if she came back he would forgive her.

This girl's brothers went after her. They finally got her away from the Shoshone's camp. When they got her home, these boys asked her husband if he still loved her. He said he did, so her brothers sacrificed her for treating her Arapaho husband the way she did. They cut her all to pieces while she was alive.

Now the Arapaho and Shoshone are not on good terms but just on speaking terms.

MY GRANDFATHER

Told by Alice Soocey.

(Alice Soocey, half-breed Pottawatomie of Cushing, Oklahoma, heard this story from her father, Peter Soocey, in the Pottawatomie dialect.)

Once about two years before the Civil War my grandfather, Peter Soocey, made plans to run away from home. It was not really home to him because both of his parents had died and he lived with his half-brother and his wife. Peter's sister-in-law despised him for being half Indian and half French. For being, to her mind, an alien, she subjected Peter to all sorts of hardships, especially two- to make a long cruel fasts and to take a plunge in the cold Wisconsin Lake all the year round, every morning.

The only friend Peter had was his dog, Mat-sap-toe or Fast Runner. One night he gathered all of his belongings, oiled his gun, and told his sister that he was going hunting the next day. Early the next morning he left his only home. Peter traveled south all day and in the evening he made camp. He was asleep when a gentle voice awakened him and asked why he was alone. Peter gave his reasons and asked to whom did the voice belong. No answer was given but the gentle voice went on and told Peter to go towards the east until he reached a large body of water and then to stay there a while, for there were many furred animals and to catch as many as he could. The voice ended by saying it would follow Peter and give him advice every night as long as Peter would listen. Peter promised

faithfully and the voice ended.

Peter reached Lake Michigan after several days of traveling. He found that the Voice spoke truthfully, and he vowed that he never would disobey the gentle Voice. Peter followed the Voice in every way. He sold his skins of fur at a trading post near the lake shore and purchased the white man's clothes and discarded his clothes of buckskin, except his worn moccasins.

Nearly a year had passed and Peter learned the white man's ways and language. One night the Voice told Peter to move on before acquiring too many of the white man's faults also. Peter obeyed implicitly and traveled for several weeks slowly towards the south. Then one night the Voice told Peter that another day of traveling would bring him to a camp of Indians, and he could stay there awhile. When he arrived he found that he could understand their language. He stayed there for a little while, and one night the Voice came again and asked Peter if he was satisfied and he said, "No." The gentle Voice became sad and then told Peter that there were many white men in a large camp farther down south, but if he went he would have to leave one thing alone and that was called fire-water and if he drank it, the Voice would never visit him again.

Peter was anxious to reach this camp, and so he traveled fast. After he arrived at the camp he found they were soldiers who were preparing to fight. Peter and his dog joined the Union Army and at last they were satisfied. Peter broke his promise to the

Voice and tasted the fire-water. The Voice became sadder. At the end of the war Peter left the army and his camp where his faithful dog lay buried a victim of the war.

Peter wandered around all alone until he found the camp of his friends again, and from them he chose a kind wife.

Peter once again tasted the fire-water and became cruel to his wife and two children, beating them in his crazed state of mind. That night the Voice came and wept. It said that it would never come again and that if Peter looked behind him he would see what it was. Peter looked and saw a muskrat staring at him, and then it scampered away. Peter died a year later an old man.

THE STORY OF THE CYCLONE

Told by Ruby FALLEAF

(Ruby Falleaf of Bartlesville, Oklahoma, is seven-eighths Delaware, a descendant of the famous Falleaf, scout and guide for the Zebulon Pike Expedition. This story was told her by her aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Beaver, who is a full-blood Delaware.)

Once upon a time there was a family of the father, mother and a daughter about the age of seventeen. They lived alone in their teepees a few miles from the village.

The father spent his time with his bow and arrow in killing deer for food and clothing. The mother spent much of her time cooking and sewing their clothes. The young daughter helped the mother and did other necessary work around the camp.

One day when the mother was cooking she sent the daughter to get some water. The spring was several yards from the camp and down below a hill. She gave a bucket to the daughter and said "You must get some water and be back as quickly as possible because your father will be very hungry." She went on and sang to her heart's content. The scene around the spring was so beautiful that she thought it would not matter if she spent a few minutes and looked at the trees and heard the birds. During her meditation she heard a voice. As she looked in the direction it came, she saw a man dressed in dark clothes standing at the top of the hill. She became frightened and immediately made preparations to leave. He came on down to the spring and started

to talk with her. He said, "You are a beautiful Indian maiden, and I have come to take you with me." She replied, "But my mother is waiting for me and is anxious for my return." He said, "You may return to your camp but when you come tomorrow you will dress in your best dress, and I will take you to see the outside world." But before another word was said she fled, and as she came near the camp her mother met her. She noticed a frightened look on her face and at once asked her why she looked as she did. The daughter remained silent because she really had fallen in love with the young man.

Next day the daughter made preparations for her journey. She told her mother she was going to get some water. A few minutes after her arrival at the spring, the young man came and took her away. The mother waited and waited. Finally the father returned from his daily hunt, and both became frightened when the daughter did not return. They went into the village announcing the departure of the daughter. They all assembled in the council hall to pray to Manitou (The Great Spirit) for help. At last one man spoke, "I know where she is." The father asked him to tell what he knew. This he said: "There is a hill far from here, and there is a large hole at the top and in side of this hole is water where a large snake lives--when it is noon time he comes to the top and changes into a man and always wears a dark suit. We will pray to Manitou again and tomorrow we shall see what happens."

On the following day the entire tribe went on their journey to the hill. They were at the foot of the hill by noon. At last they heard thundering and looked up into the sky. They saw a small cloud just above the hill. As the snake came to the top of the hole the Spirit of Rain killed him. The Chief walked down into the large hole and brought the daughter out. The Rain Spirit asked her if she wanted to go with him after he had saved her life. She consented and was anxious to go. The father and mother were so happy that they were willing to sacrifice their daughter, so she went with him. Now it is her long tresses that sweep the earth and tear down trees and homes and is known to us as the cyclone.

THE HUNTER GIRL AND THE GIANTESS<sup>1</sup>

Told by Abel Nori

(Abel Nori is a full-blood Pueblo Indian, from Laguna, New Mexico. This story was told him by his uncle, over eighty years old, in the Pueblo dialect. The uncle, Jose Kawtha, was a herder in a sheep camp about fifteen miles from Laguna; and when Abel was ten years old, he lived with the old man and helped herd the sheep.)

The Pueblo people of Laguna once all lived on the west bank of San Jose river, which is a little southwest of where the village is now located. In this village there lived a man and his wife. They had only one daughter.

The Pueblo had a custom of having all the men and young boys of different families to go out on certain days in winter to hunt rabbits. Their family was the only one which never went out hunting, because there were no young boys, and the man was getting pretty old.

One day when it was time to go for hunting rabbits, the young girl told her parents she would like to go rabbit hunting, and she believed that she would kill as many rabbits as any of the boys.

She started south from the village and went about five miles out into the wilderness. The snow was about a foot deep on the ground. It was easy for her to hunt, because she saw many rabbit tracks, and she tracked all day long on snow, and she had succeeded in killing numbers of rabbits. She started toward her home; but she was too tired, and she thought she would camp some place and go home next morning. She came to a cave on north side

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<sup>1</sup>This story should have been grouped with the Keresan material.  
See page 140 ff.

of a small mountain about three miles southwest of Laguna village, and she thought it was the best place for her to stay over night. She built a fire and cooked one rabbit for her supper.

Just at that time an old giantess appeared on the scene, attracted by the odor of roasting rabbit. The giantess spoke to the girl, and the girl was very much frightened because she never saw such a huge being before. The giantess was big as a mountain; her mouth was several yards wide. The giantess told the girl that she was also hunting rabbits, but had not succeeded in catching any game. She said to the girl that she was very hungry and asked her for the rabbits. The girl threw the rabbit to the giantess and she swallowed it at one gulp and called for another and another until the rabbits were all gone. The giantess told the girl that she wanted more, and the girl took her clothes, and threw one garment at a time to the huge giantess. The giantess then told the girl that she was going to eat her up. The girl was in the cave, and it was so small that the giantess could not get in or put her hands into the cave.

The girl began to cry and scream. At that time two brave brothers who lived in the mountains east of the Rio Grande heard the human voice crying. They said, "Some one of our people is crying. Let us go and see what is the trouble." They started toward where the voice was coming from, and soon arrived at a place and found the old giant woman pounding an opening cave with a large stone. The marks which were made by the giantess are still on the stone and can be seen. The huge giantess asked the boys what they were

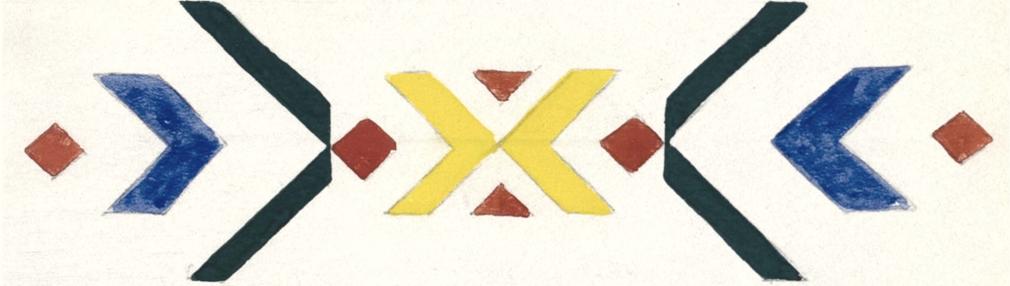
were doing, and the brave boys told the giantess that they were hunting rabbits. She also saw the boys' spears which had very sharp points. She said, "They are nice spears." One of the boys said, "They are nice spears, but if you could stand up you will see better." Just about when she was to stand up they both threw spears at her in the neck and killed her. They cut her open through the breast, and took out the girl's clothing and returned them to her. They cut the giantess' head off and threw it to the southwest, and it now lies like a shape of head turned into stone and is known as Giant Face. Then they took the giantess' heart out and threw it to the north, and this hill turned to the shape of heart and is known as Giant's Heart.

After throwing the parts of giantess' body, the two braves went out and killed a great number of rabbits for the girl, and then took her home to her parents again in safety.

**ATHAPSCAN**

**Designed by Haskell Student**

**(original)**



Apache

# ATHAPASCAN



Navajo

AN APACHE LEGEND

Told by Mildred Imach

(Mildred Imach is a full-blood Apache Indian of Apache, Oklahoma. This story was told to her by her father, Richard Imach, in the Apache dialect. Richard was brought to the Indian Territory when he was very young, when Geronimo, the great Apache Chief and Medicine Man, was taken there, a prisoner of war.)

The Apache legends are based on the coyote. All legends use him as their main character. He is compared in these stories to a selfish, egotistical man, who, although he thinks he knows a lot, knows nothing at all. From the earliest times these stories were told to the children of the family. One of these stories tells of the creation of fire, but the majority of them tell of some of the incidents that have occurred in life.

Years ago the Apache were out on the prairies in the middle of winter. They had camped for the night on a slight decline on the rocks so that the enemy could not see them or their tracks. That night a great snow storm came, and all their belongings, which had not been put inside, were covered with snow. The ashes which had been carefully covered were not to be found.

There was a great uproar. No one knew of a way to get fire, since this was the first time that such a storm had ever come to their country. While all this was taking place the coyote was gazing on and wondering what he could possibly do in order to make himself known and recognized as a great being. At last he trotted into the village. He came to the chief's tent and entered. Upon seeing him enter, the

chief asked, "What brings you here?" The coyote answered in a matter of fact way, "I was just wondering what had happened to your people, that they should act like this." The chief then told him the story, and said, "I know of a place where my mother said fire can be got whenever such a thing as this happened, but it is a very dangerous thing to get because it is guarded by all kinds of spirits." At once the coyote was eager to do this thing, not because of helping the people, but to win a name for himself as being one who saved the Indians from destruction. He then said, "Listen, my people, I shall go where the sun sleeps and bring you fire by morning." With this he was off on his way, thinking of the great name he would get for doing such a thing. At midnight he arrived and found at the foot of a mountain all kinds of thickets and everything else that would make his way impassable. All at once he heard a voice, and from behind the thicket rose a bear, then a lion and several other kinds of animals. They each warned him and said, "Don't come any closer, for there is a deep gorge in which you will fall and forever be a prisoner of the Fire Spirit." He did not heed the animals but tried to jump the gorge. He looked over the edge and could see no bottom. Then finally the Fire Spirit spoke to him again and asked what he wanted.

"Oh," said the coyote, "I was admiring your beautiful gorge. Why do you have this here?" The Spirit then told him that this was the way he kept out all intruders, and that it was there to protect the Sun who was at rest in the night. "I wonder," said the coyote, "if you would like to have some fire that reaches into the heavens at sunset." The Fire Spirit was at once interested. The coyote then

said, "Come with me at sunset, and I shall show you this wonderful Fire tree, but first, if I show you this place, will you go by yourself and let me stay here in your place?" At once the Spirit consented. The coyote told him where this Fire tree was to be found and then said, "You must go to this place at dawn and never turn back before you get there." With this the Spirit went on his way, leaving the coyote to guard the Sun. As soon as the Spirit was out of sight the coyote went beyond the gorge and watched the other animals as they snarled and growled, envying his freedom. He looked at the Sun and thought of the Indians. He at once made ready to get some fire, but he could not carry it in his mouth because this would burn him. He walked back and forth trying to think of some way to carry the fire. The longer he walked the closer he got to the Sun, until finally as he started to turn, his tail caught on fire and without any waste of time he jumped the gorge and started off for the Indian camp. He reached the camp by morning as he had promised, but he was burned and his fur turned to a reddish brown, his tail a lighter shade because the fire had burned there the longest. He bears these marks today, and because of this heroic deed he is given a special place in the legends told by the Apache.

### THE SQUAW DANCE AMONG THE NAVAJO TRIBES

Told by George Harris, Harngani

(George Harris is a full-blood Navajo. This is an account of something that he has himself seen.)

The squaw dance is very popular among the Navajo tribes. This dance is participated in during the summer time only, from the middle of June to the middle of August. Before the dance is announced the leader of the tribes make arrangements to meet at a certain place in the village camp and decide where the dance is to be held and who is going to be the head of this ceremonial dance. They usually select one of the tribe who is not feeling well, thinking that the person might be attacked by some evil spirits which he had met long ago during the war with the white men and with other tribes. The dance is to be put on for this one person who is not feeling well. The members of the tribe think that dancing over him would drive all the evil spirits away from that particular person.

The dance lasts four days and nights. The first day at the camp a large hogan is built, and the leader goes out into the forest to secure the very straightest limb of the cedar tree, cuts it off very carefully, and nobody knows where he gets it. This limb is about one and a half-inch in diameter and about three feet long. The leader decorates it with the eagle feathers, some deer hoof rattles and some other very important decorations. After it is decorated with these beautiful things, they call it "Agkali". They select one man, a leader,

to carry this Agkali all the way, usually traveling about twenty to thirty miles on a horse before starting for the receiver of this Agkali. Many of the tribes join the crowd. No one is to get ahead of this carrier; if one does it is considered a sin. The carrier carries this Agkali in his right hand and holds the line of a bridle in the left hand.

When they arrive at the receiver's camp the meat, corn bread, flap jacks, and coffee are ready to be served to them. After they get through eating, the horses are turned into the pasture for feed. About eight o'clock they build a fire in the middle of the camp, the men gather in a bunch and begin to sing and after awhile the leader begins to yell for the squaws to dance. The squaws come out from all directions, grabbing the men with whom they wish to dance. No squaw is permitted to dance with a man related to her.

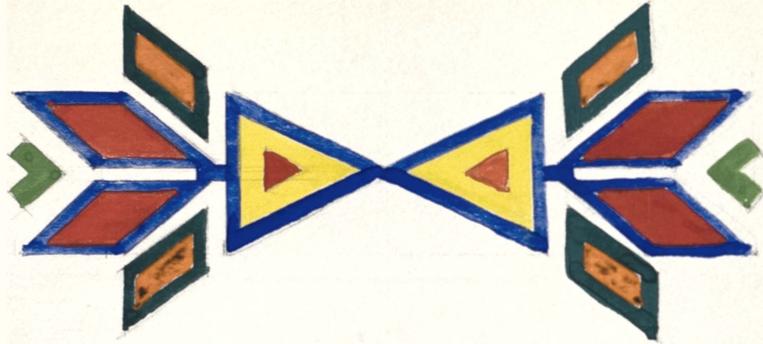
The squaw women have to charge the men from ten to twenty cents if they dance all night. In the morning about half an hour before the sun rises, the leader calls for them to quit dancing, and the men begin to round up the horses and saddle, ready to start back to the original camp.

They usually start back late in the afternoon, so that they can camp just about ten miles from the original camp. There they participate in dances and songs on the third day. When the sun rises the men saddle up their horses. They move on to the original camp. When near the camp they begin to yell as loud as they can and "whoop" around the hogan in which the sick person has been placed. They circle

the hogan three times at full speed; then they continue their dancing and singing for the fourth day. After the morning of the fourth day, the last of the ceremonial dance, the women and men depart for their homes.

CADDOAN

**Copied from Pawnee Dance Costume**



Pawnee



Pawnee

LEARN TO KEEP A SECRET

Told by Chauncey Matlock

(Chauncey Matlock is a full-blood Pawnee of the Chauwee and Kit-ka-ha clans, of Pawnee, Oklahoma. This story was told him in the Pawnee dialect by his grandmother, Lula Bill.)

Long, long ago there were plenty of buffaloes roaming over the plains, and they also had plenty to eat. One day while the buffaloes were feasting peacefully, a fox came up and looked at these large fat buffaloes. Immediately his mouth began to water. This fox had been prowling around with nothing to eat for about six or seven days. He went up to the largest one of the herd and said, "Say, Mr. Buffalo, would you have pity on me and give me something to eat; I have not had anything to eat for six or seven days, and I am about to die of starvation." The buffalo had been watching every movement the fox had made; he noticed that the fox was weaving and only walked a short distance and sat down to rest. So the buffalo said to the fox, "No, there is nothing I could do." Way down deep in the buffalo's heart he thought the fox was lying to him. Then the fox gave a big cry of agony. Then he said, "There is one thing you could do and that is kill me." Then the buffalo realized that the fox was in earnest. So the buffalo said, "Wait, you sit here until I come back." He was not gone for more than two minutes, and he told the fox, "We'll make a buffalo out of you, and you must do everything we ask you to do." So he promised he would. So the buffalo took him down where

there was a little slope and drew a circle and told him to sit in the middle of it. He did, and he asked the buffalo, "What are you going to do?" The buffalo said, "I am going to run as hard as I can and hit you and you will become a buffalo." So the buffalo got a little way up the slope and ran hard. Just as he lowered his head to hit the fox, the fox jumped to one side. The buffalo became very angry and said, "You wanted to be helped, now, sit still." Again he did the same thing. So the buffalo walked off and began to eat peacefully. The fox gave a big cry again and said, "I'll stay this time;" and he begged for quite a while until the buffalo gave in. But the buffalo said, "This is the final time. If you don't sit still, I am not going to help you." So again the buffalo went off up the little slope, and lowered his head and charged with all his might. He hit and the fox immediately became a buffalo. The fox said, "I thought you were trying to kill me." The buffalo laughed and said, "Now eat peacefully." Time passed on very rapidly until one day another fox came and asked this second buffalo for help. This buffalo told this fox, "I was once like you, a fox, and I also was very hungry," and he pointed to one of the largest buffalo which was the king of the herd and said, "He made me a buffalo." So he said, "I'll help you." He went to the same spot and drew a circle just like the other buffalo did, and he told the fox he was going to hit him and make a buffalo out of him. So he went up the little slope and charged at the fox, and the fox did the same thing the other fox did and they went on until the third time. The buffalo said, "This is final, and

you sit still and you can also be contented." So he went up the little slope and lowered his head and charged. The fox put his hand up to his eyes in order not to see him coming. Just about that time the buffalo hit the fox and knocked him so far that he didn't come to for a while. But when he did just a little ways off there was the other fox. He had changed himself to fox again. So the large buffalo came up and said, "You know why you are a fox again? You have got to learn to keep a secret."

THE SPOTTED HORSE

Told by Chauncey Matlock

On a very beautiful, moonlight night everything was quiet in the Indian village. All the teepees were lighted up. One lone Indian boy had wandered too far out in the wilderness. He walked and walked and walked, and still he could not see the Indian village. He sat down by a large tree and began to cry. He cried so loud so if there were any help he could get it. But it was in vain. Morning came, and he began to wander about the woods until he came into the open spaces, it seemed like, but it was only the large plains. In the meantime the village was alarmed, and they sent out scouts in every direction so they might find him. They were gone all day, and everyone of them returned but none of them brought the boy back. So his mother wept and prayed that they might find his body or bones anyway. They searched for several days and weeks, and finally gave up. The boy was then out far on the plains. Night came, and he again began to weep and pray for help. He was also hungry, but he found some berries and ate them. Things went on for about a couple of weeks, until one day he found a large knife and made a bow and arrow. Time went by until one evening he discovered a large herd of horses. He wanted to shoot one so as to cripple it and then he might ride home but he did not because he admired one horse, and it was a spotted horse, and it watched over the others while they ate in peace. This

boy knew that this horse was the leader. Night crept along, and he went to sit by a large oak tree, after he had eaten some wild berries. Just some distance he saw a lone Indian trying to catch this spotted horse. He got his bow and arrow and shot this Indian. He went over and scalped him and started back to where he was to sleep that night. He was just beginning to doze off when he heard footsteps behind him. He got his bow and arrow, and he noticed it was this spotted horse. This horse said, "Well, boy, what can I do for you? You saved my life, so I want to do something in return to show my appreciation." So the horse said, "I'll take you home tomorrow night early. It is a long way. So we will have to start early." So the boy went to sleep, and early that morning the horse came back, and the boy got on him, and they traveled for two days until they reached the village. Everyone was astonished to see him and his beautiful horse. He told them that he had saved this horse's life by killing an Indian, and he showed them the scalp. The next night all the Indians had a meeting, and they named the boy Spotted Horse. He also became chief of his tribe and married the chief's daughter.

### PREPARATION FOR MANHOOD

Told by Rosanna Yellow Calf

(Rosanna Yellow Calf is a full-blood Skidi Pawnee, of the Pawnee Reservation in Oklahoma. This custom among her people was explained to her by her grandmother, as the usual experience of the young men of the tribe.)

The time had come for Black Wolf, the Pawnee, to prepare himself for manhood. The days of his boyhood were coming to an end, and all the members of his family and those of his tribe knew that it was so. So when evening came, he went out away from the camp to be alone. Spreading his buffalo robe on a spot on the prairie from which he could see in all four directions, he lay there until morning. At the first sign of dawn, he rose facing the east, spread his arms toward the rising sun and began his prayer. There he stood all day until the sun went down. The next day he repeated this ceremony, knowing that for ten days he must pray and fast, and hoping that in that time the Great Spirit would bring across his path some friendly animal or bird of good omen, who would ever afterwards be his guardian spirit in both the hunt and in warfare.

When this animal should come Black Wolf would recognize it as sent from the Great Spirit to convey his seal of approval. Whether it be a wolf, a beaver, an eagle, it would be able to speak to him, so he could understand, and bring a special message from the Great Spirit. All through his life it would be to this animal that he would address his prayers for protection and good luck.

Black Wolf could not believe that he, the son of Morning Star, should be disappointed in his lonely vigil. It would be too great a humiliation to go back to the camp and admit to those men who had already gone through this ordeal that for him the Great Spirit had no kindly messenger, and that never was he to have the protection and guidance of a specially appointed animal.

And so the days went on. Black Wolf rose every morning to address the sun and stood in adoration until its setting; then he lay down wrapped in his buffalo robe and dreamed of the Spirit that must finally come to comfort him.

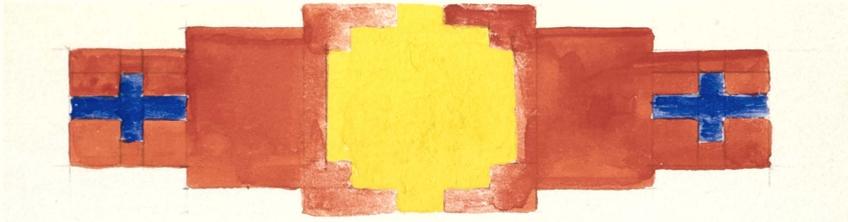
Just at dawn, at the beginning of the seventh day, out of the horizon there trotted across the prairie toward Black Wolf a mother wolf. On she came across the ravine and straight up the hill where Black Wolf stood. He never moved, and the mother wolf ran swiftly by. Then did Black Wolf know that his prayers were answered, and that night he might return to camp and tell, beside the friendly fire, of the Guardian Spirit that had been sent to be his protector.

So did Black Wolf of the Pawnees enter his manhood with the approving sign of the Great Spirit, and he and all the Skidi Band of Pawnee knew that it was so.

**IROQUOLAN**

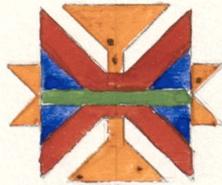
**Designed by Haskell Student**

**(original)**



Mohawk

# IROQUOIAN



Cherokee

THE MILKY WAY

Told by Goingback Chiltosky

(Goingback Chiltosky is a full-blood Cherokee of North Carolina. This story was told him, when he was a very small boy, by an old friend, Sheel-dee, in the Cherokee language.)

Some people in the south had a corn mill, in which they pounded the corn into meal. Several mornings when they came to fill it, they noticed that some of the meal had been stolen during the night. They examined the ground and found the tracks of a dog. So the next night they watched, and when the dog came from the north and began to eat the meal out of the bowl, they sprang out and whipped him. He ran off howling to his home in the north, with the meal dropping from his mouth as he ran, leaving behind a white trail where now we see the Milky Way, which the Cherokee call to this day, "Gi-li-utsun' stanun' yi," where the dog ran.

THE RATTLESNAKE'S REVENGE

By Goingback Chiltosky

One day in the old times, when people still talked to animals, there were some children playing around the lodge. All at once the mother heard them scream. She ran out and saw a rattlesnake on the grass; so she killed it. The father was hunting in the mountains, and when evening came, he started home, and when he was near a gap he heard strange wailing sounds. He looked around and found he was in the midst of a lot of rattlesnakes with their mouths opened. He asked what was wrong, and they said his wife had killed their chief, the yellow rattlesnake. They were just going to send the black rattlesnake to get revenge.

The hunter expressed his sorrow, and the snakes told him he must give his wife up as a sacrifice. He did not know what would happen, so he consented. They told him they would send the blacksnake home with him, and it would coil up just inside the door. He must go in where his wife was waiting and ask for a fresh drink from the spring.

He started home with the blacksnake following him. It was dark when he arrived, and he found his wife waiting for him with his supper ready. He sat down and asked for a drink of water. She handed him a drink from the gourd; but he told her to get him a drink from the spring. She went out. The next moment he heard a scream, and knew the snake had bitten her. He went out and she was dead; so he stayed

with her.

The snake told him they were satisfied. He then taught the hunter a song and told him whenever a snake started to harm him, he should sing the song and the snake would leave him alone. The same song was taught to all the other Indians. They learned the song, and it is still sung among the Indians to the present day.

THE EAGLE'S REVENGE

Told by Arch Miller

(Arch Miller is a Cherokee full-blood of Jay, Oklahoma. The story was told him in the Cherokee dialect, but he cannot remember who told it to him. He "just always knew it.")

One day a hunter had been hunting all day and was very tired. He was returning to camp without any food for his family. He was in a bad mood. This had been his second day hunting without bringing something home. But as he was thinking of this, he heard a little twig break, and he looked in that direction and saw a deer. After a few more steps, which brought him to the deer, he shot it and took it home and dressed it. He then hung it up on a drying pole near his tent.

The hunter was asleep when he heard a noise like that of a rushing wind. He went outside of his teepee and saw a big eagle sitting on the drying pole, having a big feast on the deer the hunter had killed the day before. He slipped back into his teepee, got his bow and arrow, and took sure aim at the eagle and shot him.

The next morning the hunter took his deer back to the village, and then he told of his killing the deer and then the killing of the big eagle. The chief was well pleased with the killing the hunter had made and sent some of his men out to get the eagle.

Late in the evening the men brought the eagle into the chief, and he saw that it was a big eagle. He called all of his men

together and told them that they would have an eagle dance that night.

So that night everyone turned out for the dance, for they all liked to dance the eagle dance. After dancing for about an hour, when everything was in full swing, there was a loud whoop and a strange warrior walked into the circle. He was not from their village, and they thought that he was from some of the neighboring villages.

This warrior got in the middle of the circle, and everyone stopped dancing to listen to him. This warrior told how he had killed a man, and at the end of his story he yelled, "Hi!" One of the men with rattles who was leading the dance fell dead. The strange warrior told of another death, and at the end he yelled "Hi!", and another man fell dead. The people were so frightened that they could not do anything. But the stranger told of other deaths and at the end he would yell "Hi!", until all the seven men who were leading the dance were dead. The people were too frightened to leave the lodge where they were dancing.

After finishing his tales, the strange warrior looked around at the people and vanished into the darkness. After a long time, the people of this village learned that the stranger was the brother of the eagle that had been killed and had come for revenge.

HOW LONELINESS CREATED THE PRAIRIE DOGS

Told by Kenneth George

(Kenneth George is an Onondaga Indian from New York. He heard the story in the language of the Onondagas.)

Many, many summers ago before the white man came, there lived a good man. Nobody knew where he came from. He was always hunting and fishing, and he liked to be alone.

One day while he was a long way from home, a little bear started out of the brush in front of him. He chased the bear for a long time. Finally it ran into a cave by a spring. The man who followed the bear was Loneliness. Just as he passed the spring, a huge monster caught him and pulled him into the cave. There he stayed for a long time.

One day, after the people had mourned him as dead, and had forgotten him, he came into camp and told them what had happened to him. The people laughed at him and called him a liar and said, "You are telling us too much to believe." After being scoffed at and mistreated, he told them he would return their actions sometime, not with wickedness, but goodness. He then went away and was not seen again. He was in the monster's control, and so had to return to the spring and go and study magic.

Many summers afterwards a great famine came, and there was nothing to eat. The Indians began to die and fade away for the want of food. Loneliness saw this and wondered how he could save the people he loved. He thought he would ask the monster, who was a magician, if

he would help him. He at last made up his mind to steal the magician's roll of bark and find out how friends could be saved.

At night when the magician was sound asleep, the Indian crept out of his lodge and into the magician's camp. Then he got there he took some roots and laid it across the magician's mouth. This made it impossible for him to wake up.

Then Loneliness took the rolls of bark and began to study them. Finding that the magician had planned out all of this, Loneliness had to outwit him to save his friends. Looking closer he found in the corner of a small piece of bark some writing which said, "In my belt there is an arrow which, when you shoot it into the air, will bring a lot of little animals." Loneliness then laid some more roots over the magician's mouth and took off his belt. There he found a little arrow about a foot long. He seized this and ran out into the world.

He shot this arrow a good many times. Then he broke it in to little pieces so that another spell could not be laid over him. He then killed plenty of the little animals, which he called prairie dogs, because they barked like real dogs. He took the dogs to the dying Indians and so saved them. After the Indian men had grown stronger, he took them to the place where the prairie dogs were, and showed them how to kill them and keep them from going into the holes in the ground.

The Indians killed plenty, for there were many, many of them. When they returned home, Loneliness told them his story, and the Indians were all glad and begged forgiveness for what they had done to him.

So the Indians now have the prairie dogs to eat and are never in danger of starving. To this day the Indians still believe that Loneliness created the prairie dogs.

NI-NI-BO-SHO

Told by Kenneth George

(This is a Chippewa story.)

Once when Ni-ni-bo-sho was roaming in the woods, he met a deer who had a bow and arrow. Ni-ni-bo-sho asked the deer to see his fine bow and arrow. After a minute's hesitation, the deer finally handed over the bow and arrow to Ni-ni-bo-sho. After looking at them a few minutes, he asked the deer where was the softest part in his head. "My forehead, of course," said the deer. In another instant the deer lay at Ni-ni-bo-sho's feet.

Ni-ni-bo-sho then set about to build a fire to cook his deer. After the deer had been cooked, Ni-ni-bo-sho started to eat. Just then a tree near by screamed so loud that Ni-ni-bo-sho had to tell the tree to keep still while he ate. The tree paid no attention to what Ni-ni-bo-sho had said, but continued its screaming. This made Ni-ni-bo-sho angry, and finally he got up and hit the tree. The tree held his hand fast to the bough the moment he laid it there, and while he was hanging on the bough, some hungry wolves came by. Ni-ni-bo-sho shouted to them and said, "My brothers, don't go that way," while pointing towards here the deer lay.

When the tree had given some advice to Ni-ni-bo-sho, he was released, but was warned to be careful lest he should fall into trouble again.

Returning to his kill, he found the meat all gone. His brothers, the wolves, had eaten it all up. Only a few bones lay here and there. Looking around he found that the wolves had not eaten the brain because they could not get to it. How he was to get to it, he did not know. Finally he transformed himself into a snake and crawled through a hole into the head. When he tried to come out, he found that he had grown larger while he was eating. What was he to do? He called aloud for help, but none came.

By and by he found out that the head was light, and he managed to crawl along until he came to a tree. "Who are you?" asked Ni-ni-bo-sho. "I am Pine," said the tree, "and I grow in the thick forest." Later on, he ran up against another tree, and asked again, "Who are you?" "I am Ash," the tree said, "and I grow near the water." "A-hai!" thought Ni-ni-bo-sho, "I'm near the water," and no sooner had he said it, than he felt himself swinging in the air, and soon getting wet. Down the stream he swam.

Some Indians were canoeing on the stream, and as Ni-ni-bo-sho came in sight, they shouted, "Deer! Deer! Deer!" and steered their birch canoes toward Ni-ni-bo-sho.

As Ni-ni-bo-sho swam on, he was dashed against a rock and the head broke to pieces. Ni-ni-bo-sho changed himself back into his own form, and laughed at the Indians for their blindness.

"Let's go back," they said, "it was only Ni-ni-bo-sho."

WHAT THE OLD MAN DID

Told by Clarence Powless

(Clarence Powless is a full-blood Oneida of Green Bay, Wisconsin. This story was told to him in the dialect of the Oneida by several members of his family.)

Once upon a time an old man was walking along a river. It was very hot and all he had was a buffalo robe. He decided that he did not need this buffalo blanket any more because it was too hot to wear and too heavy to carry. So he gave it to a big rock. He covered the rock with the buffalo robe and went away. By and by he saw the clouds getting black and knew that it was going to storm. All that he had for a friend was a fox. He told this fox, "Run over and get my blanket. It is on that big rock where we were along the river." So the fox ran over and told the rock that he came after the blanket. "Who wants the blanket?" said the rock. The fox said, "The old man." The rock then told the fox that anything that was given him should not be taken back again. The fox told the old man what the rock had said. The old man got mad and said; "I need that robe. It is going to rain. The rock does not need any blanket." So he went and got it. After he got about two miles away he heard a curious noise and looked back. He saw the rock rolling after him. He ran up a hill. The rock went up the hill; and then he ran down, and the rock came down after him. He told the fox he was going to run in to a hole. The old man saw a hole big enough for him to crawl into for safety. After he had crawled in the rock came and blocked the hole.

The old man stayed in this hole for three days until finally the fox came and dug a hole big enough for the old man to crawl through, and he was safe and free again.

He started toward a river, and as he was walking along its bank he saw in the stream some red berries which made him very hungry. He decided he had to have some, so he dived in after them, but did not succeed in getting any. He said to himself, "I have to have some." So he went and got some rocks, cut strings from the robe and tied the rock to his neck and plunged into the water. After a long time he tried to come to the surface, but the rock kept him down. He struggled and finally came to the top. His stomach was full of water, and he felt pretty sick. He lay down on his back and looked up into the tree and saw the berries on the bough hanging over the water. He said to himself, "I was diving after the shadow of the berries and now I am nearly dead."

## WHY RABBITS HAVE PROMINENT EYES

Told by Clarence Powless

A rabbit lived with his grandmother. One day he told her he was going to have a feast. He went out hunting and killed a deer. His grandmother skinned it and cooked some of it. He told the old lady to go outside and stay there until his company went home. She was old and did what her grandson wanted her to do.

The rabbit told her there was going to be a race, and he thought a one-eyed fellow was going to come out ahead, and told her to stand where she could catch him as he came to the end of the track, because he had a great many ponies and other stuff. She said she would; so she went back behind her tent and sat down.

"Well," he said, "they are going to run that race, and I must too." So he went, and when he got to the starting place he took out one of his eyes, wrapped it up in leaves, and hid it in a little bush and started.

He was all by himself and he went running as hard as he could and yelling just as if a big gang were coming. When he came in sight he saw his grandmother waiting for that one-eyed fellow to win the race. As he came in the old lady grabbed him. He told her he would give her two ponies if she let him go. So she did, but she never did see the two ponies because it was her grandson. She never knew him because he had only one eye. He went back after his other eye. It was gone, a mouse had got it. So he put an acorn in its place.

They say that is why rabbits eyes are bulged. One rabbit spoiled the looks of all the others.

### HOW THE DEER GOT HIS HORNS

Told by Ruby Ballard

(Ruby Ballard is a mixed-blood Cherokee of Burnice, Oklahoma. This story was told to her in the Cherokee language by her father, Arch Ballard, whose people came to the Indian Territory from Georgia in "The Trail of Tears.")

In the beginning the deer had no horns, but his head was just as smooth as a doe's. He was a great runner, and the rabbit was a great jumper. The animals were all curious to know which could go further in the same length of time. They talked about it a good deal and at last arranged a match between the two and made a large pair of antlers for a prize to the winner. They were to start from one side of a thicket and go through it, then turn and come back, and the one who came out first was to get the horns.

On the day fixed all the animals were there with the antlers put down on the ground at the edge of the thicket to mark the starting point. While everybody was admiring the horns the rabbit said. "I don't know this part of the country. I want to take a look through the bushes where I am to run." They thought that all right; so the rabbit went into the thicket. But he was gone so long that at last the animals suspected he might be up to one of his tricks. They sent a messenger to look for him and away in the middle of the thicket the messenger found the rabbit gnawing down the bushes and pulling them away until he had a road chewed nearly to the other side.

The messenger turned around quietly and came back and told the other animals. When the rabbit came out at last, they accused him

of cheating; but he denied it until they went into the thicket and found the cleared road. They all agreed that such a trickster had no right to enter the race at all, so they gave the horns to the deer, who was admitted to be the best runner, and he has worn them ever since. They told the rabbit that as he was so fond of cutting down bushes, he might do that for a living hereafter, and so he does to this day.

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

Told by Addison Wade

(Addison Wade is a full-blood Cherokee of the North Carolina Band which refused to be brought to the Indian territory, and hid in the mountains of that state as a refuge. The story was told to him in the Cherokee language, by his grandfather, Comingback Wade, of Qualla Town, North Carolina, who, when he was over eighty-five years old, lived with the boy in a log cabin.)

All who leave the earth must follow the death trail. All must walk alone. Warrior, squaw or child. All but papoose; the Good Spirits carry papoose.

The trail goes on over high rocks and hills. At the end of this trail there is a stream. On the other side of this stream are six strange beings with rocks in their hands.

Across this stream is a narrow slippery log.

The person who walks across this log, if his life has been evil will have the strange beings throw stones at him. He sees the stones coming flying toward him. He tries to dodge. Therefore he slips off the log and falls into the black swirling water. Sometimes he crawls out of the stream and climbs on top of the high rocks, but he can never reach the land of the Good Spirits.

If the person who is crossing has brought good to his kinsmen and his tribe, he does not fear the stones that come flying toward him. He keeps his footing and walks safely over into the land of Spirits.

The trail goes on over high mountains where the sun never sets. No winter, no storms enter the Happy Hunting Ground. The sky

is always blue. The grass is never dry with heat; nor brown with frost. The trees are full of birds, the bushes of fruit.

Singing, feasting and rejoicing fill the day, and the war cry is heard no more.

HOW THE HAWKWOODS HELPED MAKE THE WORLD

Told by Addison Wade

Away back yonder in the past days, there lived an old Indian story teller. He had a boy with him who was very small. They lived on a big rock out on the vast level of the waters. There was no land around them. At this time there was nothing but water.

This little boy was just a young child and he played everyday on this big rock. The child grew older and bigger until the rock that he and the old man lived on was too small for him. He went to the old man and asked him if he could have more play ground. The old man was smoking his long pipe. He raised up from his work when the little boy spoke. He was making a canoe, when the boy asked for a larger play ground. The old man said, "How can we get more ground for nothing?" They stood in silence for awhile then the old man said, "I'll call all the water fowls together and have them volunteer to go to bottom of this sea and get some clay.

He whistled toward the north, east, south and west. At last all kinds of water fowls were there in front of the two Indians. The old man said, "I have called the fowls of the water for a great purpose, which is very risky to any of you birds. I want some one to volunteer to go to the bottom of this sea and get some clay." The fowls all flew away. They would not risk their lives by going to the bottom of the sea.

The old man called for all the water animals or sea animals. They came and presented themselves before the two Indians. "I want someone to go to the bottom of the sea and get some clay." All was silence for awhile. Finally a Saligoogee came crawling around the crowd of sea animals and offered his services to the old man.

The old man picked up the Saligoogee, the turtle, and said to him, "The sea is deep, and it may take your life by going down to the bottom of this sea." The turtle answered, "I'll go if it takes my life away."

The journey to the bottom was long and risky. The turtle took a long dive and started on the long journey to the bottom of the sea. Days, weeks, and months passed. The old man and the little boy began to feel uneasy about the turtle's return. Finally they noticed bubbles where the turtle had dived. All of a sudden they saw a black spot coming, and they knew it was the turtle. It came to the reach of the old man, but it was dead. The old man took the clay from the feet of the dead turtle, let it dry, and blew to the four directions of the wind. Thus, there was land as far as the eye could see. This is how the Saligoogee, the turtle, through his services helped make the world. Furthermore the boy had more playground, on which the turtle was buried.

**KERESAN**

**Copied from Bowl**



Pueblo

# KERESAN



Hopi

## HOPÍ INDIANS

Told by Betty Talahainema

(Betty Talahainema is a full-blood Hopi Indian of Polacca, Arizona. This story is an account of the life of her people. The Indian legend that she tells after this article has been told to her many times by different members of her family, but especially by her mother, Tuveyanka.)

The Hopi Indians live in the northeastern part of Arizona. They live in nine villages located on five high mesas. The population is about 2,500.

The chief occupations of these Indians are farming, sheep-raising, pottery making, basket making, and weaving. Quite a number of them own herds of cattle and horses.

These Indians are said to be industrious and peaceful people, although they used to have war with the Utes, Navajoes, and Apaches. It was for this reason that they built their homes on the high mesas. But nowadays they are friendly with each other, and they are moving down below the mesas; but a majority of them are still living upon the mesas.

They get their supply of water from the springs down below the mesas about a mile away, but they do not complain about the hard work they do.

The farmers depend on rain for their crops, and sometimes they have hard times, but they never give up. No matter how dry the weather may get, they manage to store away a whole winter's supply of

corn and any vegetables that can be preserved. They have orchards of peaches, apricots, apples, and other fruits which are also preserved for the winter.

The women do most of preserving and the making of pottery, baskets, and grinding corn. The men do other kind of work, besides weaving ceremonial garbs and attending to the ceremonies.

Most of these ceremonies are held during the winter months, with the exception of a few that are held during the summer. Most of these ceremonies are held to pray for rain. This is true of the snake dance, which is especially known as the dance for rain.

Their houses are made out of rocks, clay and logs like any other Pueblo houses. They are as clean as they can be, although it is hard to bring in a supply of water. It is a disgrace to be lazy; so every one works except the small children, and these are unable. The returned students, however, are said to be lazy, I guess because we forgot some of our ways of going the work.

AN INDIAN LEGEND

Told by Betty Talahoinema

Once in the village of Oraibi a family was living which consisted of father, mother, and the child about six years old. This child used to follow her mother around all the time, but her mother disliked the child and treated her cruelly. Even then she used to follow her around.

One day this woman went down to the spring to wash some of their clothes, and this child followed her as usual. The mother slapped and spanked the child, but still she tagged along. When she got through washing she scolded the child and told her not to follow her because she was a bother. This time the child didn't follow her; she sat down by the spring and started crying. It was towards evening, and she was still sitting there crying. Someone called and asked her what was the matter with her. She looked up and saw a lady she had never seen before. But she told her her troubles. This strange lady asked her if she would like to live with her. She was willing to do it. So she took the child with her to the spring, and as she stepped on the water there was a dry land and an entrance. They went down and down until they came to another land. They were out in the broad daylight. There were gardens and green fields. Everything looked so pretty. They came to a house, and just before they entered this the lady told the people inside the house that she was not

alone and told them to welcome the newcomer. They entered the house, and everybody was glad to see the child. They entertained her as much as they could, gave her presents, and danced for her.

She liked the dances and the presents, and she thought she would be happy with them; so she lived with them until she grew up to be a big girl and had almost forgotten her folks, when one day her foster mother asked her if she would like to go to her own folks now and see if they want her back.

In the meantime the folks of this child searched everywhere for her, but no one had seen her not knew anything about her. The mother became ill and was sorry she ever did treat her so mean. The father did all he could to find her, but he could not. And for years they were always on the lookout for her, but they had almost given up looking for her, when one night they heard some one singing and dancing at the plaza of the village, and towards the last verse of the song they mentioned the girl's name, but before the father could get to the place they were gone already. The girl and her foster mother had been coming there for three nights after midnight and danced to see if any one could hear them, but no one had heard them until the third night, but they did not see them. And the fourth night was to be their last, and if no one heard them they were never coming back and the girl was to live with these strange people forever or as long as she lived. But the father and mother had heard the dancing the third night; so they decided to keep awake and to be sure that it was their girl. So they did stay awake until they heard the dancing starting, and he took some prayer plumes and white corn meal to the plaza.

Just as he got to the plaza their song ended, and there was their daughter. He ran to meet her, but the foster mother of the girl told him not to touch the girl until the fourth day from that night. They were to shut her up in a room all by herself and no one was to look in before the time came or else she would turn into some animal. So they put her in one of the rooms and closed all the openings. The father guarded the place so that no one peeked in. Everything went all right until the third day. The people were busy preparing for the big feast that was to be held in honor of the girl. The father stayed near the girl's room all day, but he had fallen asleep, and the mother got curious about her daughter and wondered what she would be doing; so she tiptoed to the door and peeked in through a crack and there she was sitting in the corner combing her long hair. But all of a sudden she turned into a big snake, and the whole house began to shake. The father of the child woke up and saw what had happened. He knew it was his wife that had looked in, so he scolded her for spoiling it all for the people and themselves, and now they had lost their daughter forever. He made some prayer plumes and put these and the corn meal on the best basket they had and took the snake and this sacred meal down to the spring. As soon as he put her down in the water she disappeared into the water.

The mother got sick and died shortly afterwards.

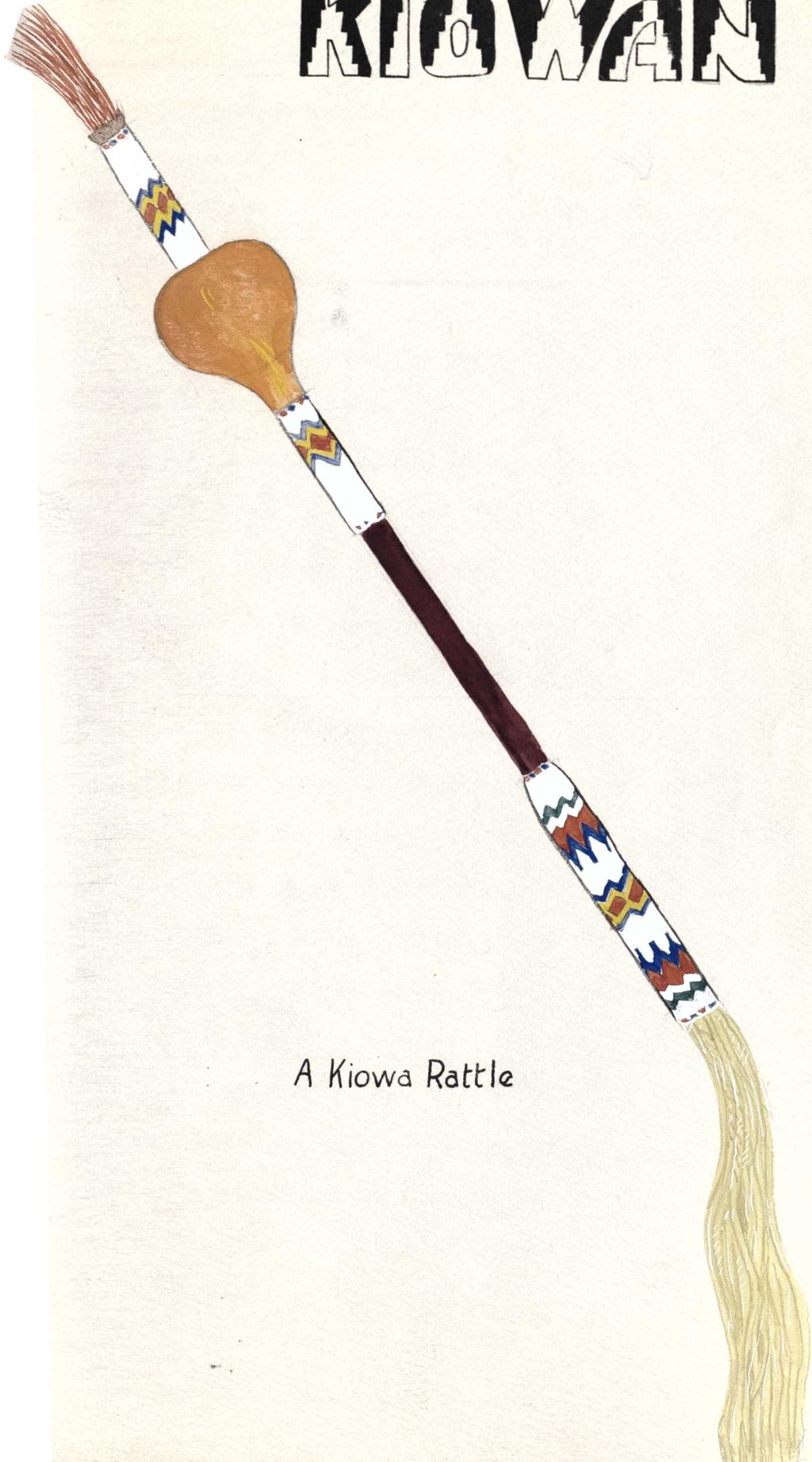
The Hopi are usually kind to their children and never treat them mean, and this was the unusual thing that happened a long time ago. So they believe in being kind to each other.

With this Material Should Have  
Been Grouped the "Hunter and  
the Giantess" placed by mistake  
in another division. See pages  
104 ff.

**KIOWIAN**

**Copied from Spencer Thomas' Rattle**

# KIOWAN



A Kiowa Rattle

THE LEGEND OF LONEWOLF

Told by Spencer Thomas

(Spencer Thomas is a full-blood Kiowa and Caddo of Fletcher, Oklahoma. This story was told to him by his Kiowa grandfather, Smokey, in the Kiowa dialect.)

A long time ago, the Kiowa were camped on the plains. Happy days reigned among the people, as there was plenty of buffalo. The chief of the Kiowa was very glad of the times and was contented. The story goes that the chief had one son of which he was very fond and proud. The boy's mother was his stepmother, who nursed a dislike for the boy and abused him whenever the chance presented itself.

One day the chief's wife thought of a plan whereby she could rid herself of the boy and cause no suspicion to fall on her. She then proceeded to make a teepee, and after the teepee was completed, she put it up near the teepee of the Chief. The woman then dug a large hole inside of the teepee she previously had made in secrecy. She painstakingly covered the hole with sticks and then sprinkled grass and dirt over the sticks to hide the hole. That evening the task was completed, and she told the boy that as he was getting big he must sleep in the teepee she had put up for him. The boy then bade his father "good-night" and walked over to the teepee. As the boy entered the teepee, he fell into the hole and was knocked unconscious. Later the stepmother slipped out of the chief's tent and ran to the boy's teepee and skillfully covered the hole with buffalo skins and dirt.

The chief came out of his teepee just as the sun rose bright and early. He walked over to wake his son up so the boy could get some water for breakfast, and as he entered the teepee, he saw his son was gone; so he ran back out. He called to the people as they were coming out their tents, asking whether they knew of his son's whereabouts. The people knew nothing of the boy, and the chief immediately became alarmed. The chief told the men to catch their horses and look for the boy, which order they immediately obeyed. The men looked everywhere for the boy, but it was all in vain. They brought the news to the chief of their failure, and then the step-mother told the chief that the place was probably bewitched, and the chief believed it. The chief ordered everyone to break camp, which they did, and the Kiowa moved on.

Years afterward, the same Kiowa were camped on the prairies of Oklahoma. Early one morning one arose before the rest, as he heard some wolves howling near by and came out of his tent and gazed toward the wolves running around in the tall grass. As the man looked, he saw something rise up from the wolves and then slowly sink back down. The man immediately aroused the village and told the people to come out, as there was something among the wolves. The chief came out, and he saw the same thing, something rise up from among the wolves and then get back down. The chief told the men to get their horses and ropes and catch whatever it was among the wolves. The men

succeeded in surrounding the wolves and caught the object of their interest. They brought the thing into camp and everyone was amazed to see it was a man. They then smoked the man a long time, and afterward he was able to talk. He then recognized the chief as his father. He told him the story of the stepmother's treachery and how later the wolves had come and befriended him and of how he had lived with the wolves up to the time of his capture. The chief killed his wife in his anger and took the young man back for his son. Years later, the chief died, and his son became chief of the tribe. They named the young man Lonewolf, and he led the Kiowa until the year of 1864.

THE PEYOTE RELIGION

An Explanation of a Religious Cult

Told by Spencer Thomas

(This explanation was given Spencer by a relative.)

The Pellote (Peyote) is the top of a cactus that grows in Mexico and in the southwestern borderland of the United States. In shape it is a disk from an inch to an inch and a half in diameter, and perhaps a quarter of an inch thick.

The religion that has the peyote for its principal symbol is a very ancient Indian faith that probably had its origin among the Indians of Mexico. In the United States it was formerly known only to the southern Plain's tribes, but it has spread from the Comanche and Kiowa to the Arapaho and Cheyenne, and on up through Oklahoma till now the peyote rites are performed as far north as the Winnebago in Nebraska. The ancient faith has undergone a change, and the peyote religion as it is practiced today may almost be called a modern cult. Its leaders are mostly the younger men who have never known the old life of the buffalo hunting days. Many are drawn to this faith through the belief that its followers are cured of consumption and drunkenness--the two dread enemies of the Indian, which were unknown till the coming of the white man.

In the ancient faith the peyote button was the symbol of the sun, which is the manifestation of the source of life. Indeed, the button itself resembles the sun, for it has a circle in the center

which is surrounded with white spots like sun rays. Like many Indian rites the peyote ceremony begins at night and lasts until daybreak. As performed among the southern Cheyenne, it is held in a teepee which is consecrated to this use and must always be scrupulously clean. In the center is a Crescent of earth some six inches high which curves around a fire built of sticks so arranged that the ashes as they fall form a second Crescent within the other. A man tends this sacred fire all night. At the center of the earth-crescent, upon a little cross of sagetwigs, lies the vision impelling peyote, the symbol of the rite.

The leader of the ceremony sits opposite this, in the place of honor, facing the opening of the teepee. In his hands he holds the emblems of his office, a rattle, a wand, and a fan of eagle plumes. All around the teepee sit motionless, blanketed forms. Four is the sacred number in this religion, and four peyote buttons are ceremonially eaten during the rite. Each ritualist brings with him his own supply, and it is often customary to take more of the Mescal buttons than the ceremonial four. There is a solemnity in the atmosphere that awes the onlooker. Intense consecration seems to burn like a holy fire. Some sit with head bowed, but most of the devotees gaze fixedly upon the peyote.

All night they sing, each one in his turn, the singer shaking his rattle while the man next to him beats upon a small buckskin drum. Each song is sung four times. At the close of the ceremony, the worshippers go down to the river and bathe; for cleanliness is enjoyed

by the peyote faith. The rest of the day is passed in sleep. The peyote songs are all esoteric. They contain no words, the meaning usually being known only to the members of the same lodge or fraternity, or sometimes only to the singer or to the man who made the song. Many men have their own songs, inspired by some spiritual experience. The peyote songs are invocations that the truth of the universe may be revealed. The poetry and mysticism of this cult supply to the modern Indian the spiritual elevation known in the old days to those who went apart to fast and learn of the spirits what should be their guiding "Medicine" through life.

Other religions teach men to believe, but in this religion each man learns truth for himself. God has given the peyote to man that through it man might know. There is a word that comes at the end of peyote songs and that means "the road". Each man's road is shown to him within his own heart. When he eats the peyote he sees the road; he knows; he sees all the truth of life and of the spirit.

You have seen the peyote lodge. The round teepee is the sun, and the half circle of earth is the moon. The star of sage on which the peyote rests is woman, for the earth is a woman, mother of all things. The fire of sticks is man, and the flame and smoke are the spirit. You ask why I wear purple. Purple is my color. I chose it because it means the spirit, it means the breath of man and of every living thing is purple. You can see it in the cold. So is smoke purple. Breath and smoke are the spirit. That is why I have taken purple for my color. So will another man take green to mean the green earth. All things in the peyote ceremony have their meaning.

The gourd rattle is the sun; the tuft of red feathers at the end of the rattle is flame, the handle is "the road", the beaded decoration on the handle of each rattle is different, because each man's road is different, and what the man wears or uses must speak of himself and of what he has himself seen or heard.

The peyote takes from us sickness and pain. It purifies us. Through it we may come to know all. We eat the peyote because we want to see, we want to know, we want to know God. The song that I have sung for you is the one that I sing last in the ceremony just before dawn. It means the eagle who spreads his wings and soars aloft and breathes deep with the joy of well-being. The eagle is myself. God has given me that bird. I have taken the eagle for my bird because he is greatest of all birds. He is the father, and all little birds are his children. He is strong, for he flies where no man can reach him. He is clean, for he spreads his wings when he eats that no dirt may fall upon his food, and he washes his claws in the mud of streams. In his feathers, white and black, we see day and night. That is why I carry the fan of eagle feathers.

So this song is the eagle breathing deep rejoicing in his strength. I sing it just at sunrise.

THE FABLES OF THE INDIANS

Told by Friend Tineyayah

(Friend Tineyayah is a full-blood Kiowa Indian from the reservation of that tribe in Oklahoma. These stories were told to him by his grandfather, Lonewolf, who was at the time about sixty years old. The old Indian lived near Rainy Mountain, Oklahoma. At one time Lonewolf fasted and made all the preparation necessary to become a witch doctor, but just before he was ready, he was "converted" and became a Christian and member of the Northern Baptist Communion.)

This is an old Kiowa legend which never has been written in any form but merely told thousands of times from generation to generation. It goes to show that the Indian had a very remarkable memory. It is not so any more.

Once there was a white crow, as the story goes. All animals could talk at this time and this white crow was rather clever in wise cracks. There is another character in this story called Sandei. He was an uncle to all the people, and the animals and birds were his nephews. He was a witch. He had strange powers, and he could do almost anything successfully with his power; but he could never do anything good for himself. His main food was wild tomatoes, as he never was able to get any kind of game for himself and his family. While Sandei was walking through the country in hopes of finding a beautiful crop of wild tomatoes so he could move to that spot, he came to an Indian village, and there was great confusion among the villagers. Sandei knew right then what the trouble was, but he went to the chief and asked in a sympathizing way, if he

could help. The chief said that the white crow had made a prediction in a sarcastic way that all the Indians were going to starve and that the white crow was going to see to it that every one starved. The white crow's scheme was that when he saw any hunter creeping up to any game he would set the animal wise so that the hunter would not get near enough to shoot. He kept this up, and his prediction was on the verge of happening.

Sandei sat with his bowed as if he was in deep thought and sorrow for the people. He finally spoke up and said, "I shall catch this cruel, merciless, white wretch and fix him so that he will never harm anything else anymore." As the old custom was, Sandie had to make a vow that if he failed, he would be the first to die of starvation.

Right then he gathered all the medicine men that were going to find a way to trap the white crow. As the white crow had strange powers, too, he never would be seen close enough to be shot at with arrows. He would shout at the people in a sarcastic way and tell them that they had only a few more days to live. The white crow's main reason for this was that he wanted to be recognized by all the animals and birds as their king.

They first agreed on Sandei turning himself into a dead buffalo; but his feeling and spirit would be with him yet after he was in that state. Finally the white crow saw this dead buffalo with scarcely any meat on. The white crow flew close above and gave a sarcastic laugh and shouted that it was Sandei. So Sandie turned himself

into a human again. That night they had a big conference again. This time he said he would be a lame elk, that they would find him at a certain spot, and they were supposed to chase him and kill him, but not to cut off his ribs. They went through the procession the next day. The white crow warned the elk, but Sandie saw there was not much chance for him to attract the white crow's attention.

After everyone left the white crow came down and lit close to the remains of the elk. He was very wise. He kept walking around and around the elk until he was satisfied that there was not any funny works about the elk. But still he tested him by pecking him on his nose and at the same time saying, "Y ou are Sandei!" "You are Sandei!" Just when Sandei was about to scream from the agony the white crow quit and walked to his side, just where the trap was set for him. He hopped on top of his stripped ribs and accidentally let one of his feet slip between the ribs. Of course Sandei was looking for just that move. Suddenly he shut his ribs and had the cruel white crow caught. Right then the white crow began begging to be spared his life, but Sandei only laughed at him.

All the people gathered, and Sandei was the chief of the ceremony. He gave orders. They built a mammoth fire while Sandei was restored back to his natural being. First he took the white crow and gave a long terrifying talk to the white crow. All the time the white crow was begging for mercy.

Sandei said that the white crow would talk no more, neither would he fly high, and also said that he was going to stick him in

the fire and scorch him. So he did. Furthermore he was going to change him into a clumsy bird.

But after they had made him speechless and scorched him, the Spider witch wanted to look at him while the medicine men were getting ready. The spider slipped, and the crow escaped as he is today.

A SANDAI LEGEND

Told by Friend Tineyuyah

This is one of many stories told about Sandei. This particular character is used in many sad, tragic, and humorous stories that lead to lessons in life even to-day and probably tomorrow which is to come.

Sandei, as you will find, liked very much to bet on any kind of contests, so that if he should win he would get a large supply of food for his large family. Wild tomatoes were their food. He was always roaming about and was very seldom at home.

Whatever he attempted to do for the good of his family and himself would always turn out wrong.

Sandei was a mysterious man and no one seemed able to find out just where he lived with his large family, yet he was always roaming around aimlessly looking for wild tomatoes.

One day Sandei was on his usual journey going to no special place, yet he picked the wild tomatoes from fields that he found as he was journeying. After he had gathered a sufficient amount, he started back home. Yet he was not satisfied, so he was making a wide semicircle to his home in hopes of running across some more fields of wild tomatoes. About this time the sun was getting low in the distant horizon. As he was nearing a forest he saw a jackrabbit sound asleep near by, under a shade of a tree. Beside the jackrabbit was a large pile of wild tomatoes which, no doubt, the jack-

rabbit himself had labored very hard to get. Naturally the jackrabbit had taken a nap to get rest.

So Sandei immediately had the idea of winning some more easy tomatoes. Furthermore Sandei thought he would make the jackrabbit his servant for one moon. Sandei's bet was to see which could stay awake the longest that night.

Sandai went to where the jackrabbit was asleep. He did not wake him gently, but kicked the jackrabbit on his side as hard as he could. He was knocked out for a while. As soon as the jackrabbit came to, he was very angry and began calling Sandei names. That was just the thing Sandei was working for, to get the jackrabbit angry; then he could much easier persuade him to make a bet.

In the meantime the sun had gone down, and it was fast getting dark, but the moon was up.

Sandai said in a boastful voice that he would wager his days gathering of wild tomatoes against the jackrabbit's and furthermore, the one who lost would become his victor's servant for one moon. He said the contest was going to be that the one who stayed awake the longest that night would win.

The race began immediately, and they lay down facing each other looking each other squarely in the eyes. Sandei took it easy, sure of victory in his heart. He would hum tunes every now and then, to keep awake, but the jackrabbit lay there without moving or making any sort of noise, yet he was continuously looking at Sandei. About midnight Sandei began to get uneasy, as the jackrabbit was lying there without even blinking his eyes once. Sandei was very much

worried then. Sandei at this time was fightin very hard against the growing sleepiness which had already settled upon him. He would pinch himself and hum Indian songs, but he would catch himself staring before he could notice it. He fought like this until he just completely lost consciousness, overpowered by the growing sleepiness. Sandei fell into a very deep sleep and did not wake up until the middle of the next day. Then he saw what he had done. All of his wild tomatoes were gone. The jackrabbit was also gone, and as usual he took the defeat very hard. He pulled at his hair, scratched himself until he could stand the pain no longer.

But on the other hand Sandei always fulfilled his bets no matter how hard it might be. So he had to work for the jackrabbit for one moon, till a new moon appeared.

That is how the early Kiowa found out that the rabbits sleep with their eyes open.

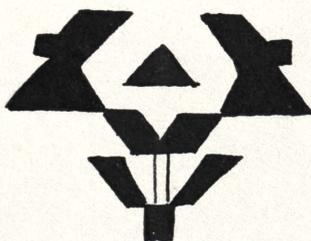
**CHUMASHAN**

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# CHUMASHAN



Mission Basket Design

## A SOBOBA LEGEND

THE SUN

Told by Victor Costo

(Victor Costo is a full-blood Mission Indian of Menet, California. This story he heard when he was a child.)

"Yes", said the coyote, "today is the day for the sun to arrive." On this occasion the different tribes were to have the most wonderful fiesta that ever was.

The Cahuilla tribe were planning to have the best of everything, for they were the richest and most powerful of the southwestern tribes.

Now the coyote, who was a very cunning fellow, was to lead the people who were going to meet and greet the sun. Every one was eager to meet the sun because it was to keep them warm, help them to be strong and healthy, and make their crops grow. The coyote had told all the tribes that they must start early the next morning because they had a long way to go, and it would be tiresome if they did not start early.

Early the next morning everyone started on their way. They believed that if they did not go to greet the sun it would become offended and go back again into hiding, where it had been so many, many years.

Now as you know the farther the sun comes up the warmer the day becomes. Well, the farther the tribes went the hotter the heat of the sun became. The children and the weakest of the people began to turn back because it was burning them up. They turned around and faced the West as they started coming home. Finally all the women, children,

and braves faced the west and started homeward, but it was too late. The sun was so hot that the people just stood in their tracks and gradually turned to stone. This is why so many of the rocks in California face toward the west away from the morning sun.

## MR. FROG AND MR. COYOTE

Told by Nina Kintana

(Nina Kintana is a full-blood Mission Indian of Thermal, California. Her grandfather, Pedro, told her this story in the dialect of her people.)

Mr. Frog and Mr. Coyote were bitter rivals over dainty Miss Rabbit. Mr. Coyote seemed always to get the better of Mr. Frog in ruining Mr. Frog's plots to meet Miss Rabbit and have a tete-a-tete. Mr. Frog was much slower in thinking and not as cunning as sly Mr. Coyote.

One day Mr. Frog decided to take a bath before going to see his lady fair. He went to a nice secluded pond and was having a nice swim, as all frogs have. Upon the scene came Mr. Coyote over on the trail of lovesick Mr. Frog. He began to taunt and tease him in all manner of ways. And finally he took Mr. Frog's clothes, and said, "Now try and go to see my girl." Poor Mr. Frog could only beg for mercy. He realized that he was entirely at the mercy of Mr. Coyote. So finally Mr. Frog gathered his wits about him and threatened Mr. Coyote, saying that he could cause a terrible flood and drown Mr. Coyote. To which Mr. Coyote replied, "I know of a tree that is the tallest of any in this world, and I can climb it and be safe." So saying, he poked Mr. Frog's back with a long stick that he carried giving Mr. Frog's back a terrible cut. Again and again Mr. Frog threatened, but only to receive more cuts, bruises, and scratches on his poor, naked back. Finally Mr. Frog was so angered that he began to cause the pond to overflow. Mr. Frog was a medicine man and had the power to cause almost anything to happen. This overflowing took

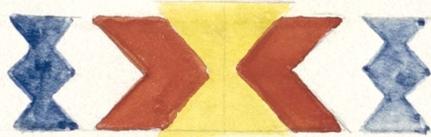
the coyote farther away from the edge of the pond. In several hours the water was everywhere. Animals began to climb hills and mountains. Birds began to look for higher trees in which to perch and watch the amazing progress of the rising water. Mr. Coyote was on the lower branches of his tall tree and only laughed at Mr. Frog's threat. Mr. Frog was swimming and croaking loudly about the tree, still meaning to get revenge on Mr. Coyote, his bitter enemy. The water began to reach the lower branches, the coyote climbed higher, followed by the oncoming water. Now Mr. Coyote began to be fearful, as he had only one more branch above him to climb to. That would be the last, as the tip of the tree was broken. He wasn't laughing any more. His eyes were wild with terror. He wrapped his tail about him as he climbed to his last branch. Mr. Frog was now doing all the teasing and laughing, and said to the coyote. "Now, sly Mr. Coyote, where is your tallest tree in the world?" Mr. Frog called to those on the hills and mountains to see how funny Mr. Coyote looked. So all the animals, and birds began to laugh at Mr. Coyote. All the birds began to flop their wings at him. Mr. Frog made Mr. Coyote promise never to tease him again, and that Miss Rabbit would belong to Mr. Frog. Mr. Coyote agreed; so the water began to recede hurriedly until there was nothing but mud everywhere. Then Mr. Coyote said to the crows, "Spread your wings out so I may jump into them." They did, but one smart crow stuck a pointed arrow in the mud with the point upward, over which they spread their wings. They said they were ready for Mr. Coyote's jump. Mr. Coyote had not seen the trick, so he jumped. But he did not land on the spread wings but on the arrow which ripped his stomach. That is

why the coyote is always hungry. And the frog carries spots and markings on his back and croakes as awkwardly at Mr. Coyote today.

**MUSKOGEAN**

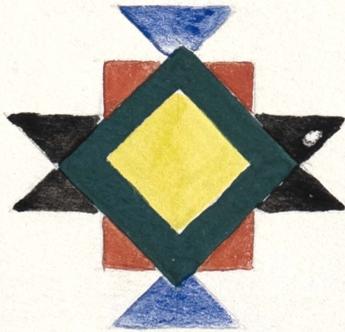
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Creek

MUSKHOGEAN



Seminole

THE BUZZARD

Told by Van Dyer

(Van Dyer is a Choctaw full-blood of Broken Bow, Oklahoma. This story was told him in Choctaw by his grandmother.)

The buzzard was one time a beautiful bird, large, sleek, and with beautiful feathers that consisted of all colors of the rainbow.

One day the buzzard was in a playful mood. From the top of a very high tree where he was perched, he saw Saba, an Indian warrior, who was the pride of the clan. The buzzard, with one great sweep, picked Saba up and took him to the very heights of the tree. Then he let Saba fall. Just before Saba hit the ground the buzzard would again swoop Saba up and take him to the top of the tree. All day long the buzzard played with Saba. Finally, after the buzzard was all exhausted and the buzzard had failed to catch him, Saba hid behind some shubbery. The buzzard came to earth walking around looking for Saba. All the time Saba was hiding, he was preparing a rop of sinew. Then the buzzard came along, and Saba roped the buzzard. One end of the rope was tied to a tree. So when Saba roped the buzzard he let go of the rope and ran. The buzzard, chasing him, tightened the loop. Thereby the buzzard was captured and tangled in the rope. In about twenty minutes came back, very angry, on a swift horse. He found the buzzard lying on the ground all tangled in

the rope. Saba then tied another rope around the neck of the buzzard and untied the first rope. He then got on his horse and started down through the forest as fast as the horse could run.

After some time, Saba stopped his horse, thinking the buzzard was dead. He got off, loosened the rope, and turned the buzzard loose. The buzzard came back to consciousness and found that his beautiful feathers were gone and that he was bald-headed. Then Saba said, "Hereafter as a curse upon you, you shall be ugly, despised, and you and your brothers and sisters to come will eat of dead animals of all kinds."

HOW THE CRICKET GOT ITS COLOR

Told by James Berryhill

(James Berryhill is a Creek full-blood of Okmulgee, Oklahoma. The story was told to him in the Creek dialect by his grandfather, Toby Berryhill, who was over ninety years old.)

Once a cricket and a mosquito went hunting and fishing. They were both very proud and each one thought himself better than the other. Everything they undertook to do, it was a contest to prove who was the better fellow. The mosquito thought his singing was better sounding than the old cricket's chirping. The cricket was proud of his ability to jump while the old "skeeter" could only fly.

One night as they were camped on the bank of a river after a day of hunting, they desired of one another to go near the water and make inspection of the water as to whether it showed good prospects of fish. They argued for sometime, until they settled the argument by an agreement. They were to draw straws, the one pulling the longest to be the victim. To make the long story short; the mosquito went to investigate. While the mosquito was absent, Mr. Cricket built a big fire by which to warm. After an absence of a few minutes, the mosquito returned with good results.

"Well, did you find out anythin'?" the cricket asked.

To which the mosquito replied, "The river is thickly infested with the best kind of fish. We have fallen heir to a fortune; for the fishes I have seen are even as large as my legs."

To which Mr. Cricket repeated, "As big as my legs."  
He laughed heartily, and unconsciously he began backing off until he discovered himself in the midst of the burning fire. Here the cricket was burned or scorched to blackness, the color he wears even to this day.

HOW THE BUZZARD GOT HOLES IN HIS NOSTRILS

Told by Louis M. Alexander

(Louis Alexander is a full-blood Seminole of Wetumka, Oklahoma. The story was told to him in the language of his tribe by his grandfather, George Alexander.)

Once a rabbit was wandering around in a forest. He came upon a bear eating, and was invited to eat with him. He ate lots of beans, and that night he was sick, and the bear got the buzzard, who was a doctor.

When the buzzard arrived, he said, "When I treat a person I don't want anybody around to see me. People always make a hole in the roof to give me light." So this they did.

Then the buzzard began doctoring the rabbit. Once in a while he would squeal, and the bear, who was setting outside of the door, would ask what was the matter. The buzzard would say, "I am touching his wound; that is why."

Soon it was all quiet, and the bear said, "How is the patient?" The buzzard said, "He is better." Soon the buzzard flew out of the hole in the roof, and lighted on the top of a tree and said to different animals who were on hand that he was through. They opened the door and found only a pile of bones. They said, "The buzzard has done great wrong. Let us kill him." So they shot at the buzzard. They shot through his nose, making the nostril as we see it today.

The buzzard said, "You have made a good place for me to breathe through"; and flew off.

THE TURTLE WHO WENT TO WAR

Told by Austin Shoemaker

(Austin Shoemaker is a full-blood Choctaw of Oklahoma. His grandmother, Mary, for whom the boy knows no other name, told him this story and many others when she put him to bed at night. The old woman was born in Mississippi, and was brought to Oklahoma with the Choctaw migration.)

There was once a turtle who wanted to go to war. He wanted the coyote to go with him, so he said to the coyote, "Run around; let me see how fast you can run." The coyote ran very fast. The turtle did not take him because he ran too fast. Next he said to the frog. "Let me see how fast you can go." The frog went just about the same rate as the turtle, so the turtle took the frog with him.

Their enemies lived across the river. The turtle said, "Shall we stay down by the water or go up to their village?" The frog said, "We are such a great force, we ought to go right into their houses and cut off their heads."

They swam across the river. The turtle went into the enemy's house first, the frog coming after him. The turtle cut off the head of one of the chiefs and took his scalp. He also killed the wife of the chief. Then the turtle tried to get out of the door, but the door sill was too high, so he could not get out. So he went into the hole of a stone, taking the scalps with him. The turtle hid himself there. The frog was too scared, so he jumped into the river.

The enemy looked around and found the turtle with a scalp. Then the enemy called a neighboring chief to come and kill the turtle.

The chief came over and decided to put the turtle in a corn mortar and smash him. The turtle said, "The corn mortar is my house," Then the enemy chief said, "The fire is my medicine; let us put the turtle in the fire and burn him." The turtle said, "That is my house." Then the enemy said, "The water current is my medicine; the log comes down the river, the current whirls the log around, so I will put the turtle in the water current."

The turtle acted very much afraid when he heard this. So the enemy chief called every one to come to the river. He sang four songs, and as he sang the fourth song he threw the turtle into the river. So the turtle was saved from destruction.

THE MOON'S CHOSEN PEOPLE, THE CHOCTAW

Told by Natachee Scott

(Natachee Scott of Allensville, Kentucky, is a mixed-blood Choctaw. Her grandmother, Mary Galleon, Red Dawn, a Mississippi Choctaw, gave her this story in the native tongue.)

Many, many years ago when the great, lofty pines were mere shrubs, and the rivers, which are very old now, were just slender little streams--all this land belonged to the Indians. All the Indians were happy then, and they had all they wanted to eat because the buffalo herds were great and numerous, and the deer, elk, moose, and bear wandered over the country in great numbers.

The moon and sun and stars were younger then, and they were nearer to earth. They spoke to the Indian children, and often when a dusky maiden sat with her brave brother by a cool, clear spring, the moon and stars lay on the bottom of the spring and looked up at them, and the moon gave light to the maiden's eyes and made her more beautiful.

Far to the west in the land of the "setting sun" there was a tribe of Indians who were very happy and contented. These were the Choctaw. They were wise people and never had much trouble with other Indians, because other tribes knew they were wise people.

In this tribe there was an old man whom they called Henta Chulla, and he was very, very old, and even the chief, Ammona, listened when he spoke and obeyed the old man.

One night while Henta Chulla lay sleeping in his teepee, the moon god came to him, and he was dressed in a pure white head dress

of eagle feathers and pure white leggins and shirt of doe skin. In his hand he carried a beautiful slender pole of spruce. He told Henta Chulla that the Choctaw were the chosen people of the moon and that there was a land far toward the place where the sun is born, which was warm and beautiful and in which many things grow which could not grow west of the Rockies. He said, "Henta Chulla, you are wise, and you must lead your people to that land! Take this slender pole, and each night when you make camp along the trails, you stick this pole into the earth, and if when the blue dawn comes, it is leaning toward the place where the sun is born--you travel on in that way. At last when you wake to find the pole standing straight--then you must stop there and your people may live there always! It is the gift of the moon to the Choctaw."

So Henta Chulla, the wise old man, awoke. Sure enough there by his side lay the slender pole. He visited the chief Ammona and then told him about the moon god and showed him the pole. So all the people heard of it, and together and at once they began their journey.

Henta Chulla, always in the lead, carried the pole. For days and days they traveled--for seven moons they journeyed, and even the old women and children did not whimper. The Choctaw have stout hearts.

At last one night the pole stood erect. The next day the Choctaw made their homes in that fertile land which is now the state of Mississippi! To the left of them the "Great Father of Waters" feeds their soil and moistens their crops. It is too bad that the white man sent many to Oklahoma, for Mississippi is

the gift of the moon to the Choctaw, his chosen people.

CREEK STOMP DANCE

Told by Myrtis Whitlow

(Myrtis Whitlow, who is only part Creek Indian, lives among the Creeks in Bogalus, Oklahoma. While she looks and reacts to most situations like a white person, she holds the native Creek dances and ceremonies with the regard of the Indian.)

In the late summer of every year the Creeks hold at different intervals their stomp dances. At these dances they usually dance till twelve except on the last night, and then they dance all night.

They have a great variety of dances, some in which both men and women participate, and others in which only one or the other dance.

When word goes out that there is to be a stomp dance at a certain place, Creeks from all over start coming in to the grounds to partake of the ceremony. They usually last three days, or nights, rather. On the stomping ground, or near by, there are camps where some people stay during the entire time. Others only eat there. They offer all sorts of enticing Indian dishes that are cooked as only the older Indians can cook them. Now, to resume the tale of the dance itself. As there are so many different dances, I shall not attempt to tell you about them in detail, but will only give a few general points about them.

In the center of what is to be the stomp ground itself, there is built a fire. It is around this that they give their dances.

A man drums, and the dancers sing a song to their dancing. The leader of the dance leads the singing, and the rest of the dancers follow him both in dancing and singing. A few of their dances are: Duck dance, Ribbon dance, Snake dance, and Friendship dance.

One of the important things in a stomp dance is the shell dancers. These shells are made from turtles and are rather heavy. They are fastened to the legs of the dancer, and it is surprising to see how light the dancer is on his feet with such a heavy weight on them. These shells add to the beat of the drum and singing and are quite necessary to a good stomp.

There is one dance in which the men who dance must drink a very strong concoction which is made from herbs. This medicine, as they call it, makes them quite sick for a while, but their strong constitution makes them recover shortly.

Unless you have never attended a stomp dance and felt the thrill of the drums and the singing coursing through your veins or experienced the satisfaction of dancing it, you cannot understand why people obtain enjoyment in that way.

WHY THE BUZZARD HAS A BALD HEAD

Told by Albert Wood

(Albert Wood, Chuffie, is a half-breed Creek Indian. This story was told him in the Creek language by his mother.)

At one time the rabbit and bear were good friends. One day the bear invited the rabbit to dinner with him.

The bear had sofke, an Indian food prepared from corn, for dinner. The rabbit was astonished at the way the bear prepared the sofke. He put water into a earthen pot, and put the corn in the water. Then he boiled the mixture, until the corn looked yellow. Now, it was time for the seasoning. The bear took a knife and raised his left arm and cut his side with the knife. He held the cut place over the pot of sofke and let the fat run into it.

The rabbit enjoyed the meal so much that he invited the bear to dinner with him.

The rabbit did the same as the bear had done with his lunch. When he came to the seasoning, he paused. Finally he grabbed the knife and raised his arm and cut a place. He had hardly cut the gash when he fell to the ground bleeding.

The bear started out to get a doctor for the rabbit. He found several small animals, but none could be of any service to the rabbit. At last he found the buzzard. The buzzard said he could doctor the rabbit. The bear took him to where the rabbit was. The buzzard said he could not do any good unless the bear would leave the

room. The bear left the room and stayed a long time.

The buzzard ate the rabbit and went out of the back door. When the bear went back into the room, there was nothing left but bones and hair.

Then the bear went out to look for somebody to punish the buzzard for eating the rabbit. The hawk said he would punish the buzzard. The buzzard was sitting on top of a tall tree. Then the hawk came down and grabbed at the feathers on the buzzard's head and the feathers came off. That is why the buzzard has a bald head to this day.

THE RED MAN'S BELIEF ABOUT THE GROUND HOG DAY

Told by Jessie Mae Foraker

(Jessie Mae Foraker is a full-blood Creek of Oklahoma. All the members of her family told this story in the Creek tongue.)

The white man says that the ground hog came out of his cave on the second of February. If he sees his shadow he will go back into the cave and stay for six weeks and there will be bad weather.

The red man says that once a woodchuck was running about trying to find a place for the cold winter days. He went from place to place asking if he could spend the winter, but each time he was refused. Finally giving up, he was walking with downcast eyes and a heavy heart. He was just about to pass a hollow log, when a big black bear stuck her head out from the hole in the log and said, "Good morning, my friend, where are you headed for? Why are you so sad?" The woodchuck said, "I have been trying to find a home." "Well, my good friend, my children and I are leaving our home to wander about in the great forest until I find a larger home. You may have our home for the winter."

The mother bear took her children and left the woodchuck to prepare for the cold days. The woodchuck brought in new grass and fixed his bed. During the month before it was too cold, he stored his food away for the winter days.

Then came December, and the north winds began to cover the fields and mountain peaks with snow. The woodchuck lay down to sleep. Many moons passed, and he slept on. Then he grew hungry. One day he awoke and looked out, but the field and ground were

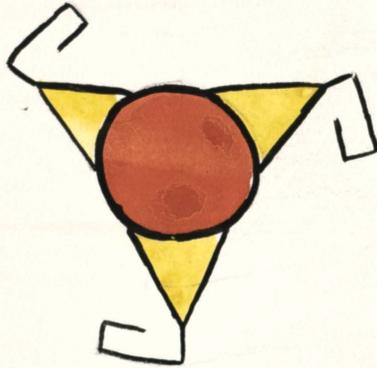
still white with snow. He fell asleep again.

Then one moon passed, another, and then he awoke and found that he was very hungry and weak. He said, "I must have food." So he opened his door and stepped out on the snow. He hopped here and there trying to keep his feet dry. Then turning he saw his shadow on the white snow. After he found something to eat he went back home.

So the red man always say that it is the woodchuck that comes out to see its shadow on the second of February.

PIMAN

Copied from Native Basket



**PIMA**



THE BLUEBIRD AND THE COYOTE

Told by Earnest Manuel

(Earnest Manuel is a full-blood Pima Indian of Scottsdale, Arizona. When a boy of twelve he lived with his grandfather on the Salt River Reservation in a hogan. This grandfather, Jose Joe, who is now 103 years old, told him the story.)

The bluebird was at one time one of the ugly colored birds. There was a clear, blue lake with no outlet, in which the bird bathed that changed her color. The bath was taken four times every morning for four mornings in succession. As the bird took each bath she sang:

"There is a blue lake; it lies there;  
I went in;  
Now I am all blue."

All the feathers of the bird came off on the morning of the fourth bath but the following morning, behold! the beautiful blue feathers came out on the bare skin of the bird.

A hungry coyote had been watching the bird take her morning baths, but the fear of drowning kept the coyote from jumping into the water to devour the bird. After the bird changed from the ugly color to the bright blue, the coyote marveled at this, so he went over to the bird to inquire. The bluebird gave in detail how she became blue, and she also taught the coyote the song she sang.

"Of all the birds that fly you are the most beautiful," said the coyote as he departed with a determination of changing his color to blue. The coyote's color was green at the time.

The bird's method of changing colors was a success with the coyote. He walked home a bright blue coyote, proud as could be. So proud was the coyote that he looked about in every direction to see if he was attracting the attention of anyone. The proud coyote even wondered if his shadow was also blue, and while looking down to see, he ran into a stump, falling to the ground. Rolling in the dust he became dust-colored all over. So he is even to this day.

THE AMERICAN DOLLAR

Told by Sam White

(Sam White is a full-blood Pima Indian of Phoenix, Arizona. This story was told him in the original language by his grandmother.)

Many years ago, the Salt River valley of Arizona had many cities and towns of Pueblos in various parts. A meeting was held of various tribes of Indians who were athletes. The chief event at this meeting was a long distance race. The one that ran the farthest in these times was known as the hero of the community or village. Years and years, as the footraces progressed and were held east of Mesa, Arizona, a Pima Indian runner was always the victor over the other tribes of Indians, and because of it, there was a bitter feeling against him and his tribe.

A contest which was held was well attended by a large host of Indians from various villages. It happened to be high time for the medicine man, with his superhuman power, to handicap this young Pima hero. To do this, the medicine man captured an eagle, spent months in chopping its feathers with a sharp flint, until they became so fine that only one with keen eyes could see them when placed in water. The medicine man gave this liquid to an old woman, told her to sit by the nearest stream, and when this young Pima hero came for his last drink before the big race, to offer him this 'eagle water'.

Everything was all set for the distance race; each village had spent years and years in training their speediest runners.

Each runner had taken his last drink a few minutes before the race, except the former victor. He went alone to the drinking place and was given the 'eagle water' by the old lady, and told that there was a thirst quencher that would last through the long-distance race. The young hero took the offered drink and drank it; as he drank this liquid, feathers began to come out upon his body, and when he had finished the drink he had become an eagle.

He did not return in time for the race, but had forgotten it in the transition, and waited on a rock near the stream. The director of the race claimed that the young Pima Indian hero did not return in time, suggested to the officials that they send a messenger to find out the cause. After making the trip, the messenger returned with the words, "There is no one there, only a bald-headed eagle sitting on a rock." The medicine man said, "Let's go down and capture that eagle." So saying, he led the crowd of Indians to the stream, all with their bows and arrows. The bows were all bent, and their arrows were in place.

When the host of Indians came close to the eagle, the eagle ran along the stream, then finally hopped from one tree to another. The medicine man gave the signal to shoot the eagle. They shot their arrows. The eagle, because of its swiftness, dodged the arrows and caught them with its talons until they were full.

Later, one of the Pima Indians told this part of the story at a meeting of the white men. The white men laughed out to beat the band at the idea of an eagle being so speedy. The Indian

Indian turned toward the white men and said, "Where did you get the picture of my young hero, the eagle on your dollar, with its talons filled with arrows, if this is not a true story?"

THE FLIES AND THE FOX

Told by Lolita Luna

(Lolita Luna is a full-blood Papago of Lehi, Arizona, whose aunt told her this story in the Papago language.)

There was once a fox who lived by himself on one side of a large river. One day he thought he would go out for a walk. He passed by a large stream from which he heard some music. As he came nearer he found out that it was a bunch of flies singing. The fox thought the flies were playing a game and wanted to join in. He asked the flies to teach him their song so he could join in with them.

Now the fox really did not want to learn the song and join in with the flies. He was hungry and wanted to eat the flies. The flies knew this, and yet they made believe they knew nothing about it. The flies said they would teach the fox their song. They had a great fun out of it, as the fox could not say the words plainly. The flies were not playing a game as the fox had thought, for the flies were building a dam for their own use. After a lot of practice from the flies, the fox got so he could sing the song pretty well. The flies were planning to trick the fox; so they told him to work on the inside of the dam while they worked on the outside.

The fox was so happy over the song he had learned that he forgot all about the flies. He was singing so loud as he was a

very proud fox, and proud of his voice.

After a while the fox realized that he was the only one singing, so he stopped. He heard no sound. He tried to turn around, but he could not. The poor fox cried and cried for the flies, but no one answered him. He realized then that the flies had tricked him by shutting him up in the dam. He called for help, but no help came. The poor fox had to stay there and die.

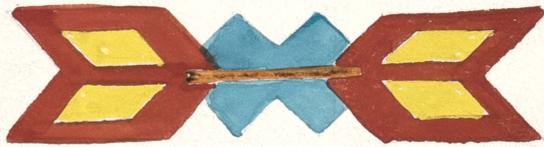
From that time on a fox always snaps at a fly.

**SALISHAN**

**Designed by Vincent Matt, Flathead**



SALISHAN



Flathead Designs

A SPOKANE TRIBAL STORY

Told by Joseph Geary

(Joseph Geary is a Spokane Indian who lives in Tekoa, Washington. His great-grandfather, Joseph Garry, was one of the first men of the tribe to be sent to school. Taken by the Hudson Bay Company when only three years old, he was sent to school in Montreal. He came back to his people as a Presbyterian missionary. Joseph's grandmother, Annie Nozer, told him this story in the Spokane dialect. The boy is a full-blood.)

The story tells us that there once lived a chief with a large family. Among his people was a young boy, an orphan, living with his grandmother. The old woman took much interest in the bringing up of her grandchild. It was the custom of the chief to gather all his family and relatives every evening and instruct them in the requirements of young people.

One evening the old grandma became so desirous for the training of her grandchild that she sent him over to listen to the instructions. The young lad entered the chief's teepee somewhat afraid. The chief immediately stopped and asked him what he wanted. When the boy had told of the purpose for which he came, the chief ordered him out, saying that his instructions were for his own family only, and that for his not having any parents to train him, was his own hard luck. The boy went back to his grandmother and told her about this. Though his grandmother felt a bit hurt because of the injustice the chief had done to her, still she encouraged the lad to go again and listen from the outside as it was dark and no one could see him. The boy did what he was told, but as he was tired from his work during

the day, he fell asleep before the instructions ended.

The next morning the chief saw the boy sleeping outside of his teepee. Seeing what had happened, he became very angry. He grabbed a switch and whipped the child. From this time on he made no more efforts to acquire training from any one else but his grandmother. He was trained to get up early every morning and bathe before sunrise, when the eastern skies above the horizon were beginning to lighten up from the approach of the rising sun. From this incident he was given the name "Lighted Sky."

He began to make a careful study of the wild animals at this early age, and was said to have had contact with them from which he had obtained power as a good huntsman.

One severe winter his people were gradually failing with the supply of deer meat. At this time the boy, or Lighted Sky, was just flourishing in youth. From the last trip the hunters returned without a single deer. That same evening an announcement was made that unless someone among the tribe knew something about where there was deer to be found, they were going to perish of starvation. Anyone that thought he was capable was called upon for help for the following day. Lighted Sky did not express himself as a volunteer, but planned by himself what he was going to do.

Early the next morning before anybody was awake, he set out on his hunting trip. At daybreak he was up on the high mountains. Here he started a fire as it was exceedingly cold, and he needed the warmth. After he was sufficiently warm, he looked towards the thick

woods and, extending his right hand, said a few words of a prayer. As he went through this ceremony a great number of deer appeared and ran out in the open. The number kept increasing until he waved his hand toward a cliff over which the deer ran and fell off. This was the first achievement of Lighted Sky, and from that time on his people had never any difficulties in obtaining their food.

**KARAK**

**Copied from Basket**



# QUORATEAN



Karak Basket Designs

HOW THE FIRST KINGFISHER AND THE POLE PINE ORIGINATED

Told by Agnes Grant

(Agnes Grant is three-eighths French, English and Irish, and five-eighths Karok. Her home is on the Klamath River in California. The story was told her by her mother, Susie Alpheus, in the Karok dialect. Susie's maternal ancestor was the first white man who came up the river into that region in 1852, lured by the stories of the Gold Rush. He married Agnes's great-grandmother.)

Once upon a time, long ago, when all animals had the power of speech as we now have, there lived in a house near the Klamath River an old Indian man who had a wife and two children. He was very lazy and was always loafing around the house. But the wife was a very busy woman. She gathered acorns and pounded them into meal and she picked berries for food. She provided all the food and did all the work. But she could not fish, and she hungered for fish. So one day she decided to make her old man go fishing. She had grown tired of seeing him lying around. So she sent him off to the river with his net, and she told him, "Do not come back home until you catch some fish." So he went slowly down to the river and lazily fished all day. When evening came he had caught only three fish, and he was very hungry. He had not been used to doing anything but eating. So he decided to cook and eat the fish. He built the fire and cut up the fish and saved nothing but the heads, and these he took home to his wife.

When the wife saw only the fish heads she asked him what he had done with the other parts of the fish. He said, "Oh, I met a poor old man and he was so hungry so I gave him the fish. We have acorns and can go without the fish." The wife cooked the fish heads, and when they were done she offered him some but he refused saying, "No, I don't want any of the fish; you and the children may eat it. I can go without any."

The next day the wife sent him out again, and the same thing happened again. On the third day the wife decided she would watch him. So she was beginning to get suspicious and wondered why he had refused to eat the fish when she offered him some. When he had gone she followed him to the river, and saw all that he did. She became very angry and ran home and got the children. Then they lifted up a large round stone under which was an opening to a long underground tunnel. They walked and walked in this tunnel. They wanted to run away from the man. The wife told the children, "He doesn't love us any more. We'll go where he'll never find us again." Before she left she had told the mouse to build a fire in her house that evening and when the man came home the mouse was to run to the river bank and build a fire there. "And do not tell him where we have gone."

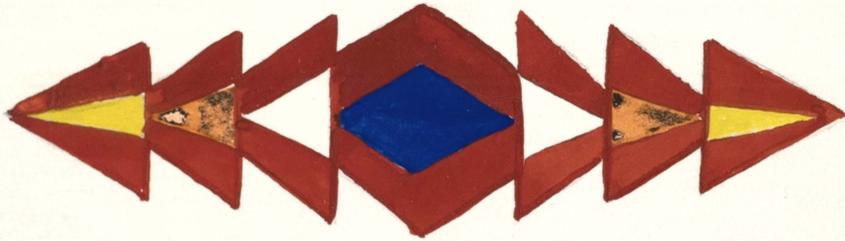
When the fisher came in that evening he couldn't find any one home. He saw the fire at the river bank, so he ran down there. The mouse had just built the fire and was running away. He caught her and tried to make her tell him where his family had gone. The mouse wouldn't tell him anything until he threatened to choke her to death. He became angry when she told him and started on the chase after his family. He lifted up the rock and entered the tunnel and ran and ran until he caught sight of them, and they saw him and started to run. This made him all the hungrier and he ran faster. When he reached them he struck each one of them, his wife and two children, and they all changed into pole pines. When he struck his wife she said, "It's all right. I'll live among the rich, but you'll be nothing but a bird that goes along the river banks catching and eating fish."

The pole pine roots were used to make baskets. That was what she meant when she said she would live among the rich. She would be used for the making of baskets for the rich people.

To this day a bird can be seen catching fish along the Klamath River, and he is known as the king fisher.

SHAHAPTIAN

**Copied from Nez Perce Blanket**



# SHAHAPTIAN



LEGEND OF THE BUFFALO AND THE COYOTE

Told by Jack Abrams

(Jack Abrams is a full-blood Walla-Walla Indian of Pendleton, Oregon. His Indian name means Eagle Feathers. His grandfather, Tom Abrams, was probably sixty-five when he told the boy this story in the Walla-Walla dialect.)

Once upon a time there was an old coyote who could not get anything to eat. So he went to a buffalo that was feeding on the grass near by. Now this buffalo had magic power; he could change himself into any form he wanted to be. The coyote told him how hard it was for him to get food and he wished he could live like him so that he would not have to hunt for food, and the coyote said, "I sometimes have to eat what you would not come close to." The buffalo promised he would help him if he would promise not to do the same thing to some of his kind. The coyote was very glad, so he promised. The first thing the buffalo did was to dig a deep ditch with his horns, then he told the coyote to stand at one end while he stood at the other end, and he said to him, "I will run as hard as I can. When you see me coming do not move. When I toss you in the air as soon as you touch the ground you will be a buffalo." The coyote stood still, and when he was tossed into the air he was changed into a fine buffalo.

The buffalo watched him for a long time, so that he would not break his promise. But one day when they were feeding the buffalo went to a hollow and lay down. Soon he was fast asleep. While the other one was feeding there chanced to pass that way a large coyote.

When the buffalo-coyote saw him he said to him, "Don't you want to be like me? See how easy I get my food. I do not have to hunt for it." The coyote said he would like to be a buffalo, but nobody would help him. So the buffalo that was once a coyote said to him, "I will help you." So he dug a deep ditch and told the coyote to stand on the end; then he said to him: "When you see me coming toward you do not be frightened; I will not hurt you."

But the real buffalo happened to wake, and he saw what was going on, but he acted as if he was asleep, and said to himself, "When you both touch the ground you will be coyotes again." They both went into the air, but when they touched the ground they were both coyotes again. The coyote was so ashamed of himself he did not know what to do. He ran in the tall grass and hid.

THE FOX AND THE BEAR

Told by Jack Abrams

When I was small my grandfather used to tell me this story: The two chiefs, the fox and the bear, were camping together with their companies or tribes. Each had a tribe under his rule.

They were having good times while camping together. After a while the food began to get scarce. They could not kill any game because they were animals themselves. They lived on roots and fruits. Fox was a wise chief, and the bear was lazy and did not do any work; just made announcements to his tribe, telling them to look for food. The fox had three wives. They were different races and tribes. One of them was a duck, another was a frog, and the one he loved best was a cricket and had a beautiful voice. Chief Bear had but one wife, and he had two children, both daughters. One early morning Chief Fox went out hunting for food, but he could not find anything.

One day Chief Bear made an announcement to all the different kinds of animals. He said this: "Tomorrow morning I want you young fellows to go hunting for deer. The first fellow who brings me a deer can have my daughter for his wife." Chief Fox heard this. In the evening he went out hunting for deer for the next morning, so he could just come and get it and be the first fellow to bring a deer to the chief. He killed one and put it in a certain place. When the next morning came he was anxious. He went right straight to that place where he had that deer. When he came to this place he could not find

it for a long time, until sunrise, then he found it. He took it home, then went right to the Chief's place. He passed his own place. He would not notice his three wives. When he came to the Chief's camp someone had brought a deer already, and he took his deer back to his wives. So they say "Cheating Won't Work."

WHITE SPOT OF THE WOLF

Told by Sam Minthorn

(Sam Milthorn is a full-blood Nez Perce of Idaho.)

According to Nez Perce myths, the people lived with the animals. The animals were not afraid of the people. Usually these animals were kept for pets, but at the same time were kept for company. The custom of keeping pets, no doubt, has been practised for generations.

In some of these Nez Perce myths the coyote was either the chief character or the authority for the myth. But the main idea for these myths were to entertain the young Indian boys and girls who did not have anything to eat. Long time ago the Indians did not have anything to eat except in the mornings. They hunted all day. While waiting for the hunters to get home, the Indian boys and girls got very hungry and the only way they could keep them from getting any more hungry was to put them to sleep by telling them Indian myths.

This particular myth will deal with some people living many hundreds of years ago. They had as their pet a wolf who did not have a white spot on the back of his neck. I will also make an effort to tell you how the white spot was made on the wolf. Every since that time, the while spot on the back of the wolf's neck has never faded nor has the wind blown it off.

One day the coyote was going up the river. As he was going along, he saw a teepee. He went over to this teepee and walked in.

This teepee was occupied by a woman, her husband, and his brother. The coyote made himself at home and was given something to eat. Beside this family living in the tent was also a wolf lying by the fire. At this particular time the woman's husband was out hunting, and the woman, his brother, and the wolf were at home.

When the coyote came in the teepee the brother was making some arrows. As he would get through making them he would stick them up by the fire to dry. At all times the wolf would lie by the fire. As the brother wanted a good supply of arrows for hunting he would go out and cut some more branches while the wolf stayed inside and watched the arrows that were being dried.

The woman was outside stretching hides. She was also tanning, scraping, and drying them. As she was doing this work, a lark lit by her on a tree. All of a sudden an idea flashed into her mind. She called her husband's brother and asked him to shoot the lark with his bow and arrow. He did this, picked up the lark, and threw it over to her. The brother continued with his work after she got the dead lark.

When she got the lark, she thought she would play a joke on her husband. She took the claws of the lark and scratched her face with them. After she was through doing this, she rolled her hides up and put them away. Completing this work she went into the tent, lay down, and covered her face with a blanket.

A short time after this, her husband came back from hunting. Seeing his wife, he was much alarmed. He went over and asked her what was wrong. She told him that his brother was trying to make love to her,

and they fought. His brother had scratched her on the face, she told him. Her husband, believing this story, was very angry at his brother. He took his brother's arrows which were by the fire and threw them in the fire. The wolf saw and heard everything that was going on.

After his brother came back to fix some more arrows, he found out right away that his arrows were gone. He looked all over for them and could not find them. At last he looked at the wolf and the wolf pointed toward the fire with his nose. Noticing one of the unburned ends of the arrow he at once suspected his brother had put the arrows in the fire for no reason.

The next morning the brother and wolf went away. They started toward the east where they thought they would find some people. For many days they traveled together. They went through plains and mountains. As they went along the wolf told the brother everything that he has seen and heard about his brother and his wife. At this time the brother was very sorry he left home, but he did not want to turn back, so they kept going on.

At the dawn of each day the married brother began to feel lonesome and missed his brother very much. One day while he was out hunting, he stepped on a lark's foot and broke it. He told the lark if he would tell him where his brother went and how he could find him, he would fix the lark's leg. The lark told him that he would never again see his brother because he was gone to another world. The lark also told him that his wife scratched herself with the bird's claw.

This naturally made him angry with his wife. He made up his mind to kill her.

When he was on his way home, his wife was out tanning hides. Before reaching her he pulled out his bow and arrow and began aiming at her. At first she thought he was fooling and joking. It soon became serious, and she asked her husband to be careful with the bow because he might shoot her. Getting closer and closer to his wife he let the bow go and shot his wife.

After his wife's death, he swallowed his tent and everything that was in the tent. Before he swallowed this he was a handsome man, tall and straight. Now he was ugly and short. He then began to look for his brother.

The wolf and the brother traveled for many days. At last the brother thought that the wolf was hungry. He got his bow and arrow out and shot a grouse from a tree. This grouse did not fall to the ground but stuck up on the tree. He could not get it down any way but to climb after it. He told the wolf that he was going to climb after the grouse. For a long time the wolf begged him not to climb after the grouse, because he was not hungry. Like every good friends before parting, they had a good heart to heart talk. The wolf and the man were very good friends, very much like brothers. They dreaded to leave each other, but the master of the wolf realized that it was needful for them to part. The master looked up the tree, then down at the wolf. Finally the brother sat down by the wolf and talked with him. The brother

told the wolf that the dawn of civilization or the new world was approaching, that they could no longer be friends. With these words the wolf's head began to lower. The master also told the wolf that he would be a sad but brave-looking wolf. The wolf would also from that time on cultivate a hatred for all people, keeping away from civilization as much as possible. The master told the wolf that they were very true friends and that the wolf would show the loss of an only good friend by howling in the early spring (this was the time the brother parted with the wolf) until he found a mate or a friend. The master at last took a white eagle feather from his head and tied it on the back of the wolf's neck. The brother told the wolf that that feather was in memory of him and it was never to be taken off. Even today you will see this white eagle feather on the back of the wolf's neck. After the master was through talking with the wolf, he took off his moccasins and laid them on the ground. The last talk was given the wolf before the everlasting parting. When the brother was to climb the tree for the grouse the wolf was not to look up at any time. The master started to climb the tree. This was a sad parting because you can imagine the wolf sitting on his master's moccasins with his head lowered. When the master would almost reach the grouse the wolf would look up and the grouse would automatically be further up, then again the wolf would lower its head. Finally his master disappeared, and the wolf began to howl.

A NEZ PERCE MYTH

Told by Sam Minthorn

Some of the myths that were and still are told by older Nez Perces deal directly with points or lessons that are true to the present day of living. Usually these points or lessons are acted by impersonated animals.

At one time there lived a coyote and his most intimate companion, the fox. They lived in an old teepee which was made of tulip stalks woven together by weeds. You could easily notice that the top part of the teepee was dark brown color caused by the smoke which came from the fire built inside the teepee by the coyote or the fox.

They did not have anything to eat. As each day passed by they had to have some means to secure food. One day the coyote brought this matter up with his friend the fox. They decided that each would cooperate in hunting for food. After this the coyote, for a certain length of time, would go out each morning and hunt mice. At the end of the day he would bring some mice home and share it with his companion. Co-operation did not work very well for a time because the coyote got tired getting food alone while the fox was sleeping. Many times the coyote would scold the fox. Finally the fox got tired of listening to the coyote scold him and went out to look for food. The fox took with him a little ax which was made of a flat rock. He went out without

any intention of getting any food. Sometimes he would come to a bone which he would strike with his ax. Because the fox did not have anything to eat for a long time he was exhausted and he sat on a log. While he was sitting on the log and did not have anything to do, he got his ax out and started chopping on the log. Since the fox was tired he took his time in chopping the log; each piece of the log he chopped he threw over his left shoulder. The fox soon found out that this log was pitch. When the fox turned around and started to leave he was surprised to see that the pitch he cut turned into dried sliced salmon. The fox was more than glad to get this salmon, and he brought this home. The fox kept this a secret from the coyote because the fox knew if the coyote found this out he would spoil this wonderful way of getting food. Many times the coyote would try to get the fox to tell him the secret. After a long time the fox got tired listening to the coyote and told him the secret. The fox explained that each instruction should be carried out accurately. These instructions were: The coyote should go out and look for pure pitch, split the pitch, throw it over his left shoulder. While doing these things he was not to look back. Violation of any of these rules would be the discontinuance of the marvelous way of securing food. With these instructions the coyote went out to search for a log which he found. He cut the log, threw the pieces over his left shoulder, but he forgot about one rule and looked around to see how much pitch he had cut. He thought of this violation after he chopped a large amount of pitch which did

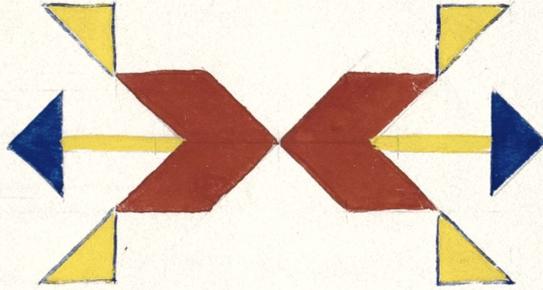
not turn into salmon. The coyote hated to go home, but he finally went and told his companion about what had happened.

The fox did not say anything. They again lived the same as they did before they did not have anything to eat. One day as the fox was wandering along a creek, he saw a smoke coming from some trees. He went over to see. By the fire there was a little boy playing with a wheel that was made of grease (lard). The fox asked the boy where his father was. The boy told him that his father was taking a sweat bath. The fox soon found his father, who was an elk. The elk was very courteous and told the fox to go to the teepee and help himself to some meat and to take some home. The fox did this. When he got home again the coyote again asked him where and how he got the meat. Again the fox explained everything to the coyote. The coyote sneaked out from the tent the next day and went to look for the elk. At last he found the boy playing, and he asked the boy where his father was. The boy told him he was taking a sweat bath. The coyote went to the sweat house and found the elk. The elk was just ready to go home when the coyote found him. The elk invited the coyote to his tent. The coyote was surprised to see all the meat in the elk's tent. The elk told the coyote to help himself to the meat, which the coyote was more than willing to do. The elk was tired from sweating, so he again told the coyote to take all the meat he wanted home. While the elk was sleeping a thought came to the coyote's mind, which was murder. The coyote reasoned if he would kill the elk he would have

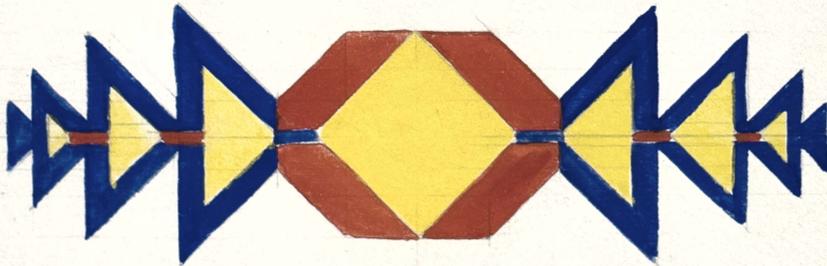
all the meat, and that he and his companion would never be hungry again. (During these days all the impersonated animals wore buck-skin shirts and pants.) The coyote could not resist this temptation, so he took out his knife, made of rock, sneaked up to the sleeping elk, and struck him. Quick as the coyote struck him everything that was made of elk, moose and deer, skin or meat, turned into elk, moose or deer. Even the buck-skin pants and shirt that the coyote and fox wore. From that day on until the present time the fox and coyote never did wear any clothes, nor did they ever associate with the elk, moose or the deer.

SHOSHONEAN

**Designed by Haskell Students (original)**



SHOSHONEAN



THE FLYING INDIAN

Told by Guy Bush

(Guy Bush is a full-blood Shoshone Indian. He learned this story when a small boy from many of his tribesmen.)

Many years ago there was a tribe of Indians that lived in the mountainous regions of Northeastern Colorado and one of their customs was that as soon as a boy was old enough to go out and kill a deer and return with it so as to have a feast with the rest of the Indians in his tribe, he was to be called an Indian Warrior.

It happened that there was a young Indian boy of that tribe that thought himself able to go out and perform the duty that would make him an Indian Warrior, so he set out to do so. He had not been gone long, on this mission that meant so much to him, when he came to a place that has since then made him a very important person in his clan. As he was going on this errand he came to a large cliff. Beyond this cliff was a place where deer lived in abundance. He was very eager to get down to this place, so he made a rope out of swamp grass and climbed down the cliff to a point to where he could easily see any deer for a number of miles. As he was looking around in every direction he was attracted by an eagle's nest that was some few hundred feet from him. In this nest were a few young eaglets that he wanted very much. He wanted them so very much that he endangered himself by going farther down the cliff without the use of the rope. He got to where the eagle's nest was, and was playing with the young eagles when the mother of the eagles returned and asked this young Indian what

he was doing there with them. He said that he was only admiring them and that he meant no harm to them. He loved this family of birds so much that he stayed there with them for the day. As the sun began to settle down in the west he thought of the mission that he had been sent out to do. He quickly thought about the deer that he was to kill and of how he would have to carry it back up the cliff on his back. When he got back to the place where he had left his rope, he found that it was gone. He then thought that maybe by some mishap he might have come back to the wrong place, and he began to look everywhere. But it was of no use, for he could not find the place where he had left the rope. He tried to think where he had left it, but he could not think where it might be. Finally he came to the conclusion that his enemy had cut the rope and taken it from him so that he might not become a warrior. After a long while he thought of a plan that would be safe enough to get him back to his tribe. He then went to the old eagle and told him what had happened during his visit with the young eagles, and that he would like to have the aid of this old eagle in order to get back to his tribe. He told the old eagle to go to his home on the plains and get his buffalo robe and bring it to him; that he was going to make a big bag which he would tie to his feet and arms and fly down to the bottom of the cliff. The old eagle said that he would go and get this robe for him. But when the old eagle went to his wigwam he found that everything had been taken by some of his relatives and that some one had said that he would not return because he had fallen over the cliff and died. He then wondered what had happened to

his belongings and who had said this. The old eagle said that he knew where to find a robe, so he flew hundreds of miles to another camp of Indians and borrowed a robe from them, and brought it back to this young Indian on the cliff.

When the old eagle brought this robe back he gave it to the young Indian, and the boy cut four strips from the robe and tied each corner of the robe to his feet and hands. He then prayed to the good spirits that he would be taken down to the bottom of the cliff in safety and that he would be able to thank the old eagle someday for the good turn that he had done for him. When he had gained enough courage to throw himself into the air and over the cliff, he jumped over the cliff and landed in safety at the bottom. He quickly untied the robe from his feet and hands and set out in search of the deer that he had left his home to kill. When he killed the deer he had to go out of his way a great deal in order to get back to his home. After many weeks of tedious travel he finally reached his home and family and told them of his adventures and how the old eagle had saved his life by getting the robe for him and how one of his enemies had taken his rope. After the deer had been cooked and the tribe had the feast, he was considered a very courageous and brave warrior in his tribe, and has since been known as the Flying Indian.

THE GHOST WOMAN

Told by Leonard Chebotah

(Leonard Chebotah is a Comanche of Lawton, Oklahoma. His father, William Chebotah, is a Comanche full-blood, and his son says that the older man was always able to talk to animals, and himself heard the crows and knew the Ghost Woman. Both stories were told in the Comanche language.)

There was once a woman of the Apache tribe who died when she was very young. This is a true story and occurred in the western part of the present state of Texas. Her people left her remains in a shallow grave and moved to a new place or camp, not far from the old camp site.

Early the next day one man rode by the old camp site and saw a person walking around there. When he came closer he recognized her as she was singing. He told her where the new camp was and rode on to tell their people of his discovery.

As she came to the camp a large group of her people assembled to meet her. She told them all never to call her a ghost. She said that if they did she would die this time and never return again. They all promised her, and she lived with them a long time.

One day she played in a tribal game, played only by the women of the tribe. She won a great deal, and one woman got mad and called her a ghost. As soon as she heard this she jumped as if shot by a gun. She took a deep breath, and said, "This is my finish." She went to her camp, which was a short distance from where they were playing. Everybody was quiet and watching what was going to happen. After

a short time had elapsed a man was sent to see her. When this man got to her camp he found her lying on her bed, dead.

TALKING CROWS

Told by Leonard W. Chebatah

A long time ago a band of seven Apache warriors went on a raiding party. On this trip they stole many horses and were to bring home pile face scalps. On this trip one of the band was killed.

It is a custom of this tribe on returning from a raiding party to come into camp singing. Just before they came over the hill to the camp from where they left, they stopped to put on paint. While they were painting, they could hear voices and understood them plainly. They got ready and started over the hill singing.

While they were gone their camp was raided by the white men, and they had moved. Just as they came over the hill, they saw a flock of crows fly from the old camp site. They were astonished by this and concluded that the voices they heard and understood so plainly were those of the crows.

WHY RAIN FALLS

Told by Vinita Purdy

(Vinita Purdy is five-eighths Winnebago and Comanche. Her full-blood Comanche grandmother told her this story when she and her grandchild were both lying sick in the government hospital in Lawton, Oklahoma. It was told in the Comanche dialect.)

Once there was a band of red men who dwelt in a beautiful valley. Their chief was a powerful, strong warrior by the name of Strong Buffalo. He loved his people and served them in the best way he could at all times.

One season it was discovered that their beautiful valley was gradually perishing and dying out. The red men immediately became alarmed and went to Chief Strong Buffalo.

Chief Strong Buffalo, ready and willing to help his people, prayed to "Munirva" the Great Spirit. The Great Spirit told chief Strong Buffalo that if his tribe would become strong and great they must learn to use the natural resources of this earth.

So Chief Strong Buffalo and his red men called on the lakes nearby. "O, Lakes, Lakes," they cried, "our flowers and beautiful grass are dying of thirst, and you have water for them all." The lakes dashed their waves high, but only the flowers and grass near the shore were watered..

Strong Buffalo then called on the ocean. "Ocean, ocean," he cried, "our flowers and grass are dying, and you have water enough for all." The ocean, also dashed its waves high, but to no avail; for

only the flowers and grass near the ocean were watered.

Chief Strong Buffalo sat down to rest before appealing to the Great Spirit Munirva again. As he was resting a sea gull flew down and asked what the trouble was. Strong Buffalo told the sea gull what it was all about.

The sea gull answered, "Let me see what I can do." He flew to the nearest lake and dipped his wings in the water and began to sprinkle the flowers. But alas! the sea gull sank down among the reeds, tired out.

Chief Strong Buffalo immediately arose and said, "I have a plan." He then called the sea gull and said, "Command all the birds on earth together."

This was immediately done. He then took a feather from the wings of each bird and then made a large, immense wing. This he dipped into the great ocean.

Whenever he brushed this great wing across the sky the rain fell, and the flowers and grass of the beautiful valley were watered.

**SIOUAN**

**Copied from Costume of Sioux Chief**



Sioux

SIOUAN



Sioux

LOVERS' LEAP

Told by Celso Rivera

(Celso Rivera is a mixed-blood Osage, who lives at Pawhuska, Oklahoma. This story was told him by his Osage and French grandfather, Alex Pappin, also of Pawhuska, who, although he could speak broken English, did his storytelling largely by signs, as he was totally deaf.)

Near my home town, in fact only three or four miles from it, there is located a large bluff. From the top to the bottom of this bluff it is about a two hundred and fifty or three hundred foot drop, straight down. At the bottom there is a large number of big boulders with trees all around them. It is a very beautiful spot.

From my tribe, the Osage, a story has been handed down from generations to generation of this spot. The story is of two young Indians, a boy and a girl. The girl was the only daughter of a great and powerful chief of the Osage. The boy was the only son of an old squaw whose brave had died before the son was born. The young warrior did not have many horses nor had he taken many scalps. He was brave and fearless nevertheless, although only time would or could prove it. The young warrior had seen the beautiful daughter of the chief and wished her hand in marriage, but the chief looked with disfavor upon the young warrior because he had not proved himself. The princess, for the Indian chief's daughter was surely one, had also come to like the young warrior very much and would liked to have wed him. But the chief had picked an older warrior who had many horses and had taken many scalps. The young warrior met the Indian princess out gathering berries

one day, and they aimlessly wandered to this beautiful high bluff. They talked of their love for each other and the impossibility of marriage, and decided that if they could not have each other they would die and go to the Great Spirit, where they would always be together. Slowly making their way to the edge of the bluff they solemnly embraced each other and leaped into space. Next day there was a search made for the young princess and the warrior. When they were found the chief ordered them to be buried on the spot where they had fallen, and went away.

In the spot where these two young people were buried there has grown a beautiful, big, double-trunked oak tree. This is symbolic of the two young Indians still together in death.

THE FOX

Told by Celso Rivera

There was once a small Indian boy who seemed to be always hiding from his mother when she called for him. He would run and hide from his playmates also. He loved to run away from his father while he was teaching him to hunt. Like his father he was very fleet of foot and a very clever boy. In the games he played, his playmates were always put to shame by his craftiness.

One day, during the springtime, the boy went away from camp. While he was playing his mother suddenly became sick. She called for him, and he ran and hid. When he would not come his father sent his playmates after him; but he also ran from them, always keeping out of hearing distance. Finally, his playmates returned to camp and told of the way the boy had done. His father prayed to the Great Spirit to make his son pay for his disrespect for his parents and playmates. The Great Spirit, hearing the prayer, changed the boy into a fox. You can see the fox still carries the cunning and speed of the little Indian boy to this day.

THE STORY OF THE OWL

Told by James Hendricks

(James Hendricks is a half-breed Quapaw of Miami, Oklahoma. This story was told him by Fred Miles, an Osage, who had it from his father. The Osage and Quapaw speak much the same dialect, so James would have understood it had the elder Miles told it to him in the original.)

A long time ago, a band of Indians roamed over the plains of Kansas and Oklahoma. They traveled to the north in the summer to get their winter's supply of meat. During the winter they would camp along some river among the mountains.

One time as they were camped along the river, a strange thing happened. One night one of the little papooses kept crying aloud, and the mother could not get it to stop. She said to the baby, if it did not stop crying she was going to put it outside the tent and let the owls get it, for the owls were hooting around their camp at all hours of the night. They lived in a big hollow tree near by. But the baby would not stop crying, so the mother laid it outside and then fell to sleep.

Next morning the mother looked for the baby, but it was gone. She called out for the braves to search for it. They all searched the woods in vain, but no place could the baby be found.

It now came time for them to move on to new hunting grounds. The mother grieved very much over the loss of her baby but was persuaded to leave.

They moved on, getting their supply of game. Then, they returned home again and remained there for the winter.

It soon came time for them to start their annual hunt again. They prepared their packs and started northward. After several weeks of traveling, they came to the same camping place which they had been to the year before, and had lost the baby.

One night as they were camped here, they heard a baby crying and could not locate it. It aroused the attention of the whole tribe. So they began to search for it. They found that it came from the hollow tree which was the home of the owls. They looked up in it and found the lost baby. The owls had each stuck a feather in its arms and legs. The mother rejoiced over the finding of her lost baby. They killed all of the owls and took the baby back to camp. They pulled the feathers out of the baby's arms and legs, and the baby died. And to this day, the owl is a bad luck omen to the Indian.

THE SPIDER AND THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN

Told by Irma Menzie

(Irma Menzie is a mixed-blood Yankton Sioux of Chamberlain, South Dakota. This story was told to her in the Yankton dialect by her grandfather, a full-blood, John Hopkins.)

Once upon a time a spider was out walking in the woods. He was trying to think of an easy way to get something to eat, when suddenly he came upon a flock of prairie chickens dancing. He immediately thought of an easy way to get a meal.

He walked up to the flock of prairie chickens and said, "Let me show you a new way to dance." They were always anxious to learn new methods of doing things, so they all sat down and listened to what he had to say. He said, "I will blindfold everyone of you, and then while I'm singing and beating the drum you will dance in a circle.

They were willing to try this new dance, so the spider blindfolded the whole flock. He sat down at the drum and sang, "Prairie chicken, prairie chicken, here I sit." He sang this over a number of times. After they became interested in the dance, he walked around the circle, and cut off their heads. One old prairie chicken became suspicious, so she lifted her blindfold and to her amazement she saw most of her followers lying on the ground, dead.

She became very frightened, so she called to the rest of her followers, "Come, all of you, he is killing us!"

They all snatched off their blindfolds and flew away.

WHY THE SIOUX USE WAR PAINT

Told by Thelma Menzie

(Thelma Menzie is the sister of Irma Menzie and heard this tale from the same grandfather, John Hopkins.)

Years ago in a certain tribe of the Sioux there was a young brave who was very cowardly. Because of this characteristic this handsome young brave was dubbed "Chunwaka," meaning coward. Chunwaka disliked this name very much, but much to his grief he just could not be as brave and courageous as the other braves. This made him of a timid nature. The women laughed at him and teased him. How this hurt Chunwaka's pride, for he was in love with the chief's beautiful daughter. He could never win her unless he did something brave. Several times Chunwaka summoned enough courage to present himself before the war party and ask to go along. They only laughed at him and told him to stay at home and take care of the squaws and children. Each time Chunwaka would become more despondent. His only solace was the Great Spirit. How he did pray for courage.

Finally one day Chunwaka felt that he could not stand the situation any longer. Some one was winning the girl he loved. He made preparations to go on a journey to the Chippewa land where the dreaded Chippewa chief lived. On this way he encountered a huge bear. The bear attacked the poor brave. There was nothing for him to do but defend himself as best he could with his lone weapon, a knife. Chunwaka and Mr. Bear struggled on. The brave succeeded in inflicting several wounds in Mr. Bear's body. As the blood streamed from these wounds

Chunwaka became smeared with it. Much to his surprise a new strength came over him. He felt courageous. Mr. Bear soon fell to the ground writhing and breathing his last. Chunwaka skinned the bear and set out on his journey.

He next encountered a party of Chippewa scouts. It was with ease that he sent them to their final resting place. Proudly he fastened their scalps to his belt and set out buoyantly.

The dreaded Chippewa chief and his bodyguards were the next victory for Chunwaka. This victory was not gained so easily but was done anyway. If his Indian princess could only see him now, thought Chunwaka, as he hooked the Chippewa chief's scalp on his belt.

As Chunwaka returned home his steps were swift and proud. What a stir there was in the camp when he entered. His people could not believe it was he. After relating his adventure to the whole camp Chunwaka was given a feast and rich gifts were bestowed upon him. From the chief he received the hand of his beautiful daughter. Chunwaka explained the red blood of the bear as his inspiration of courage. The next war party the tribe went on they painted their faces and bodies red. Thus it became a practice.

WHY THE INDIANS USE WAR PAINT

Told by Jessie Jumping Eagle

(Jessie Jumping Eagle is a mixed-blood Sioux of South Dakota. Her maternal grandmother told her this story in the Dakota dialect.)

Long, long ago the Sioux and Chippewa were bitter enemies, and were constantly on the warpath. There lived in a Sioux village west of the Missouri River a young man whom every one called "Winkta." A name which suited him in all respects, because Winkta means "Just like a woman", which was indeed true, for Winkta was very skillful when it came to cooking, tanning hides and beading. He never took part in any of the activities the men did. The young warriors all laughed and jested to each other when he came around them.

One day Winkta made up his mind to cross the river and bring in a scalp or two of the enemies. He told the villagers before he left, and they only laughed and jeered and told him he would return before dark. So Winkta prepared a little provisions and started on his journey. He traveled two days before he crossed the river. On the third day he was across the river in the land of the Chippewa. He was very careful in covering his trail as he traveled. Nightfall came and as he continued his journey after resting all afternoon, Winkta came face to face with a huge black bear. He at once took his knife and had a terrific battle with the bear. But finally Winkta stabbed the bear, and as the warm blood from the bear came in his face Winkta was inspired to a fighting spirit. He stabbed the bear for the

second time and killed it. He spent the rest of the night in removing the hide. He hid himself in the forest for many days until he regained his strength. He then continued his journey. On the second day of his journey he came upon six warriors. He hid and followed them until he found a rabbit. He killed it and took the blood and rubbed it all over his face and body. He then went on the warpath and scalped three of the warriors after careful planning. He then escaped across the river and back to the village. The people, on seeing the scalps and bear hides, and hearing his adventures, honored Winkta and made him a great warrior. After this event the Indians when on the warpath rubbed their face and bodies with blood. Later they used war paint.

THE SPIDER

Told by Henry H. Shields

("I know this tale from my grandmother. She always called it a bedtime tale. I remember I was about seven or eight years old. She took me into her teepee in evenings and put me to bed and told me all about the tales. Her name is Ina White Owl, a Standing Rock Sioux. I belong to the Oglala Sioux, and I am a full-blood of Pine Ridge, South Dakota.")

Once upon a time there was a spider walking in the woods all by himself walking up and down the woods, and he was awful hungry. So he lay down on the green grass and rolled over and over. While he was doing this, he saw a flock of prairie chicken fly above him. He jumped up, pulling out the grass and filled his sack and went on his way to look for the prairie chicken. He found them dancing around and around. He walked up to them and announced that he had a sack of new songs that he would like to sing for them. So they all obeyed him. He walked up to the center of the circle and announced that he would sing one of the best songs he had. He started out singing with a club in his hand. They all enjoyed the dance. He sang this song without any words.

"The next singing will be with words," said he, and began again. And singing the song with the words saying, "Shut your eyes, dance; if anyone open his eyes, he will have red eyes." So while they were closing their eyes, he killed most of them with his club. But one of them opened his eyes and saw that the spider was knocking them with his club. The prairie chicken cried out, saying, "Look out!

The spider is eating you!" So half of the flock were saved and flew away. He killed half of the flock. He start to make a big bonfire and buried all the chicken in the ashes but their legs so he could pull them out easy. He sat down under the tree waiting for his big feast. The breeze was gently blowing, and this big tree was squeaking and making very queer sounds. He looked up to the tree and said, "Stop that noise up there! I'm hungry. I don't want any body to squeaking on me." But the tree kept making queer noises. So he finally got up and started climbing the tree and found that the tree was split out in an awkward way, and that it squeaked when the breeze softly blowed. When the breeze begin to blow he stuck his hand between this crack and at the same time the wind stopped blowing, so his hand got caught in the crack. He did not know what to do. He sat there and kept saying, "Please let me go. I want to go. What's the matter?"

While he was up there, a coyote appeared under this big tree and looked here and there, and walked up and down the wood. Mr. Spider said, "Hey! don't you ever come around to that fire and disturb my eats!" If Mr. Spider had not said anything the coyote would not have known it. The coyote turned back and came to the fire and found the prairie chickens were all perfectly well cooked.

The coyote had his square meal and walked away in the woods. When the coyote went out of sight, the wind begin to blow, and Mr. Spider had his hand loosed. He came down very quickly and looked it over, but there was nothing to eat. The coyote ate it all

up. Mr. Spider got angry and said, "I'll get you, wherever you go." Then he went on down the path and found the coyote sleeping under the shade. So he took the coyote and threw him over his shoulder and went on his way. As he walked along he said to himself, "What shall I do with this?" "Oh, I'll make a fur coat, or a fur cap. Oh, no, perhaps I better make a bonfire and then I'll know what to do." He began to make a bonfire. Although the coyote was still sleeping, he picked him up again, carried him in his arm and stood by the fire, wondering what he should do with the coyote.

He did not know what to do with it. At last he said, "Oh what's the use. I can't think of any more. Go on!" He tried to throw the coyote in the fire, but he instantly twisted his hind legs and kicked on the spider's chest and knocked him down. The coyote went away in the woods. Then Mr. Spider went on his way and came to a plum tree and said, "What kind of a fruit are you?" The plum tree said, "Oh, I can't tell you. If anybody eats me I'll make him sick." "Oh," said the spider. "I don't believe you. A little red-head like you can't do such things. He ate and ate and ate until he was perfectly full. Then he walked away and came to a pond and asked, "What's good are you?" And the pond answered, "Oh, I always give water for a swimming." "Give me water," the spider said. So the pond gave him some water. The spider drank and drank until he was full. The spider lay down in the shade and rolled over and over and finally became sick and lay there. He rolled and rolled and rolled into the pond and got drowned.

### LITTLE STAR

Told by Rose Jacobs

(Rose Jacobs is a full-blood Sioux of South Dakota. She heard this story in a Dakota dialect from her grandmother.)

This is a story told by the Sioux a long time ago. Whenever they would have a big snowstorm this story was told.

A long time ago up in the north, one winter the Indians were freezing and starving to death. Because there was a lot of snow and it was cold, the buffaloes were about all gone. A little boy without parents killed a buffalo with his last arrow. He got inside the buffalo hide, and he lived on the buffalo's flesh and was kept warm by its skin. Finally all the flesh was about gone, and the boy decided he had to do something else. So he got out and started to blow the snow. He blew and blew. Soon the snow started to melt. He ran all over, and the snow was all disappearing. The buffaloes were coming in herds, and the Indians of that particular Sioux band that were left were happy over the thought that they were going to have a lot to eat again.

This little boy blew all the snow away except one little piece. It went into a hole. He blew into the hole but the snow went farther in. So he melted every piece of snow except this that went into the hole, and the Indians believe that this piece of snow which was not melted causes the winter we have now. This little boy that did this or caused the winter to go away was named "Little Star," and he was considered a hero of the tribe.

WAKPONPI

Told by Wallace Eagle Shield

(Wallace Eagle Shield, full-blood, of Little Eagle, South Dakota, was told this story when he was very small by his grandfather, Has Holy. It was told in the Dakota dialect.)

This is a story of how "wakponpi" (something that has been pounded) or hash came to be known.

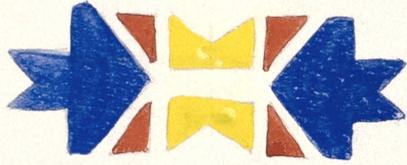
My grandfather often told this little story to my little brothers and to me, but it was not till just lately that I realized the exact meaning of the story. You will notice that man is impersonated in meat and tallow, or the two main constituents of hash, or wakponpi.

So it was that a piece of meat and a piece of fat were going on the warpath. They were on the warpath for no particular tribe or band, but that was the way it was done. You went on the warpath and fought the first band that came in your path. In the course of their journey, each was telling of their greatness and importance, and an argument arose as to who should inflict the first injury, should by chance they meet with the enemy. It was the custom to let the bravest do the first injury. The argument went into the physical stage, and all there was left was a generous portion of pounded meat.

WASHOAN

Designed by Haskell Student

(original)



**WASHOAN**



DOM-ALL-A-LEE

Told by Edmond Brown

(Edmond Brown is a full-blood Washoe Indian of western Nevada. He learned these stories from his grandmother who told them to him in the native language.)

One bright, sunny morning Dom-all-a-lee and his son, with whom he had promised to hunt in order to show him the methods of killing game, set out on a hunt far above the lake into the heavy timber on the mountain side, above their camp. They walked lightly through the pines in order not to make any noise which would frighten the game. Dom-all-a-lee, with his son close behind, walked a long way, and was only able to scare a few squirrels. Dom-all-a-lee thought of a plan to better the aim of his son, with the bow and arrow; so he told his son that he would shoot at something and for him to do the same.

It seemed that he could not shoot at anything but what his young son was not a little better. This made him very proud, but he did not want to tell the boy.

They did this as they walked along, when all of a sudden, the boy, who was like other boys, wide-awake and full of mischief, saw a *met-scoon-na* (water babe) lying in the sun drying its beautiful hair. These creatures were very small people, and exactly resembled a person except that they had wonderful hair, and were very much smaller. Their hair was beautiful, because they were water creatures, and lived in springs and lakes.

The boy ran over and already was wrestling with the small creature when his father discovered him. The father yelled at the boy, telling him to let the creature alone because it was considered bad luck

among the Indians. The boy had cut off the hair and had started running away before Dom-all-a-lee could do anything, so he started to run after the boy.

Almost at once the water began to roar from the big lake and was coming upon them very fast to swallow them up. They ran and when the water would reach them, the boy would throw back a few hairs, and the water would die down a little, but would continue on again.

They ran for a long while and were very tired, especially the young boy, who was not fully developed. Finally the father grabbed the hair and threw it back, and with it, the water went rolling down towards the lake, leaving small bodies of water in the gullies, and this is the reason why there are so many mountain lakes in the vicinity of the Big Lake (Tahoe).

THE ONCE

Told by Edmond Brown

In the early days, long before the whites came west seeking gold, the Indians of the west stayed close to their campfires because of a giant bird known as the "Once". This bird was of monstrous size and closely resembled the eagle. It was so large that it carried as many braves as five or six at a time.

The Indians were held so close to home that on many occasions they had to go to sleep hungry, because of lack of food. Braves who, finally, because of hunger, set out hunting the deer and wild animals would never return, and it was the common belief that they were captured by this gigantic bird.

A council was held one night around the dim light of the camp fire, and it was decided that they should rid themselves of this bird, as winter would soon set in, and they would be without food.

On the following day, the braves left their squaws and children and set out in groups to look for this gigantic bird which was responsible for their missing tribesmen. One group which had travelled from daylight until dark was returning home, when all of a sudden, they noticed this bird with outstretched claws upon them. Before they could act, the bird was again on its way to its nest with a half dozen victims.

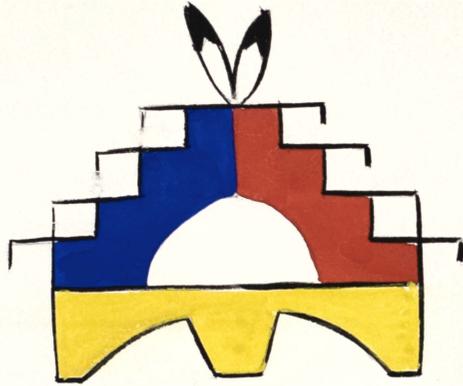
Over trees and mountains it flew, until finally it landed in a big nest surrounded by a great body of water, Lake Tahoe or sometimes

known as the Lake of the Skies. There the bird began its feast on the unlucky braves. One by one, the braves slowly diminished, each watching the fate of the others. A brave who had been watching the actions of the giant bird noticed that it would close its eyes when eating. So he ground up his flint arrowheads, and waited for his chance to throw them into the throat of the bird. The moment came, and without hesitancy, he threw the handful of ground flint deep into the throat of the bird and tied himself to the nest so that he would not be thrown out, when the flint began to cut the insides of the "Ouge". The bird after a few minutes, which seemed like hours, died, and the brave, with his hunting knife, cut the wing of the mighty bird and made a sail, and attached it to the part of the nest against the wind, and safely reached shore.

THE HAMPTON PAPERS

Copied from School Arts Magazine

Pueblo and Hopi



**THE HAMPTON  
PAPERS**



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ITE WASTE, OR FAIR FACE

Vol. XI. No. 4.

September, 1895.

Ite Waste was the name of a young Indian woman. Among the different tribes of Indians, she was considered as the prettiest woman that ever walked the earth. Many Indians had lost their lives and many had failed, trying to get her. But one succeeded in getting her. His name was Swift Star. He had seen the woman and had promised to marry her if it took his life.

Star was a great leader of his people and was also the great medicine man. The time had come for him to marry Ite Waste. He took with him a pair of boots, or long-legged moccasins, a table or mat such as Indians used to eat on, and a flute. After some weeks of traveling, he came to a river and saw no way of crossing it. So he slipped on the moccasins and stepped across the wide river. The following day he came to a strange looking tipi not far from the road. A man came out and invited him to dinner. Star accepted the invitation. After dinner he was asked if he would like to see the places, and as he was being shown around, he was suddenly cast into a very deep and dark hole. After he came to his senses, he found himself among many Indians of his age who were half starved for want of food. Star then shook and put down his table, and there was a long table set in the centre of hole with all the good things to eat that one could think of, steaming thereon.

He then asked all his starving comrades to dinner, and they ate. After dinner he played on his flute and the music was so

sweet and the Indians were so happy that they could not keep themselves from dancing. The owner of the tipi heard the music and dancing and wished to be invited to join in with the party. He was taken down very carefully while Star continued his music and at the same time he and his comrades rose until they came to the surface, but sad to relate, the man was left alone down in the hole.

Star then bid all his friends good-bye and went on traveling. Now after passing through many hardships and sorry days, he at last reached Ite Waste's home.

He had now gotten into a place where it was impossible to save his life, because there were three things to be performed by all seekers for the hand of Ite Waste, and so far, all others had failed.

The first thing was to level a hill with a small wooden spoon; the second was to chop a tree with a wooden axe, and the third was to bale a lake with a wooden spoon. One had to do all these before he could marry Ite Waste. Ite Waste loved this young man very much and had promised to do all in her power to help him.

After passing this examination, Ite Waste said to Swift Star, "Now, I do not know what father will have you do next in his attempt to take your life and I have only one way of saving your life and that is for you and me to steal away tonight." The following night they were ready to go, and before starting Ite Waste put a big handful of pop-corn around the fire. Then they both left the tipi very quietly and aimed for the land where the sun sets. All this happened in the early part of the evening and later in the evening

the mother awoke and said to her husband, "Listen, it seems to me those young folks are not in." The husband listened. Just then several pop-corns popped that sounded very much like two persons talking and laughing. The husband said to his wife, "They are in, can't you hear them laughing?" Then once more they tried to go to sleep. Again about midnight the mother got up and this time she went to the door and peeped in and was very much surprised to find the room empty.

She at once awoke her husband and told him to get up and go and hunt the elopers. The husband got up and started hunting for them. Ite Waste and her lover were many miles away. When they were traveling she used to say to her lover, "If you see a small red cloud come sailing toward us, that is a sign that father is after us and we are safe; but if you see a black cloud, mother is coming and we shall probably have to give up ourselves." Soon after they saw a reddish cloud coming. Ite Waste said, "That is my father and we are safe!" Then they both disguised themselves by turning themselves into crows and seating themselves on a limb of a tree. Father came up and stood gazing at these two crows and within himself said, "Oh, these are regular crows, I'll go home." So he about-faced and went home. When he got home, his wife was so anxious to hear the report that she asked if he had seen anything of them. The husband said, "No, I didn't see a thing except two old crows sitting on a limb near the road." The woman said, "They are the ones! Why didn't you get them? I'll go this time." She then went and got some wild rice to take with her.

By this time Ite Waste and her lover were coming to a river and just as they got to the bank of the river, they saw a black

cloud, which told them that the mother was coming. They again disguised themselves by turning themselves into ducks and swimming out. The mother came and stood on the bank and began to throw out rice into the water. When the drake saw the rice, he began to swim towards the shore, but the female kept herself between the two until her mother wasted all the rice. Then the mother said, "Go, you are safe." Then she returned home.

The two young people are now on the other side of the river, free as birds. They went to a village and got married and are now living together as happy as can be after their great trouble.

-- An Indian Story. Translated by Samuel Baskin.

AN IROQUOIS LEGEND

Vol. XI. No. 7

December, 1895.

The Iroquois have a curious old legend of the first two brothers of our race whom they called Enigorio and Enigohahetgen, or "Good Mind" and "Bad Mind." Good Mind went about the world creating all the good things; while Bad Mind followed him, originating all the evil. At last Good Mind turned upon Bad Mind and crushed him into the earth. He sank out of sight into the under world, where he reigns forever, the author of all evil.

INDIAN FOLK LORE

Vol. III No. 10.

April, 1889

## I

Once Indians went out hunting and one girl got lost. Once she went out and had hatchet and carried child on her back. She went a way out and the country was strange and got lost, but kept on going and going and going. She thought find camp all day, forenoon and afternoon. Camp people thought she would come before night and no one look after her. Towards evening she came to prairie and went across prairie and while she was going looked back where she came and saw whole lot wolf follow her track. She got frightened and went fast and fast till she came to a wood and climb tree with hatchet and child. When she got up to top limb, wolf came down to bottom tree and commenced digged and digged and digged until they nearly digged the tree off, and she thought she would throw her child to the wolf and took it by arms and swung it down and soon as child got to ground wolf eat her up. While they were eating a big white wolf sat watching and came up and told her wolf not hurt her if she come down. So she came down and those wolves never bother her and the biggest wolf, the white one, went straight off. He said, "Now find the way. Follow this little brook till you come where your folks camp."

So she found her home.

## II

TECUMSEH THE SHAWNEE

The time they had war with whites Tecumseh went to the war and fight till he thought he would come back home, and came to one old woman's house and she outside hoeing. Old woman ask him, "Why he run off from war?" She always heard Tecumseh bravest man in tribe. Tecumseh said, "Yes, I am," and then he whooped and went back and fight, and fight, and fight. He went right in and killed with his tomahawk only big head men. Captain; he not kill common men and he could not get shot; bullets go right round and off him.

Then came back and brought his brother with him. Then they started back to war. Before they got there he told his brother that he was going to be killed; two men watching for him. When they got near they heard the cannons, then he told his brother where the men were near that big tree, but his brother saw nobody but he told his brother to stop. His brother stopped and he went on. Then when he got to that place he turned around himself towards the tree and then they fire at him and soon as they shot him he whooped; then second time they shot him and third they got him down, but it did not kill him right away and his brother came in to him and he told him to tell Indians to come and see him. I hear he told Indians there going to be another war in future, but no one know it now, but every one fight in the world, even Indians fight with each other.

Then he will come again, but won't help his tribe, he has helped them enough, he will help another tribe. Then while

they are fighting there will be a Judgement Day, burn everything up.

He died. After he died every one glad because when they did any thing wrong, he got mad and say anything like "You going to die," it surely come. That's why Indian people don't ever say anything wrong about him or cross word to him.

---Sam Perry  
Shawnee.

(Nashwegapahoe)

THE ADVENTURES OF A STRANGE FAMILY

Vol. VII. No. 2

April, 1893.

Once upon a time there was a man living with his five sons in a place by themselves. One of the sons was a rock, one a buffalo, one a bear, one an owl, and the fifth one, an eagle.

One day they wanted to select places to live in. They determined to scatter themselves, so each one could select the place that he wanted. Well, they started out on their journey with their father. When they all came to a high rocky hill, the eagle told his father that he wanted to live there. So the eagle stayed there while the others went on.

When they came to another hill that had trees on its side, the owl wanted that place, so he stayed there. One of the trees had a hole in it.

The others came to another hill that was not rough or rocky. The rock made up his mind to stay there on the hill. So the others kept on their journey. They came to a beautiful valley where there was plenty of grass and water. The buffalo determined to stay there, so he did.

The man and the bear went on their way. The bear selected his place on the side of a hill, where there was plenty of trees and a cave. His home was thus near a watering place of the animals. The bear could catch the animals that would come to drink there.

Last of all the father went alone on his journey. When he had gone quite a long distance, he saw a deer; and he killed it with

his bow and arrows. While he was dressing the meat an old woman came to him. The man asked her if she wanted the forelegs of the deer. She said she did not want them. Then the man asked her if she would like to have the hind legs. But she said she did not want them, the hind legs. Then the man told the woman to select the kind of meat that she did want. While the man was cutting up the meat the old woman all at once took the quiver and the bow, saying that she wanted those, and went off with them. It was so unexpectedly done that though the man ran after the old woman, she being a swift runner, escaped and disappeared in the woods.

The man kept on looking for the old woman. After a while he came to a smoky lodge in the woods. The old woman was in that lodge. The man stood outside and asked her to give him his bow and quiver back; but she told him to get away or else she would cut off his head. Then the man turned himself into a mouse by magic and went inside the lodge and took his bow and the quiver. He then made himself a man again and ran off. The old woman took out her sword and said, "Where are you going? You have to die today." She ran after the man.

When the man came back to the place where the bear was, he called to the bear to come out and help him. The bear came out and cut the sides of the woman with his claws. The old woman said, "You old rascal, you hurt me. What did you do that for?" Then she cut the bear's head off. Meanwhile the man had gained quite a distance. When the old woman was within a few yards of him; the man called to the buffalo for

help as he had then reached the place where the buffalo lived. The buffalo came and hurled the woman in the air with its horns.

The old woman called the buffalo names and cut its head off. The man called for the help again when he came back to the rock. The rock rolled itself down the hill and knocked the old woman down. The old woman got up and called the rock names, and cut it into two parts with her sword.

He called for help again when he reached where the owl was. The owl flew up in the air and then swooped down. The old woman had blue mark on her forehead. She would die even if the smallest insect touched it. The owl tried to hit that spot with its beak but missed it. The owl tried it again, but this time its head was cut off.

Last of all the eagle came out to help his father. If the eagle should fail to hit the mark on her forehead, he and his father would surely die. The eagle flew way up in the air and swooped down and hit right in the center of the blue round mark and cracked the old woman's head. So she died; and the man and his son, the eagle, came back to their old home and lived there.

--Harry Hand.

A QUEEN, A HALF-WIT, AND A PRINCE

Vol. VII No. 8

January, 1893.

There was an old king who lived in a village. He had two daughters. The oldest daughter ruled over the people because her father was too old to reign any longer.

There was a famine in the land in those days. The famine was caused by an eagle and a rabbit. The eagle and rabbit stayed near the people talking about going to hunting. They go off from the place and tell all the wild animals to escape and hide among the mountains.

The eagle continually flew over the village three times a day, and the rabbit go around it three times also.

The people tried to kill them but it was impossible to do it with bow and arrow.

The king invited all the elders of the village and talk over this matter. The elders decided that the king should make a promise that if any man who thinks he can kill the eagle and rabbit, the same man will marry his daughter, the Queen, and live in the king's palace. Thus the king made the promise. After meeting of the elders was over, the elders sent messages all over the country, that the king had made a promise, that he will give his daughter, the Queen, to any man who can kill the eagle and the rabbit.

Thus the news spread all over the country. There was a prince that lived near the village of Famine, who is a good archer. His father was a great warrior and hunter. The prince was taught how

to use bow and arrows when he was very young. Thus he grew up a good archer and good warrior.

He was a prince but never stay at his father's castle. He always stay with the warriors and hunters when he came young man. His father was a great king and warrior, therefore when his son grew up he imitate his father's character.

The prince was greater than his father when he was only twenty years of age. The people called him "Blood-clot".

This prince hear of the news of the king of the village of the famine. So he sent a message to the king by the elders. Those ten elders went to the king of the village and told the king that Prince Blood-clot was greatest man that ever lived in the country, when he pointed at anything the same thing died. When the king heard the good recommendations, he immediately sent a good many elders after the prince to take him home and marry the king's daughter. The young prince refused to be carried home on a beautiful horse led by the elders. The prince said that he will go by himself afterwards and sent the elders home by saying he will be there next day at midday. So the elders went home and prepared the wedding for the queen and the archer.

Next morning after the elders have gone he dressed in his best clothes and took his bow and arrow and start for the wedding. When he got half the way, he met a man dressed in old clothes. This man was a half-wit or a half-witted man.

The half-wit said, "Brother, I am very hungry. Please kill me a bird that I may eat." The prince told him to follow him and he will

kill him something. So the half-wit followed him and they came to a river. There they found some prairie chickens sitting on a tree and eating wild grapes.

The prince took his arrows and killed one for him. The chicken did not fall to the ground on account of the thick vines. The half-wit said, "Brother please take your best clothes off and climb the tree and throw the chicken down for me. Though Blood-clot was hurried, he complied to this request and climbed the tree. As he was about to descend the tree he heard a peculiar noise which half-wit made. He asked the half-wit, "What did you say?" "I just said come down quick brother." After this he heard this peculiar noise again. "Iyaskapa, iyaskapa, iyaskapa can kin en," ("Stick. Stick. Stick to the tree.") The prince said, "Did you say, "Stick to the tree?" The half-wit said, "Of course I said stick to the tree!"

When the half-wit said this in loud voice the prince stuck to the tree. The half-wit took off his old ragged clothes and put on the prince's beautiful clothing, by saying, "I am to get married with the queen, let this fellow stay and eat this chicken. Sir, if you happen to get loose wear these ragged clothes. I am going to get married with the king's daughter." Thus the half-wit dressed himself fine and went toward the village.

When he arrived at the entrance of the village all the elders and the king met him and he was carried home in beautiful blankets made of animal skins. The half-witted man got married with the queen and live

in a beautiful castle. Next day after the eagle came over the village at the usual time. The half-wit shot at it several times but alas, he missed it every time. The rabbit came around the village little later. He shot at it several times but missed it every time. The people asked him what is the reason he missed them every time. He said he missed them because his blanket was in his way.

The queen's sister wish to visit her new brother-in-law, but the queen scold her and told her not to come at all. The young maiden did not like what her sister had said to her, therefore she went off in the woods by herself, weeping as she went. As she pass by a tree she heard some one calling her. She stopped and looked around, she saw a man up the tree. The man said to her, "Maiden, I was going to get married with the king's daughter three days ago, but a man took all my clothes while I was up here and went that way." The maiden said, "He is in the village, he got married with my sister, the queen. I thought it is not Prince Blood-clot, because he missed everytime he shot at the eagle and the rabbit." The maiden took the young man off the tree and went home with him. When they arrived at the village, Blood-clot took all his clothes from the half-wit.

Blood-clot told the king that the queen's husband was a half-witted man who took all his clothes while he was upon a tree. So they took the half-witted man and wife and put them out of the village, and they lived in a dig-out.

Blood-clot got married with the queen's younger sister and they live in the palace.

When the eagle and rabbit came there he killed them both. After the eagle and rabbit were killed and the land was covered with

buffaloes, deer and all kinds of edible animals.

Thus the people got rich and lived well. Blood-clot was honored by all the people because he had saved good many people from starvation.

---Jos. Du Bray.

MOON NIBBLERS

Vol. VIII No. 3.

August, 1892.

Some peculiar mice which are called Moon Nibblers live upon this earth. When the moon becomes perfectly round these little creatures run to it from all parts of the world and, all at once, begin to nibble it with all their ability. They bite it off little by little until they absolutely destroy it. The Indians of old said that if there were no mice upon this great world, the moon would grow very large, fall on the earth and destroy the world and all that are therein. When the moon is entirely destroyed these Moon Nibblers come back to this beautiful world and wait for the moon to grow round again. When it appears once more, these ambitious little creatures go for it again and work at it in the same manner with all their ability. As soon as the moon is gone these Moon Nibblers return to this earth and live among people and do nothing else but steal. As they go about stealing the moon appears round once more; then they have to put off stealing and go to the moon instantly. The work is very hard and it seems that it does not pay to work at it again, but yet these little creatures are very happy when the moon appears round; they are very happy when they have to work hard, but unhappy when they have no work to do. When they do not work they go about the country and steal all the time. When they get caught they have to suffer for it. Thus said one of the Moon Nibblers, "Where no occupation there comes more sorrow and more temptation upon us. When we are busy, there comes happiness."

---Jos. Du Bray.

INDIAN FOLK-LORE.

Vol. III No. 12.

Many years ago when the Indians could not read or write, except by signs, and when they did not know the white man's ways, they lived together in tribes. They had a chief, and all the people were under him. These chiefs were brave men, and were ready to lay down their lives for their tribes on the war-path. They had a body of men who were their advisors or counsellors.

These were the trainings that they taught their young men:

When a boy is twelve years old, his father teaches him the following things:--to run, to ride on ponies, use the bow and the gun, to be strong and brave, and to go on the war-path and act bravely, and to kill an enemy, and to steal some horses.

If any one is brave and is killed in warfare he is honored, and his name is sung in war songs.

In the tribe of the Cheyenne a chief whose name was Brave Bear had a son whose name was Hoksina. His father often talked to him and gave him his fatherly advice. "I will listen to my father, and shall try to do what he tells me, and when he tells me, and when he dies I shall be chief," thought the young man to himself. Not long after, without the knowledge of his father or mother, he went off one night to the land of the enemies, the Blue Clouds. Next day they knew that the young man was missing. His mother was very sad; but Brave Bear said, "My son has gone on the war-path."

A few days after, when Brave Bear came out of his tent early one morning, he saw about twenty strange ponies standing with his. He knew that his son had brought them there; but he was not there, so he must have gone again. One whole summer this young brave kept bringing more horses, but he was never seen by anyone, not even his father and mother. His father had now two hundred horses that his son had brought from the land of the Blue Clouds.

The father was now very anxious to see his son. He selected twenty young men from his tribe and had them to stay up at nights and watch for his son. They pitched all their teepees in a circle. The young men kept watch every night. One night they found the young brave Hoksina driving in a herd of horses, so they caught him and brought him to his father. His father was made very glad when they brought his son to him. "My son," he said, "you have done a great deed, you shall bear my name and become chief of this tribe." But his son answered not a word. A few days afterwards he again went off without the knowledge of his parents.

He traveled for many days and nights and went into the land of the enemies, the Blue Clouds, and sat upon a mount and looked for an enemy. He saw some travelers come along and stopped by a creek down at the foot of the mountain which he was sitting on. They pitched their teepees there. When night came on he came down to the teepees by the creek. He came up to the largest teepee and peeped in at the door. He saw a man and a woman sitting inside. He thought of entering this teepee, but again he thought that there might be more men in the other so

he went to it and peeped in at the door. He saw a beautiful young woman sitting all alone in this tepee. He was greatly struck by her great beauty as he gazed at her through a small hole in the tepee. Forgetting that he was a stranger and among his enemies, he left his weapons outside and went in and sat down beside her. He began to talk to her by signs. He told her that he loved her. She made signs to him to remain in the tepee, and she arose and went to the other tepee. Soon she returned with the man whom he had seen a short time ago.

They talked to each other by signs. Hoksina said, "I might have killed you, but I saw this young woman and I was much pleased by her beauty, so I came into this tepee." The man then said, "I was in your power and yet you spared my life. This is my sister, and you love her. I will give her to you to become your wife." So Hoksina married a daughter of his tribe's enemy and went to live with his wife's people. After staying there one year, he started to go back to his own people. He pitched his tepee and did not come into his tribe till night fall. He came back to his father and mother, and walked into their tepee. He saw that his poor mother and father were in deep mourning and sadness. For some time they did not know that they were looking on the face of their only son whom they thought was killed long ago by his cruel enemies. At last his mother said, "Is it you my son?" "It is I," said the son. The father cried, "My beloved son!" and fainted away. His mother brought the young woman into the tepee. Hoksina told them that this beautiful young woman was his wife.

When Brave Bear came to his senses, he came out of his tepee and cried with a loud voice, "My son has come back and is alive." The people rejoiced greatly. The next morning his father gave a great feast to his people, and said to his son in their presence, "My son, by your bravery you have won for yourself the position of chief of this tribe. You shall bear my name. I am growing old now-- you shall be called young Brave Bear, and I shall be called Old Brave Bear."

This young man made a lasting friendship between his people and the Blue Clouds, with whom they had many wars before.

---Baptists Lambert.

Sioux

THE LEGEND OF STANDING ROCK

Vol. VII No. 8.

January, 1893.

The legend I am about to narrate transpired in the days when the greater part of the Sioux nation were yet leading a nomadic life, subsisting chiefly by what they obtained in the chase. Buffalo were still numerous then, while today there are but few running wild.

Among Indians polygamy was not considered a moral or social wrong; anyone who desired and could afford to support two or more wives might do so. Two sisters were thus bound by this custom to live with one man as their husband.

They dearly loved each other and thought they could be happy living together, loving the same man and sharing the toils and cares of the Indian woman's married life. Their hopes failed; instead of sisterly love there grew up between them jealousy and hatred. One day there was a family quarrel, hard and cruel words were spoken and bitter tears shed. The younger of the two sisters could not bear to remain where her own sister hated her and her husband indifferent toward her. In her sorrow and anguish she took her only child, a little baby, on her back, called her pet dog and left her only home on earth. As she walked along she covered her face and wept.

Further down the Missouri, the Father of Rivers, lived the Hukpapa and opposite to them across the river lived the Ihanktuwana. She had friends living among the latter tribe and it was to them she was going. There were many dangers she was liable to meet on her long

journey, both from wild beasts and the Padani and the Reqaktokta, the enemies of her tribe, who often came down upon the Sioux at night and carried away whole herds of horses.

After a weary journey she came near the camp Hukpapa, and then felt herself free from the dangers she had been in constant dread of and buoyed by hope, quickened her step. She came to a creek which was easily forded and after crossing it turned and looked back. She saw men on horseback, approaching her, and by their costumes recognized them as the enemies she had feared. There were no rocks or hills near by; the country was bare and level, and she knew too well that they would take her and her child captive. In her fright and bewilderment she covered her face with her blanket and sat down with her baby on her back, her pet dog by her side in a kneeling posture. The braves in their war paint and beads came riding up to her. They surrounded and spoke to her, but she made no answer--she, her child and the pet dog by her side had turned to stone. When the stern warriors discovered this, they looked upon the stone statue with awe and reverence. They took red paint and painted the stone, left their offerings and departed. Ever since that day, superstitious old Indians have painted the statue, worshipped it and left sacred offerings at its feet.

The statue was moved some eight years ago to a hill overlooking the agency, and from there the United States soldiers moved it in front of the agen'ts residence at Standing Rock Agency, where it now sits on a pedestal.

Imaginative people say that at night the statue assumes clear

and definite proportions of an Indian woman sitting with her head bowed and face covered.

--- H. H. L.

THE STORY OF DEVIL'S LAKE

Vol. VIII No. 9.

February, 1894.

**"Minnewauken" or Spirit Water.**

Among the traditions of the Sioux who still live on the south shore of the lake is one to this effect: The Sioux and Chippewa had long been at war; for many score of moons they had fought, covering the soil with blood and furrowing it with graves from Superior to far west of the Dakotas. Finally they found themselves encamped--the Sioux on the south shore and the Chippewa on the north shore, on a little neck of land called Rock Island. One evening at their council of war, the Sioux resolved to cross the lake the next morning at day break, surprise the Chippewa and destroy them. But the same evening the Chippewa resolved to cross on the following morning and destroy the Sioux. Daybreak came and the warriors of each tribe sprang into their canoes and started upon their voyage of war. They met in mid sea. From morning till night the battle raged with increasing fury. Indians of hostile tribes, maddened by generations of gathering hatred, frenzied by the stories of wrong told them by their fathers, lashed their canoes together and fought to the death. All day long battle axes gleamed in the sunlight like diamonds and touched by rays of a star. The water was red with blood and covered with wreckage of canoes. But at evening the end came--an end tragic and ghastly in the

extreme. Just as the sun set over the western prairies a sound like the moan of the winds through forest trees rolled over the waters. Louder and louder it swelled, now shrieking, now moaning, till the hills shook and the forest trees trembled with the sound. The waters boiled like cauldrons heated over a furnace. Then a great wave swept over the surface of the water and every canoe save one was engulfed beneath the swell. One warrior only escaped to tell the story of the awful fate of his brothers and enemies. This is the story as told to us by those who have heard it many times from the lips of a generation that now sleeps with its fathers. Each tribe became convinced that the Great Spirit was angry with them for their ways and their fighting ceased. But from that time down through the years Minnewaukon has been shunned alike by Sioux and Chippewa. They believe its waters are still haunted by the presence of a spirit that controls it and that even is working disaster. The other Indians declare that even yet, when the shadows of the sunset are falling on the waters, they can see the spirits of their fathers in the middle of the sea fighting again the old battle. They can see them advance and retreat, shooting their canoes through the waters, gleaming their tomahawks in the shadows and contorting their faces with the horrible grimaces of war. As the shadows deepen the spirits rise upward toward the stars, still fighting, till they are lost in the darkness of the night. Then strange lights flash across the waters, leaping into the air only to return and ride upon the crest of a wave like a fairy in its boat of nut shell. Deathlike gurgling

sounds come from the deep, and moans and shrieks fill the bays. They tell of daring braves that, unheeding the warnings of their fathers, have pushed their canoes out in the waters and have never returned; and of dauntless maidens who have gone bathing in the surf and have suddenly disappeared. It is one of their traditions that any Indian who has ventured out upon the waters has met with some disaster. Either he has been wrecked and swallowed up by the angry waves, or disease and death in their most ghastly and horrible form have overtaken him. So firmly is this fixed in the minds of the natives that from the earliest times known to the white men of the Indians have the Indians been known to venture upon the waters or bathe in them. They gather upon the shore, look out upon the glassy waves and the panorama of beauty that skirts the sea, stand in moody silence for a time, then turn and hurry away over the hills to their teepees on the open prairies, muttering all the while their doleful sounds and only halting to cast furtive glances back at the silent waters. Wherever these superstitious found their origin, nothing can be more sadly pathetic than the silent awe, and awe that amounts almost to reverent worship, with which the red men look upon this mysterious sea.

THE VAIN YOUNG MAN

Vol. VI No. 9.

February, 1892.

There was a very beautiful valley where some Indians lived. Among them was an old chief and his wife. They had two sons and two daughters, who were very handsome, but the youngest son was much nicer looking than his brother or his sisters. They were all very proud of him. The older son always had some thing to do because he was a strong and brave man. He had two big dogs that could talk, so they were with him all the time to help him. The two daughters stayed at home and made bead-work and did all there was to be done in their tipi; they got wood and water and then in the evening when the sun was setting they would put on their best clothes and go down on the hillside and play some games that they all liked. The youngest son was very vain because he knew that he was handsome, and always wore a blanket that had a pretty bird worked on it so everybody could know who he was. He never went to play with the others in the evening but he would go and sit on top of the hill to watch them. One time it seems he heard some footsteps back of him, so he turned around but there was no one to be seen; soon he looked towards the sunset, and there he saw two persons but he could not tell if they were coming or going. As he looked they came nearer and nearer, and he drew up his blanket so as not to show his handsome face. The two girls were the prettiest he had ever seen. They went on to where the others were playing, but

he watched them all the time. Whatever game was played they would beat every time. As soon as the game was over the two girls would go straight home without speaking to anybody. This young man would watch them. On the third evening he went a little way to meet them but they went round another hill so he did not get any chance to see them. When it was time for them to go home they passed near where he was, and he spoke to them. They told him that they had heard so much about him that they wanted to come and see his handsome face. They told him their home was where the sunset is. The next evening he put on his best clothes and told his father that he was going away for a while and gave him two large eagle feathers, one was white and the other red. He said, "When I am gone two weeks, if this red feather falls it is a sign that I am dead, if the white one keeps moving all the time, it will show that I am still alive." He then placed the two feathers in the ground.

The sun was setting now and the two girls were playing with the others. When it was time for them to go they looked around to see if the young boy was ready to go along with them, but he was gone over the hill and was sitting there waiting for them. They talked all the way till he was so tired and hungry that he told them he wanted to rest, and as soon as he laid his head down he was fast asleep. While he was asleep the two girls began eating grass like horses and cows, and when he woke up he saw two big buffaloes feeding near him. First he thought that maybe the girls had left him and gone away when they saw these buffaloes so near. But no, the buffaloes were the two girls that he had liked so much and followed so far. They did not

make themselves into girls anymore, but just made fun of him. When he tried to go back they would hook him and knock him down, so he had to do as they told him to. After a while his brother was going home and met them. He was so strong that he and his dogs killed the two buffaloes in no time and took his brother home. This young boy was not so proud of himself as before, but played with the girls and boys at his home. Everybody was glad to have him forget his foolishness.

--Lucy Trudell.

(Sioux)

WANAGI TACAUKU

Vol. VIII No. 11

April, 1894.

Have you ever seen the milky way which is called Wanagi Tacauku, the Ghost Road, by the Indians? The Milky Way is far, far in the heaven. It is a ladder which stands in the center of the earth, way down south where it is always summer and where the birds always sing songs of praises. This is a ladder through which the departed spirits walk. Then a person dies, his spirit journeys eight days to the foot of this ladder and then begins to ascend. It has two branches. One turns to the left after the traveler arrives at the middle of the ladder and the other turns to the right hand. The latter is the hardest road for many travelers, especially those who have no patience and courage. The former is very pleasant road to travel on. Every thing seems to smile to the traveler whoever take that left hand road. But the right hand road is beat after they pass through it without paying any attention to the hardships of the way. The travelers will find in this road first, a lion which seems as if he would devour them in a minute. After they have passed the lion all safe they will find two large snakes which will try to scare them and make them turn back. After this the poor travelers will meet Mr. Giant face to face. He will stand right in the middle of the road with his great knife. He will shake his knife at the travelers and tell them that they must return or else die by his knife. But if the travelers do not pay any

attention to him and do their own business, he will not hurt them at all. The next place is a place or palace of maidens, where everything is easy and beautiful.

This is the place where all the riches are found. When the traveler passes by this palace, the maidens come and play all kinds of instruments and call them to stop. Those who are so foolish as to stop there will be put into a furnace of fire while they sleep in the night. But those who will look forward and not listen to the beautiful voices, will cross a bottomless river on a single rope bridge; and after this they will meet their friends and live forever. They will not be in want. If they want buffalo or deer meat, they will just take the hair and breathe on it and it will become animal.

But those who had turned back on account of the hard times and take the left hand where everything seemed to be pleasant will have joyful time all through their journey, but at the end they have hard times. They will have pleasant and delightful journey till they get to a gate.

When they get to this gate they will find a man who will snatch them inside of a strong house, where he will keep them forever and when they ask for bread he will give coal of fire; if they ask for coffee he will give them melted lead; if they ask for water he will give them solid ice. If they say their feet are cold he will make them walk in the furnace of fire and if they say they are warm, he will put them between blocks of ice.

Those who are not snatched at this gate into this intolerable place often come back here upon this earth and fool people. We call them ghosts.

--Sioux Folk-lore Tale.

THE STORY OF A PALLAQUEANINA

Vol. VI No. 4

September, 1891

The old Indians say their grandfathers used to tell the following story:-

Once there was an Indian boy in New Mexico who was a good singer and could play flute very nicely, for that was his business.

Once he had a small patch of melons south of his camp. He was not a lazy boy, for he always got up early in the morning and put on his deer-skin shirt for that was all the clothing they used to have in the old times, and then he would go up on top of that hill, for those people who live in the old times did not know there was a God.

And when he got home he would sing and sing all the day long and the words he used to sing many times were:

Tee-ha-tee-ha-zee-umacu, rtaunie  
 Maszaunie, skeca-ha, pay-her-her-ca-na,  
 He-he, heaw, heaw.

Here, here, down the hollow.  
 Where my beautiful vines are growing,  
 More I sing, more they seem to be growing.

For these people believed that singing and dancing make the things grow more beautiful.

These things are what the pallaquiamas used to do.

THE ONE LEGGED GIANT

Vol. X No. 11

April, 1895.

This story which I am about to narrate is an oft-repeated Indian legend. I tell it not that it has anything real good about it, but because it is a story that our forefathers have listened to and repeated many times. It has been, no doubt, slightly altered from the original story, but this is the first time that it will be translated into English. It is very difficult to translate it but I shall do my best.

There was once a severe famine in a certain land and it was so grievous that all the inhabitants of that land except two died. But it so happened that an old woman and her daughter had managed to get along without much suffering. The young maiden was very beautiful to look upon and several young men had asked her hand in marriage before the famine, but she refused them all. Every morning, the old woman would go out into the swamp in search of food, such as Indian potatoes, beans, and onions. She used to stroll away into the country in search of these. Her daughter generally stayed at home and cooked what little they had in the tent. In the evening when the old woman came home, they would both eat of the little food the girl had prepared. It happened that when the old woman had gone after more potatoes and the young maiden had finished her work and was sewing inside the tent, there was a noise outside. The young girl let off

sewing and approached the door and looking out saw a large, fat coon that somebody had left. The maiden look all around but could not see anyone, so she took the coon inside and cooked it. She took the bladder and filled it with oil and hung it over the fire to dry. This is the way Indians always do. When the mother came home in the evening, she was very much surprised what had happened. She said that it was almost impossible that such a thing should occur in this lonely country. She could not understand who this friend could be. They soon dismissed the subject from their minds and sat down to eat of the nice, fried coon steak that her daughter had prepared. This thing occurred regularly for six days, every time the mother was absent. The old woman was anxious to know who it was that pitied them so much; so she left orders one morning that her daughter, after she had gone, should make a hole in the tepee and see who it was that had taken so much interest in their welfare. If their friend should come again, she was to invite him in to supper. The maiden did as her mother had told her. She was looking through the hole when a man with two faced approached the tent; he was approaching very cautiously, have one face looking back, the other one, of course, in front. He came to the door and dropped the coon and was about to escape when the maiden, although she was frightened to death, in obedience to her mother's orders, called out for him to stop and have some supper. When the two-faced man saw that he was discovered, he turned back and replied that he was not willing to have supper with them; he was just doing that to

fatten them. Then he escaped into the woods. She made haste and cooked this coon and also saved some of the oil. When the old woman came home, and after she had heard what had happened she told her daughter that they must escape immediately for this two faced man was a cannibal, and intended to fatten them in order to eat them. So they got ready to escape during the night and started about day break. This young maiden had saved about seven of these bladders filled with oil.

After they had traveled a considerable distance they looked back to the east and saw a cloud of dust rising, and when they looked again they could plainly see that the two-faced man was approaching them at a terrible speed. When he was almost up with them, the maiden threw one of the bladders back and as it fell the bladder burst, and the oil that was in it was spilled on the ground. The two-faced man said, "Here is some of the fruits of my labor," and he commenced to eat the ground that the oil had been spilt upon. The two women had by this time gained a considerable distance from the cannibal. After he had finished eating the oil, he flew after them again, with the swiftness of a deer. He was almost upon them when the maiden again threw one of the bladders back with the same result.

The old mother was completely broken down and she could not go any further. Near by was a hollow trunk of a tree and the maiden took her poor mother and put her into this hole. And she started again, gaining considerable ground between the cannibal and herself. When the two-faced man came opposite the place where the old woman was, he stopped, looked in and saw the poor old woman weeping

bitterly. He thought she was doing very well where she was, and passed on after the young maiden.

This young girl now came within sight of a large strong house, so she went straight for it. The cannibal was quite a distance behind her. When the girl approached the castle she saw a giant, with one leg, making arrows, under the shade. Although she was frightened, she went straight to him and asked protection from this terrible cannibal. She kept dancing around this one legged giant and praying for protection against her enemy. The giant pitied her and admitted her into the strong house and fastened the door. She found the house very beautiful inside. The cannibal now came up and demanded the surrender of the maiden. He kept dancing around the giant and repeating the command. This giant had a watch dog of enormous size and he ordered him to tear this man in pieces. The cannibal made an attempt to escape but was overtaken by the dog and so his end came. In course of time this giant married this beautiful maiden. One day he ordered his wife to go up to the top of the house and sing a buffalo song. In this song she should mention the one legged giant. (This song I'm unable to recall, but it was the calling of buffaloes.) While she was singing she saw toward the west a thick cloud of dust appear. In a short time she saw a herd of buffaloes approaching the castle. The giant fastened his doors and stood outside and shot the buffaloes one by one until the buffaloes were frightened and ran off toward the west again. The giant was very rich. One day he told his wife he was going to take a journey and would be back in three days. He gave orders that she should let no one into the

house on any condition, under the penalty of severe tortures.

He mounted his great dog and was gone. The young maiden went up to the top of the house and looking out saw somebody coming. He was heavily loaded with arrows and bows. This gentleman proved to be Mr. Fox. He came up, knocked at the door, and asked admittance. He said that his friend the giant had sent him to protect her while he was gone. After telling all sorts of lies, he was admitted. He at once gave orders to call the buffaloes. She went up and commenced singing in Mr. Fox's name. "You must not sing, Mr. Fox," said he, "you must use your husband's name." If she had used Mr. Fox's name the buffaloes would not have come. The buffaloes soon surrounded the house but Mr. Fox was unable to shoot any of them. They kept running around the castle--coming closer and closer until they trampled Mr. Fox into the earth. The castle was also destroyed, and they took the beautiful woman captive. When the giant came home he was so in a rage that he took hold of the fox's nose and pulled him out; this is the reason why the foxes have long noses. He then mounted his great dog and went after his wife. He came upon a stray buffalo and asked him where are his friends. He said that they are about a day's travel ahead. He went on and on until he found the whole herd asleep on a large, open plain. He saw his wife in the center of the herd. He sent two tiny white ants to tell her that her husband had come to release her from the buffaloes. After the woman had received the message, she ran with all her might--jumping over the buffaloes until she came to her husband. Then they both mounted the great dog, and

and away they went until they reached the ruins of the house. The giant took a piece of the house and threw it up into the air and when it fell to the ground there appeared the same house that had been destroyed. They are both living happily now to this day, so far as I know.

---David Kouillard.

A first prize story.

WILKADO

Vol. IX No. 1

June, 1894.

Wilkado was the only child of Mastan, the famous warrior and the prince of the tribe. At an early age his dear mother died. Then his grandmother, a woman of good nature, loving and kind, brought him up, not by hunting, but by tilling the soil. His father, who frequently made different expeditions against the other tribes, never stayed at home. But his grandmother taught Wilkado to love him.

Wilkado lived many happy years with his grandmother, but one day his father was brought home unconscious and covered with blood from the battle field. The throbbing hearted boy sat before him at the threshold of the "happy hunting ground" and anxiously waited for a symbol of life. Wilkado in a trembling voice uttered these words to arouse him: "Rise, father, for the enemies are at the door!" But he only moved his toe. He shouted "Help father, for the prairie fires are raging through the forest and the thunder is roaring down into the camp!" But he answered no more.

There sat on one side of the tent his grandmother working at her husband's war clothes, "Weep not, Wilkado," she said, "but avenge thy father's death; put these clothes on and here is thy grandfather's tomahawk. Your father was the master of our foe, but he is gone and you shall inherit his fame."

Wilkado in haste put the clothes on and combed his hair. He took his grandfather's tomahawk. In the wildest confusion he ran out of the tent brandishing the tomahawk in the air and started to avenge his father's death. His grandmother came out to watch him until he disappeared in the cloud of dust.

Wilkado on his way met an old warrior. The warrior said, "Go not near, for the enemies are pressing on rapidly." But he went right into the most crowded part, thus dividing it into two parts. At his third charge the enemy fled across the river. The rainbow rose from the river made by the splashing of the water and reached to the sky. Thus the victory was won and Wilkado was the hero of that battle.

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THREE LITTLE SUN WORSHIPPERS

Vol. V No. 1

July, 1890.

Indians are naturally religious people, and whether their religion is a civilized or heathen one, they are very earnest in their belief.

I well remember being one of a party of three little girls between the ages of six and seven, who tried to follow the example of their elders in religious things.

The people of my tribe believed in worshipping the sun as a god. They thanked it, for all that they received, for they thought the sun was the one who sent them all their blessings.

They even gave thanks to it for every morsel of food. No matter how small or what time of day, they broke off the best part of the food set before them and offered it to the sun as a sign of thanks from a grateful heart.

One warm day in July or August (I forget which), my two little friends and I went in for a swim in the clayey Missouri River. As people usually feel faint after they have been spalshing about in the water for a long time; so were we.

We began to look about to see what there was for us to get to satisfy our hunger. The Indian village is situated on a high plateau overlooking the Missouri River. And on our way back we spied a water melon patch right in our way. When we reached it we unconsciously came to a stand still, wondering if we had a right

to help ourselves to what was not ours. We did not hesitate long, however, for our appetites got the better of our thoughtfulness for others, and the oldest one of the three picked the best looking melon she could find.

"How we managed to open the melon, I do not remember, for we had not a knife.

The oldest, acting as the leader, divided the melon into three parts. For if we did not know anything about "thirds" we could understand about "equal parts."

After the melon was divided and a piece placed in front of each, there came another pause, and any one looking on could have seen a very serious expression on each little face as we sat there squatted on the ground, looking so wistfully at the melon before us. In a moment the little leader broke the silence and said, "We must thank our god for giving us this, just as our fathers and mothers do."

This was what each of the others had in her mind, and their little brown faces beamed with delight, and their black eyes sparkled with pleasure.

Breaking off the best part of our melon, we, with our upstretched hands, offered it to the sun, each saying her own little grace out loud. The sun was then gazing down upon his worshippers from his lofty home with glaring eyes. After we had made this offering, as grace before eating in a civilized home, we ate our stolen

melon with all joy and pleasure, as if we had not broken one of the ten commandments.

I consider myself as having been especially fortunate in the opportunity which I have had to learn better and get rid of all superstitious ideas.

I only wish my other little friends might have learned of the true God too!

I earnestly hope, when I return West, to be able to teach my people of the one God, in whom they will find comfort and "a very present help in time of trouble."

---Spahan Anadaka

TUPI-IYOKIHE

Vol. IX No. 8

January, 1895.

In the olden times, when the Indians used to live together in their villages of white tents, which sometimes extended for five or six miles, there prevailed certain customs that were very much like those of civilized nations. Among these there existed one among the Sioux tribe called Tipi-iyokihe.

The village was built up in a circular form. In the centre of the circle no animals were allowed, only persons. Sometimes some rich Indian would present a large tent, large enough to accommodate two or three hundred people. In one of these enormous tents the old men would gather. Another would be given up to old women, and another to children.

Each tent had its special amusements. The tent for the younger people was generally used for dancing, while those used by the older people were given up to councils and other public exercises. These tents were not obtained by taxing the Indians, but were given up by individuals who were interested in certain classes of people. In some cases the donor gave it for fame; while others gave for their kind spirit towards others, that were not able to enjoy the advantages of the giver. Some of these benevolent men are yet in the minds of our people. In some places these very tents have been kept and are now used for better purposes. I remember before coming

here some of those texts were used for out-door prayer meetings, where many souls were converted.

This old custom resembles that of many benevolent people in the North. They have shown their interest in certain classes of people and their welfare.

Here in this school, I think that these friends are doing this same good work in helping us to get an education. When I go around and see the different buildings and the grand work that is carried on in them, I thank God that there are people who are interested in us and are trying to elevate us.

---R. P. Higheagle.

PONY SMOKE DANCE

Vol. IV No. 9

March, 1890.

Among the Indians it is customary to have every year a dance which they call a Pony Smoke Dance.

A chief of an Indian tribe invites another chief to come at a certain time in the summer, with his tribe and smoke ponies with them. When the time for the dance has come, both tribes begin to fix up their feathers and beads and paint their faces red and blue stripes, then they come riding in bands to the dance ground, where both tribes very soon meet. After they have rested a little while, the tribe that has been invited form a circle around the dance ground and sit themselves down, awaiting to see how many ponies will be given to them. They every one in the other tribe that wishes to give one or more ponies, takes his pony and rides around the ring as fast as he can and he rides around once for each pony he wishes to give to his friends.

After they get through riding around the ring, the invited tribe knows how many ponies will be given them, and now the time has come to smoke their ponies. The ones that have ridden around the ring get a long clay pipe which they have made themselves and put tobacco in it, but do not light it; then one takes this pipe and he goes in the ring and presents this pipe to one that he wishes to be his friend. This pipe the Indian takes in his mouth, but does not

keep it long, and then he goes on to another Indian that he wishes also to be his friend and presents this pipe to him also. They keep doing this way until every one has gone around and smoked their pony, that wishes to give.

After the smoking is over, it is almost supper time and they begin to make little fires about the woods and cook a little to eat, which does not take Indians very long. Then they build a great fire in the center of the dance ground, where they are going to dance all the night, and they get their snares and drums on which they beat for music to dance by, then one Indian starts on around the fire dancing and whooping, followed by many more Indians and squaws. This they keep up perhaps twenty minutes and then rest a little while and start up again, and keep this going until morning, after which they all disperse to their homes.

---James Knouf.

HOW SOME INDIANS GIVE NAMES.

Vol. VIII No. 10

March, 1894.

"How do the Indians get their names?" is often asked, and many varied answers have been given by different ones who pretend to know. Soon after a child is born the father would go and kill a deer, bear or some other animal and make a feast. He would invite to the feast some old men, who only have the right to give names. After the feast all of the invited men would give some names from which the father chooses one that is connected with his (the father's) name. The child's is either like the father's name or is something that will recall that of the father. If the father's name is "Sky" the son's name could be "Cloud", "Blue Cloud" or "Sky", "Sacred Sky", "Red Cloud". If the name of the father is that of some animal, the child's name will be some characteristic or attribute of the animal. The above names are called the "real names." But most Indians have two names, some few, three. The "common names" are given the child by the parents without any ceremony, and are given according to the order of their birth; the oldest son has a certain name, the second son another, the third another, etc. The girls are named in the same way; they have real and common names.

The common names are those by which the children are known by their relatives and intimates. If the family is large and exhaust the common names, they give them over again with the addition of "Little."

The third kind are the nick names. The nick names are acquired in the same manner as white people. We know one whose name is "Red Legs". He was so named because in battle he used to make himself conspicuous by wearing red leggings. Another man had added to his real name "Always-Looks-Round". The nick name was given to him because he always would be looking around in every direction. The Indians say that if one would run up behind him and strike for the back of his head, instead of hitting him there he would hit him in the face.

THE WAR BONNET

Vol. IX No. 7.

December, 1894.

The above picture represents a bdotanhunka or war-chief wearing his bonnet.

All the readers of TALKS AND THOUGHTS have no doubt read the article on "Feathers as Epaulets," printed in the March number. This time I shall be glad to try and interest the friends by describing to them the war-bonnet and telling what it was worn for and its symbol.

Every nation has its own flag and every nation has something to uphold in battles.

The Sioux Indians use this war-bonnet as a flag, and every member of the tribe is supposed to uphold it in battle. Every warrior is expected to follow the wearer of it, wherever he goes. If the leader is killed, the next bravest and wisest takes it up, puts it on, and leads the army to the front.

It is simple, being made of eagle feathers and ermine, fastened on to a piece of buckskin. But still it means a good deal to those who are under it, and many lives have been lost by struggling to gain it.

The eagle feather is a symbol of loftiness and it is worn by him who has done a noble and commendable act in a battle.

Ermine is a symbol of purity and holiness, and it is worn only by the wise, older people who are over 30 years of age. Thus

eagle feathers and ermine, taken together, became the symbol of loftiness and purity; and only those who are pure and have done noble deeds are entitled to wear it.

Those who wear it are called bdotanhunka. This word is probably derived from two Indian words. Bdoka means a bull, and is therefore a symbol of bravery. Hunka means an elder or public adviser. So those who wish to wear such bonnets must be brave and good and pure themselves, so that they may lead others.

----Joseph Du Bray.

INDIAN WOMEN IN THE HOMES

Vol. VIII. No. 10.

March, 1892.

In the early history of the Indians we find that each tribe had a different way of building their dwellings. When the Indians wandered about from place to place either to find better hunting grounds or grass for their ponies and cattle; they had to have tents or easily made booths. These the Indian women had to make.

The Iroquois, being the ancestors of my tribe, I feel especially interested in them and their modes of living. I have heard old Indians relate their stories of how they used to live in the olden time. The women did all the work both in doors and out. They did not think this a burden or disgrace--the men must save their strength if they were to be great hunters and warriors. To be sure the women did not have the comforts of life nor the care in a home as they do now. In those homes they did not have a kitchen to clean every morning and dishes to wash; no beds to make, no parlor, dining-room and libraries to sweep and dust. Their minds were not full of dress-making and the latest fashions. Their work was to prepare the food the men had brought from hunting and to secure fuel enough to cook it with. For clothing they had to tan the skins, sew them into simple garments and ornament them with beads, quills and feathers. The women also planted the corn and other vegetables. They tilled the soil cheerfully and took great care of the things they planted, sometimes

making fires in stumps around their small gardens to keep the frost from destroying their plants.

Corn bread, in the times of our grandmothers, was very different from that used today and it took a great deal more trouble to prepare it. They first shelled the corn when dry and boiled it in lye. Then this is taken out and washed till the skin comes off easily, it is then pounded into the fine meal. They often used the trunk of a tree hollowed out as a place for pounding it. When this meal is ready, it is put into a wooden bowl, boiling water and a little salt stirred in a wooden spoon until cold and well mixed. When it is made into round cakes, put into boiling hot water over the fire or under the ashes. These are the two ways of cooking. This bread is still made in some of our homes and we are very fond of it. Beans or berries are often stirred in. Perhaps that is how some of us inherit our fondness for bean pies. The Indians call this bread a word which means "corn-washed" and the corn bread we have is called the "yellow-bread".

In some tribes the older women used to choose the chiefs or headmen of the tribe and if not satisfactory they had the power of taking away the position. This is not true with all the tribes because chiefs often inherit the position the same as in royal families. The Indians of New York used to be divided into clans and when a man married into another clan, the children always belong to the wife's clan. This is still so with the Tuscarora Indians. Today in some tribes, if a man marries one who has much higher standing, he is ob-

liged to take the woman's name. Many have an idea that the Indian man looks upon a woman as a drudge and servant, but they are generally mistaken, for the Indian woman was an important factor in the home, even in those uncivilized days, and if she was capable, commanded the respect her ability deserved.

The father may often want his children to go away from home to be educated, but if the mother objects, we cannot come. If the grandmother objects it is harder still. This has often been the case, but education is now better appreciated and many mothers are glad to have their daughters go off to distant schools, knowing that they will come back to repay them for their sacrifice. We who have been sent under such circumstances ought to make the most of the opportunities that Hampton is giving us, and take in all we can, especially by learning how to make our homes attractive for the sake of our fathers and brothers, for a pleasant home is a priceless blessing and an untold influence.

--- Ella Powless

(Onaida)

A BUFFALO HUNT

Vol. VI No. 11

April, 1892.

Once upon a time two Indian families went out to hunt. At the end of two days' journey from their village, they camped at a place where was plenty of grass for their ponies and plenty of water. These two men were brothers. Their grandfather, the old war chief, was a medicine man too, and when they camped he put up his medicine flag and hung his drum and things on the staff so that his sons would have good luck in their hunting. They had only a little meat left hanging on the iwotkeyapi, or pole laid across two forked sticks to dry the meat on, and were very anxious to see a big fat buffalo come that way. By and by one came very near and the young men chased it on their horses. One of them used a spear and the other used a bow and arrow. Their grandfather stood outside the tipi watching them, and the women were ready to help at any time. After they had killed the buffalo they took the skin off, which was used for a blanket for them. In those days buffaloes were very useful. The Indian used to make spoons out of the buffalo's horns and some of the horns were used as a cup to drink out of. Some skins, with the hairs on, were used as blankets. Others were tanned and made into moccasins and something like a satchel called in Indian unksuna.

Well, while the two were killing that buffalo they saw a large rattlesnake. They killed it and one of the men took the rattle

and carried it into his tipi. The next morning they woke up and were very much frightened by rattlesnakes that were lying around the tipi. It is said that whenever the rattle of a rattlesnake is taken into a tipi all the other rattlesnakes come at night and lie around.

After that the man who killed the buffalo took most of the meat and returned home to his village; the other went out to hunt some more and camped with his wife in another place. One day as he was making arrows in his tent he asked for some soup, so his wife put some in his cup and set it down by him. While the man was whittling an arrow he happened to look into the soup and there he saw the reflection of a man's face in the grease that stood on the top of the soup. The man was an medicine man and in some way he had got up on top of the tipi without making any noise and was looking down at him. He was a Crow man and a great enemy to the Sioux. The man told his wife not to look but to hand his bow to him. When she handed it to him he made believe try the arrow into the bow, then looked suddenly and shot the man in the head and killed him. They then scalped him and carried his scalp home and had a great rejoicing in the village.

----- Henry Hand.

FEATHERS AS EPAULETS

Vol. VIII No. 10.

March, 1894.

People sometimes wonder why the Indians are so fond of eagle feathers. Among many of the tribes only those who had been in battle and slain an enemy could wear them. If an Indian wears five eagle feathers in his hair, it means that he has been in five battles and has slain one or more enemies in each battle. But if he has been in battle and had slain no foe he was not entitled to wear any. The fashion of wearing feathers was according to prescribed rules. Some could wear the feathers stuck in the hair so that the top pointed forward, some backward and others straight up. They were fixed into a hollow bone in which the feather turned one way and then the other with the movement of the head and also by the breeze. Those who had never won the feathers had to go to those who had, and ask them to fix a feather in their hair for the dance to which they were going. It was believed by the Indians that if they put on an eagle feather with their own hands before they had won it, they would become bald headed.

THE SUN DANCE

Vol. VIII. No. 6.

November, 1893.

I am going to explain or tell you what Sun Dance is. I was asked good many times by my northern friends while I was up there. Sun dance is a kind of religious festival among the Indians of old times.

They meet together in a special place which is appointed by the greatest men of that time. This festival is held once a year. It comes on summer time when all the plants and flowers spread out their beautiful green leaves to the nice warm air and the sun light. The Indian name for Sun dance is Wiwanyag wacipi. Wi means "sun," and Wanyag means "to see or looking" and Wacipi "to dance". So it is really meaning "to look at the sun and dance". Their dance is kept for seven days only. The place in which this dance is held is made of branches of trees and bush. They also have a long pole right in middle of the camp. This pole has good many ropes tied to it way on top.

These ropes hang down to the ground. When the dance is begun, some of the men cut a hole or two in their flesh just below the collar bone, and then take one or two of the ropes and tie it to the flesh where is cut, and dance all day long. They keep their eyes on the sun from morning until night and at the same time they bless the Great Spirit. Some of the men cut holes in

their backs and drag a head of a cow or a horse all day long. They do this to show their people that they can endure hardness and also to please the Great Spirit, or their God, who they thought has made the sun, moon and stars.

-- J. D. B.

(Cheyenne)

THE GHOST TIPI

Vol. X No. 12

May, 1895.

As I have never read or heard others speak of this subject, I will try and explain what it means.

About six years ago there lived an old Sioux Indian by the name of Wi-zi-pan. He was called the "Ghost Owner" for he was the proprietor of the Ghost Lodge. This man had two wives who were sisters; he had three sons and two daughters; his father-in-law and mother-in-law who were quite feeble, also lived with him. Wi-zi-pan was an unfortunate man; in three years the Indians' enemy, consumption, had carried one of his wives, two of his boys and two of his girls to their graves. His friends and neighbors advised him to keep a Ghost Lodge.

His neighbors gave him yards of ducking (such as is used for tipis) for a large tipi, which he immediately had prepared for the Ghost Lodge.

Professional Indian artists were set to use their skill on the white canvass sketching pictures of men, horses, birds, deer, and horse-men chasing buffaloes with bow and arrows, others with wickedly pointed steel spears, were painted with many colors. Meanwhile others were preparing ten tipi poles, which were about thirty feet long and three inches in diameter at the base. The bark was taken off them and they were dried in the sun so as to make them stiff and light, and that the weight of the canvass might not make the poles bend.

They were all sharpened at the large end and stuck into the ground, forming a circle. The small ends of the poles were put together at the top and wrapped around with ropes made of raw hide.

The floor of the tipi was smoothly scraped out and beautiful blankets given by the friends of the man, were put down for a carpet.

Everything was freely given him; he had no trouble in getting any material for use in the big white tipi. Wi-zi-pan cut six poles about two inches through, on which he used his best skill in making them just so. He nicely trimmed and painted them, as they were to represent the loved ones that had passed away. The poles were cut according to the height of the person represented; a skillful Indian ornamented the heads of the poles so that they may represent the dead. These poles were taken and dressed up in the clothes that were left by the dead and carefully laid away in the Ghost Lodge. While this was going on, his friends would give to the Ghost Lodge, ponies, dried meat, and other food, moccasins of various designs, fine porcupine quills, beads, paints, dishes, buckskin, in short nearly everything that an Indian desires was piled up in the tipi. By the appearance of his surrounds, travelers would say "There must be a chief living there." But of the nice herd of sixty ponies grazing on his meadows, he had but five ponies that he could call his own.

Three more years had passed and others who had died were given room in the tipi.

The rules of the place were that no one should pass in front of the head ghost and the owner, and every one that eats there

must say "Ghost eat that" at the same time throw pieces of meat, or whatever food it might be: Sometimes coffee was poured on the ground and the same words repeated. He was not allowed to sell or give away any of the property given to him while he owned the Ghost Tipi. Though he was allowed to loan if he chose to. Every evening he would go in the Ghost Lodge, with some of his friends and smoke the long pipe that belongs to the tipi and there are many rules they go by while in there. Another interesting custom was the feeding of the ghosts in the lodge. The keeper's wife would take a plate full of things and set it in the Ghost Tipi and leave it. Soon the old man or woman from the village would come and carry it away, leaving the plate. This is feeding the ghosts.

Four years is about the length of time he is allowed by the people to keep the Ghost Lodge. The ghost keeper sets a certain day in the spring when the weather is agreeable for all the people interested in his welfare to come together and have a good time lasting for nearly a week. The nights are spent dancing "Grass dance" or "Omaha dance" as it is better known.

Wi-zi-pan the ghost keeper has as many sticks in his hand as he has ponies and gives the sticks away while the dancing is going on. When the week is up, only the poor Ghost owner is left, while many happy men leave with whatever he gave them. The tipi is pulled down and given away, with everything inside, to all those that gave something in return. Some of the clothing the dead owned are placed on their graves. I do not think this Ghost belief will ever exist

among the Indians again. It seems as though it has the same effect on the ghost-lodge owner as it does on the poor farmer who has mortgaged his farm in order that he might have his wants satisfied for a length of time.

--- H. W. Fielder.

**BIOGRAPHICAL AND HISTORICAL**

**Custer Massacre**

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USTER MASSACRE

Vol. III No. 6

When I was a small boy I saw General Custer and his army at Yankton, then the capital of Dakota. Nearly every day we little fellows would go down to the camp and look upon the soldiers with childish wonder. The talk of the whole town was about killing wild Indians. Like all white boys, or any color of boys for that matter that hear stories about killing Indians, I joined in the cry, though I was a little Indian myself. We would gather in groups to hear the older boys telling thrilling, exciting, horrible Indian stories. And when they would tell how a single pale face would be surrounded by thirty or forty wild Indians and he would stand in the midst of them and shoot them down with two six-shooters, one in each hand, till he would fall bravely defending himself to the last, our little hearts swelled with revenge, and when we went to our beds at nights the horrible old stories would come up so vividly before our mind's eye that we talked about nothing or thought of nothing but killing these wild Indians. And when the cavalry came out on the parade ground in separate companies and all the men in each company of soldiers rode on different colored horses--bay, black and white, the scene filled us with all sorts of notions and wild fancies.

It was a great and glorious day when Custer's army prepared for its departure. The whole town turned out to take a farewell look. It was a grand scene to us to see the army take its departure, moving slowly out of town, and passing out of our sight over the western hills. My father went with them.

We hurrahed and hurrahed till tears came to our eyes, and we felt like choking, though we hardly knew whether to laugh or cry.

Not long afterwards the fate of General Custer and his brave three hundred followers was heard all over the country. I remember well how savagely the men talked. The whole town was in deep mourning. Little later, fresh heroic stories were told, how Custer killed the wild Indians with his sword, and how he shot down the red men right and left and fell dead at last pierced by many poisoned arrows.

Many years have passed since the so-called Custer Massacre occurred, and I thank God that that cruel period has passed and I hope people are a little wiser.

I wish to give a brief sketch of this so-called Custer Massacre, as it was told to me by a person who was engaged in it, and who is also now a good and faithful student of this school, although it may be imperfect in some details, yet I think it is a straight forward account. I have heard it from more than one person and all give about the same account.

This is the account of it without detail: Just before this massacre, four tribes or bands joined the main tribe, making in

all five tribes. They were wholly ignorant of the fact that they were being hunted by United States troops. Suddenly one day about noon, while they were encamped in a long ravine, word was brought that soldiers were marching upon them. The greatest excitement and confusion followed. The women, with crying babies on their backs, left their tipis and retreated in a very disorderly manner toward a large hill about two miles distant. In the meantime all the warriors ran for their ponies and started off to check the advancing enemy. There was a ravine between General Custer and the Indians' camping ground. Into this ravine, under cover of poplar and ash trees, the young warriors awaited the enemy. In a very short time Custer made his appearance, and when he saw the Indians were prepared for his reception and that he could not come upon the encampment, he did a thing that was very rash and unsoldierly. Instead of falling back, he immediately ordered his detachment (for his main army was some distance away) to get in line for a skirmish. To put in the words of my friend who gave me the account in his own language, "Custer did this thing without thinking and anybody knows that if he presented himself as a target for an Indian he would be served as such.

The skirmish began; and of course under the circumstances it could not be otherwise than one sided. There were more of the Indians, and having the advantage of concealment, while the soldiers were much fewer in number and being under great disadvantages, both in regard to protection and number, and though Custer's men did not

come near enough for the white of their eyes to be visible, yet they were in rifle range. It seemed a sin and a folly to order men to stand before such unfavorable odds. The soldiers were rapidly shot down, so at last some found that discretion was the better part of valor, and retreated without order, and the consequence was disastrous in the extreme. Men rode over each other and being frightened themselves and their horses also, the retreat was made in a very confused unmilitary order, men running on foot and horses madly galloping with the Indian in the rear and on their flanks was the scene caused by the blunder of a single man. And the last blunder that the men made was that instead of retreating directly from the Indians, in their excitement or perhaps through the ignorance of the extent of the Indian line, they retreated right long the line of the Indians, almost under the muzzles of their guns. This they did in order that they might get to the main army. The main army was a little to the northeast of the Indians. I do not know the exact distance this main army was, but, however, not a single man of the ill fated detachment reached it; all were killed, but were not scalped, as I had heard.

INDIANS' ACCUSTOMS

Vol. V No. 12

June, 1891

The following story was written by one of our Indian boys in a contest for a prize. He attended a mission school three years before coming here, this being his first year with us. We print it in his own words.

Before the Indians become civilized they use to have foolish accustoms. I will tell you a few of them. When a man come place in a family he has no right to call his father-in-law's name. If he does call his father-in-law's name or his mother-in-law's name, he will get his ears pulled. A man or a woman has no right to call his son-in-law's name. For instance if General Armstrong is your father-in-law, you have no right to say, "Where is General Armstrong?" If you said this way you will get your ears pulled. (General Armstrong was superintendent of Hampton.)

Here is another foolish accustom. If you go to an Indian woman and ask her, "What is her name," she will not tell you, but she will pointed at her husband and tell you ask him.

A lady has no right to get mad at her oldest brother. If a young lady get mad at her brother, the young man will go out where nobody see and kill himself.

Some Sanitipi (winter) in a valley. That is the Indians have so many (papa) dried meat that they do not need to move place

to place, as they do when they have no papa. As the Indians wantipi in a valley. A young lady get mad at her oldest brother. The young man didn't kill himself, but he determined to go to the (padni tipi) and get kill by the enemy. He started off by himself. After he took three days journey he came to a river. The banks are high and rocky. As he walked long the shore of the river he saw some rain cloud coming from the west, so he looked for a refuge. It was almost sunset too. He went a little way up the river. He found a hole at the bank and he examined it. He made up his mind to stay there all night. After he went into hole it begun rain hard as it could be. Somebody come in and sit by him. The man was so afraid that he fainted. After he sat there little while he fill his pipe and smoked it. This man was a Padani.

The Sioux thought he would smoke too. He filled his pipe and smoked it. When morning came they came out of the hole and talked each other with their hands, for Padani and Sioux are different language. The Padani said: "Scalp me," as he gave his knife to the Sioux. The Sioux said: "Yes I will," as he sang the war-whoop-- "Hi hi hi hi hi hi han." He scalped the Padani.

Now the Padani's turn to scalp the Sioux. As he got his knife back, he sang the same war whoop and scalped him.

After they scalped each other they kill a deer and got the skin off. They cut the skin big enough to cover the wounded place to keep the blood from running. The Padani went home with the Sioux and he gave him 100 ponies. They made good friends each by scalped each other.

THE HEARTS OF THE BRAVE

Vol. XV

October, 1898.

"I guess the Sauks would not think much of a man who had a heart like that!" laughingly remarked a Sauk Indian to me as he was kneeling before a camp fire, holding the palm of one hand before his squinting eyes to ward off the smoke and heat while with the other hand he was revolving a spit upon which the heart of a steer was broiling.

"Wouldn't they?" I asked thinking really more of how I was to keep a little black coffee pot on the fire than any story which the heart of a steer might suggest.

"I will tell you" he said, "as soon as this heart is done and I am out of this smoke and heat."

It was not long before we were seated side by side with our backs against a big tree and were peacefully eating our laborously earned dinner.

"O yes," broke in my companion, "that heart'. That is one of our war stories. The events of this story happened a very long time ago when the Sauks lived upon the Mississippi River. They did a great many things then just as they do there now. They planted corn in the spring and after it was ripe they gathered it and prepared it for winter use. Then they would cross the Mississippi on their way to the great plains to hunt buffaloes, and, in this way lay in a supply of meat for the winter.

One autumn when the Sauks were on their annual buffalo hunt, they wandered away off to the southwest in the country of the Comanche, their enemies at this time. Not long before the Comanche had gone up into the Sauk country and been beaten in a battle on the Mississippi. Like the rest of the Indians they used the bow and arrow and spear to kill the buffalo. These weapons, together with the war club, both peoples used in their fights with each other.

A large body of the Sauks left the main hunting party and went off toward a hill which overlooked many miles of country. They straggled along up this hill in scattering groups. When the advance parties reached the top, they saw immense herds of buffaloes feeding quietly on the plain beneath. But they were no sooner joined by the rest of the party than off started the buffaloes directly away from the hill. The Sauks were much surprised at this because the buffaloes had not seen them. On going further over the hill they discovered men rising from the grass here and there and covering the plain between the foot of the hill and where the buffaloes had been grazing.

The Sauks made no signals to them, nor did these Comanche make any to the Sauks. They knew each other without this, and at once began whooping a challenge for battle. The Sauks soon started down the hill on a run, and the Comanche met them bravely, but soon had to turn and run, for the Sauks were too many for them, outnumbering the Comanche probably three or four to one.

The Comanche kept up the fight as they ran; but they soon saw that by this way of fighting they lost almost as many men as when

they stood face to face with the enemy. The Sauks now had them on the run and were pressing so close upon them that there was no opportunity for them to rally and make a stand without losing their whole number.

At the moment when the pursuit was hottest, a Comanche called loudly to his comrades. They did not answer him with words, but they ran up beside him while he was running and gave him all the arrows his quiver would hold and a good many more which he held in his hand.

The Sauks did not quite know what to make of this action, especially when they saw the Comanche drop back, while all the rest of his party continued their retreat. They renewed the pursuit, but pressing very close upon the Comanche in the rear, they were amazed to see him face about and draw his bow as if to fight alone the whole band of Sauks. If they did not stop he would shoot into them and then turned and ran. This he did again and again, till finally every time he stopped the Sauks would stop also; nearly every one of his arrows had hit a Sauk, while they had not been able to hit him once. This convinced them that this was no ordinary man that they were pursuing, but one specially protected by the Gitche Manitou.

All the while the other Comanche were getting further away. At last, instead of shooting at a Sauk, every time he faced about, he simply pretended he was about to shoot, then he would turn about and run again. This he did two or three times. At last the Sauks closed in upon him, until they got so near they saw that his quiver was almost empty. There was only one more arrow in it and by this time the Comanche was becoming very tired.

The Sauk chief then called out to several men who were near him, "Every one of you rush upon him. Don't stop even if he does shoot!"

Instead of the men alone who were called upon to do this, others rushed upon the warrior. The Comanche turned about as he had been doing when the enemy were close upon him. This time when he aimed his arrow it was into the sky; and when he let go and it went flying into the air, over the heads of the Sauks, his legs gave way beneath him and he fell dead before the enemy had a chance to kill him with war club or knife.

The Sauks found him to be a young man, tall and slender, and as he lay there dead, they gathered about to admire the bravery that made him risk his life to save his comrades; for by this time the other Comanche were far away and out of the reach of the Sauks.

"This young man, my children, is a brave warrior!" said the old chief, to his men as he knelt beside the dead Comanche. Then he cut the flesh down from over the heart, spread apart the ribs, and felt for the heart. Only a small muscle was found and this he cut out. Holding it up in one hand as he rose to his feet, he said to his men: "I have cut into this brave young man's breast to find his heart, so that by eating of it, we might each be as brave as he. But you see this is all the heart he had, it is small and he is brave." The chief then put the heart back in its place.

The Sauks showed their respect for the brave warrior by refusing to take his scalp and left him where he lay. Then they

hastened to join the main body of their band, for they knew the escaped Comanche would soon be coming back to attack them again.

This is the reason the Sauks say, "A man's heart is small. It is the big heart that thumps with fear. That is not the heart of a warrior!"

INDIAN FOLK LORE

Vol. III No. 11

May, 1889.

## III

Two young men once thought they would go duck hunting so they went on the river and they saw a whole lot of ducks on the water and geese. One boy had a little rope, piece lariat about thirty feet long. He thought he would dive in the water and tie those duck's legs to the rope, so many as he could. Then he came out to top of water. Soon as he came out ducks and geese saw him and all flew and took him with them. Ducks and geese together so strong they took him up. Good many timber there and he thought he would cut rope and he fell right down into big hollow oak tree and he fell right into the hole. He do not know how to get out. Two young Indian women came around to hunt bears with axes. They used to look at oak trees and if scratches on them then something in them. So two young women came and hit the tree to see if hollow and when they hit the tree they listened, and the young man scratched inside like a bear. And so those young women cut a hole and when they peeped through they saw something they did not know what, young man pulled one his hair out his head and stuck hair through this crack so this girl said it was a bear hair, so they cut a bigger hole, they saw man was in there. And that is what saved him, those young women going hunting bear.

## IV

Way down in Washeta there is a big mountain, and one Indian don't like to see white man, and he live on this high mountain in tent.

Only thing he eats is Indian corn, buffalo, bears, and turkeys. He said it was not good for Indian to buy his flour, sugar, coffee and pork, because when Indian was put in the world by God, God did not raise these things what white people raise now. He said only thing that God put for Indians is deer and that kind of food. And even now a good many people say it isn't good for Indians to dress up in citizens clothes, because God did not give them to them. He said once he liked to show a trick to the whites. He sent down to Washeta Agency, there are three company of soldiers there. And so he sent a man down and told the soldiers. They say they pay Indian \$300.00 to show that trick to the whites. Then he came down and told the soldiers to bring all their guns with them and take the load out. Well, so after that then the Indian went among them singing like regular Medicine Man. Then after he went round four times, he call up one or two soldier to take up the guns by barrel. Then they tried to pick them up but couldn't. Why? Steel so hot they could not touch them! Then he told whites that that what Indian will do if they ever fight with Indian again. Another show was; it was awful hot day and he say he suppose they don't believe he can make rain that evening. About three o'clock he went down to brook and came back and stood toward south and put up his hands four times, and a cloud commenced and lightening, and after while nothing but clouds all over and pouring rain.

These last stories are true, sure stories. My uncle saw them himself.

---Sam Perry.

Shawnee.

**ANIMAL STORIES**

**An Indian Fable - "The Spider" (Sioux)**

**The Fox and a Wolf**

**How the Bear Lost His Tail (Oneida)**

**The Fox and a Wolf**

**The Legend of Owl River (Sioux)**

**Oaktomi - "The Spider" (Sioux)**

**The spider, the Panther, and the Snake**

AN INDIAN FABLE

Vol. VIII No. 2

July, 1892.

I am going to tell you a story about how and when the spiders learned to make webs to catch their prey. The original spiders are unlike the common spiders which we see almost every day. The original spiders were more like human beings, about five thousand years ago. They were very unlike the garden spiders, for the original spiders could talk like people. They were very smart and could fool people. They take away everything they have, therefore the people disliked them and when they happen to meet one by himself they murdered it. When one of the original spiders knew that he was in an unsafe place he made up his mind that he will go away from the unsafe place. Thus he took a journey and traveled northwestward.

After he had traveled for a month he arrived at a desert land where the ground was very dry and hot. He had lots of food and water with him.

It took him two days to cross the desert; but just as he got across the desert his food and water were all gone. The poor fellow did not know what to do. He said to himself, "O, what shall I eat for my dinner and supper." Thus he continued his journey and came to a hill on which he stood and gazed all around the country.

As he turned his eyes towards the west, he saw a beautiful lake near by the hill. It was surrounded by all kinds of trees. When he saw the beautiful lake he was so glad that he could not keep still.

He danced along as he went down the hill. As he approached near the lake he saw some black objects on the surface of the water. He wondered what they were as he approached nearer and nearer the water.

Finally he came near enough to know what they were.

He said, "They are ducks, what a fine supper I will have; ducks for supper!" Now the original spider lay right down on the ground and thought out a plan how he was going to kill those ducks. When he got his plan all straightened out he got up and cut lots of grass and then put it in a sack.

He carried the sack of grass on his back and went by where the ducks were and pretended not to see them. When the ducks saw him they all called him at once saying, "Mr. Spider where are you going, what is that you carry on your back?"

The spider turned around and said politely, "Halloo! brothers and sisters, I almost passed right by you because I did not see you; these are songs which I carry on my back, I am going to sing for the king and his daughters. They live about three day's journey from here. I got to be there day after tomorrow for they are waiting for me." "You must have some very good songs to sing to the king and his daughters," said the ducks. "O, yes, I have some very good songs here with me, they are the best kinds of songs. I am in a hurry but if you can come out of the water I will sing the most beautiful one to you." The spider quickly erected a little house with the weeds and grass. When the house was accomplished he invited all the ducks in. The ducks said, "Can we dance when you sing your song, Mr. Spider?" "O, yes you can but you have to close your eyes when I begin to sing,

for if you do not close your eyes when I sing you shall have red eyes all your lives," said the spider again. He also told them that they must not open their eyes before he stopped singing.

So when he began singing the song they all closed their eyes and danced, having a merry time. The spider caught one by one by their necks and twisted it off as quickly as he could.

There were only five ducks left when one of them opened his eyes and flew away. They said that the one that flew away had red eyes and all the descendants of that one have it nowadays. Thus Mr. Spider gathered all his ducks together and went under an elm tree and cooked them in the hot ashes, for he had not a pail or bucket with him. One of the limbs of the elm tree under which he made fire was partly broken off and had a big crack in it which makes good deal of noise whenever the wind blows.

As he was cooking under the broken limb a wind came and caused the limb to make a good deal of noise.

The spider commanded the limb to stop making noise but the wind blew little harder and made more noise. He got mad and climbed up the tree quickly to put his hands between the crack. As he put his right hand in the crack the wind stopped blowing and he got his hand caught in it. Again the spider asked the tree to let him go but the tree did not let go, for it has no ears to hear with. While he was suffering up on the tree a wolf came and enjoyed the supper. So the spider missed the delicious duck meat which he expected to have for supper.

The poor spider did not enjoy the good thing which he had made because he got those things in a dishonest way. The poor fellow's heart was almost broken with sorrow. When he got down from the elm tree he followed after the wolf. When the wolf saw him he lie right down and pretended that he is dead.

The spider came to him and said, "You have ate up all my delicious meat, now I will eat you for you got fat on ducks." He took the wolf by his legs and carried away into a valley where he found lot of dry woods. He lay the wolf down on the ground and gather dry wood to make a fire. When he got enough wood the wolf stood up and walked off. Thus Mr. Spider got left again.

After this he continued his journey and arrived at a village and stayed there for some time. While he was staying there he fooled the people so that they put him to death and threw him in the fire. They said that when they put his body in the fire it changed into good many thousand of tiny spiders. They said that the garden spiders, water spiders and gossamer spiders are all descendents from this one. The original spider made his web with weeds and grass but now the descendents of the one build their webs by silk-like threads which they carry with them all the time.

-- Jos. Du Bray.

A FOX AND A WOLF

Vol. VIII No. 4.

September, 1892.

There was once upon a time a wolf and a fox traveling through a civilized country. The wolf was very proud and talked as though he was the only one that knew everything on this universe. He even told the fox that he could speak all kinds of languages.

The fox was very polite and gentle to him, but not in his heart; then the wolf put his confidence in him without delay. Thus they journeyed together very happily for three months, although the fox was thinking about how he could get the proud wolf into trouble, all the way.

One day as they went through a beautiful forest country, they saw a mare and a colt by the highway. When the fox saw the beautiful colt he wished to have it for dinner. The fox said to the wolf, "Go and ask the mare how much she wants for her colt." The wolf answered and said, "You'd better go yourself, because you are small, light, and you can run swiftly; you can escape from the owner if he should come."

The fox went to the mare and said, "Hallo! mare, you have a nice colt, how much do you want for him?" The mare said, "Certainly I have a nice colt; if you wish to know the price, you must lift my hind leg and look into my foot." The fox refused to do it and went back to the road where the wolf was waiting. The fox told the wolf all the words the mare said and also told him that he had seen the price

mark in her hind foot, but could not make out on account of having no education and said, "You know how to talk and read different kinds of languages, so please go and see how much she wants for her colt. I am very hungry, aren't you?" The wolf went and asked the same question which the fox asked.

The mare answered the question by saying, "You lift up my hind leg and you shall see how much I take for him." So the wolf went to her and was about to raise her leg. The mare kicked him with both her feet and mashed his nose. The fox laughed and mocked him and went on his way as happy as ever.

The poor wolf was left behind by his own friend; who whom he put confidence in.

Moral--Never think yourself better than others, and never put your confidence in a person because he is polite to you and smiles before your face. They are happy when trouble comes to you.

--- Jos. Du Bay.

HOW THE BEAR LOST HIS TAIL.

Vol. VII No. 9.

February, 1893.

It may seem rather strange when you come to inquire about this story among the different tribes of Indians. We seem to know it so alike, even if we do speak different languages. This story must have happened when we spoke the same language.

As we know such as prairie dogs; rattlesnakes; and owls live together and do not quarrel; so some of the animals first lived together and spoke same language, until they got quarreling and cheating each other, when they parted for good.

The Bear and the Fox lived together once in the same place. Mr. Fox always depended on Mr. Bear very much. Especially when he got in trouble with some one else, he would call on Mr. Bear sure. So one winter Mr. Bear thought that he was so wise and strong, and everybody was afraid of him that he would get Mr. Fox to support him all that winter.

Mr. Fox thought that he had to work very hard to get his own living and so he was not going to do all the work. Mr. Bear brought home a nice fat deer one day; so he told Fox that he would not share with him any more as he used to do. "Very well," said Fox. All the more Mr. Fox would get such good things to eat that Bear could not get. One day he brought home a nice mess of fish. He had picked them up along the river. Mr. Bear wished very much to have a taste of that nice fishes. Mr. Fox told him that he might get all the fish he wanted

if he would do what he did. Bear asked him very kindly just how he got them. He would be friends with him again. So Fox said, "You go with me some cold night and do what I did, you shall get all you want." The night came and it was very cold. Mr. Bear was very anxious to go. They started at last, and they came to the place where some fishermen had been through the day and there were nice ice holes to fish in. So Mr. Fox told Bear that he would have to wait some time before he could get a fish. Fox said, "You put your tail in that ice hole until it gets hard and you will see that you can get all the fish you want." Bear did just as he was told, not to lift up his tail till Fox came back. Mr. Bear patiently waited nearly all night. At last Fox came back with a party of dogs to scare the bear. Bear had no more than heard the crys of the dogs, before he jumped with all his might, leaving his nice, long tail in the frozen ice.

Mr. Fox never forgot this and he never went back home to see his old friend Bear.

--Chapman Seaman doah.

THE FOX AND A WOLF

Vol. V No. 13

July, 1891.

Once upon a time there were a large wolf and a fox lived in a forest.

Well, one day a steamboat stopped at a river near where they lived. A town was near the river where this steamboat stopped.

The fox said he wanted to go out and steal something to eat. When he reached the road in the forest, a man was hauling loaves of bread in a wagon from the town to the steamboat. When he saw the wagon coming he laid down in the road and pretended to be a dead fox.

The man saw it and said, "What a nice animal, this is! I will skin him for he has a nice skin!" He put the fox in the wagon.

While the man was driving the horse Mr. Fox had thrown many loaves of bread down. When the man went near the boat Mr. Fox jumped out of the wagon and ran off, but the man did not see him.

Mr. Fox carried all the bread that he had thrown down to Mr. Wolf. Mr. Wolf was very glad for he was very hungry. The wolf asked Mr. Fox how he got those bread. When Mr. Fox told Mr. Wolf all about it he said he will try and get some bread too.

Mr. Wolf went out and lay down in the road just the same way as Mr. Fox did. The man saw it and picked it up and said that he found a fox before but the fox stole lots of bread and ran off. He bound the wolf's legs with rope and threw him up into the wagon. Poor

Mr. Wolf was nearly frightened to death when he heard the man sharpened his butcher knife. When the man cut off the rope Mr. Wolf ran off as fast as he could. He went to his den and ran after poor Mr. Fox. He said, Mr. Fox killed him and he was nearly put to death. Mr. Fox ran as fast as he could but when he was nearly caught he said he will get something to eat again. So Mr. Wolf did not do anything to him.

Mr. Fox went out again and went into a house through a hole and drank lots of milk, for they kept milk there. He brought a can of butter to his den. He also brought a pitcher of milk.

Mr. Wolf was very glad and drank all the milk. He said he want to sell some wood, he wanted Mr. Fox to help him cut a cord of wood.

They did not eat the butter yet. When they cut the wood Mr. Fox stopped and listened and said, "What?" He listened a while and then said, "All right," just as if somebody was talking to him.

"My friend," said he to the wolf, "somebody has a little baby and they want me to give a name to that baby." "Well, go ahead, maybe they will give you something if you name the baby," said Mr. Wolf.

Mr. Fox went off and came back to their den and ate half of the butter. He then went to his friend. When Mr. Wolf asked him what name did he give to the baby, he said he named the baby "Half".

After a while he stopped cutting the wood and listened and said the same words as he said before. He said they want him to name another baby. Mr. Wolf told him to hurry up and give a name to the bab for maybe they will give him something. Mr. Fox went back to his

den and ate the whole can of butter. He went back to the wolf again. When the wolf asked him what name did he give to the baby, he said he gave the name "Whole One", to the baby.

By this time the wolf was very hungry. He said, "Let's go home now and eat, for I am very hungry." When they went back and saw the butter was all gone, he was very angry and scolded Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox named the first baby "Half" for he ate up half of the butter. He named the second one "Whole One" for he ate up all the butter the second time.

Mr. Wolf now went out to get some milk. He went into the house through the same hole which Mr. Fox had passed through. The hole was too small for him but he tried hard and finally he went into the room and drank two pails of milk. He did not stop to think about the small hole which he came through.

He was nearly frightened to death when he heard a man whistling outside and tried to open the door. It was in the evening and the man ate his supper and came to see all his milk and butter.

Before he opened the door Mr. Wolf tried very hard to go through the hole but he could not go out, for he drank so much milk that he grew too big for the hole.

The man came into the room and when he saw the wolf, he said, "Ah, now I've got you, the one that stole lots of my milk and butter the other day!" He got a whip and whipped poor Mr. Wolf and kicked him out. He tried to get something to eat two times just the same way as the fox did, but they failed.

In the winter the fox cut a hole through ice and caught lots of fishes with his tail. The wolf wanted to try and catch some fishes too. Mr. Fox told him all about it how he catch those fishes.

It was on a very cold day. Mr. Wolf put a part of his tail into the water and waited long time. Mr. Fox told him that the fish did not come to it yet. When the ice was frozen and the wolf could not get his tail out, Mr. Fox said, "Now hurry up and run so you will take the fish out! Poor Mr. Wolf cried and tried very hard to pull out his tail for the ice had frozen all over it. Mr. Fox ran off and stood on a hill and laughed at him.

After a while the wolf pulled out his tail and was very glad, but he was surprised when he saw that he had pulled off the skin of the tail that had frozen to the ice.

He was very angry and ran after Mr. Fox. Mr. Fox said he will fix the wolf's tail so he did not do anything to him.

There were lots of milk-plants growing in that country. These plants bear some kind of flowers shaped like the buds of a flower. In winter time these bud shaped things stay on the stem of the plant. Inside of them they have something like the furs of a white cat and were soft and very easy to burn. These plants have an Indian name. (Napeoidekiyapi.)

Mr. Fox gathered many of these soft, fur-like things and made a tail for the wolf out of them. Mr. Wolf was very proud of his tail for his tail looked like snow. He did not know those plants were

easy to burn.

Mr. Fox then built a fire and put lots of wood in it so that the flames were about seven or more feet high. He then said to the wolf, "Let's jump over this fire and see who can jump over without burning himself." "All right," said the wolf. Mr. Fox jumped over the fire first without burning himself. The wolf tried to jump over it but his tail caught fire just as soon as it touched the fire and that was the end of poor Mr. Wolf.

The tail burned and it set fire to the wolf's furs, so Mr. Wolf was burned to death. He did not know that the plants of his tail were easy to catch fire.

He was not as sly as the fox, but he tried to do everything as the fox did.

--- Harry Hand.

THE LEGEND OF OWL RIVER

Vol. XI No. 2.

July, 1895.

"In the land of the Dakotas," there is a certain river known as Owl River, from the fact that a famous event had happened there concerning the above mentioned bird.

It was customary among the Indians of old to do anything in their power to bring up their children as brave as themselves. One of the common punishments inflicted to remedy cowardice was that, when a male child cried over anything instead of acting like a man, he was sent out of the community until he could overcome his stubbornness.

One night, when the Indians camped out near the above mentioned river (which did not have a name at that time) was a boy crying over something. Owls were plentiful in the neighboring woods and were wide awake as usual. They were the means by which the mothers could pacify their children by telling them strange anecdotes about them. But the child did not care to hear anything concerning the owls but kept on crying. His mother told him that if he did not stop crying she would send him out where the owls would come and carry him away. It was a general belief at that time that owls had enormously large ears--so large as to enable them to carry away in them a young child with perfect ease. Of course the mother was just saying this in fun, as most mothers would often do, in order to quiet the child, but to no avail. Finally she sent him out doors into the darkness of the night and told the owls to come and get him for she could not make him mind.

The owls seemed to have understood her request and were coming along, and before any one knew anything about it the child was carried off. The whole family went out when they heard no one crying and to their surprise, the child was gone. Just imagine how the parents felt! Word was sent through the village immediately announcing the trouble and nearly all the men, even women, came out with their weapons to bring back the child. They searched all night, and next day till dark, but all in vain. During the night they heard some one crying in the woods. Everybody rushed toward the place but nobody was to be found.

The next day the parents offered a reward of two fine ponies to anyone finding the child. Some boys went into the woods for game, not intending to find the child, but they heard the same cry, which set them to search. They heard the cry again in the hollow of an old oak. One of the boys climbed up and found that the child was there. They caught the owl in a true "cowboy fashion" and brought him to the ground. Of course the owl tried hard to get loose from the boy but was in the same fix as when a wild Texas steer is once caught by a skillful cowboy and there is no knowing as to its escape. The boys butchered the owl in such a manner as not to harm the child's life and succeeded in restoring the child in a good condition.

The act of the owl has been one of the greatest, if not the greatest event, that ever happened on that river and therefore the Indians named it the Owl River. Some Indians even count their time from that period. If you should ask any of those old time Indians the

year of their birth etc., they will answer you that they were born ten years or so before the owl carried the child away. Of course this may not be a true story but the Indians of that section of the country believe it to be a fact, just as much as the people of Sleepy Hollow believed in the incidents said to have occurred in that spot years ago.

--- R. P. Higheagle.

ONKTOMI

Vol. XI No. 7.

December, 1895.

Once there was an old man called Onktomi (Spider), and Onktomi always thought himself smart in everything. One day he walked through a valley and finally found Mastinea (Rabbit) sitting on a log. He went to him and asked him to run a race with him, but the rabbit refused. Onktomi said, "Oh, come, brother, let's try anyhow." Mastinea said, "All right," and so they started at the same time. Mastinea was very quick in starting and by and by went over the top of the hill. Onktomi was far behind but he kept on running until he got to the top of the hill. Then he looked all around but he could not find Mastinea. He was going to ask him to try over again. Finally he found Inyan (Stone) and he sat down to take a rest.

After he rested, he said, "What's your name Inyan?" and Inyan replied, "You said it just now." Onktomi said again, "I mean, what's your second name?" and Inyan said, "My second name is Duzhan (Swift)". Then Onktomi said, "Oh, you're not swift enough for me and Onktomi asked him to run a race with him, and called him "Uncle." But Inyan said, "I have been sitting on this hill for many centuries and have very good place here, so I guess I won't run with you," but Onktomi kept on saying again, "Well, Uncle, let's try anyhow; I'll bring you back again." Finally he said, "All right;" then he rolled him down. At first Onktomi was in front running zigzag, saying "Uncle,

you're not fast enough." At last Onktomi looked back and saw that Inyan was coming on at full speed. Onktomi did not know what to do. Suddenly he was knocked over and run over and Inyan went on breaking down the trees and finally going into the ditch. Onktomi was far behind time again. At last Onktomi arrived and Inyan said, "Where have you been? I have been waiting here for a long time." Onktomi said, "I have stopped on my way to get some berries." That was the excuse he made. He was not fast enough to run with the stone. Then Inyan said, "You better put me back now." "All right," Onktomi replied and then he tried to lift him up, but he was too heavy. Onktomi said, "Uncle, you are too heavy; I will leave you and try you again some day," and so Onktomi went on.

Soon he found Heyoka, so he said, "What's your name, Heyoka?" Then Heyoka said, "My name is Heyoka," (Grasshopper). "Oh, you have a better name than that," replied Onktomi. Then Heyoka said, "My name is Teqankad psi psica" (High Jumper), and so Onktomi said, "A man like you can't jump. Do you want to jump with me?" Then Heyoka said, "All right," and so he jumped with him. At the fourth time he jumped Onktomi caught his foot, fell and almost killed himself, so Onktomi said, "I guess I won't try any more," and then Heyoka went home.

MORAL: -- The man who thinks himself always smart does not gain anything.

--- Thos. J. Rouillard.

THE SPIDER, THE PANTHER, AND THE SNAKE

Vol. VIII No. 5.

October, 1892.

Once upon a time, somewhere in North America, a spider and a panther lived together in a cave. They were brothers; they called each other "my brother." The panther used to go hunting and used to bring back deer with him every time. One day he went out hunting but he did not come back for a long time. Mr. Spider began to feel hungry. When he heard a noise, he always jumped to see if that was his brother. He used to say, "Dear brother is bringing some meat for me, I will go out and see him." He used to say this every time he heard a noise; but every time he went out, he never saw his brother.

The panther did not come back for more than a month. So poor Spider determined to go look for him. He was crying all the time he was looking for his brother. He walked by a creek and came to a kingfisher that was sitting on a tree by the creek. The kingfisher asked him what he was crying about. Mr. Spider answered him and said, "Did you see my brother anywhere? He went out hunting one day and he hasn't come back yet. He has gone over a month now, so I am looking for him." The kingfisher told him that his brother was captured by two large rattlesnakes and was taken to an island in a lake. Mr. Spider asked Kingfisher when the rattlesnakes always came to the shore and he was told when there was not any cloudy days and no wind blowing.

Mr. Spider thanked Kingfisher for telling him what had happened to his brother.

He went to a cave where there were many wolves lived. He said to the wolves, "My brothers, please make some arrows and a bow for me. I am going to kill those two rattlesnakes that live on that island in the lake." So the wolves made some fine arrows for him.

There were many snakes lived on that island in the centre of the lake. The two largest snakes were rattlesnakes. These two rattlesnakes were about six yards long. They used to come to the shore of the lake when there was no wind blowing and no clouds. They said if they came to the shore on a cloudy day they would likely be killed by lightning. These two rattlesnakes used to come to a certain place and used to sleep a little while.

Well, one fine morning, Mr. Spider took off his clothes and painted himself with blue paint. He dug a hole near where the rattlesnakes used to sleep. He then made himself into a stump of a tree by magic, and stood by the place where these two rattlesnakes used to sleep. A little while after that, the two rattlesnakes came to the place. The female rattlesnake said to her husband that she never saw that stump of a tree before; but the male rattlesnake said that stump of a tree always was there before. The female kept on saying that she never saw it before. The male said, "Well, I'll show you that this was always here before." He would his tail around the stump of the tree and tried very hard to pull it down, but he could not do it. If the stump of the tree was pulled down by the snake it would turn into spider, but it was not

pulled down. The male rattlesnake said that proved that the stump was always therebefore. They slept there, but the female closed her eyes and then opened them and looked at the stump ever once in a while. When the rattlesnakes both fell into a sound sleep, the stump of the tree turned himself into a spider again and hit the rattlesnakes each with the two arrows and threw himself into the hole he had dug. The rattlesnakes swam across the water shaking their rattles, but the rattles sounded like sleigh bells. They were both wounded.

Each of them had two arrows stuck in his body. When they reached their home nobody could pull them out, so they sent for the medicine man, the buzzard. Spider during all this time was walking along the shore. He met the medicine man, the buzzard, and talked to him.

Spider asked him where he was going. The medicine man replied and said, that he was going to see the rattlesnakes that were wounded by Spider. He did not know that this spider was the one that did it. He did not even know that this was a spider, for he dressed like a man. In those days spiders dressed like men. Spider said that he wanted to go and see those rattlesnakes too. He said that he heard, too, that those rattlesnakes were wounded by Spider. He said he would be willing to help Buzzard when he asked him to do something for him.

He asked Buzzard if he would carry him across the water. "Well, get on my back," said the buzzard. Spider got on the buzzard's back and was carried to the island. The buzzard had his medicine bag

on his back, too. While the buzzard was flying above the island, Spider whispered and said, "Look out, bald-head, you will drop me." Buzzard said, "What did you say?" The spider said, that he said, "How smoothly Mr. Buzzard is flying." The Spider whispered again and said the same thing over again, "Look out, bald-head, you will drop me." The buzzard asked him what he was talking about. The Spider said, "This is what I said," and he hit the buzzard and killed him, so that they both fell to the ground, but it was not very high so Spider did not get hurt. Spider skinned the buzzard and put the skin on himself and had the medicine bag on his back and flew to the home of the snakes. When he was coming close to the tipi in which the snakes lived, the snakes said that Buzzard was now coming to conjure the rattlesnakes. They prepared everything for him. When Spider saw that his brother's skin was used for a door of the tipi he said in a pitiful voice, "O, my brother." He was asked what he meant by that, he refused to tell. So they went for another spider. In those days spiders dressed like people, but they all had the same name, spider. They were magicians and could do wonderful things. So this spider was going to tell what the other spider meant by saying, "O, my brother." Just as soon as this spider entered the tipi, the other spider that had the buzzard skin on, winked at him. By winking at him he made him understand what he wanted him to say. If he did not do that the other Spider would surely tell what he meant. Of course this spider that used to live with the panther, saw this panther skin and felt very badly about it, so he said, "Oh, my

brother," but by winking at the other spider, he made him tell another thing to the snakes. He said that "Buzzard" said that because he pitied Mr. Rattlesnake for his suffering.

Although this spider that had on the buzzard skin was not the true buzzard, he was called Buzzard. The other spider knew that he was a spider, but the snakes did not.

Well, Buzzard told all the snakes that they must go far away from the tipi, and must stay there and not come near. He said he could not cure the rattlesnakes if anyone should come near. He told them that he wanted some water to be boiled in a large bucket. They asked him why he wanted that for. He told them he would cook the medicine for the rattlesnakes.

So the snakes did what the spider asked them. They boiled some water in a bucket that was very large. Spider told the snakes to put an iron in the fire. They asked him what that was for. He told them that he was going to cut the medicine with that by burning them. Now after they had done all this, all the snakes went to a place not far from the tipi. Spider did not know the number of the snakes because there were so many of them. After they had gone, Spider killed the rattlesnakes with the red hot iron and chopped them in the water that was boiling in the bucket.

Then he took the panther skin, wrapped it up and was ready to escape. He did not tell the snakes to come for a long time, so the snakes were very tired of waiting. They went to the tipi to see what

was going on. When the snake looked into the tipi, Spider told him to come inside. When he entered the tipi, Spider said to him that there was plenty of meat. The rattlesnakes were fat and cooked, so the spider put the fat meat into the little snakes mouth as fast as he could. The little snake kept on swallowing the meat as fast as Spider put it in his mouth.

After awhile the snake said he got enough meat. Spider said, "That is the only time you can eat fat meat, so eat all you can." He kept on putting meat into the snake's mouth until the poor little snake was bust open, so of course this little snake did not go back to the other snakes. The other snakes sent a tadpole to see what that little snake was doing. The tadpole looked into the tent, then went back to the snakes. The spider told him to come inside the tipi, but he was so scared that he ran as hard as he could and came back to the snakes and ran against some of them, because he was so scared and did not know what he was doing.

The snakes all cried out "Bring a needle". Bring a needle!" When they brought a needle, the tadpole's mouth was made a little larger because he had such a little mouth and could not tell what he was saying. When his mouth was made larger, he told the snakes that the buzzard was not a buzzard, but it was a spider and had killed the rattlesnakes and cooked them. When he said this all the snakes made for the tipi to kill Spider, but Spider put his brother's skin on his back and flew off. He went back to the cave where he used to live and made a little tipi.

Then he made a fire inside and put big stones in the fire. When the stones were very hot he brought the panther's skin in and poured some water on the stones. The tipi was so that the air could not get into it and the steam which was made by pouring water on the hot stones filled the tent and this made the panther come to life again. The panther was very glad and thanked Spider for his kindness.

After that they lived happily together again.