INDIAN LEDGENDS

of the

PACIFIC NORTHWEST

As

Compiled By

Chas. E. Larsen
Chemawa, Ore

CONTENTS

	PAGE
FIRE	1
The Crow's Eyes	2
The Raven	3
Origin of the Whiteman	6
Chebus Chepay (Goddess of the Olympics)	8
The Owl's Downfall	13
The Thunder Bird	16
Legend of the For Get Me Not	18
Red Feathers' Son Tewheet	20
How Minnewaste Got Its New Name	23
The Origin of Our Waterways	26
Legend of The Boiling Springs	29
Legend of the Cowardly Hunter	33
An Alaskan Legend	35
Creation	37
Legend of the King Salmon	39
Why Praire Chickens Wont Sing	47
Stripes on the Chipmunk's Back	48
How Snakes Became Short Headed	49
The Group of Seven Stars	51
Why the Crow is Black	56
The Snake's Origin	59
The Legend of Death	60
Legend of Crater Lake	62
The Lone Tree or the Last of Nappie	64
Wesheakashock	65
Wonder Man Nappie	66
The Dark Day	67
Trail To The Happy Hunting Ground	69
An Old Indian Legend	73
The Coyote's Race for Life	75

F I R E

Once upon a time the people of Alaska thought there was no fire in the world and that wood would not burn. The Raven came. He was at times in the form of a bird and at other times he was in the form of a man. He traveled from place to place helping mankind. One day Raven was going along the shore when he happened to see a flame of fire come up a long ways out in the ocean. It would appear and disappear. Just then Raven saw a crane standing on the shore, that had a long beak. Raven had an idea. He went and instructed the crane to fly to the fire, hold the beak until it blazed, over the fire then to fly back to him.

Raven waited for the return of the crane. The crane finally returned with his nose nearly burned off but he had the burning pitch.

The crane did not know what to do about his beak that was so badly burned. He told Raven about it and showed him his beak. Raven told him not to worry about it that he would fix it. Raven saw a leg bone of a deer and stuck it on in place of the burned upper beak and the crane flew away contented with his new beak.

(Con. of FIRE)

The fire he brought to the land was useful. Raven put the fire into all the different trees that were growing. He put it into the rocks also. So today the wood burns when fire is set to it and rocks give sparks when struck against each other.

THE CROW'S EYES

Once the crow was a white bird with beautiful white eyes. Every time he rested or slept he would set aside his eyes on a stump or rock. He always told his eyes that if any one should try to run away with them to call him no matter if he was fast asleep.

One day he laid down to rest laying aside his eyes as usual. On this particular day the eyes got tired of laying still so they called to the crow that someone was trying to steal them. The crow woke up very much excited and put on his eyes to see who was trying to steal them. To his surprise there was no one in sight. He scolded his eyes for deceiving him and put them aside and continued his sleep. Twice his eyes fooled him, but on the third time he paid no attention to them. When he finally awoke he found

(Con. of THE CROW'S EYES)

that his eyes had been stolen.

He did not know what to do with himself for a while but finally he went to the hillside where all the different berries were growing. "I must have eyes," he said so he tried on two cranberries. He was not satisfied with them as everything looked red. Next he tried blueberries but still he was disatisfied. Finally he tried on two small blackberries. These were the only ones that satisfied him so he kept them.

"Now," he said, "everyone will laugh at my white coat and black eyes," so he went to a certain tree and took some bark and made himself some black dye. This he rubbed all over himself until his beautiful white feathers had disappeared.

Ever since then the crow's eyes and feathers have been black.

THE RAVEN

As you walk down the main street in one of the quaint old towns in southern Alaska many totem poles about ready to fall can be seen off the sides or even right in the center of the board walks.

It is about one of these curious looking totems I am about to relate a legend handed down

(Con. of THE RAVEN)

many generations through the Thlinghet tribe.

At the top most point of one, a terrible looking creature was carved with great horrible eyes and claws so unreal. There had always been a question as to which was the greater of two tribes. They finally planned to settle the question by war. At that time of the year the waters of the great Stikine river were very high and it went roaring and singing on its downward course. One tribe lived up stream and the other down stream. The Chiefs had decided to meet in the middle each starting from opposite banks with their war canoes.

Everything was soon ready on both sides and a signal was given from an island by the shooting of an arrow by a small and beautiful child. The two war parties met in mid-stream and the fiercest war or battle that was ever witnessed by the Indians took place. The great angry waters were thick with the blood shed and it was impossible for a fish to live in them.

It was in the thickest of battle that darkeness suddenly filled the sky and it was thought that

(Con. of THE RAVEN)

a great storm was approaching. Every warrior looked up and not one could stir a muscle------ even the river seemed to have stopped.

There directly above them was an enormous creature which looked something like a raven, with glowing eyes that shot fire out at every blink and with smoking nostrils that heated the water. With one swoop the bird creature dove down and drank the water taking in war canoes, warriors, and all. It rose again flapped its wings in a way that shook the very earth.

It went the way it came and disappeared over the distant mountains and only a trail of smoke could be seen. Thebeautiful child that had given the signal turned to rock and to this day the rock still stands its face toward the sky.

Peace is with the two neighboring tribes now and forever. The river that once use to be great is nothing more then a small, narrow, winding stream.

O R I G I N O F T H E W H I T E M A N

Long ago there lived a boy with his grandmother. As he grew up she talked to him about doing great things. She wanted him to be a great warrior some day. Years passed and he became a bright young man. One day she called him into the wigwam and told him that now as she was growing old he should get a squaw to care for him.

The chief of the tribe, Turtle Foes, as he was called had two daughters who were beautiful. All of the young men of the tribe wanted them but the girls did not know which of the young men to marry as they were all brave and proven warriors. The chief decided that he would do something to help his daughters to choose their husbands. So he finally settled that the young men should have a contest. He sent his runners through out the land to announce that all the young men of the tribe would meet at his wigwam on the next full moon and that the two who could make the best cake could marry his girls, for the chief knew very well that the young men of his tribe were not good at cooking.

When the day came for the contest men arrived from far and near. Now the grandmother had told

(Con. of ORIGIN OF THE WHITE MAN)

her grandson a secret in making cakes before he left. When all arrived at the scene of the contest they were each given a bowl of corn meal and other things out of which to make cakes. The chief and his two daughters were to pass around and taste the cakes and the two that made the best cakes were to be chosen between the two daughters.

The contest started and the grandsone remembered what his grandmother told him to do, so when the others were busy and not looking he went to an ant mound and put his hands into the soft nest and let the ants crawl all over them. After which he went back and mixed his meal. This gave the cakes an unknown flavor which created a longing on the part of the girls for our friend, the grandson. Both girls liked him, but the older of the two girls would not have him because he was bold-headed but the younger girl said she would stay by her promise and they were married. In the course of time a son was born to them and the baby had brown hair and blue eyes and the Indians say this was the origin of the white man.

****

C H E B U S C H E P A Y
(Goddess of the Olympics)

Perhaps there are many Indian legends dealing with the Olympic Mountains. Among the most beautiful is one concerning Chebus Chepay, an Indian Goddess whom the Indians of the Olympic region worshipped. A most beautiful creature she was and all the young braves sought her for their own; they searched constantly, facing many dangers.

The mighty Olympics rise from a mystical sea and lift their snow-crowned peaks high into the blue heavens. A long uneven range, graceful, and mighty; sometimes it is overwhelming in its beauty against a radiant sunset of purple and gold.

How pleasant are the green forests, where the tall hemlock and spruce lift their might arms to the blue sky, whispering and singing softly to themselves; where foxtails and rhododendrons grow in profusion. To recall a summer hour in a fragrant wood beside a swirling mountain stream, whose mossy banks support growing pine, magestic fir, and cedar, is something for which to live.

Some mornings begin with a misty fog but soon the sun disperses the fog, leaving the atmosphere so clear that the Olympic lie bare and white with

(Con. of CHEBUS CHEPAY)

deep revasses outlined in shaded gray. On another morning the mountains may loom clear and near, then grow faint and distant, or entirely fade from view in a clowdy haze as the day advances.

Such was the picturesque location of Aa-huh-ah, which in the Quinault tongue means "nothing." An out cast from some unknown spot was he.

Aa-huh-ah was seeking comfort in body, mind and spirit. He fished, hunted and minded his own business. Yet he was always down-hearted and discontented and bore a look as if he anticipated dreadful th ngs---the look of those that are hunted and trampled upon.

It was the custom of the young Indian braves to venture deep into the dark forest of the vast Olympics in search of Chebus Chepay, Goddess of the Olympics for their own. A number of braves, after a long and fruitless search, returned body sore and gaunt while others came not back at all, but were caught by t e padded paws of the fierce mountain lion or cougar.

Because of the ridicule heaped upon poor Aa-huh-ah, he sought Chebus Chepay secretly. One day while

(Con. of CHEBUS CHEPAY)

wondering in deep in the heart of the forest and after being without food for many days, a great shadow fell upon Aa-huh-ah and phantom words of love were whispered to him. Because no one in his life had ever said a kind word to him these love words went straight to his heart. There was a wonderful change for Aa-huh-ah!

The next day he went again to seek Chebus Chepay and again the great shadow fell upon him and the spirit of love broke her blossoms all about the youth. A third time Aa-huh-ah went to seek his love but now the great shadow did not fall upon him. He wondered greatly and fasted for many days. The crescent that hung low in the sky changed to a full, round, silver moon. Yes, many moons passed while Aa-huh-ah continued to seek hislove.

One evening as a new crescent arose to dimly light the heavens, Aa-huh-ah was wearily trudging through the deep forest hoping and praying for Chebus Chepay. Suddenly there appeard in front of him a short, bronzed and muscular old man.

"Who are you?" asked Aa-huh-ah.

"I am Chimellela," answered the old man. "I know that you seek Chebus Chepay and I know that

(Con of CHEBUS CHEPAY)

you have sorrowed much. I never appear before a man until his eyes have been washed with tears. Accordingly I speak: Come now with me for Chebus Chepay, Goddess of the Olympics, is waiting for you."

Aa-huh-ah was led to the throne of Chebus Chepay by Chimellela. There the shadow fell over him again and out of the purple-red dusk Chebus Chepay, Goddess of the Olympics, appeared. She took his face between her hands and caresed him, immediately Aa-huh-ah became a changed man. Something was born in him that made him stronger spiritually than other men for Chebus Chepay loveed him! When the Sadow rolled away Aa-huh-ah stood alone!

The journey back to his lodge was troublesome. So many things hindered his progress! Canyons and Salalberry brush, even along the shortest way Aa-huh-ah had to descend a steep cliff, at the base of which the mighty Pacific played with the hard white sands of the beach! Aa-huh-ah slipped fell and went thundering down, down to those hard white sands!

Then appeared Chebus Chepay, Goddess of the Olympics, and bore Aa-huh-ah gently away to her

(Con. of CHEBUS CHEPAY)

kingdom.

There they live, enjoying the beautiful scenery, drinking in the pure mountain air, as intoxicating as red wine. There they wonder where the mountain trout waits for the fly. There they listen to the brown thrust warbling to its loving mate.

If some day you should happen to wonder to the mighty Olympics, with their westward shores washed by the blue waters of the Pacific, listen to the noise of the rushing mountain stream, the sighing of the tall trees, the whistling of the leaves and the sweet melody of the numerous song birds. They are all happy because Chebus Chepay, Goddess of the Olympics has found her mate.

****

THE OWL'S DOWNFALL

Many moons ago there lived in one reed home six great hunters who were never in wont of food. These hunters were the Owl, the Sparrow, the Robin, th Hawk, the Oriole, and the Wren. All of them hunted except the Owl, whose job was to bring in the kill.

One night when everyone was asleep the Owl began giggling. This annoyed the Robin who asked the Owl, "Why do you giggle, brother?" The Owl in answer said, "I giggle because a mouse runs over my face." In the morning the hunters sailed forth as usual but they were suspicious of their comrade, the Owl.

In the evening the hunters sent the Owl out to bring in a large kill. When the Owl had gone, the hunters, with great curiosity, looked within the Owl's bed and found a maiden. Thehunters were bent on freeing the maiden, so they made a "carry-all" and flew away with their burden, the maiden.

The Owl, in the meantime, was bringing his burden of venison home. Every little while the thongs of deer-gut would break so that he had to splice them in order to carry his burden. After toiling half of the night he reached camp only to find his maiden stolen by his comrades. The Owl im-

(Con of THE OWL'S DOWNFALL)

mediately went out in pursuit. He overtook the Sparrow and questioned him as to the whereabouts fo the rest, and then pulled the Sparrow's head from his body and resumed the journey. Farther on, the Owl overtook the Oriole and killed him without a word. The Owl was tiring but continued and finally overtook the Wren, who was trying to hide behind a rock. The Owl in a rage killed the Wren as ruthlessly as he had killed the Sparrow and Oriole. The Owl was nearing his quarry, and he hastened on to overtake the Robin, who begged for mercy, but who was quickly killed.

The Owl knew there was only one more to deal with but he was a stubborn one - the Hawk. The Owl finally overtook the Hawk and the maiden. He told the maiden to watch the combat and if hisfeathers dropped with their inside up it meant his defeat; if it was just the opposite, he was still holding out.

Thefight took place and thefeathers fairly flew. After awhile the maiden noticed the

feathers of the Owl dropping with their insides up. Immediately she knew the real outcome of the battle. She turned and began to flee for her

(Con. of THE OWL'S DOWNFALL)

mother's lodge. While she was hurrying she chanced to look back and lo! the head of her late lover, the Owl, was after her all the while crying out to her, "Wife! Wife! Wife!" The maiden ran faster but to no purpose. She came to a river, and thinkin to leave the Owl behind she crossed, but still the Owl came, crying out, "Wife, Wife, Wife!"

The maiden was nearing the lodge of her mother and the head of the Owl was quite a way behind her. She told her mother to get the sweat-house ready and the old lady did as she was told. When the Owl arrived the old lady told him to enter the sweat-house and have a bath. When the Owl entered the sweat-house the old lady quickly barred the door and the Owl was imprisoned. The old lady heated the sweat-house to a great tempreture. All at once the eye of the Owl popped out, and stuck on a branck in a near-by tree. The old lady addressed it thus, "You, the murdering Owl, will no more kill your comrades, but will only be used to frighten children who are diobedient."

The old lady and the maiden set out to restore tolife the comrades of the Owl. The Old Lady as she found each bird stepped over its remains three times.

(Con. of THE OWL'S DOWNFALL)

Every time since the Sparrow, the Robin, the Hawk, the Oriole, and the Wren have been ambitions hunters for food which they catch or steal from their neighbors. But true to the old lady's prophecy the Owl is the scarecrow for children and so ashamed of himself that he hunts only in the night.

* * * * * *

THE THUNDER BIRD

Once, in the long ago, Toe-oo-lux (South Wind) travelled to the North. There he met Quoots-hooi (The Giantess). The two held conversation, during which Toe-oo-lux said, " I hunger. Give me some thing to eat!" Quoots-hooi was most disdainful, and answered, casully, "I have nothing for you. Get your food by fishing."

South Wind dragged a net, and in it he caught Tanas-eh-ko-le (Little Whale). With great delight, South Wind took his stone knife and prepared to kill Little Whale.

Theproud Giantess, looking on, said, "You should not use a knife. Use a sharp shell and

(Con. of THE THUNDER BIRD)

slit Tanas-eh-to-le down his back. Never, never, should you cut him across!" South wind felt sulky, so he pretended that he didn't hear, and went on using his knife and cutting the Little Whale across its back.

And then! Little Whale changed into an immense bird whose body darkened the sun and the flapping of whose wings shook the earth. Lo! It was the Thunder Bird.

Immediately the marvellous Thunder Bird flew to the Very Far North and alighted on swal-al-a-host (the mouth of the Great River).

Toe-oo-lux and Quoots-hooi, filled with a great curiosity, travelled, too, in great quest of the Thunder Bird. They were not successful; but, one splendid day, while picking berries, Quoots-hooi discovered the nest of the Thunder Bird--- and the nest was filled with eggs.

Curiosity prompted the Giantess to break an egg. It was not good, and Quoots-hooi threw it down the mountainside. Looking carelessly after it, Quoots-hooi beheld it onits way, but, before the egg reached the valley it became an Indian.

And now the Giantess was consumed with a mighty

(Con. of THE THUNDER BIRD)

nterest, and hurled egg after egg down the mountainside, to see each, before it touched the valley turn into an Indian.

So the Chahalis Indians were created and so came the belief that to cut the first salmon crosswise will cause the "little Whales" to refuse to "run."

* * * * * * * * *

LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT

On a deep, dark forest, near the heart of all wildness, there once dwelt, lovingly inseparable, an Indian maiden and one who had been her lover from early childhood. Their pure devotion was well known throughout the hawnts of their tribe, as they wandered together, day by day, loving all nature because of the great love that was between them.

One crystal-clear day, as they walked contendedly through the forest, they came to the shore of a lake, in the center of which was an island, blooming like a paradise garden, with wonderful flowers. How the two young lovers admired it from the distance and how like a bouquet it seemed!

The little maiden expressed a wish that she

(Con. of LEGEND O F THE FORGET-ME-NOT)

she might reach the isle and pick flowers from the abundance there, especially did she admire those flowers of a heavenly blue that grew close to the water's edge. Her lover was not a strong swimmer and there was no boat at hand, so he bade her be content without the island flowers. Such an admonition would ordinarily have sufficed, but there must have been something magical about the island, for the maiden continued to gaze lovingly at it.

Seeing his gentle companion in this frame of mind, the youth made a quick decision. Perhaps he could last in a swim shore back to shore! He plunged into the cool, clear-water, and swam to the island. Reaching it,he hastely gathered a handful of the heavenly-blue flowers and started back to his belovwd.

Alas! It was not to be. He had not the endurance to complete the task he had set himself. His strength did not last, and within an arm's reach of the agonized maiden, he sank beneath the water. But, before he left her, he called out to his beloved, holding the flowers at arm's length, "Forget-me-not!"

Thus the small blue blossom, the color of the sunlit sky, received its name.

R E D F E A T H E R S S O N T E W H E E T

Once there was a boy who was the son of Chief Redfeather. His name was Tewheet, he always wore thenicest moccasins, the best deer skin cloths and the finest headbandss of any boy of the tribe, he also had good bows and arrows and canoes too. He always got everythinghe wanted although his mother would humor him. He was not selfish.

One of the medicine mengave him a string of silver wampum or beads, which he always wore arouned his neck.

One day while coming back from hunting hungry and tired, He asked, his mother for something to eat. Shetold him to wait until she cooked some food. He was too hungry to wait and kept begging. She gave him a piece of dried salmon that had a little mold on the edge. This made Tewheet angry and he threw it away.

He got intohis canoe with his bow and arrow and went down the river to the Ocean. Here he killed a sea gull. As he was going after it a big wave came up and ipped him over. Tewheet went down, down under the water until he dissppeared.

(Con. of RED FEATHERS SON TEWHEET)

The people found his canoe and thought he was drowned. They hunted and hunted for his body but never found it. Tewheet was not drowned soon he discovered that he was at the bottom of the sea, in the land of the kelp and sea moss. He walked arouned and arouned under the sea, till he came to a village of shell houses. One of these houses was much larger than the rest and it had King Salmons name written on it.

Tewheet went in and asked the king for some thing to eat. The king wouldn't give him a single bite. Out in the street near the kings' house, Tewheet saw some salmon eggs. He stooped down to gather them, as he did so, all the salmon folks began to make fun. "See," they said, "that boy will eat wiyon (garbage). This made Tewheet angry and he said, he would not eat anything.

The king Salmon said to the two blue back salmon, "Take Tewheet down to where the stork feeds and make him hug the stork till it sings. After Tewheet hears the stork sing he will be in a good humor." They took him and he hugged the bird twenty times. It sang. Tewheet laughed and went back to King Salmon and ate. After dinner King Salmon talked sternley to Tewheet. He

(Con. of RED FEATHER'S SON TEWHEET)

said, "The reason you were drawn under the water is your own fault. You insulted one of my sons. The piece of salmon your mother gave you was a piece of salmon of my oldest son and you threw it away." The king shook his fins and wiggled his tail. After this he said, "Do not threw a single bite of food away."

Time passed and spring came. The salmon started on their run to fresh water where they lay their eggs. Of course by this time Tewheet was no longer a boy, he was changed into a dog salmon. They went down the river in groups. They passed the place where some Indians were fishing with spears. One of these old men threw a spear into the dog salmon and gave it to a woman standing near. The woman was Tewheet's mother. While she was cleaning the salmon she heard a queer rattling sound in its stomach. She held the fish by the tail and shook and shook it until at last a silver wampum fell from the salmon's mouth. Then the woman knew her little boy had been changed to a poor salmon.

The Indians gathered all the medicine men of the tribes. They built a large fire and danced

(Con. of RED FEATHER'S SON TEWHEET)

arouned and arouned it.

As they danced they beat two sticks together and sang. After all the medicine men had stopped dancing, Tewheet changed back into a boy; just the kind he was before. As long as he lived he never again threw away a tiny bit of food, for he had learned that when a little boy threw away food he is punished.

* * * * * *

HOW MINNEWASTE GOT ITS NEW NAME

Many years ago Minnewaste was a beautiful, clear, deep and wide lake. It almost surrounded and Idian village. The Indians were very proud of their beautiful lake. At evening they would go to its shores to dance and to sing praises to God.

For many years these Indians lived very happily and contentedly, but one dreadful morning a hughe monster entered the lake, disturbing the tranquil water and stirring it to its depths. At evening, when the Indians went down to dance and sing praises to God they were astonished for the lake was beautiful no longer. The Indians said to one another, "God must be punishing us

(Con. of HOW MINNEWASTE GOT ITS NEW NAME)

for some evil we have done." But God was not punishing them, for these Indians were exceedingly good. They were contented and happy, and the dragon was an evil spirit tempting them. That evening they went to their tepees and prayed to God that He might allow them their tranquilly beautiful lake.

From that day on the Indians were not happy. Not only was their lake polluded but many of their friends and relatives had disappeared since the lake was made unfit.

Previously the Indians had gone back and forth on their lake without fear. Because they could not find another route to town they were compelled to continue crossing inspite of the dragon. Of course this made the monster, the evil spirit, glad, because he could capsize their canoes and carry them away to his den in the bottom of the lake.

One day Chief Crazy Dog called his people together and said to them, "Many of our friends and relatives have disappeared and we must discover what has become of them." That same evening all of the tribe went down to the lake shore again, and

(Con. of HOW MINNEWASTE GOT ITS NEW NAME)
after singing and praying to God, Chief Crazy Dog said he would go across the lake inhis canoe with two of his warriors, although his people did not want him to go for fear he would not return.

When these braves were in the middle of the lake, the Evil Spirit came and tried to take them, but Chief Crazy Dog went on in safety. This maddened the monster and he said to himself t that he would take revenge on them when they returned.

But strangly enough he was asleep at that time and Chief Crazy Dog and his warriors went back to the tribe in safety. The Chief told his people of the great monster and said, "We must kill this Evile Spirit; he hasspoiled our beautiful lake and killed and eaten many of our good people."

Once more Chief Crazy Dog and his two brave warriors went upon the lake and waited until the monster came to kill them. Then Chief Crazy Dog and his warriors threw poisoned arrows with great skill and at last succeeded in killing their enemy.

Returning home they told the people that they

(Con. of HOW MINNEWASTE GOT ITS NEW NAME)

was no longer any cause to fear for the monster was no more. However the lake was never again so beautiful and clear. The Indians did not return to their meeting place to dance and to sing praises to God. Years after when white men came to live with the Indians they heard about this monster or the Evil Spirit. They said, "Let us give the Minnewaste a new name." So they named this lake Devil's lake and the Indians village is now an Indian school known as the Fort Totten Indian School.

Devil's Lake is now neither clear, deep nor wide.

This lake is located in the northeastern part of North Dakota.

* * * * * * * *

THE ORIGIN OF OUR WATER WAYS

There was once a time in the long, long ago before our era when it was said the Raven was as white as a dove. At that time the Raven , called Yea'alts, was the symbol of the Thlinget Tribe of Indians. It was the only bird known to the people.

One day the Chieftain of the Thlingets called Yea'alts and told him that his people were helpless because of lack of water, and that they must

(Con. of THE ORIGIN OF OUR WATER WAYS)

have it in order to regain there power.

The only nearby water was on a cliff in a secret place and guarded by a Magician old and grey. When any water was obtained it was by the aid of the Raven.

Yea'alts went to the secret well of Heen, which in Thlinget, means water, and called on this Heen man, making friends with him. He repeated his visit several times, until one day he caught Heen Klar-ar (water man) asleep. Seeing and opportunity to get the desired water, he immediately retreated unnoticed. At the same hour he went back there again, taking a helper with him; but this time Heen Klar-ar was awake.

Yea'alts w s rather a quick thinker, and with his ready wit began telling Heen Klar-ar a story. It ran on and on for so long that Heen Klar-ar fell asleep. Yea'alts now gave a loud piercing cry which awakened Heen Klar-ar and so frightened him that he rushed out, leaving the water unguarded. Taking advantage of this opportunity Yea'alts jumped for the Heen Well, and fillled his mouth with as much water as it could hold besides

(Con. of THE ORIGIN OF OUR WATER WAYS)

what he drank. His helper want ed to drink some too, but Yea'alts wouldn't let him come near. This made the helper angry so that he called out loudly to the Heen Klar-ar who now recalled that he had not locked the Heen well, and with a tremendous shout, he rushed back.

When Yea'alts heard this angry cry, he at once flew up for the Gawkna, or hole through which he hoped to escape the rage of Heen Klar-ar; but being so full of water, he was not swift enough. Furthermore, upon reaching the Gawkna, his body stuck. He was, however, out of the reach of Heen Klar-ar, who was so very angry he began using his most powerful magic. He build a fire of pitch fuel under Gawkna. The smoke of the pitch gradually turned Yea'alts and black. In time power was given Yea'alts and he drew himself from Gawkna and escaped.

With great rejoicing he went first to the Chieftain of the Thlinget tribe. When the Chieftain saw him he did not recongnize him and shooed him away for Yea'alts was now black.

With disappointment he went away; but, as he went, he dropped water from his mouth. Starting

(Con. of THE ORIGIN OF OUR WATER WAYS)

from the Northern part of the continent and not knowing where he was going, for the world was still in darkness he flew far. The water which Yea'alts dropped became great rivers now known as the Yukon, the Columbia, the Mississipi, and the St. Lawrence. With rage he let fall the last five drops which we know as the five Great Lakes in the United States.

Thus the Raven came to be black; and thus came our water ways---the rivers and the Great Lakes.

* * * * * * * *

LEGEND OF THE BOILING SPRINGS

On the original Santa Fe Trail there was formerly, a small Indian trading post known as the Pueflo, from which the present city received its name.

The Arkansas River at this point is a clear swift stream about one hundred yards wide. In the old days its banks were heavily timbered with cottenwood. On either side of the river rolling prairies stretched for hundreds of miles, gradually ascending toward the mountains. The entire magnificent country, it is claimed, was once owned

(Cong of THE BOILING SPRINGS)

by the Shoshone Indians (sometime called the Snake Indians) with whom the Comauche of the southern plains offiliated.

Centuries ago, the Shoshones and Comauche have been one people--tho there were many separate bands or tribes speaking one language and observing the same religious ceremonies.

Less then a hundred years ago, they, together, composed the most powerful Indian nation on the North American continent.

The Pueblo fort was situated only a few hundred yards above the mouth of the "Fontaine Oui Boville," or Boiling Springs River, called so from two springs of mineral water bubbling up near its source.

There is a story account for the presence of the springs which pour forth, the one sweet, clear water, and the other water Bitter to the taste. This legend shows that these springs are linked up directly with the separation of the Shoshone and the Comauche tribes.

When the prairies and forests were crowded with game and the cotten-woods were no higher then arrows; when the Red man were hunting the buffalo and deer; when the Shoshones and Comauche

(Con. of THE BOILING SPRINGS)

were speaking the same language and smoking the same pipe; two hunters---a victorious Shoshone with a fat deer across his shoulders, and an unsuccessful Comauche, with a bad humor in his heart---met on the banks of the stream.

The Shoshone threw the deer to the grownd and before quenching his thirst went through the beautiful ritual--a tribute to the Great Spirit! He dipped a little water into the cup of his hands and elevated his arm toward the sun, then, reversing his palm, he allowed the water to fall upon the grownd.

The Comauche, in a rage, had thrown himself prone and had plunged his face into the water, but upon witnessing the act of the other hunter, he grew more angry and reproched the Shoshone for daring to drink before a Comauche.

Calmly the Shoshone replied that (Manitou) had given the crystal spring to all his children, no matter what tribe might be concerned, and with that he stooped to drink more of the free flowing water.

At that moment, blind with rage, the Comauche threw himself upon his fellow hunter, and baring

(Con. of THE BOILING SPRINGS)

the head of the Shoshone under the surface of the water, held him so until he was drowned. The Comauche then dragged the body away from the spring; Immediately the water became strangely disturbed. Bubbles oozed to the surface and escaped as a hissing gas, a thin vapar arose in the midst of which appeared the well known totem of the great Waukenago, Father of the combind Shoshone and Comauche nations. Trembling with fear the hunter heard Itaukenago addressing him "Accursed Murder." thundered the mighty one, "While the heart of a brave Shoshone crics for vengence may the the water for thy tribe be rank and bitter in their throats."

With an anvenging hand Waukenogo crushed the Comauche to death and threw his body into the spring. Ah! The bitterness of that water! To this day even those who are half dead from thirst cannot drink it.

Waukenogo had not yet finished. Turning to a flat rock overhanging the river, he smote it a terrific blow instantly a circular basin was open and into it gushed the sweet cold water of

(Con. of the BOILING SPRINGS)

a new spring.

And now the two mighty tribes elected to remain apart and many bitter wars were waged before they again smoked the pipe of peace.

* * * * *

LEGEND OF THE COWARDLY HUNTER

Sitting before an open fire, watching its comforting blaze, alternately dozing and listning to the Autumn leaves as they scurried around the corner of the house, out of reach of the chill November wind, I recall a legend told me by my father.

Long ago, in an Indian village located on the Northwestern coast, lived a wicked brave who hunted and fished, not for necessity, but in order to pass away the time. He often killed deer, only to leave them for the crows to feast upon and he considered that he enjoyed such ungracious "sport.

As may well be imagined the Great Spirit soon heard of this. There was a summons and the wicked brave appeared before the Maniore, who asked, "Why are you so cruel, killing when you are not in want of food? You shall be punished."

The selfish brave became uneasy and drew out his knife to sharpen it upon a smooth stone. In

(Con. of LEGEND OF THE COWARDLY HUNTER)

doing this he sharpened the anger of the Maniore who thundred, "For your sins you shall become a deer, and your people shall hunt you."

At this the hunter dropped his knife, which, as it fell, split his foot. With inredible and m merciless speed antlers sprouted upon his head and when he made on effort to protest, he found he could only mumble, even the skins he wore for protection became permanently attached to him.

Terribly frightened, he dashed from the lodge of the Great Spirit and sought refuge in the forest. But this availed him nothing, for he had become, as the Manitore had ordered, a deer, with a deer's meekness and timidity, and doomed to flee, sadly terrified before the hunter.

To this day, the deer cannot remain long in one place, but must wonder far, fearing man, and realizing that it is a hunted creature.

Somehow, I believe, while I am "Reminiscing" that my father had a purpose in repeating this legend to me---at least it tought me never to kill wantonly.

A N A L A S K A N L E D G E N

"We hear very little of the Indian festivals these days," said Mr. Bagelly, of Craig, Alaska, as we sat conversing one evening during the time my injured foot kept me in the hospital. "Some of those old customs were both entertaining and especially, instructive. I recall one that gave a name to an Alaska berry of peculiar flavor. My intrest being assumed the old gentleman, who is a judge and a United States custom officer, rambled on with what prooved to be an interesting story.

"Long ago, perhaps before Alaska was even thought of by the white man, the Indian witch doctor ruled a country of overwhelming wealth. A land where wilderness was plenty, where beauty was devine but where superstition was enormous. In this place, among other gracious products the different berries yeilded a healthy yearly crop. These were blueberries, huckleberries, chokeberries, all growing profusely in many vasilities, and with them a particular berry of delicate tang."

Ascertaining that I was following him with attention, the judge continued:

"You with your knowledge of the Indian Potlatch, can readily understand those great gatherings of the tribes, where friend feasted with friends.

(Con. of AN ALASKAN LEDGEN)

They always filled a big place in primitive life.

"In this part of Alaska gatherings and feastings were carried on at the edge of the land where the tides visit the beach, and fish being the chief food, was prepared in a certain artful manner. Between the high and low tide marks upon the beach a trench was dug in the damp sand. Each brave had his special task to perform about the trench, but women picked berries. The salmon were placed on a mat of sticks and lowered into the trench with a heavy layer of berries over them.

Continuing this process (a layer of fish and a layer of berries) the trench was filled. On top leaves, moss and sticks were arranged and held in place by huge stones. The 'Potlatch' was, of course a stately meeting of braves and women but the uncovering of the great trench was the signal for young and old to gather on the beach and indulge in the lavish feast. The slmon was delicately flavored by the berries and the sauce of hunger was supplied by the sea air.

"From the fish feast, as I have pictured it," concluded Judge Bagelly, preparing to take his leave, "our Alaskan salmon berry derived its name."

C R E A T I O N

At the beginning of time, Twashtri (God(created the world---a wonderfully quiet sphere withlnoth'ng moving about upon it. Twashtri was not satisfied and to remedy the situation he created Owich (Man) exhausting in his enthusiasm all human materials.

This would never do! Therefore the Great God fell into profound meditation lasting many days. At last he emerged with the solution of his problem, he took---

"The roundenss of the moon,
The curves of the snake
The clinging of climbing plants
The trembling of plants
The slenderness of Rose Vine
The velevet of flowers
The gaiety of sunbeams
And the tears of mist
The lightness of a leaf
The glance of a fawn
The inconsistency of the wind
The timidity of a hare
The vanity of a peacock
The softness of the swallow's throat
The hardness of a diamond

(Con. of CREATION)

The sweetness of honey

The cruelty of the tiger

The warmth of fire

The chill of snow

The chatter of the Jay---and

The cooing of the Dove.

Thus did Twashtri form woman, after which he presented her to man.

Eight days later Owinch came to Twashtri and said, "My Lord ,take this creature from me! She poisons my existence. She chatters without cessing and takes up all of my time. She laughs at nothing at all and is continually complaining and ill!"

Twashtri took the woman. After awhile the God again beheld the man supplicating.

"What is the matter, My son?" asked Twashtri.

"My Lord," answered Owinch, "My life is solitary and lonely since I returned to you the woman creature. I remember that she sang songs to, danced for me, glanced at me throug the conrers of her eyes. She played with me and clung to me!" Owinch bowed his head sorrowfully, but Twashdri understood and returned the woman to Man.

(Con. of CREATION)

Twashtri wanted happiness for the creatures of his creation but there were three moons, only, passed and Owinch came again, sullenly, saying, "This creature you gave me causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg you to relieve me of her."

Twashtri shook his head. "Not at all," he replied. "Take her, go your way and do your best."

The man sought piteously "O, I cannot! I positively cannot live with her!"

And the God, quevied, smilingly, "Nor without her?"

Owinch sorrowfully bowed his head, "Ah," he wept, Woe is me. Notto be able to live with her nor without her!"

Such is Life!

* * * * * * *

LEGEND OF THE KING SALMON

Once there lived an Indian chief who was quite unhappy because he had no son to succeed him as chieftain.

One bright and sunny day in summer this chief

(Con. of LEGEND OF THE KING SALMON)

suggested to his wife that they go picnicking. This they did. Just before they started home, they both heard the sudden cry of a baby which they both longed for. The old chief was as happy as could be, because he felt that happiness lay ahead of him. They tried hard to locate the place from whence the mysterious cry arose, and after hunting for long time the old chief found a boy child which made him happier then before.

He called to his wife saying that they would start for home right away, but when they started to row the boat something stopped them, they could not get any farther. Finally the old chief discovered that the child was tied to the land as if by magic. He cut the cord of elastic from off the baby and they started again; this time they were gone a little farther then before when something held them back. This time the old chief sat and thought of what he should do to get rid of this cord that was holding them back. Finally he reached a conclusion. It was that he get pioson-roots. When he procured them and ground them up into fire dust particles, he cut the cord for the last time so it wouldn't hold back, and them he

(Con. LEDGEN OF THE KING SALMON)

put some of the poison root where he cut the cord. Again they started rowing towards home and this time nothing held them back.

Years went by so fast that the baby became a well developed young man and he was strong both mentally and physically. His only desire was to become an expert sportsman like his father, the Chief. In this he achieved success. When he wanted companions he asked his father's opinion and the old chief said he should choose his companions himself. He selected those of his own age and size and then told them what he desired of them.

One spring day when there was plenty of wild game to hunt, the boy gathered his companions and told them that they should hunt eagles. He said it was easy for him to hunt eagles, because he had a competent method of hunting them.

As soon as the young braves had built a hut covered with fir boughs and mated with gravel, on the beach, the chief's soon gave warning to his comrades not to look to see what he was doing, "If you look out," he said "something terrible will happen to me, which all of you will regret."

(Con. of THE KING SALMON)

When it was time for catching the eagles the chief's son told his comrades to keep under cover until he called to them and he proceeded to take his soft palate out.

This soft palate was a young "king salmon," and wold easily attract the eagle's eager eyes. The young chief placed this little "king salmon" on a board and every time the eagles tried to snatch it, he caught them and wrung their necks. When he felt he had caught enough eagles for the day, he called to his companions, telling them to uncover and help him carry the eagles home.

They went to catch eagles very often after that, and they always came back with some other game too, such as deer, bears, and wild ducks.

But once after many years had passed the chief's son asked each of his companions to remain true to him no matter what happened. All of them promised.

And so it happened one day while catching eagles again, one of the covers had a little hole in it and the occupant couldn't help seeing through it. He was surprised to see a little

(Con. of THE KING SALMON)

fish bouncing up and down on the board.

All at once there was a mysterious noise, not that made by ordinary eagle's wings, but something different. It was a huge eagle and it snatched the young "king salmon" which served as a palate for the chief's only son! As soon as the big eagle snatched the chief's son fell back dead. It was quite awhile before the comrades knew what had happened but the one who had seen told them the chief's son was dead. He died because some one had looked out and watched him!

Those who survived carried him home to his father, explaining what had happened. Within a day or two after his death he was put away on a little island for in those days Indians did not bury their dead; they placed one who died on the limbs of trees.

Some time after the chief's son had died, the people started to go camping. All of the chief's sons' comrades left except one who remained on guard and refused to go with them. Some food was given him and was left on the island with his deacesed comrade.

One night he heard a boat coming closer and

(Con. of THE KING SALMON)

closer to the island and hecould hear clearly the words of the people in the boat. They said, "Here's the place where our prince lies sleeping and its our duty to wake him and bring him to his home and make him king." Finally they landed on the shore of the island and called to the prince who was dead. He awakened at the call and climbed down down from where he was laid. When he got to the ground he discovered that someone was watching over him. It was the last and only comrade! He called him by his pet name and told him that the strangers were taking him to his home for ever. The comrade asked to go and together with the prince he got into the boat. It went far out on the sea and suddenly it submerged.

They passed there many times towns of different kinds of fishes but their final destination was the home of the King Salmon. Of course every one was glad to have the prince back with them once again after his long absence.

The comrade stayed in the King Salmon's town for quite awhile and every time he was hungry he x would ask the prince what he should do for something to eat. He was advised to get hold of one of the

Con. of THE KING SALMON)

young fishes and grab him by his gills so he couldn't make any noise during his struggle for life. "After you have eaten the fish" said the prince, "be sure to throw every little bone in the fire. If you don't they'll come around saying that something is missing from their bodies." The comrade followed this advise but happened to overlook one tiny bone. Sure enough the fish come shouting aloud that there was a bone missing. The prince heard the fish shouting for his missing bone and told his comrade to look for it, where he had eaten and to throw it in the fire.

And so it happened every day and a "fish" day is said to be a whole year. This comrade stayed with the prince a long time but he at last pined for his home and asked the best way in which he might find a way home. The prince suggested that they should go out and hunt for a whale first of all making themselves good spears to kill the whale with. The comrade went to get real wood and at last he brought back (white cedar) and when he reached the prince, the prince said it would do. They made spears out of the white cedar and held them over the fire which makes it much harder and sharper and easier to spear with.

So they started out for a whale hunt. They didn't go very far before they speared and killed

(Con. of THE KING SALMON)

and started to butcher a whale. They cut its stomach out to save it and dry it, and when it was thoroughly dried, the prince blew it up and when it was filled with air he told his comrade to get in side of it and give directions to it to carry him home.

When the comrade reached land he was more than glad because he knew that his home was not far away. He built a raft and proceeded with his journey, and one day reached his home. He looked for his people but his parents and the towns people didn't recognize him though he knew every single one of them. His parents were dressed in black, their hair was cut off and their faces were painted black, which was the custom of people in those days as a sign of mourning. He found that some of his companions were living and they came together and he told them just how he had gone with the prince and they knew the prince had become a fish, a King Salmon. According to this legend it is said that king salmons are very seldom caught near the land for their home on the deep ocean.

To this day the king salmon can only live in the deep sea and very seldom come near the land.

* * * * * *

(WHY PRAIRE CHICKENS WONT SING

Once very long ago there lived an Indian man whose name was Eenkidomi, which means spider - man. Eenkidomi was an out cast of his tribe because he was never known to tell the truth. He was feared by some of the tames animals and birds because he was always tricking them with his falseness thus making many of the birds and beasts fear all man-kind.

Once on a nice summer day Enkidomi was roaming about. He heard some singing and flapping of wings. He grew very curious and went on until he came to "Chicken Hill," where all the praire chickens had gathered to sing as it was their custom to do every year.

Eenkidomi listened awhile, making believe he enjoyed their dance very much, but he was planning some trick to play on them as he was very hungry.

He told them he was a good friend of their grandparents, and they were very pretty but more gradeful in their dance if they danced with their eyes closed. This flattery made them feel very important, so they began to dance again flapping their wings faster and faster closing their eyes very tightly. There were to wise praire chickens in the crowd and they peeped and they screamed

(con. of WHY PRAIRE CHICKENS WONT SING)
warning to all the chickens to fly because their good friend -- Enkidomi was ringing their brothers and sisters heads off. Now the priare chickens wont sing when a person is areound.

* * * * * *

STRIPES ON THE CHIPMUNK'S BACK

Once upon a time there lived a Chipmunk in the woods and it was his habit to go out every day and gather nuts. So one day while he was busy gathering nuts he began to feel a little lazy. This was a rather unusual thing for him to feel this way. It was his custom to get up early and go up tothe top of a tree and look around for anything that might harm him. He got along alright but one day he was lazy and he didn't climb the tree and look around before he went out to pick up nuts. He thought he was safe so he went out and while he was lazily picking up the nuts a wild cat sneaked upon him and made a jump to catch him, but hte chipmunk was a fraction of a second q quicker than the wild cat. However the wildcat in snatching at the chipmunk scratched him on the back which left line wounds. When the hair grew out again in these scratched it was a darker color and has remained on all chipmunks' backs to this day

(Con. of STRIPES ON THE CHIPMUNK'S BACK)

and every time you see a Chipmunk running full of life he is afraid something might catch him. The stripes constantly remind him of his narrow escape from being the prey of the wildcat.

* * * * * * *

HOW SNAKES BECAME SHORT-HEADED

Once upon a time many snakes lived together in one place. At this time their heads were four or five inches long and very fearful; they killed many people and animals. Finally an Indian that was very brave decided to find some way to get rid of these fearful snakes or do something to keep them from killing persons.

One bright spring morning this brave Indian was ready to make a journey to where these snakes lived and kill everyone of them. It was afternoon when he arrived at the place where these snakes were. It was a big Indian Tepee where these snakes were. As soon as the brave Indian approached the tepee the chief of these snakes came out and asked the brave Indian what he wanted, looking serious at the Indian. The brave Indian was not affraid and said, "Im here to talk over an important subject with your tribe."

(Con. of HOW SNAKES BECAME SHORT-HEADED)

Then the chief of the snakes invited the brave Indian to come in his tepee and talk it over. So he came in and started to tell stories.

This brave Indian could put any one to sleep by telling a certain story. He finished the first story, but these snakes were interested and didn't get sleepy. So he continued to tell his second story after which some were sound a-sleep, so the brave Indian would not take any chances and continued his stories. At this time the majority of the snakes were asleep. After he finished his third story, he started his fourth story so powerful that every snake went to sleep. Then the brave Indian arose and started cutting off the snakes heads. The last snake woke up and the brave Indian grabbed the snake and grinded his head against a rock until it was almost worn away, then the snake begged him to quit. Finally the brave Indian let him loose and from that time the snake became round faced and short headed.

* * * * * * * *

THE GROUP OF SEVEN STARS

Many year ago Indians roamed from one place to another. On one occasion some of them camped in a pretty valley where there was plenty of wild turnips which they dug up for food.

In this camp was a family, father andmother and eight children. The father was old and wasn't able to go hunting; the mother was not able to dig the turnips. They had six boys and two girls; the youngest was a girl eleven years old, very delicate.

One day all the children went out playing tag which was known as the bear game; the sister of this little girl was to be the bear and when she was tagged she turned into a real bear. She chased all the children, killed some and injured many others. At this time all her brothers were out hunting. The people in the camp were frightened; they broke camp and went away as fast as they could. This bear didn't hurt her sister but carried her in the woods into a large cave. She killed a lot of people, then she laid down in the cave and went to sleep. This gave a chance for the others that were not hurt to escape.

Three days after the brothers came back, and saw nothing but dead people. First they thought

(Con. of THE GROUP OF SEVEN STARS)

a storm had caused this, but, one of the boys saw a speck moving on a hillside. They went towards it, to their surprise it was their baby sister digging wild turnips for her bear sister. Thy were sorry so they helped her and she begged them to hurry and leave, but they said if they were to go they'd take her with them. She was afraid that they all would be killed if they tried to take her.

The oldest brother asked her to tell them where the cave was but the little girl cried and said it was useless to tell them. They said, "We will kill her and take you away," but she said that nothing could kill her bear sister, that the people shot at her, but it didn't seem to affect her.

Then the brothers daid, "You ask the bear in what part of her body is her life." She promised to do so, then they left and she went back.

After she entered the cave the bear woke up; she sniffed and in an angry voice said, "I smell fresh people;" the little girl was much frightened, but said in a calm voice "Oh! I've been at the camp getting some picks to dig these turnips." So the

(Con. of THE GROUP OF SEVEN STARS)

bear was satisfied.

Later at night the little girl said, "In what part of your body is your life? You didn't die when they shot and stabbed you?"

The bear said, "Why do you ask?"

The little girl replied, "It's because you didn't die."

Then she told here little sister, "I will not die as long as my little finger is not cut; my life is kept in my finger. My blood will have to be all destoryed, if any drop is left I shall come to life again.

The little girl was well pleased to get all this information. In the morining she went out to dig turnips, she met her brothers who helped her again, and told them the whole story. The brothers planned that morning and set to work in the afternoon. They were led to the cave by the sister, she encouraged them by saying that the bear slept all the time. They put knives and sharp blades close around the cave then they piled wood in a big pile. When the signal was given the bear rushed out with an angry growl. Her little claw was cut and she fell dead. They burned her body but left a drop of her blood.

(Con. of THE GROUP OF SEVEN STARS)

After they finished the brothers and their little sister traveled toward the sun set; they covered many miles. Before them flew a bird and it called, "Look back and hurry." The little girl cried in distress, "Brothers our sister bear is behind us what shall we do?" They stopped and cried for help, and out of a bush a voice arose, "Come! I'll help you."

They looked and looked, finally the little girl found a round flat sone she thought , it couldn't be this that spoke. The stone seemed to read her mind and said, "I will help you, all stand on me." Before they could guess what had happened the stone had grown enough for all of the seven to stand on it; it worked it's way toward the sky. They saw the bear; it was covered with foam and it was quite near. When it got close enough it gave one big jump and its claws reached the top but slid down leaving its marks on the stone, but the stone continued growing.

When the stone stopped growing they had almost reached the sky. They had to decide what to be. The first brother said, "Let us be mountains." They all agreed but the little sister; they asked her why she objected. She said, "If we were seven mountains, one might just wear away

(Con. of THE GROUP OF SEVEN STARS(

or be cut up by paths and roads then there would be just six." So they neglected that plan. The second brother wished that they might be rivers. But the little sister said, "One river might dry up." The third brother said, "Lets be birds," and the fourth brother suggested trees, but to each suggestion the little sister could not agree. The fifth said, "Lets be fishes and swim from one river to another." But the little girlx said one or more of us might be caught. The sexth one said, "Lets be stones, we will live forever," but the lit le girl said one might fall and break to pieces.

Then they all turned to their little sister and said, "Surely we must decide to be something. The little girl smiled at her brothers and said, "Lets be the stars where no one can harm us and we will help our brother Moon to light the earth at night." To this they all agreed and flew up to the Heaven. The stone went down to the earth. Therefore we have the Group of Seven Stars.

* * * * * * *

WHY THE CROW IS BLACK

According to Indian belief the crow at one time was a beautiful white bird. He was a very selfish fellow and was always boasting of the wonderful things which he could accomplish. Above all, he was most conceited regarding his handsome appearance.

He lived in a beautiful mansion--made of moss---on the top of a high mountain, so that he could look out over the country and not miss anything. At the foot of this mountain was a house full of orphans. They were in very poor circumstances, although at one time they had been in every way prospersous. Their parents had been carried off by a plague.

Well, one day the crow found out that the bay was almost overcrowded with herring, a fish. He wanted some, but was too lazy to get them for him self, even though he was near starvation. He planned and schemed regarding the satisfaction of his appetite without any labor on his part. So one evening he went to call on the orphans and told them of what he had heard of the fish. He saw that the little orphans were so hungry that they would do almost anything to get some food. Before he left

(Con. of WHY THE CROW IS BLACK)

he had them enthused about going with him on the fallowing morning to get a boatload of fish. He went home chuckling over the sucess of his plan.

They went out early the next morning and returned with their boat loaded with fish. The wise old crow pretended not to want any. He told the happy orphans how to prepare the fish and left them. When the fish were finally baked and the orphans had settled themselves for a feast when they were frightened by a rumbling no se outside. Soon the door was thrust open and in came the most hideaus looking creature that they had ever seen in their young lives. The creature whooped and screeched and gathered up the fish that were still hot on the sticks on which they were baked and made his exit with all the noise possible. The poor children, after they had ceased their crying, baked some more fish. In the meantime their benefactor, the white crow, came in and express his opinion of the terrible fellow who had stollen all of the baked fish.

He was going to thrash the life out of the mean creature. When more fish were almost ready to eat, Mr. Crow excused himself on the pretext that he ~~was so~~

(Con. of WHY THE CROW IS BLACK)
was going to hunt the thief.

The children were just going to eat when they were again visited by the same thief, who acted as he did on his first visit. This happened five times, and every time the crow would go in and sympathize with them.

The orphans finally decided to catch the thief themselves. So they prepared a trap. They stopped up the hole in the roof where the smoke from the open fire escaped and had the fish baked most deliciously. Each child had a club handy. Soon their most unwelcome visitor came again with the usual noise of screeching and jumping. The children started to beat the fellow and in the fracas the disguise of the thief was torn off and revealed their most sympathetic friend, the white crow. They swung their clubs the harder and brok his leg.

The crow attempted to escape through the opening in the roof, but was caught there, and the orphans poured oil on the fire and made it smoke until the crow was completely black all over. After they had finally let the white crow go. From that time on till today the crow has always limped on account of his broken leg and has re-

(Con. of WHT THE CROW IS BLACK)

mained black because he could not wash off the soot that covered him.

* * * * * * * *

THE SNAKE'S ORIGIN

Long ago, during a war between the Cree and Sioux Indians some where in the extreme north of the Dakotahs or in Canada, a massacre by the Sioux caused the death of many Crees. They were cast into a lake and the decaying bodies worked themselves to the edge of the water.

The Great One told all creatures of the earth not to make food of the bodies. But a pair of beautful and proud birds defied the "word" of the Great Spirit and began to eat the bodies. The Great Spirit said to them "You unworthy creatures, for disobeying my word; you shall forever be enemies of man. You shall never be beautiful; you shall never be loved by man. You shall do nothing but writhe at the feet of man."

And thus the snake has been with us since.

* * * * * * *

THE LEDGEN OF DEATH

Many years ago there lived where Seattle now stands a tribe of Indians. They were known for their bravery, skill with thebow and arrow, and for their fair play during a combat.

Their chief was a tall, well built man by the name of Sealth. He was young, brave and true. He was the best marksman in his tribe and could out run any of them.

The tribe of Sealth and the tribe in the neighboring district were always at war with one another. This tribe was the Antithesis of the tribe of Sealth. They were good marksmen, but they would not fight in theopen. They killed from behind trees and jumped on their enemy unexpectedly from the rear.

As was said before, there was a feud between these two tribes. Finally Sealth's enemies determined to rid themselves of him and his tribe for all time to come. They put on their war paint and bedecked themselves with their war bonnets and set out on the warpath stealing silently along through the dark forest that separated the two tribes.

Now Sealth and his warriors were away on a hunt ng trip and this left just the women children

(Con. of THE LEGEND OF DEATH)

and the men that were too old and feeble to hunt any longer, in camp. And so when Tachoma (the chief of the enemy tribe) and his warriors came upon Sealth's village they found him away. This aroused their savage natures and they set upon the inhabitants and every man, woman and child was put to death, all save the wife of Sealth, who being strong and fleet of foot, slipped out and followed the trail her chief had taken.

She met Sealth, who that evening was returning from his hunt. She told hom of the cruelty of Tachoma and how she escaped. This so angered the chief and his followers that they set out immediately for their village.

It was some time near mid-night when they came to the scene of the massacre. Tachoma and his warriors were sitting around a fire feasting when Sealth came upon them. Tachoma and his band like mad devils, their sharp yells and war whoops splitting the still night air. They foughttill morning. Dawn found Sealth the only member of his tribe alive. Tachoma and his warriors surrounded Sealth and all cast their tomahawks at once; Sealth, like a proud monarch stood erect with his head held high

(Con. of THE LEGEND OF DEATH)

till struck by the sharp blades of the tomahawks. He went silenty to the earth. Where he fell now stands the city of Seattle.

* * * * * * *

LEGEND OF CRATER LAKE

The Indians believed that Crater Lake was the home of a great spirit who they called Lloa. The blue waters filled with giant crawfish, his servants, some of them were so large that they could reach their great claws to the top of the cliffs and seize the victors.

Another great spirit whom they called Skell was supposed to live in the Klamath Marsh near by, and to have many servants who could take at will the forms of eagles and antelopes.

War broke out so the Indians say, between Skell and Lloa, and Skell was captured. The monster from the lake tore out his heart and played ball with it, tossing it back and forth from mountain top to mountain top. But it was caught in the air by one of Skell's eagles and by him passed to one of Skell's antelopes, and by him passed to others who finally escaped with it.

Skell's body miraculously grew again around his heart, and in time he captured Lloa and tore

(Con. of LEGEND OF CRATER LAKE)

his body into fragments, which he tossed into the lake.

The giant crawfish, thinking them fragments of Skell's body, devoured them greedily, but when, last of all Lloa's head was thrown in, the monsters recognized and would not eat it. Therefore Lloa's head reamins today sticking out of the water of Crater Lake.

Some Indians still look upon it with awe, but scientists recognize it as the little cone of an extinct valcano. It is named Wizard Island. But finally Lloa had his revenge. His monsters seized the brave who first ventured near the lake, bore him to the highest part of the rim, and tore his body into small pieces. The spot where this was done is called Lloa's Rock.

* * * * * * *

THE LONE TREE OR THE LAST OF NAPPIE

In the olden days when Indian women and men never mixed, the women were ruled by a women called Metchawaukee and the men by a man called Nappie. One day the men sent a message to the women to meet them so they could all get mates. Metchawaukee did not put on her finery but went to meet the men in her every day cloths.

In those days their clothes were very few so she told the rest of the women that she was going to choose Nappie because he was the ruler of the men.

When they met to choose mates, Metchawaukee was to choose first, She took Nappie, but he would not accept her. Metchawaukee called her charges away and they went and dressed in their best and returned.

Metchawaukee forbade her women to have anything to do with Nappie. Each of the women took her man and left.

Nappie saw that he was being left out so he would pose in front of each squaw but none would choose him.

He was left standing all alone. At dawn the people of the Blackfoot tribe found a tree standing

(Con. of THE LONE TREE "NAPPIE")

alone where Nappie was last seen standing. This tree is Nappie and can be seen until this day in the hills where the Blackfeet live.

* ** * * * * * *

WESHEAKASHOCK

There once lived an old Indian man by the name of Wesheakashock who at one time sat near a lake beating a drum. As he beat on the drum he sang a song calling all the ducks to come to dance.

In a few minutes he had a whole flock of ducks dancing around him while he sang this song, Pashaqua Pishemook, which means Dance with your eyes closed. After they had danced for a few minutes he began wringing their necks and singing at the same time so that the ducks wouldn't know what he was doing. Finally one of the ducks peeped and said, Wesheakashock Maleheconon which means he is killing us all; and the few ducks that were left flew away.

Wesheakahock was well pleased with the large number of ducks he got and he took them to a place which was fixed with stones in a circle and in the

(Con. of WESHEAKASHOCK)

circule center he had a wood pile. He put all of the ducks in there and started a fire. While the ducks were cooking he fell asleep and along came many wolves and they ate the ducks.

After the wolves had gone he awoke and seeing only the legs and wings he bacame very angry and concluded that he would punsh himself for going to sleep. So he took some of the hot stones and placed them in a row and then laid down upon them and burned his back. He suffered a great deal, but thought he had given himself a good lesson.

* * * * * * * *

WONDER MAN NAPPIE

Old man Nappie was strolling down the banks of the Marias River one day, chanced to look down in the deep water; and saw a large bunch of red berries known as buffalo berries.

He was hungry at this time and was so happy to see so many berries. Nappie tried to reach the berries but he could not as the water was too deep. After four or five attempts at diving only bringing up stones he thought of a scheme

(Con. of WONDER MAN NAPPIE)

to get the berries. He tied big stones to his neck and waist and jumped into the water. He nearly drowned. He went to the bottom. He saw there no berries. He tore the rocks from his body and finally got on shore again. He lay down on the bank to rest. He thought of his narrow escape. He looked up and there he beheld the berries "Oh, there you are so nice and red. I'll punish you for nearly causing me to drown."

He took a stick and began to beat the trees saying --"Now this is the way you shall be taken from the trees." and to this day the berries are beaten from the trees and not picked.

* * * * * * *

THE DARK DAY

This is a story about a tribe of Indians a great number of years ago, who were fishing on the Columbia River. While on this trip there came an eclipse, but known among the old Indians as "The Dark Day."

This tribe had their wigwams pitched on the north side of the Columbia River. They were having a good time on this trip and also storing in a large quantity of dried fish for winter.

(Con. of THE DARK DAY)

The chief's daughter, a very beautiful girl, was in love with a cripple. This was against the wards of all the tribes. They said, "She is made for a brave warrior not a cripple." One of the tribe prophisied something would happen on account of the Chief's daughter being in love with a cripple. Even the chief could not change the ming of his daughter.

There came a dark day the sun did not shine. Something had made the sun-god angry. The people said, "He is so angry he will not show his face." So a council was held to decide the guilty person. They decided it was the lovers; the chief's daughter and the cripple.

Their fate was very sad. They were bound and placed in a canoe and left to the mercy of the strong tides that would carry them to the broad waters (Pacific).

* * * * * * * *

TRAIL TO THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUND

An Indian Legend of the Pacific Coast, as relatd by John Hill, Medicine man of the Checto Tribe and retold by Dr. F. M. Carter, Siletz Agency, Oregon.

The scene is laid at Yaquina City, Lincoln County, Oregon; an Indian medicine man, or prophet, at the burial of his sister. Persons present who assisted in the burial services were Frank Priest, Miss Lula Miller, Lucy Brown, and Dr. F. M. Carter. The woman who had died was Sally McVey. She had lived with a whiteman. Thr grave was dug and the body placed in the casket and all the nice things that belonged to the dead woman videlicet baskets, wampum, belts, all the nice clothes and pieces of silver. The casket was then placed in the grave with part of the bed clothes, the grave was then filled up and on top of the grave the remainder of the bed clothes were placed. While this was being done the prophet and medicine man stood silent in prayer. When everything was completed the medicine men and brother of the dead woman stepped forward and said, "Keep still I want to talk to you," and here is the story that he told.

"My friend, we are all so sorry my sister is dead. We have placed her body in the grave. She will stay there five days and on the evening of the fifth day she will arise and come out of the grave, fix her clothes, her feet and her hair and looking toward the setting sun take up her journey. She passes over the hills across the rippling waters. She sees the birds, the elks, the deer and all the beautiful things that she enjoyed in her girlhood days. She passes on in the trail over these beautiful hills and valleys, listens to the water falls that she had heard many times before. At last she comes to a high mountain and looking into a beautiful valley she sees an Indian tepee. She goes into this tepee, disrobes, takes

(Trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds)

off everything she had worn on earth and then she goes into the lake of pure water and bathes, cleansing herself off all the sins and impurities of life and then she returns to the tepee and puts on pure white robes. This robe is made of white colored reeds which grows in the lakes of California and then she takes her march on the trail to a very high mountain towards the setting sun. She is still on the earth where her people have dwelt. At length she comes to the top of the high mountain, her heart is thrilled with hoy, she looks away to the golden shores of the setting sun on the great ocean, and as she looks she sees a canoe coming and in the canoe there are three people, one sister and two brothers. They are coming after her. Oh! how her heart thrills with joy. She becons to them not to come to the shore because if they do they will take some of the sins and impurities of the earth to the Happy Hunting Grounds. She goes down to the edge of the water and jumps out into the canoe and leaves every evil thing behind on earth. Oh! how happy she is to be with her brothers and sister again who had passed away years before. On, on, on and on they go toward the setting sun. At last they come to the heavenly home, the Happy Hunting Grounds, Oh! how beautiful

(Trail to the Happy Hunting Ground)

everything is. All is light, there is no darkness; everyone is happy, there is no sorrow; all is life, there is no sickness, there is no death; Oh! how beautiful everything is, "Hail Ho-i-is-sha", the Indian name for the Great Spirit, my sister exclaims. No pale-face is there except he be adopted into the tribe before death."

John, the medicine man said, "Yes, I will soon die and go and be with my sister. I'll then be happy forever. The Great Spirit will take care of us."

In his sorrow and breavement at the lose of his sister, who was very dear to him, John tries to overtake his sister and to be with her. His spirit leaves on a journey of inquiry concerning his sister. He passes over the hills and high mountains, he sees the beautiful lakes; he listens to the rippling waters; he watches the many deer, elk and the many beautiful things that he enjoyed in his younger days. His sister is just ahead of him and time and again he is about to overtake her when she vanishes from his sight and leaves him to follow on. He passes the lake of cleansing power; and since he has not been called to the Happy Hunting Grounds there is no canoe waiting for him but a large bird comes to him and he gets on its back and it soon brings him through

(Trail to the Happy Hunting Grounds)

the air towards the setting sun. He arrives at the Happy Hunting Grounds and is soon among his people. He sees them but they do not recognize him. He is not one of them, he is sad and lonely after having taken this trip and to be treated so. The Great Spirit finally tells him that he must return to the earth and that when his time is come that he will be called and then when he passes through the ordeal of death a canoe will be waiting for him after he has taken his bath and cleansed himself from all earthly sins. Upon the back of a condor, a great bird of the air, John was started upon his return to the earth, there to live the life that becomes a medicine-man. John finally was stricken with sickness and then the Great Spirit called him to that great beyond known to the Indians as the Happy Hunting Grounds to which only Indians and their friends are admitted.

* * * * *

This is the legend of the untutored Indians. As his fathers had this belief for ages, these Indians belives in a future state of existance and they are true worshipers of the Great Spirit, who created everything. This speech of John Hill, the Checte Indian, made a deep impression in our minds and we felt that the Indians are true children of nature

(Trail tothe Happy Hunting Ground)
and worships God in everything honestly and truly.

CEL/dj Dr. F. M. Carter

** * * * * * **

An Old Indian Legend

This story refers to many centuries ago, so many I could not guess, but it is as told to me of the time when the cyote, grizzlybear, black bear, rabbit, wren, humming bird, eagle, and; in fact, all other animals and fouls were people, living of course like the Indians in wigwams located in a beautiful valley where the streams run smoothly among beautiful green trees.

One time there was a dance at a place where all the people were to attend. The dance hall belonged to a class of people who, at that time were called giants. All the children were afraid of them because they always carried a basket on their back which was filled with hot stones, and whenever they saw little children playing out away from their homes, they would take them and put them in to the basket and carry them off to a place where they would eat them. These people were enemies of the coyote, and coyote had to go to the great Indian dance. When he reached the place the people were all there, so he got in safely because the place was so crowded.

(An Old Indian Legend)

He saw the people dancing, and after looking on for some time he was so tempted that he went out into the open space and began to dance. Thehouse was long and there was a fire in thecenter, and the dancers had to dance around the fire. Coyote, after making his first round, saw that the best thing he could do was to escape from his enemies, which he did, with the giants inhot chase. When he saw that he was about to be caught he ran into a badgers hole.

After staying there for some time he looked out, thinking that he was going to get out safely, but he was surprised when he saw one of the giants still sitting at the opening waiting for the coyote to come out. So he went back in again, and by this time was getting very hungry. He took one of his eyes out and swallowed it. After a while he looked out again and saw that the giant was gone, but to be sure he stayed in the hole until he became so hungry that he at hisother eye to keep from starving. Finally he got out and wandered about unhappily for many days, because of his eyes, thinking it very hard to find a way of getting another pair of eyes. One day he picked a sunflower and put it in his eye and was very much surprised to see the sun once more. after that he used sunflowers for his eyes. Every

time they would begin to wilt he would put fresh flowers in the place of the withered ones.

He stayed in that condition until one day, he found a snail out hunting. He took the snail's eyes out and placed them in his, giving the snail the sunflower for his eyes, which by this time was not very good, and left him lost out in the woods. Since then the snail has had very poor eyes. The coyote went on and had many more adventures but as he was always so very cunning he always came out ahead. As you know, the coyote is a cunning animal at the present time.

* * * * * * *

The Coyote's Race Fore Life

It was a beautiful prairie, and to add to its beauty small herds of buffalo, deer, antelope, and other game could be seen quietly grazing; while on one of the many trails, a coyote who was in deep thought was walking slowly and trying to be dignified, for he was at this time one of the candidates for chief, and was on his way to attend a convention at which he was to be one of the orators. While thus in deep thought he chanced to spy a huge rock. Going up to it he carefully examined, "Huh"

(The Coyote's Race For Life)

you evidently have been here since the world was made; I am certain that you never even moved an inch. That goes to show that you are lazy and don't care to do anything for any body, while you could mover around and at least be of some use instead of lying there in the sunshine as well as the storms. You don't even talk. You rocks are good for nothing anyway."

With this the coyote gave the rock a kick, and to his surprise the rock spoke up saying: "No one ever insulted me yet, and now you are going to suffer the loos of your life for it." With this the rock moved and started to roll after the coyote. At first the coyote pleaded on the run, but seeing that it was useless he began to run in earnest. For the forrest he started for dear life, the rock madly rolling after him. In going to the forrest the coyote made almost a fatal mistake, for as soon as he was in the forrest the trees began to fall as grain falls, cut by the scythe at the hand of the harvester.

So the coyote made another run for the prairie making some miraculous escapes from the falling timber. At last getting out on the prairie he went straight for a river which was some miles away. Coming to the

river he sprang out as far as he could. The rock also sprang and just barely missed him. The rock of course went to the bottom and so the coyote swam across congratulating himself that he was saved.

After reaching the other side of the river he laid his coat on the ground and decided to take a nap; being tired he immediately fell asleep. But his sleep was not to last very long, for all of a sudden he heard the splashing of water, and waking up he saw the huge rock just coming out of the river. In his excitement he forgot his coat and started for dear life again. Going up a hill he saw a night-hawk, which by the way is his uncle. "Have pity on me! Save me! Do something for me!" he madly exclaimed. "You surely have been up to something again" answered the night-hawk, who finally had pity on him and allowed him to get hold of his belt, when he flew up and just barely saved the frightened coyote. Uncle night-hawk then put coyote in a safe place and went back and touched the rolling rock with the tips of his wings and the rock crumbled into gravel.

So the life of the rock was ended that had narrowly missed taking the life of the coyote, who almost went crazy with joy; he could not express his gratitude.

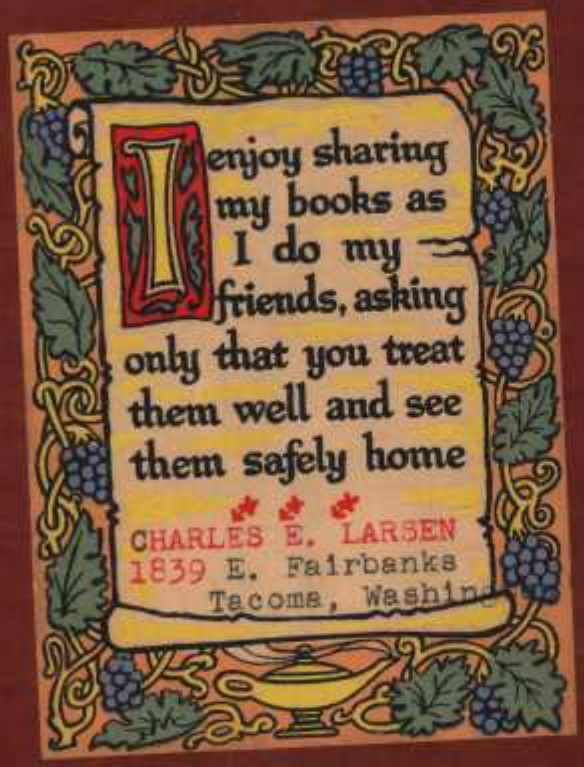
As this was morning the night-hawk naturally

(The Coyote's Race for Life)

went to sleep, while sleeping the coyote could not help admiring his feathers, so he carefully proceeded to take off night-hawks coat. In this he was successful without awakening him. Putting on the coat himself he started to walk, when suddenly he was taken up by the wings. This happened several times until he could no longer control the wings and they flew with him against a tall pine tree, with such force as to kill him.

In the meantime night-hawk awoke and discovered that his coat was gone. On looking around himself he found the dead coyote, took off the coat and left him lay there. But a fox who happend along just then brought him to life again. When he opened his eyes he exclaimed, "I must have been asleep a long time." The coyote has been killed several times but was always brought to life by the fox, and his excuse always was that he was asleep. That is why the coyote is so sneaky now.

* * * * * * *

Larsen

Springfield