



The Story of the Totem Pole
or Indian Legends

by William Shelton

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THE STORY OF THE TOTEM POLE

EARLY INDIAN LEGENDS
AS HANDED DOWN FROM
GENERATION TO GENER-
ATION ARE HEREWITH
RECORDED BY WILLIAM
SHELTON OF TULALIP

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my Indian name
Wka-rah-Sub*

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IN the early days the Indians had a method of teaching their children by telling them stories. The one that told the stories had to be careful to tell good stories to the children, for these were the only lessons they depended upon to raise good children.

In the early days the birds, fish and animals all talked one language, therefore, throughout the following stories you will find the birds, fish and human beings conversing in one tongue.



PREFACE

THE following legends are recorded as they were told to me by my parents, uncles and great-uncles in days gone by. They were the text-books used by the Indians to teach their children to be brave, loyal and truthful and to illustrate that evil comes to wicked people and that only the good prosper in the end.

This was the kind of school I attended while a child and my parents strove to have me become a great medicine man—an Indian doctor. However, at the age of eighteen years, I enrolled at the Tulalip Mission School where I was taught to read and write a little and there I remained for three years. I was then given a position at the Tulalip Indian Agency and from that time on I have been in Government employ at Tulalip almost continuously and have filled very nearly every position at the school at some time or other.

These stories are written particularly to explain the meaning of the figures carved on the Story Pole which now stands in the City of Everett, Washington, and it is hoped that the stories as well as the Pole will stand as a monument to a vanishing race and that they will help our white friends to understand a little of the Indian's belief in spirits, or totems.

—THE AUTHOR.

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ONE of the first things I can remember as a child is the large Potlatch House at Skagit Head Bay, which had been built by my uncles. My recollection of the house itself is very vague, but the large timbers or posts inside the house impressed me greatly because of the numerous totem figures with which they were decorated. A great many people lived in this house.

And it was at Mukilteo that I had my first experience in feeding pigs. Mr. Natt B. Fowler, the first white settler at this place, owned a number of pigs that had a habit of coming into our camps on the beach, so one day I attempted to feed one of them by placing some bread on my toes and holding it towards the little pig. Mr. pig snatched at both

the bread and my toe and then proceeded to drag me along the beach by my poor toe until my father saw my plight and came to my rescue. I was so badly frightened that I have never forgotten the incident and to this very day I dislike pigs.

Then again, when the Indians gathered at Sandy Point, Whidby Island, for a great feast, or "Sway-gway," I saw totem figures carved on the huge posts inside the large Potlatch House at this place, and I asked my father at that time to explain the meaning of the totems to me. He told me that each carving represented a story and each story carried a lesson with it and before a little boy could become a great man he would have to learn all the lessons. Of course, I wanted to become a great man, and so from this time on my father and mother began teaching me the stories, most of which I have recorded in this book.

They told me stories which would create in me the desire to become brave, and good, and strong, to become a good speaker, a good leader; they taught me to honor old people and always do all in my power to help them. In order that I would be free from sickness, they made me exercise and bathe regularly; in fact, the first thing an Indian boy was required to do when he became of "school age" was to arise early in the morning without awakening the rest of the household and take a plunge in the salt water or in the river or lake near which the family happened to be camping. After the bath he gave himself a brisk rubbing with the aid of a small stick; this developed the muscles and helped to make the lad strong. In the evening he would have to run for half a mile or more and then take another bath. Often times the father would give the boy a stick known as a "home stick" because it was familiar to the people at home, and instruct him to carry the stick to a certain place on the beach or in the woods. The boy would start out after dark and carry the stick to the place indicated and the next morning the father would make certain that the boy had actually carried the stick to the place indicated by going after it himself. This was done to teach the boy to be unafraid to wander about by himself after dark. The boy also fasted from three to ten days, for in that way only, he was told, would the great spirit or totem come to him.

During the winter months the boy was not required to run for half a mile and then bathe for that might cause his death, so he merely chopped a hole in the ice and stayed in the cold water until his flesh stopped tingling; this toughened the flesh and bodily cuts and scratches were less likely to become infected.

As the teaching progressed and the boy grew a little older he was sent into the woods by himself and told to stay there as long as he could, for, while in the dense forest by himself, he might find a strong totem that would help him to become a great Indian. He fasted during his stay in the woods and bathed frequently for the great totem might come to him from the depths of a lake or the rapids of a river.

I was trained in just this way from the time I was a small child until I was eighteen years of age and the stories I was told remain fresh in my memory to this day. By the time I was eight years old I had been firmly impressed with the teaching that boys and girls must be kind to the poor and the aged and one day as I passed a little Indian mat-house I heard someone groaning as if in great pain; I stopped and looked in and found an old woman who seemed to be very sick. I asked her if there was anything I could do and she told me that she was very thirsty, so I hurried to get her a drink of water and then I built her a fire to make her more comfortable. She thanked me and asked what my name was and since my own name would mean nothing to her, I told her my father's name. Later when her relatives, who had been on a fishing trip, returned, the old woman told them about the little boy's kindness and the people came over to our camp and thanked me and told my father that he ought to be proud of his son. That made me feel very glad for it pleased my father to know that I was following his teachings.

Another time when my father sent me out in the evening to bathe in a certain place, I walked a long distance and when I finally returned to camp I was very nearly numb with cold, in fact, the fire failed to warm me. The family had gone to sleep but Mother soon awoke and saw that I was chilled so she wrapped me in a blanket and I soon became warm and fell asleep. The next morning I felt fine, especially when my father told me that I should not have overtaxed my strength and walked so far, for that was exactly what I wanted him to

say—I wanted him to know that I could do a great deal better than he expected me to do.

Still another time when we were camped near Mukilteo, I started to walk toward Seattle and as night came on I decided to sleep in the woods instead of attempting to return to camp, so I slept next to a fallen tree that night and at about noon the next day I started home. When I arrived at camp my father questioned me as to where I had been and I told him I had been out walking. Then he laughed at me, saying that to stay away for two days amounted to nothing, and he told me the story about the great Snohomish chief who stayed in the woods by himself for ten days without any food whatsoever and how, during these ten days he had found a great totem which had helped him during his whole life time. When I heard that story it made me wish that I could do the same and I told myself that when I grew up, I, too, would remain in the woods by myself for ten days, or perhaps longer, and perhaps I could find a great totem; nevertheless, in my heart I felt that two days was quite a long time for a little boy to stay away from home.

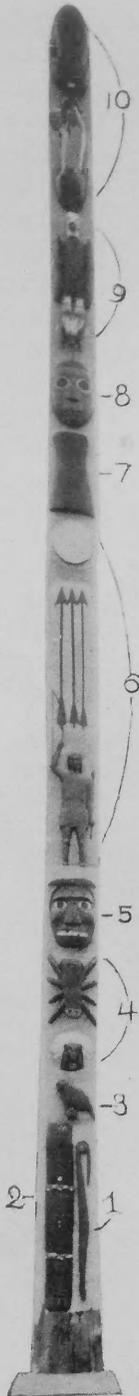
I could go on in this way and cite many more instances of how my parents told me stories to interest me and impress their teachings upon my mind. I was taught in this way until I was eighteen years of age and then I noticed that some of the boys of my own age who had been going to the Mission School at Tulalip had been learning things that I knew nothing about, so I decided to run away from home and enroll at the Mission School. During the first four or five weeks of my stay at school, I was very homesick and it seemed as though I was thousands of miles away from home, but I was ashamed to go home after I had run away and confess that I was homesick, so I stayed at school until I finally overcame this homesickness and then I began to enjoy the lessons. The sisters taught me to read and write a little English during the three years I went to their school.

A few years later after the government school at Tulalip had been established, I became an employee there; I soon learned how to operate the machinery in the saw mill and to turn out lumber; later I did millwrighting and carpentering and have been employed in various other capacities at the school up to the present time. I learned enough English so

that in 1913 when the Indian Office advised that the Indians on the Tulalip Reservation would do well to enter into contract for the sale of their timber I was called upon to act as interpreter and explain the proposition to my people so that they would understand that the timber was to be sold in order that they might receive money with which to build themselves homes and clear their lands for agricultural purposes, and so on. I was thankful of the opportunity I had had to attend the little Mission school, even though that was for a few years only and glad that I was an employee of the Government school where I could mingle with the whites so that I learned enough of their language to be of some help to my people. And I was very proud and happy to be of some little service to our country when I was asked to be one of the "Four-Minute" men of Snohomish County during the late war; I worked hard during the various liberty loan drives with the gratifying result that the reservation people purchased bonds far exceeding their quota.

Now, during all these years that I have been employed at the Government School I have observed that the method of the white man's teaching is different from that of the Indian, but the teaching itself, the "lessons", are much the same. The white man teaches the children to be kind, good, generous, honest, brave; and the old Indian teaching was exactly that, explained to the child by examples, or stories; then the thought came to me that it would be well to record these Indian lessons, or stories so that they would last for a great many years and so I set about carving the Totem Story Pole which has been erected at California and Wetmore Avenues, in the city of Everett, Washington. I also carved a totem pole which I presented to the Tulalip Indian School on which the figures of the totems of most of our older Indians are carved. It was exceedingly difficult for me to obtain the stories the figures represent, since an Indian is very reluctant to speak about his totem and calls upon it only when in great stress.

The stories represented by the figures carved on the Everett Story Pole are as follows:



TOTEM POLE

Now Located at Everett,
Wash.

Showing both sides of the Totem Pole, thus picturing every character carved by the early Indian. Characters each have a story with a moral and each story appears in numerical order to correspond with the numbered character on the pole.



Hoh-Kwi, The Little Diver

(1)

IN a certain goodly-sized village lived Mr. Crane and his bride, the little Diver, or Hoh-Kwi. They had been married but a short time and as time wore on they continued to be very happy, the little Diver was a good wife and the Crane a fine husband. Crane was a very skillful fisherman and he brought the little Diver the choicest bits of fish and she always had plenty to eat.

One day the wife pretended that she was ill and the Crane became concerned about her for, of course, he thought that she was really quite sick. He went out fishing, so that he might get her some good, nourishing food and so nurse her back to health again. He knew that she liked bull-heads best and so he tried his best to catch those and when he succeeded in catching a few he would hurry home with them and give them to his wife. After several days, he began to wonder why the wife did not improve in health until one day he came home and found that she was carrying on a flirtation with Mr. Kingfisher and then at last he realized that his wife had not been sick at all, but had been deceiving him all this time. He was very angry at the Kingfisher and so he determined to kill him; he sharpened his weapon and started after the Kingfisher and succeeded in stabbing him in the side, but kill him he could not. If you will notice, to this very day you can see the blood-stained feather on the Kingfisher's side.

After leaving the Kingfisher he sought his wife; he could not decide how to punish her at first, but finally he decided to fly with her to a very tall Cedar tree and leave her there to die. The little Diver struggled and struggled in vain until the blood from her hands and feet trickled down the cedar tree; you can still see the stains on the Cedar if you will look.

Someone saw the little Diver up in the tree and ran to tell her parents; of course, her parents wanted to save her if possible so they offered a high reward to the one who would rescue their daughter. When the people in the village heard about the reward they all came out and tried their skill in climbing. Some would climb half the way up, others even three-fourths of the way and then lose their strength and

fail. Finally a man stepped forth from the crowd and started to climb with a will; he reached about one-half the length of the tree and then came to a knot; he managed to wriggle around this and continued climbing. During his climb he had to repeat this wriggling until he was quite tired out. He had to give up the climbing and when he reached the ground again people saw that he was deformed; his body had grown very long and thin and instead of walking he had to wriggle along from side to side and to this day you see the snake wriggling instead of walking. Before climbing the tree he walked just like other people of that time and just because he was so greedy for the reward offered he had become deformed.

After the people saw what had happened to this man they were afraid to try to climb the tree and the father and mother of the little Diver gave up all hopes of ever seeing their daughter again, when a very beautiful girl by the name of Wood-pecker said she would try to climb the tree. She started climbing and to the amazement of all the people she went up and up until she reached the little Diver. Then she unfastened the cedar rope with which she had been tied and the little Duck dropped down to the ground onto the feathers which her parents had piled underneath the tree for her so that she would fall unhurt. The people and the parents rejoiced greatly because of the safe return of the little Diver. The parents took immediate steps to reward the beautiful little Wood-pecker and because they were very grateful, they gave her very nearly all they owned, and they became poor people. Through the waywardness of their daughter these old people had to suffer and the lesson part of this story is that through a mis-step, not only ourselves, but those who are dear to us must suffer, as did the little Diver and her parents when the little Diver became untrue to her husband, the Crane. To this very day, the Divers are poor; they are not good to eat and are the poorest of all ducks. The only thing they are able to do well is to dive.

Doh - Kwi - Buhch

(2)

DOH-KWI-BUHCH was the name of the great and mighty man who created the world. He started his wonderful task away over in the East and gradually worked towards the West, creating everything as he went along. He carried with him a great variety of languages and as he created each group of people, he gave them a language, being careful to select the best languages he had.

While working his way West, he reached Puget Sound country and decided that he would go no farther West or North. In his hand he still had a great number of languages left and at a loss to know what to do with them he scattered them all around him and to the North, and that is the very reason why there are so many different languages among the Indians of the Sound country and the North.

After Doh-Kwi-Buhch had scattered the languages about in this wasteful fashion, the different tribes of Indians found that they could not understand one another; they were not satisfied with the way in which Doh-Kwi-Buhch had created the world—they found that the sky was much too low to suit their convenience, for the taller people would very often bump their heads on the sky. Also, people got into the habit of climbing trees and making their way into the next world, which was not as it should be.

The wiser Indians of the different tribes held a meeting and it was agreed that the people should try to shove the sky up higher and it would be possible to do this if all the people would shove at the same time. How could they make them all understand just when they were to shove? Doh-Kwi-Buhch had given animals, birds, insects, people all a different language and it would be difficult to make them all understand just when they were to shove. Finally, one of the wiser men thought of the word "Ya-hoh," which means to lift together and so these wise men who were attending the meeting scattered the news among the different tribes and the date for the lifting of the sky was set.

In the meantime everybody was busy making poles with

which to lift the sky. You will see a bundle of these sticks or poles carved on the big story pole—they are carefully wrapped in matting and tied with Indian packing straps so that they may be preserved for a long time. You can only see the ends of the sticks protruding from the matting.

On the day set for the lifting of the sky, all the people braced their poles against the sky and the command “Ya-hoh” was given and everybody lifted as hard as they could and they succeeded in raising the sky a little bit; after the second “Ya-hoh” the sky was raised a little higher and after the third attempt they raised the sky up to its present position.

Now it happened that just as the people had been ready to shove the sky up, three hunters who had been chasing four elk for several hours came to where heaven and earth nearly met and the elk jumped into the next world, and, of course, the hunters followed them, so that when the sky was raised the hunters and the elk were raised with it. To this very day, you can see them in the sky at night; the three hunters form the handle of the dipper—the one in the center is leading his dog, the tiny star so close to him—and the four elk form the rest of the dipper. Then, too, you have noticed the skatefish formation of stars in the sky; two canoes with three Indians in each canoe and a little fish happened to be making their way into the sky when the people shoved the sky up and so they have had to remain there ever since. All the Indians know that the hunters and the little dog, the elk, the little fish, the fishermen in the canoes were on earth once upon a time and all tribes have the same names for these stars.

From the time the people moved the sky, there was no more jumping into the next world, and the people were content and happy. Although they could not yet understand the language of all the different tribes, they were happy because they had been able to use the wonderful word “Ya-hoh” and in that way they had been able to accomplish what they had set out to do.

Suk-whay

(3)

THE next story on the big pole is that of the little bird called the Sparrow or "Suk-whay."

Suk-whay lived with a tribe of people who dwelt in a little village and as the years rolled on and Suk-whay became a young man he decided to get married and succeeded in winning as his wife a very beautiful girl who belonged to a tribe of higher caste than his own.

When Suk-whay came to his new home and bride he felt very inferior to all his new relatives, because he knew that he was of lower class than they were, yet he decided to win their favor by showing them that he was good for something after all, so he was very industrious—he carried fire-wood, water and other necessary things into the house and made himself generally useful about the house. He worked in this way for several days and his brothers-in-law and other relatives noticed that he was very industrious, but they also noticed that Suk-whay did not wash his face. They wondered whether he had ever washed it. After that they watched Suk-whay very closely and they saw that it was a fact that he never washed his face, and they became disgusted with him. Day after day his face became dirtier until his brothers-in-law could not longer endure to have him around, so they asked their sister to speak to Suk-whay about the matter and ask him to wash his face. The sister spoke to him about it, but he paid no attention to her request, for he said that if he were to wash his face something terrible might happen.

Suk-whay continued to work for three days when his brothers-in-law again spoke to their sister about her husband's dirty face and the sister told Suk-whay that her brothers were insisting upon having Suk-whay wash his face. When Suk-whay heard that he turned to his wife and said: "I do not want to wash my face because something very disastrous to the world will happen if I do; however, since you insist upon my doing so, I'll wash my face!" So saying, he walked over to the edge of a nearby river and sang a song to his grand-father, the South Wind or "Stah-ghwahk," who was a

very great man. "Let the rain come down in torrents," he sang, "for I have been told to wash my face."

He sang this song for a few moments and then stooped and washed his face and he had hardly finished doing so when the rain came down in torrents—harder and faster it came until the whole world was flooded. And it rained for many days until Suk-whay flew away to the South to where his grand-father, Stah-ghwahk, lived and it is said that the great flood of long ago was caused when the dirty little bird called the Sparrow was obliged to wash his face.

Spi-ou and Buschub or The Fox and The Mink

(4)

SPI-OU and Bus-Chub were neighbors and because they were both very skillful and cunning, they were very jealous of one another and were continually opposing one another's wishes in every way possible.

One day Bus-Chub decided to challenge Spi-ou to take a long walk, a hike, for he felt sure that he was the better man of the two and could easily out-walk Spi-ou. So he sent his challenge to Spi-ou and Spi-ou accepted.

The morning on which they were to start the race, Bus-Chub arose early so that he had walked a good distance before Spi-ou got started. As Spi-ou walked along he noticed Bus-Chub's footprints and he wondered how far ahead of him Bus-Chub had gotten; he walked all that day and then camped for the night, but he did not overtake Bus-Chub.

All the next day Spi-ou and Bus-Chub tramped on until late that night when Bus-Chub came upon a beautiful little creek and here he rested while he tried to think of some scheme by which he could make certain that Spi-ou would



never overtake him, but he was unable to think of any, so after eating his meal, he walked on. Soon he came across another stream and as he watched the fish playing around in the stream he suddenly came upon a plan. He took out a trout and with certain magical movements of his hand, the trout was turned into a live baby, although it was still in the form of a fish.

Bus-Chub hurriedly constructed some kind of a trap out of sticks that he gathered in the woods and placed the little trout in the trap in the water, so that when Spi-ou came along he would be sure to see the trout and would naturally take it out of the water because the little trout could not get away. As soon as Spi-ou would take the trout out of the water, it would turn into a baby and Spi-ou would have to take care of the little child and in this way he would be detained a long time and Bus-Chub would surely win the race.

Quite a long time after Bus-Chub had left, Spi-ou came to the first little stream and he saw where Bus-Chub had eaten so he, too, had his meal there and then wandered on in the same direction in which he could see that Bus-Chub had gone. Soon he came to the second little stream and he immediately saw the trout in the trap and made preparations to get it, for Spi-ou could always eat. Spi-ou took a stick and hooked the little fish on land and just as he was getting ready to put it on a stick to bake, the little trout turned into a live baby. Spi-ou was greatly surprised, but he knew immediately that Bus-Chub must be playing this trick on him, yet he would not leave the baby and he could not very well carry it along with him, so he gave up the race in order to give the baby the proper care and training. So Bus-Chub walked on and on and Spi-ou never saw his old neighbor again.

Spi-ou built a house of cedar bark and raised the little boy as his own son and the child grew day by day, until he became quite old enough to marry. So one day Spi-ou took his son to two nice young ladies: Hah-Boh, the Pigeon, and Teet-Kwi, the Little Duck and the son married them and they all lived in the little house as one happy family, although they had no neighbors for miles and miles about. However, after a time, Spi-ou became very jealous of his son, because his son was becoming a very skillful hunter and his fame was spreading all over the country. Spi-ou decided to get rid of

his son, but as he could think of no good way of doing so he consulted his second thought, or inner self, and that advised him, saying: "You go and make a huge black-bird and place it on the top limb of a tree and then call your son out and he will climb up after the bird in an effort to capture it. When he gets close to the bird the bird will take hold of him and fly off with him and so you will be rid of your son." Said Spi-ou: "That is just exactly what I had planned to do," for Spi-ou would never admit that he had been unable to think of a plan.

Spi-ou went into the woods and did as his second thought had instructed him and after he had made the big black-bird, he placed him on a limb of a tall tree and told him to spread out his wings. The bird spread out its wings and Spi-ou told him that every time he winked at the bird the bird was to fly one limb higher until he reached to the topmost limb and when Spi-ou's son came after it, the bird was to fly off with him. So Spi-ou went into the house and told his son about the peculiar black-bird that he discovered sitting on a tree nearby and urged his son to come out and capture the bird. Of course, being a hunter, the son was more than anxious to capture the bird and so he followed Spi-ou to the tree where the bird was.

As soon as the son saw the bird he began to climb up the tree after it and when he came within reach of the bird, Spi-ou winked and the bird flew up one limb higher; as soon as the son came close, Spi-ou would wink again and so the bird finally reached the topmost limb and the son was still following him. At a signal from Spi-ou, the black-bird caught the son in his claws and flew off with him and Spi-ou could see him going higher and still higher up until he finally lost sight of him.

Now before the son had begun to climb the tree, Spi-ou had insisted that he take off all his clothing—his buckskin garments, his moccasins, his beaded belt, and the son had done so. Spi-ou proceeded to get into the garments himself as soon as he saw that the son was being carried away. After he had dressed himself completely in his son's clothing, he went towards the house and as he neared it, he began to weep aloud, saying: "Oh, my father has been killed. My poor, poor father!" He thought in this way he would be able to deceive

his son's wives into believing that he (Spi-ou) was their husband and that Spi-ou was the one who had been killed.

The little Pigeon believed Spi-ou, but the little Duck saw at a glance that this was old man Spi-ou himself and so she spoke to the Pigeon and said: "What do you think ails our father-in-law—why is he weeping so much?" And when Spi-ou heard that he reprimanded her and told her not to speak of her father-in-law in that way, for she must respect the dead. The little Duck said no more, but in her heart she knew that this was Spi-ou and not her husband and she wondered what Spi-ou had done with her husband.

The next morning Spi-ou told the wives that they would have to move, so they broke up camp and started on their journey. Spi-ou told the little Duck that he did not want her near him and that she should not walk with him and Pigeon but that she should follow them at a good distance, for Spi-ou had fooled the Pigeon and she believed that he was her husband. When they camped that night, Spi-ou forbade the little Duck to camp with them, so she had to build her own little fire and camp quite by herself. The next day they continued on their journey, Spi-ou and the Pigeon going on ahead while the little Duck brought up the rear. And while they are continuing their journey, let us see what happened to Spi-ou's son after the big black-bird flew off with him.

The big black-bird carried the young man up and up and up until he came to the fourth world, where he set him down. The young man looked about him and saw that he was in a strange world for he had never seen this place before. He walked along until he came to where an old man was busily engaged making rope, so he stopped to talk to this old man for he was anxious to find out where he was. He could not make the old man understand where he had come from so the old man asked him to describe the place, which he did, whereupon the old man said: "Ah, I think I know where you are from; you are from four worlds below this one and the only way for you to return to your world is by my help." He told the young man that he had lots of rope with which he would lower the young man to the fourth world below and the young man very gratefully accepted his offer and promised that if the four deer skins which he had left in his world were still there when he reached his house, he would jerk the

rope four times and tie these skins to the end of the rope and the old man could pull them up and could consider them his reward for offering his services to the young man.

The old man fastened the rope around the young man and gave him very definite instructions; he told him not to untie the rope when he reached the first world below, but to keep on rolling and to do the same thing when he reached the second and third worlds and to untie the rope only when he reached his own, or the fourth world below. He said that he would be able to tell when he reached this fourth world, for it would be so much warmer than the other three worlds.

Then the old man let him down and the young man commenced to roll and roll, he passed the first world and did just as he had been told, and then he passed the second and third worlds but he never stopped rolling until he reached the fourth world and he could tell immediately that it was his world on account of the warmth. Here he untied the rope and ran to his house only to find that Spi-ou and his wives had gone. However, he found that the deer-skins had been left just where he had hidden them, so he ran back with them and tied them to the end of the rope and jerked the rope four times and the old man pulled the rope up. And who do you suppose this old man was? Why the Spider, as you see a picture of it on the pole. When the Spider felt the four jerks on his rope, he knew that the young man was honest and was giving him a reward for his work and so in his heart the Spider thanked him and wished him lots of luck.

The young man returned to his house and made sure that his father and his wives had really left the place and then he discovered their tracks so he followed in that direction, hoping that he would soon overtake them, but yet fearing that they would perhaps not know him for in rolling down from the fourth world he had lost all his hair.

After a few days travel he saw that their tracks were getting fresher and he knew that his father and the Pigeon and the little Duck were not so very far ahead of him. At night he would camp and the morning would see him started on his way bright and early so that he was steadily overtaking them and he knew that within a very short time he would catch up to them. Finally, one day he came to where they had been camping and as the fire was still burning he knew

that they were only a little ways ahead of him now. He noticed, too, that there were two fires and wondered a little at that, but he guessed what had been happening and he felt sorry for the little Duck.

As he turned the next curve, he saw a woman walking along by herself and as he came a little closer he discovered that it was the little Duck, who had always been his favorite wife. He wanted to attract her attention so that he could talk to her, but he feared that he might startle her and so cause the other two people to look around and see what was happening. The young man saw that her packing strap was dragging and so he stepped on the end of it, but she paid no attention to that, but merely jerked it up; he stepped on it again and this time she turned about and when she saw the young man she immediately recognized him as her husband and she was very, very glad to see him again.

The little Duck was sorry for her husband for he had lost all his hair and so with some mystic motion of her hands she restored his hair to his head again.

Then the little Duck told her husband all that had happened since she had last seen him and how Spi-ou had been trying to deceive the two women into believing that he was their husband and how both Spi-ou and the Pigeon had been mistreating her because she would not be deceived.

Upon hearing all this, the young man was deeply hurt to think that his father should behave as he had. So he told the little Duck that he would get into her basket and that she should camp right with the rest of the party that evening, so that she could take the basket into the tent with her. He told her that she must insist upon camping with Spi-ou and the Pigeon that evening, even if they objected to her doing so.

When Spi-ou stopped to camp that evening he was annoyed to find that the little Duck came up and prepared to camp with them and he told her that she was not wanted there. The little Duck knew that she must camp there in order that her husband might carry out his plans so she smiled at Spi-ou and said: "Why is it that my husband no longer cares for me and that I am not permitted to camp with the rest of you?" Spi-ou immediately suspected that the little Duck was up to something, but he could not imagine what it

might be and he wondered what made her so bold. However, he permitted her to camp there. The little Duck set her basket down and hurried to find limbs to use in making her bed. She did not succeed in getting very many as the place was very brushy and she was in a hurry to get back to camp to see that the basket was still quiet. She placed her bed directly across the fire from where Spi-ou and the Pigeon had theirs and when she finished her work she unfastened the basket and the young man stepped out.

Of course, Spi-ou was greatly surprised to see his son again and he began to remove all his son's clothing which he had been wearing and offered it to his son, begging him to take it, but the son told him to keep the clothes and then turned to his wife and said: "What is the matter with your husband that he should be offering me all his clothing?"

All that night the young man and the little Duck planned on how they could get away from Spi-ou and the Pigeon, for the little Duck did not want to live with them any longer, so it was decided upon that the son should go out hunting the next morning and kill an elk and fix the meat so that Spi-ou would get a certain portion of it that would turn into rotted wood after being carried a little while.

Early the next morning the young man started out on the hunt and he was skillful enough to kill an elk. He came back to camp and told the party about his kill and asked them if they would not come up into the woods with him and help him carry the meat into camp. Now Spi-ou had not had a good meal for a long time and he was more than willing to go into the woods and help move the meat to camp.

Just before they started out the young man whispered to the little Duck and told her to hurry so that they could get ahead of Spi-ou and the Pigeon, get their meat and walk away from them while they were busy with their packs. So they walked fast, and when they reached the place where the elk lay, they sliced off the meat they wanted to take with them and were on their way again by the time Spi-ou and the Pigeon were still busied with their packs. The Pigeon saw that they were walking fast and so she fastened her pack in a hurry and started after them, but as her load was heavy and the packing-strap somewhat worn, the strap broke and of course, she was detained trying to fix it. After she

had it fixed she followed the young man and the little Duck.

Spi-ou was having a difficult time trying to pack his share of the meat so that by the time he was ready to start back to camp he found that the rest of the party had gone out of sight. He immediately followed in the direction he had seen them take and hurried along thinking that he would overtake them.

After he had walked a short distance he came to a pretty little creek and he wondered a little at its being there for he could not remember seeing it before, yet he knew that he was going in the right direction towards camp so he waded across and continued his walk. After walking a little farther he came to another creek which was twice as wide and as deep as the first creek had been. Spi-ou was undecided as to whether or not he should continue to follow the rest of the party, for he knew that his son was making these streams in order to detain him and to cause him a lot of trouble. Yet he had to cross them in order to get back to camp, so he waded across this second stream, scrambled ashore and continued his walk.

He walked on until he came to another stream which was three times as large as the first one, but Spi-ou was determined to get to camp, so he prepared to swim across this stream. He waded into the stream when he noticed that his pack seemed to be getting heavier for he had carried it quite a time and so he stopped to examine it and when he opened it he discovered that the meat had turned into rotten wood and he had been carrying this about with him instead of meat. So he threw the whole pack into the stream and it drifted away.

Spi-ou tried to swim across the river, but on account of the current he was carried downstream quite a distance until he finally found an opportunity to grasp a projecting limb and in that way managed to land on the opposite bank.

Night was coming on and Spi-ou both tired and hungry, so he walked over to the river and looked for some signs of fish, but he could not see a single fish. He camped nearby as it was rapidly growing dark and he did not care to wander around aimlessly.

The next morning when he arose he felt very hungry and as he was at a loss to know just what to do, he asked his

second sense for advice and was told that he should turn himself into a nice little wooden plate and drift down the river until he was caught in the trap that had been set by some Mud-Snipes and when these Mud-Snipes saw the plate they would most probably pick it up and take it to their home where Spi-ou might get an opportunity to have several good meals. Spi-ou informed his second sense that that was exactly what he had been planning to do.

So Spi-ou made himself into a nice little wooden plate and drifted down the river until he came to the trap of the Mud-Snipes. Here the swift current held the little plate up against the trap until the next morning when the Mud-Snipes came down to the trap to take out their salmon. They saw the little plate and picked it up because they thought they could make good use of the nice little plate. They thought that some boat had probably capsized up the river and so they looked around for other articles, but all they could find was this little plate, which they had picked up with a pole.

The Mud-Snipers were very eager to try their new plate so they decided to prepare some salmon and put the salmon on the little plate. Spi-ou, who was very hungry could hear their conversation and he waited anxiously for them to place the salmon on the plate. As soon as they did this he commenced to eat from underneath while the Mud-Snipes ate from the heaped-up portion on the plate. In a very short time the plate was empty and the Mud-Snipes were surprised to find the salmon disappearing so quickly and yet they were still hungry. So they cooked another large salmon and again placed it on the plate and as before, Spi-ou commenced to eat from underneath although he tried to be very careful for fear that the two women would find him out. By the time the plate was emptied the second time, the Snipes still had had very little to eat and one of them became suspicious of the little plate and she picked it up angrily and threw it out of the window.

As soon as the little plate hit the ground it changed into a little baby boy, who cried lustily. The two women came running out of the house to see what had happened and as soon as the baby saw them he spoke to them and told them that he was a little brother of theirs. The two women wondered at this and they could not quite decide whether they

wanted to keep him and rear him or not, however, they finally decided that they had better keep him since he claimed to be their brother.

So the two Mud-Snipes busied themselves making a "Ska-Kay" for the baby, which is a flat padded board on which a baby is strapped so that it can be carried on the back of a person, according to the old Indian custom. After finishing the Ska-Kay, they strapped the baby to it and they felt very proud of their little brother for he was a very bright little youngster.

The women would oft-times need to go out into the woods for roots and greens and of course, they had to leave the baby at home and at such times they would take the Ska-Kay and tie it to a post which they had fixed for this purpose so that the baby could enjoy the sun and the air and so grow strong and healthy. They would usually give him a small salmon fin to suck on and the baby seemed to enjoy that very much.

One day the two women were again going into the woods after roots and they tied the Ska-Kay with the baby on it to the post in the yard and then left it, for they were not worried about the little baby, since they felt sure it was safe.

As soon as the baby, or rather Spi-ou, saw that the women were out of sight of the camp he untied himself from the Ska-Kay and ran down to the trap where he helped himself to a large salmon and carried it up to the house where he cooked and ate it. He was not quite satisfied with this one salmon, so he ran down after another and cooked and ate this one, too, and then he sauntered about the place making note of everything and investigating anything that pleased his curiosity. When he thought it was about time for the two women to return to camp, he strapped himself up in the Ska-Kay again and when they returned they looked at the baby and found that the child was quite safe and sound and they were very proud of their little brother for they could leave him quite by himself and need never worry about him at all. Then they cooked a salmon for their supper and gave the baby a fin, but the baby did not seem at all hungry at which they were surprised and remarked that he must be very hardy. Little did they know that he had just finished eating two large salmon!

The next day the women raised the trap and took out all

the salmon and gave the baby a fin; then they strapped him up in the Ska-Kay and went out on another hunt. Hardly had they gone when Spi-ou unstrapped himself again, cooked another good meal of salmon and ate it. Then, because he was very tired of being a baby and having to be strapped up in the Ska-Kay all the time, he decided he would leave the place, but he did not know just what to do, so he consulted his second sense again. He was told that there were some people quite a distance along the river who were starving because the trap belonging to the Mud-Snipes was holding up all the salmon so that they could not get up to where these people were living; if Spi-ou would tear down the trap, the fish would not be held up and if Spi-ou would hurry up the river and tell these people that there were a great many fish in the river that he had brought up-stream they would always look upon him as a great chief. Spi-ou said he would do that, in fact, that was exactly what he had been planning to do all along.

Now, his second sense had warned him to place a large basket over his head in case the Mud-Snipes returned before he had finished his work and would try to harm him. Spi-ou ran to the house and found a large basket which he placed over his head and then hurried down to the trap and began tearing it down as quickly as he could; he dove to the bottom of the river and loosened all the sticks, but fast as he worked he had not quite finished when the Mud-Snipes returned from the woods. They missed the baby immediately and the next thing they noticed was that some one had been cooking salmon so they thought that the baby had been stolen. They went down to the river thinking they might see the thief and there they saw Spi-ou breaking up their trap; so they took a long stick and hit him over the head with it, but of course, they could not hurt him as long as he wore the heavy basket over his head. Next they tried to hurt him with a spear, but as they failed in this they went up to the house to find something else so that they might keep him from breaking the trap altogether. But Spi-ou had practically finished his work by that time, so when they left the river he threw off the basket and ran up the river ahead of the fish.

After he had gone quite a distance he came to a house, where an old woman and her daughter were living; he walked

in and told them about the fish in the river but the people could not understand him for he spoke a different language from theirs. So Spi-ou pointed to the river and the old woman sent her daughter out to see what she could find and the girl came back and told her mother that there were lots of salmon in the stream. That convinced the old woman that Spi-ou must be a great man since he had brought the salmon up the stream and she spoke to her daughter and told her to marry Spi-ou for they had been starving before he came and she thought if they could keep him with them, they would always have plenty of salmon to eat. So the old woman informed Spi-ou that she would give him her daughter in marriage and Spi-ou accepted her, for she was a beautiful young lady.

Spi-ou lived with the family for several days until the fish began to be scarce and he decided that he had better leave before they found him out. So Spi-ou went on up the river and left his young wife forever. He walked and walked until he became lost in a dense forest and even until this day you will find Spi-ou, or the Fox, living in the dense forests!

The lesson part of this story is that people should be careful of strangers; they should not accept a stranger as a bosom friend until they are certain that he is a true-hearted man and not a tricky one. There are many people, who, like Spi-ou, trick their fellowmen and are not at all ashamed of their deeds.

Sway-Uock

(5)

THIS is the story of Sway-Uock, who lived away back in the woods and only came down to the beach when she was hungry.

Now one day Sway-Uock came down to the beach and visited the little village where a band of Indians were making their homes. She picked up all the children that she could find and filled her huge basket with them and then turned and went back into the woods. The parents of the children were grief-stricken to have their little ones carried off in that manner before their very eyes, but they were powerless



to stop Sway-Uock for she was a very tall woman, in fact, when she walked she stepped right over their houses. And the children were unable to crawl out of the basket for it was too deep. Sway-Uock never bothered the grown-ups when she had an opportunity to get children, for she considered children very choice morsels of food and so much preferred them to the grown-ups.

The parents of the children who had been taken away were very sad for they did not know what might happen to their boys and girls and they had very little hope of ever seeing them again, as the days passed and they did not return.

In a short time, Sway-Uoch made her appearance at the little village again and come over to that part of the settlement where she had not touched on her first visit. The first child she picked up and put in the bottom of her large basket was a little hunch-backed boy. The little boy began to think of a scheme to save himself and so every time Sway-Uoch added a child to the basket he climbed on top of the child so that by the time she had the basket filled, the little hunch-back was on the top.

During this second visit that Lady Sway-Uock paid the little village, the people all took especial note of her face and they thought that she was positively the very ugliest person they had ever seen; her hair was matted to her head as though it had never been washed or brushed and her face seemed entirely out of shape, for it was so horribly distorted, and she had lost two of her large teeth while eating children and not being careful to take out the bones. If you will look at the big story pole you will see the ugly face of Sway-Uock and you will notice that she has lost two teeth.

After filling her basket, Sway-Uock started back to her home in the woods and while she was following the trail that led to her home, the little hunch-backed boy was busy wondering what he could do to save himself 'ere Sway-Uock reached her home. He knew that he was too high from the ground to be able to jump down without injuring himself and just as he was beginning to believe that he had absolutely no chance to get away, Lady Sway-Uoch passed beneath a tall tree. The little hunch-back caught hold of an extending limb and swung himself free of the basket.

Lady Sway-Uoch walked a short distance farther to the place where she had been making her home and there deposited her basket with its precious burden while she hustled about and started a blazing fire. The little hunch-back could see all that was happening very plainly and he saw that Sway-Uoch placed the children on white-hot rocks from the fire and after they were cooked she ate them—ate every one of them.

After the little hunch-back had witnessed all this, he came down from the tree and made his way home as quickly as possible and he told the parents of the children what had taken place and all the people of the village were very sad

and depressed, but they were absolutely helpless to defend themselves against this outrage.

As time wore on, old Lady Sway-Uoch made her third appearance and this time she searched all the houses for the little girls and filled her large basket with them and started back to her home in the woods just as she had done on previous occasions and the parents of the little girls were very, very sad indeed, for they felt certain that their children would never return to them again.

On their way to Sway-Uoch's home the little girls in the basket determined that they would do something to save themselves from Sway-Uoch and they talked among themselves, but could think of nothing that they might do to free themselves. When Sway-Uoch arrived at her home she set the basket down in the usual place and the little girls noticed that she immediately started a fire on a heap of rocks piled near them. When the fire had heated the rocks to a white heat, Sway-Uoch took the little girls out of the basket and placed them in a row near the fire and upon looking them over she became very joyous at the prospect at having so delicious a meal as these little girls were going to make, so she sang and danced around the fire.

Now there was one very bright little girl among the lot and this little girl whispered to the rest of them that they would get together and push old Lady Sway-Uoch onto the hot rocks and let her burn to death. Sway-Uoch chanced to hear a part of this whispered conversation, but she was not sure that she had heard correctly. "What is this I hear—you are planning to shove me onto the hot rocks and burn me to death?" she asked. And the wise little girls hastened to assure her that she had not understood them correctly, "For," they said, "we are much too small to push a great big lady, such as you are."

This explanation satisfied Sway-Uoch and she continued to dance and as she danced she sang: "The rocks are getting good and hot for the little children," repeating these words over and over again. Then, when she had gotten about to the center of the row of little girls, one little girl gave the signal and with a mighty effort all the little girls shoved and old Sway-Uoch toppled over and fell on the heap of hot rocks. She cried for help and the little girls told her they would get

a large stick and help her up, but when they found a stick they used it to hold old Lady Sway-Uoch down so that she could not move and they held her there until she burned to death. When they found that Swa-Ooch was really dead, they started back to the little village.

All the village was in mourning and one mother was down on the beach weeping over her great loss for she missed her little girl very much. Suddenly she heard laughter, and looking down the beach she saw, coming in twos and threes, a bevy of girls coming toward her. She wondered if these could be the girls who had been carried off and she ran to tell the rest of the people to come out and meet them. Soon the girls came near enough for them to see that they were their own daughters and the girls were shouting joyously and triumphantly: "Sway-Uoch is dead; Sway-Uoch is dead!"

There was great happiness and rejoicing in the village then and to give vent to their gladness the people decided to have a "potlatch" or gathering to celebrate the occasion of the death of Sway-Uoch. And that was the beginning of the Potlach which really means a "get together party" for the Indians of this village had learned a great lesson, namely, that combined energy and effort produces results, if you work together you will benefit, for if these little girls had not gotten together and used their combined strength, old Lady Sway-Uoch would probably be ransacking homes to this very day and people would have to live in constant dread of her return. It shows us, too, that women can be useful in this world if they will work together. United we stand, divided we fall.



The Bead

(6)

ONCE upon a time, in a small village close to the water there lived a chief who had absolute control of the Sun, and so he was envied by all the neighboring tribes. One day he received a challenge to a shooting contest from Bead, his brother-in-law, who was Chief of the Tribe of the Far West. In this contest the Sun was to be given to the man who could hit the Sun with his first arrow. This challenge was accepted by the big chief and he invited all the braves from tribes far and near to take part in the contest.

When the great day came and the braves all tried to demonstrate their expert skill in marksmanship it was found that Bead, Chief of the Tribe of the Far West was the most skillful and the ownership of the Sun passed to him. All the members of his tribe were very happy indeed for now they would have the great Sun in their land and would no longer need to live in darkness. The big chief and the people of his tribe who had lost the Sun, however, were very sad for they knew it would be very difficult for them to live without the heat and the light that the sun had always supplied them with.

So Bead took the Sun home with him and the story of his

conquest reached far and near and he soon became very well known.

After all the visitors had departed, the big chief who had lost the Sun, called his tribesmen together and spoke to them long and earnestly; he told them that he was going to train himself to become a strong man and an accurate marksman and that he wanted all the men to train with him for the time might come when it would be necessary for him to call on any one of them. So the big chief set the rest of the tribe a good example and commenced his training the very next morning; he took the proper exercise, had a cold bath and in due course of time he became strong and vigorous. Then he called his tribe together again and told them that on the morrow he would start out for the Far West to conquer Bead, his brother-in-law, and that he would try very hard to bring the Sun back to his people. When the great day came and he started out on his journey he took several of his bravest men with him to witness the event. The people crowded around the little party and wished them much good luck; they had great confidence in their Chief's ability for they knew him to be a brave and a strong man and they felt certain that he would bring the Sun back to them.

When the big chief arrived at his destination, he went straight to Bead and told him what purpose had brought him there and Bead said: "My dear Brother-in-law, I will be liberal with you; instead of permitting you to use only one arrow, I will let you shoot all of your arrows at the Sun and if you should hit the Sun with any one of them, the Sun will be given to you. If, however, you fail to hit the Sun, you will be killed. Therefore, think well before entering into the agreement."

After a moment's thought, the big chief told Bead he would abide by his ruling and soon thereafter he was taken to the spot from which he was to shoot at the Sun. The big chief sorted over his arrows, chose his best ones, placed one in position, aimed very carefully, then drew his bow to its fullest extent and the arrow shot through the air and — missed the Sun! However, the big chief was not easily discouraged, so he shot a second and a third time, and again and again until he had only one arrow left. With great care, he aimed, drew his bow and shot the last arrow only to miss again.

Now, Bead felt very sad when he realized that he would have to kill his brother-in-law, but he was obliged to carry out the terms of the agreement and so the big chief and his braves were seized and hung up on stakes around Bead's house where the hot rays of the Sun could beat upon their bodies and so in time burn them up.

In the meantime, the people belonging to the big chief's tribe waited patiently day after day for their chief to return and when many days had passed and he did not return they became alarmed and feared that some accident had befallen him and the braves who had gone with him. So one day the big chief's son called a meeting of the whole tribe and after much deliberation the people came to the conclusion that their chief had been killed. The older people urged the young folks to go into vigorous training so that they could fit themselves to win the Sun and avenge their chief. They pointed out that the tribe could not prosper without the Sun and the greatest aim in the lives of the young braves should be to help the tribe as much as possible.

From that time on all the young men trained every day and the mother of the Young Chief Bead, as he was called, directed her boy's training personally; she would send him into the wild forest on a trip of several day's duration and would beg him to use every effort in trying to find some great inspiration that would help him to become strong and able-bodied and would teach him to win the Sun. So Young Chief Bead trained for several years and one day while he was sitting at the edge of a large lake he came upon a great totem who spoke to him loud and distinctly saying: "My name is Skalaletaad and if you will take me as your totem and believe in me and trust me I can do much for you; I can assist you greatly in winning the Sun and avenging your father, but you must have faith in me." Young Chief Bead, who was nearly exhausted from hunger, was greatly astounded to be spoken to in this manner, but with an effort he recovered himself and asked the spirit: "Skalaletaad, I will be very very glad to have you help me and from now I will accept you as my totem."

And this, then, was the beginning of the belief in the so-called "totem" or spirit; prior to this time no one knew about totems, but from this time on all Indian tribes believed in totems.

After speaking to the totem, Young Chief Bead made his way back to the village and told his mother and his half-brother, Mouse, of the strange experience he had had in the woods and later he told the entire tribe and every one marvelled at what he told him. They could not understand why a spirit should want to bother to help people and at first they doubted his word, but when they noticed how strange the young lad looked and how earnestly he spoke to them they were convinced that something out of the ordinary had happened to him.

Finally a day was set when a party of young braves were to start for the country of the Far West. Young Chief Bead selected men who were skilled and accurate in shooting, so when his little half-brother, Mouse, asked to be permitted to go along, he urged him to stay at home because he was so small. Mouse, however, insisted upon going along, "For," he said, "you can never tell of what assistance I may be to you." So the young chief took Mouse with him for he knew that he was both brave and shrewd; he, too, had been training under the watchful guidance of his mother and had become a swift runner, but because he was so small most of the men in the tribe were stronger than he was.

The young men got into their canoes and the whole tribe came down to the beach to see them off. After travelling for some time and drawing closer and closer to the land of the Far West they noticed that the days were growing longer and the nights shorter. When they arrived at the village, Bead, the uncle of Young Chief Bead and Mouse, came down to meet them and when he found that his nephews had come to endeavor to obtain possession of the Sun, he was very sad and turned to Young Chief Bead and said: "My dear nephew, I am very sorry indeed, that you have come; many great men who were far more skilled than you are have met only with defeat and I feel certain that it is impossible for you to succeed. Please go back to your home and do not attempt to win the Sun, for if you do not win you must lose, and to lose means that I would have to take your life and the lives of the rest of your braves, and that I do not want to do."

Young Chief Bead straightened his shoulders, faced his uncle, and said: "Uncle, you have permitted everyone who has asked the privilege, to play in this great game of yours

and I want to assure you that I have the same courage as those other men had; if I should lose the penalty will be death, but a brave man does not fear death."

Now while the above conversation was being carried on, little Mouse, who was small and inconspicuous, made his way into the village and to the large house of the Chief. Here he discovered many bodies strung on stakes and left to bake in the Sun. Upon careful examination he identified one of the bodies as that of his father on the verge of crumbling to dust. Mouse examined the place about the house carefully and then returned to his brother, who was still on the beach. Mouse whispered to his brother that he had discovered the body of their father as well as hundreds of other bodies of men from various tribes who had attempted to win the Sun and had failed. "And Brother," he said, "since there have been so many who were defeated you must tax your skill to the utmost, and I know you will be able to defeat our uncle." The young chief thanked Mouse for his encouragement and advice and assured him that he would aim very carefully and use all his skill.

While they were still talking, the uncle came down to them again and showed them the place from which they were expected to shoot. Then he said: "Ah, it grieves me that you should attempt to do this thing and because you are my nephew I will make an exception in your case, just as I did in your father's, and permit you to shoot all the arrows you have in your bag. And now I will give you a few moments in which to steady your nerves, and prepare yourself for the test." So saying, he walked to his house.

The young men pulled the canoe up, carefully sorted over the arrows and then the two brothers started out toward the appointed place. When Young Chief Bead reached the place and had a full view of the Sun he felt more confident than ever that he would win; he felt thrilled and he felt stronger and capable and this he knew was due to the totem within him, the great Skalaletaad, who was helping him in this undertaking. Mouse encouraged the young chief all he could and told him he was certain that they would be taking the Sun home with them that very day.

Then the young chief took aim, drew his bow and shot his first arrow. He missed. Before shooting a second arrow

he decided to aim low in order to get his bearing and be able to aim accurately the third time. Mouse urged him to use all the power his totem gave him, so the young chief drew his bow for the second time and the arrow shot out straight toward the Sun and hit the lower edge. He was highly pleased over this, for he did not want to hit the center of the Sun and so break it into thousands of pieces. The uncle, who had been standing a short distance away, was silent for a moment, then he walked up to his nephew, shook hands with him and said: "You have defeated me, you have won fairly, and I am glad that you above all other people should win the Sun. I am very proud to call you my nephew—you are a better man than I am. And now I am ready to meet death with a brave heart."

Little Mouse ran up to his brother, threw his arms about his neck and cried joyously: "Brother, you are wonderful; you will bring light to thousands of people who have been living in darkness and I am very, very proud of you." The young chief thanked Mouse for his words of praise and then spoke to his uncle telling him that he must prepare himself to die, for according to the agreement, it would be necessary to place him on a stake just as he had done to his father and to so many others.

Then the young men proceeded to the Uncle's house and Mouse pointed out the body of their father. The young chief immediately took it down from the stake and as he looked at the body he was afraid that he would not be able to bring his father back to life again, but something within him whispered that if he would sing his totem song and exert all his energy to bring his father to life, he would succeed. So he sang lustily and both he and Mouse worked over their father and after a long time the father opened his eyes and seeing his two sons, smiled happily. As their father was very weak the young chief carried him down to their canoe where they made him comfortable before starting out on the return journey. Then they paddled away, taking the sun with them.

The people at home were anxiously awaiting the return of the young chief, when one day they noticed that the heavens were lighting up. This light grew brighter hourly until a canoe rounded the point and they saw that Young Chief Bead had returned and had brought the Sun with him.

They cheered him and sang to him and then as the canoe was pulled ashore they could scarcely believe their eyes for surely that couldn't be the Old Chief in the canoe. Yes, it was their Old Chief and the whole tribe was happy and gathered around Young Chief Bead to thank him and the great Skalaletaad who had helped him.

Later the wise men of the tribe held counsel to determine what should be done with the Sun and after much deliberation it was decided that in order to benefit all the people in the world the Sun should be allowed to move from place to place so that the entire universe had light at one time or another. And so night and day were established. The Sun, however, was owned by the young chief and everyone sang his praises for his unselfishness and his greatness. He ranked higher than all other chiefs and the bow and bag of arrows used by him were treasured by the tribe as keepsakes for they were the best in the land.

On the story pole you will see the young chief and his bow and arrows, and you will also see the Sun above him.

Now the lesson part of this story, and the Indians always point out a lesson in every story they tell, is that through following his mother's advice and through her guidance, the young chief became the greatest man of the times. And, too, that one should not judge the capacity of a man's mind by the size of his body, for the little Mouse, who was physically unfit to equal his brother in his skill in shooting, helped him to be victorious by encouraging him and advising him. The great thing in Life is to make yourself useful in the world, regardless of your physical proportions.



WILLIAM SHELTON AND FAMILY

The Skaat-Cheed or Hammer and the Fox

(7)

SPRING, in all its glory, was once again visiting the lonely forest where Spi-ou, the Fox, lived. Spi-ou, however, was only mildly interested in the coming of Spring, for he found his chief delight in his daughter, a comely young woman who was swift of foot and intelligent.

A short distance away lived a family of Mountain Sheep, who had won many an honor in the foot-races and so great was Spi-ou's confidence in his daughter's ability to defeat these champions that he sent them an urgent invitation bidding them to come down and race with her.

Upon receiving this invitation the Mountain Sheep came down to see Spi-ou and make the necessary arrangements for the race and it was agreed that if the Mountain Sheep defeated the daughter of Spi-ou, she would go with them to their home in the mountains, and if the girl defeated a member of the Mountain Sheep that member would be obliged to remain with Spi-ou and his daughter.

At the appointed time, the family of Mountain Sheep came down to Spi-ou's home and the race was run and great was the disappointment of Spi-ou for his daughter was defeated and the triumphant Mountain Sheep carried her off with them to their mansion in the mountains.

For a long time after his daughter had gone to live with the Mountain Sheep, Spi-ou stayed at home, but he was very, very lonesome without his daughter and so one day he decided to visit his daughter at her new home in the mountains. When he arrived there he was cordially greeted and everyone was very kind to him. He found that his daughter was well taken care of for the Mountain Sheep had a home both beautiful and spacious and food and drink a-plenty. His father-in-law and brothers-in-law were very good to him and as he always had plenty to eat, he decided to stay for an indefinite time. In fact, Spi-ou took advantage of their kindness and began to help himself to everything without asking for it, he even went so far as to eat the fat and grease used as swaddling clothes for his little grandchild. His daughter

began to feel ashamed of him, but she refrained from speaking to him about it until she found that he was getting greedier every day, so she went up to him and said:

“Now, Father, you always have all you want to eat here, I do not see why you should eat the grease that your grandchild is using as swaddling clothes—there is so much to eat here without eating that.”

Spi-ou would not listen to his daughter although she spoke to him about this matter several times; she began to feel that he was a disgrace to the family and so she finally came to the conclusion that she had better drive him away.

When Spi-ou found that he had to leave his daughter's home he felt sad and he was very undecided as to which way to go, but as he knew he had to leave he decided to do so immediately; he thought he would go to some country where he was not known, and die.

Just before leaving the house he thought he would seek some vengeance on his daughter and her relatives, yes, he would take the “Skaat-cheed” or Hammer with him, he thought. So that evening he returned to the house and stole the Skaat-cheed, but it was very, very dark in the house and the house was large and had many passages, so that Spi-ou was having great difficulty in finding his way out. He tried again and again, but he could not find the door and merely walked in circles. The Mountain Sheep who had been watching him all this time, finally decided he had tired himself enough so they took the Skaat-cheed from him and then showed him the door, saying at the same time that it was a shameful thing for Spi-ou to steal the Skaat-cheed while the owners were looking on.

It was still very dark, but Spi-ou started on his long walk and at dawn he had travelled a great distance. He started out the day by walking, walking and the further he walked the better he felt; he overcame his grief at having to leave his daughter and began to plan great things for himself in the future. As he was making his way he came to the top of a hill and sat down to rest, wondering what he could do to amuse himself during that time, so he decided to take out his eyes and play with them for awhile. He would throw them up into the heavens where they would flash like lightning. His eyes were very beautiful and this amused him

greatly — he threw them up several times and each time the eyes would return to their proper places in his head. Again he threw them high into the heavens, but to his great dismay they did not return to their sockets and Spi-ou wondered what had happened to them.

Spi-ou sat there dumbfounded when suddenly he heard a cry in the air; he listened intently and then he discovered that it was the Raven who had taken his eyes.

Poor Spi-ou did not know what to do for he could not see to travel any farther, for when he did start he would bump into a tree or fall over a rock, so he had to feel his way very cautiously. He was having a difficult time indeed and to add to his irritation he heard a girl evidently laughing at him. The girl was saying, half to herself and yet loud enough for Spi-ou to hear:

“I wonder what Spi-ou is trying to do there?”

So Spi-ou answered her and said:

“I’m looking for a straight stick that I might use to sight a star in the heavens.”

Upon which the girl laughed at him, saying:

“That is the worst place in the woods to find a straight stick in. Why, there isn’t a straight stick anywhere near you.”

Spi-ou paid little heed to this remark, for he had thought of a scheme: he would try to coax the girl closer to him so that she might help him in some way. He continued to talk to the girl and led her to believe that he could see. While feeling about him he accidentally came upon a small stick; with this he pointed up into the sky to an imaginary star and bade the girl look at it. Of course, the girl could see no star and when she told Spi-ou that he said to her:

“There is a star up there and if you will come a little closer I will point it out to you. Just come a little closer. Do not be afraid—I will not hurt you.”

Although the girl was a bit afraid her curiosity brought her closer to him and when she came within reach of his arm, Spi-ou held her fast while he took her eyes and used them in place of his own.

When Spi-ou was able to see again he discovered that the girl he had duped was a very beautiful Magpie and he felt sorry that he was obliged to rob her of her sight. “How-

ever," thought he, "why should I be concerned about her now when she ridiculed me a few moments ago!"

So Spi-ou left the little Magpie and continued his journey. It was a balmy summer day and Spi-ou felt in high spirits so that he walked a long way that day. When evening came he rested on the bank of a stream from whose clear waters he gained new courage. It was delightful to lie there and watch the tinkling little stream gracefully wind its way through the greenness of the forest and the only thing that rippled the serenity of his mind was the thought of his great loss of that morning; he wondered if he would ever have his eyes restored to him and he solemnly promised himself that should he be fortunate enough to recover his eyes he would never be so careless again. With this thought uppermost in his mind and wearied with his day's travel, Spi-ou made himself a resting place beneath a friendly cedar tree, and slept.

Just as the dawn was breaking, Spi-ou was awakened by the drumming of the pheasants and the chatter of jays and the hundred and one little bird voices that herald the break of days. Spi-ou arose very much refreshed after his night's rest and after some deliberation as to which way to turn to continue his rather aimless wandering, he decided to follow the little stream. This led him to a beautiful lake in the very heart of the woods and here Spi-ou paused to admire the picturesque spot before him. Just across the lake he caught sight of the roof of a house and being aware of the pangs of hunger, Spi-ou made his way towards the house.

Upon reaching the clearing about the house, a very fat old woman made her appearance at the door; she was as broad as she was tall and Spi-ou stared at her in awe. She seemed friendly, however, and invited him into the house, but before entering, Spi-ou thought he would ascertain what she was doing away out in the woods here by herself and so he questioned her about who was staying with her and who was getting her fuel wood for her and other things. The fat lady informed Spi-ou that she and her two grand-daughters were living there by themselves, but that at the present time her grand-daughters were attending a great Potlatch—a great gathering of people—and that the two girls had been gone since that morning. She was expecting them back late that

afternoon and she invited Spi-ou to stay and meet them, for said she:

“My grand-daughters are charming young women and I am sure you will find them very attractive.”

Yet Spi-ou was not satisfied with all this information, he still wondered who she could be and why she was so fat, so he asked her rather bluntly:

“What is your name, madam?” And she replied:

“My name is Sko-thob.” Which means Fever.

Whereupon Spi-ou become very courteous and expressed his pleasure in making her acquaintance. In his mind he was rapidly planning of some way in which to use this fat old lady to his advantage so that he would be able to go to this great gathering and find out what it was all about. Ah, he had it; he would kill old Fever and skin her and then use the skin as a disguise. Yet he would get a bit more information from the old lady before he killed her, he thought, so he asked her what this great meeting was about and Fever said:

“Oh, it is a great gathering and people from all over the country are there to see the Fox’s eyes, which the Raven brought over.”

Of course, Fever did not know that this was Spi-ou, the Fox, or she probably would not have volunteered so much information. As for Spi-ou, he immediately had visions of recovering his eyes and he knew that if he wanted to use the skin of old Fever he would have to act quickly or her grand-daughters would return and all his plans miscarry. He wondered how he should go about killing the old lady, so he thought he would take a heavy stick and hit her with that, but before proceeding to do so he informed her of his intention at which old Fever merely laughed derisively and said:

“Get a stick and hit me with it—it will not hurt me, for the more you hit me the stronger I will become.”

Spi-ou was discouraged upon hearing that, but he would not give up so easily so he said:

“Very well, then, I’ll burn you to death!”

“Burn me to death indeed!”, said Fever, “why I like the heat; it always makes me feel so much stronger.”

Spi-ou wondered whether there was any way of killing her and decided to try another scheme:

“I’ll throw you into that lake and drown you,” he said, pointing to the little lake nearby.

"Go right ahead," said Fever, "I thrive in the water and you could not drown me, for I should grow stronger every minute."

Spi-ou very nearly gave up in despair and as he stood there feverishly trying to think of some other way in which he could kill her, he bethought himself of his inner mind, upon whose assistance he called only in cases of extreme need when it had always proven itself a good advisor. He left the old lady for a few moments and consulted with himself and his inner mind told him to use nettles, a weed which grew promiscuously in the woods about him.

"Just as I thought," said Spi-ou and he ran over to Fever, shouting at the top of his voice:

"I am going to sting you to death with Nettles. Do you hear that? I am going to sting you to death with Nettles!"

As soon as Fever heard the word "Nettles" she collapsed and Spi-ou ran out and brought back with him an armful of nettles and with these he whipped the old lady until he stung her to death. It was in this way that Spi-ou discovered that Nettles should be used to cure anyone who may have Fever.

After the old lady was dead, Spi-ou skinned her and he took great care in doing this so that he would not cut into the skin and not be able to use it after all, however, his knife slipped and he accidentally cut the eye lid slightly. When he finished skinning her, he crawled inside the skin and then he practised walking about the room so that he would be able to carry himself just as the old lady had and in that way deceive the two grand-daughters into believing that he was their grand-mother.

Late that evening the two young ladies returned, much elated and eager to tell their grand-mother all about the wonderful time all the people were having over there at the great Potlatch. They chattered on until one of the young ladies noticed the cut over her grand-mother's eye and greatly concerned, she asked her grand-mother what had happened.

"I was out in the woods trying to get some fire-wood and a stick hit me in the eye," Spi-ou informed her, and the subject was dismissed to his great relief.

Later on when they told him that all the people were expecting to see Fever at the Potlatch tomorrow, the same young lady said:

"I am sorry that you are not well, Grand-mother, but you

must come to this meeting for all the people are expecting to see you there tomorrow. My sister and I will carry you over to the place so that you will not need to exert yourself."

"Even if I am not very well," said Spi-ou, "I shall be very glad of the opportunity to go to the Potlatch and it is very nice of you two girls to offer to carry me over."

So the matter was settled and they all went to bed. Early the next morning Spi-ou lay awake and planned great things: he made up his mind to be very careful so that the young ladies would not detect that he was not their grand-mother—he would resort to anything to recover his eyes.

After making the necessary preparations for the trip, the young ladies took a Schaat-cheed, or hammer and a packing strap to use in strapping the old lady in order to be able to carry her. Then one of them put the old lady on her back and they started off towards the place of the great gathering. They had gone about one-half the way when Spi-ou forgot himself and he tickled the girl and the girl let him drop to the ground. The other girl saw this and felt vexed with her sister to think that she would drop their grand-mother in that fashion, so she picked up Spi-ou, or her grand-mother as she thought, put her on her back and they proceeded on their way to the Potlatch. They had not walked very far, however, when Spi-ou tickled this girl and she in turn dropped him to the ground, whereupon the first girl came over and picked him up again and carried him on her back. Spi-ou began to realize that he was acting very foolishly, so he behaved himself very nicely after that and without any further interruptions, they reached the Potlatch.

As the three entered the door, all the people shouted for they were very glad to have Fever take part in the meeting. An usher came up and seated the three at the upper side and about in the middle of the house. As they sat down old Spi-ou saw his eyes dancing about the large room like flashes of lightning and he thought he had never seen anything quite so beautiful—he planned on how he would recover them and then run out of the building and away from the crowd. One chief who had great totems was singing to the eyes and they were dancing for him, but the people began to notice that the eyes were coming near and nearer to Fever and so they requested her to sing to the eyes. So, gazing at his eyes

intently in an effort to attract them he sang over and over again:

“How will they handle the eyes of Spi-ou; how will they treat the eyes of Spi-ou?”

When Spi-ou sang this song the eyes would dance more rapidly than ever and they would leap as high as the ceiling, then they came closer and closer to Spi-ou and all the people were delighted for they had none of them been able to attract the eyes in this fashion so they called to Fever to sing again. Spi-ou sang again and this time when the eyes were close to him, he whispered to them and asked them whether they still remembered him and the eyes came to a stand still right before his face, so he knew that they remembered him. The people decided to give the eyes a rest at this time, so the eyes moved to the center of the large room and remained there. After a little the people became anxious to have Fever move the eyes again so they asked her to sing to them again. So Spi-ou sang again and the eyes came close to him and danced about. He thought it was about time he were doing something, so he whispered to the eyes:

“Jump into your places, oh my eyes.”

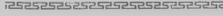
And the Magpie’s eyes dropped to the floor of the room and Spi-ou’s eyes jumped into their places. Immediately Spi-ou scrambled out of old Fever’s skin and dashed madly out of the house and into the forest. The people were amazed, dumbfounded, until someone cried out:

“That’s Spi-ou himself and he has gotten away with his eyes.”

At that every one rushed over to examine the eyes that Spi-ou had dropped on the floor and they soon discovered that these eyes did not flash like lightning, nor would they dance for them. So they chose their fastest runners and pursued Mr. Spi-ou and after a short time they were gaining distance, slowly but surely. When Spi-ou saw this, he turned around and waved his hand and immediately a heavy fog came up and hid him from his pursuers. He was able to run quite a distance before the fog cleared up so that the pursuers could see him again, yet they were swift runners and they were gaining on him again so Spi-ou waved his hand again and another heavy fog came up and hid him. He continued to do

this until he wearied his pursuers and they finally gave up the chase in despair.

So old Spi-ou had recovered his eyes and he lived happily ever after.



The Great Man

(8)

OUR next story will be about a great man overhead that watches over the seas, and everything that's going on. Whenever the young children go out to do any thing this great man watches them, sees that they will do what they should and were told to do, and the children always think of this big man, and will do what is right for if they do not the great man will condemn them.

As you see the great man on the pole with the big eyes to watch the people. He helps all children to be good, to be honest, to be truthful, and do nothing but what is right, or else their lives will be short in this world.



Harriet Shelton, Daughter of William Shelton

The Eagle Brothers and The Mink

(9)

OUR next story is about two Eagle brothers and the Mink. The Eagle brothers were very strong and active and very skillful hunters and were well known in their country not only because of their great prowess, but because of their only sister, a young lady of great beauty.

The Mink, on the other hand, was skilled in nothing but deceiving, and he always managed to make believe that he was a great man.

When the Mink heard of the Eagles' pretty sister he decided that he would visit the Eagles and try his best to obtain their goodwill and permission to marry the sister. Accordingly, he started out that very day to visit the Eagles and he no sooner got there than he began talking about his many talents and deceiving the Eagles to believe that he was great, and good, and a very fine fellow. He stayed with the Eagles for quite a long time and when he felt certain that he had duly impressed them with his grandness, he humbly asked the girl if she would marry him and she replied that she would be honored to if her brothers consented. So the Mink talked to the Eagle brothers and they agreed that the Mink would be very acceptable as a brother-in-law since he seemed to be such a very capable and talented fellow. The Mink and the girl were then married and they made their home with the Eagle brothers.

Now, each day before starting out on their hunt, the Eagle brothers would give themselves a "try-out" and this play often became rather rough sport when one or the other was able to make use of his great claws. Mink had watched them in their play a number of times and this particular day he said to his wife: "I believe I will play with your brothers today, for I am certain that I am a great deal quicker than they are and will be able to dodge them." His wife entreated him not to play with the Eagles, for they were too rough and far too quick for him and would very likely kill him if they caught him in their great claws. The Mink, however, would not listen to his wife's advice, but entered into the play, and since the Eagles believed all he had said they

thought that he was as active as they were, as well as strong. Mink had scarcely joined the play when he found himself lying flat on his back with claws as sharp as arrow points tearing his flesh; then one of the Eagles picked him up and carried him to the top of a tall tree and not until then did the Eagles realize that they had really hurt Mink. They immediately took him down to his wife and she put him to bed and nursed his wounds and after considerable time he became well enough to walk again. Then the Eagles came to him and said: "Now, Mink, leave this house and don't ever come back again, for we have discovered that you have been lying to us; we believe that you were a strong, active man, and we found you to be a mere weakling, therefore, you have deceived us and you will have to give up your wife and leave us and go back to your own country." And so the Mink, through his foolish lying, lost his beautiful wife and his new home.

So, children, let the story of the Mink be a lesson to you, never to lie, but always to speak the truth, for although you seem to gain by lying, you will lose all in the end.



Black Bear and Grizzly Bear

(10)

A Grizzly Bear and her two cubs and a Black Bear and her two cubs lived in the same house and although the Black Bear knew that the Grizzly Bear was stronger than she was the Black Bear did not like to move away for then the Grizzly Bear would learn that she was afraid of her and would probably follow the Black Bear and her cubs and kill them. So the Black Bear cautioned her cubs not to fight with the Grizzly cubs as they were much far stronger, and she also told them that the Grizzly Bear had not been very friendly lately and would perhaps try to kill the Black Bear some day. Then she added: "If I should be killed the sky will turn red in the West and then I want you to lay in wait for the Grizzly cubs and kill them, for their Mother will have killed me. And remember that you have a grandfather, Old Bear, who lives on the mountain, to whom I want you to go as quickly as you can, after you have learned of my death." After that she gave them explicit instructions as to what they should carry with them on their way to their grandfather's home—some grease with which to grease the first dry, split log lying in the sun so that the log would trip and stun the old Grizzly Bear when she started after the boys; a bow with which to pay the first crab-apple bush hanging low over the trail so that the bush would stoop and catch the old Grizzly Bear by the hair; some arrows with which to

pay the first little trail that turns from the main trail in order that the little trail will attract the Grizzly Bear and she will follow it instead of the main trail; a handful of nice weather to give the echo so that it will deceive Grizzly Bear, and a spear for the Crane who will carry them across the river. "All these things," said the Black Bear, "will help you along and detain the Grizzly Bear so that she will not catch up to you before you reach your grandfather's house."

The little cubs paid strict attention to the directions their mother gave them and it was well that they did for the very next day the sky turned a bright red in the West and they knew that their dear mother had been killed by the Grizzly and that it was time for them to carry out her orders. So they waited in ambush for the Grizzly cubs and when they came along the trail they killed them and then proceeded on their way to their grandfather's home on the mountain. When they came to the first split log lying in the sun, they poured the grease on it and the log was very grateful and readily agreed to trip the old Grizzly when she came along the trail. They went on and soon came to the crab-apple tree hanging low over the trail to which they gave their bow, asking in return that the tree catch the old bear's hair and detain her as long as possible. The crab-apple tree promised that it would do its best and this made the boys very happy for they felt that they had at least two good friends who would help them as much as they could.

They hurried on and soon they came to the little trail that branched off the main trail and here they paused long enough to present their arrows and obtain the assistance of the little trail in deceiving the old Grizzly into believing that they had turned up the little trail. Then they gave the handful of nice weather to the echo and he promised to fool the old Grizzly Bear.

The boys walked on until they came to the river and here they asked the crane to take them across, which he did, received as his pay the spear the boys had brought with them for this purpose.

For a long time the boys continued to journey on until they finally reached their grandfather's house and then they told him all about how their mother had been killed by the Grizzly Bear at the top of the large cedar tree near their home (as you see her at the top of the totem pole) and that

they feared the Grizzly had followed them and would kill them, too. The grandfather put an arm around each boy and said: "My dear boys, don't feel afraid, for I will take care of you; if old Grizzly Bear comes here, she will do just as I tell her to." So the young cubs felt quite safe again.

In the meantime, after the Grizzly Bear had killed the Black Bear she started for the house and on the way she found her two cubs lying on the trail. She examined them closely and found that they had been killed and decided instantly that the Black Bear boys had done the killing. This made her very angry and she immediately started to track the boys with the hope that she would soon catch up to them and could kill them just as she had killed their mother. She had not gone very far when she came to the log which the Black Bear boys had paid to befriend them; as she was about to step over the log, the log tripped her and she fell so hard that she was stunned and lay there quite senseless for a long time. When she regained consciousness she hurried on along the trail and soon came to the crab-apple bush and the crab-apple bush remembered its promise to the boys, caught the Grizzly by the hair and got it so tangled up that it was quite a while before the Grizzly was able to loosen herself from its clutch and continue her pursuit of the boys. Soon she came to the little path branching off of the main trail and as the little path hinted that the boys had gone up that way she followed it to its end only to find that she had taken the wrong trail. By this time the Grizzly was furious and called loudly through the woods that when she caught those Black Bear boys she would kill them. To her astonishment she heard someone calling back to her; she hollered again, and again someone mocked her. This made her still more furious and she ran in the direction of the voice, believing that it was the Black Bear boys who were mocking her. She ran in one direction and then in another wherever the voices seemed to come from until she was almost exhausted. Then the echo became quiet for it felt that it had done its duty in detaining the old Grizzly.

After everything became quiet, Grizzly started on again; she had not walked very far when she came to the river and the crane and she asked the crane if he had seen two Black Bear boys. The crane replied that he thought he had seen them farther up the river and so Grizzly walked up the

river a long distance and then back again to where the crane was. "I do not see any trace of them up there," she said, "are you certain that you saw them up there?" The crane then told her that it may have been farther down the river that he had seen them, so off old Grizzly trotted down the river in search of those boys. After a long time she returned to the crane and told him that the boys were not in sight and asked him where the bridge was so that she could cross the river. "There is no bridge," said the crane, "but sometimes I take people across on my leg." So the Grizzly asked the crane if he would take her across that way and he replied that he would. Then he stretched his leg across and bade the bear walk across very slowly, being careful to step right on his knee cap when she got that far or she would fall in the stream. When old Grizzly got as far as the knee she stepped on it and slipped into the water, floating down stream a long way before she was able to get to shore. When she finally reached shore she found that she was still on the side she had started from and so she walked back to where the crane was and begged him to give her another chance to get across the stream. The crane thought that he had fulfilled his promise so he permitted the bear to cross and this time landed her safely on the other side.

As soon as the Grizzly Bear reached the other side of the stream she hurried on up the mountain, more eager than ever before to catch those Black Bear boys who were causing her so much trouble, and after a time she came to the house of Old Bear where the boys were sheltered. The poor little boys could hear her coming and they trembled with fear, but their grandfather bade them be quiet and never fear for he would take care of them. Grizzly Bear came right up to the door and called to Old Bear to open the door quickly that she wanted to get in, whereupon Old Bear said: "Don't be in such a hurry, I'll open the door for you." Grizzly became very impatient and called again, so the Old Bear went to the door, which was made of heavy stone that was fixed in such a way that it opened in the center and was rolled back on either side. Old Bear opened the door just wide enough to permit Grizzly Bear to squeeze thru and then he said: "Please go slowly, nobody ever leaves or enters my house in a hurry." So Grizzly walked slowly, for she was in no hurry now since she saw the Black Bear boys and

felt sure that she would be able to kill them soon. The big Grizzly came in slowly and when she had her head well inside the house, Old Bear quickly closed the heavy stone door and in that way cut off her head. Grizzly Bear was killed right then and the little Black Bear boys were greatly relieved and very thankful to their grandfather for having saved their lives. Old Bear picked up the Grizzly's head and threw it out in the bushes, saying: "Well, there will be Grizzly Bears in the future, but they will no longer be as mean as this one was." And not only the Black Bears, but all who knew and feared her, were glad that old Grizzly Bear had been killed.

The lesson that is brought out in this story is that the Black Bear cubs were saved from harm because they followed their mother's advice and instructions implicitly, therefore, if children will always mind their mothers and teachers they will never come to harm, but will always be guided along safe paths.



Story of The Deer and The Wolves

(11)

AT the time of this story the Deer family was not considered very intelligent, or up-to-date; they were honest people who were always just a little behind the times and were very often being imposed upon by the sly wolves, who were both clever and quick, and very skilled hunters. These wolves had introduced a game called "Sawh-uts," at which they beat anyone with whom they played; since they were always winning, they made it one of the rules of the game that the side which won was at the mercy of the winners, who had the right to kill them if they chose.

The Deer family talked over the matter of challenging the Wolves to play this game and decided that in the event that they could not win they could at least run away from the Wolves before the latter had an opportunity to kill them, as the Deer family were all very swift of foot.

So the Deer family challenged the Wolves to come over to their home and play "Sawg-uts" and as the Wolves liked venison and felt confident they could win the game from the Deer family, kill the Deer and so have all the venison they cared for, they gladly accepted the challenge.

As the day of the match drew close the Deer family was very busy weaving a mat of marsh grass so they would have a nice smooth place on which to play and early on the appointed day the Wolves arrived and sat down in a row along one side of the mat and the Deer family sat just opposite and the game began. The game was played with about ten little round wooden sticks a little larger than a silver dollar and the object of the game was for the one side to guess in which hand of a certain player on the opposite side the marked stick was; if they guessed correctly the marked stick had to be given to the opposite side, with one of the other sticks as forfeit and the side that wins all the sticks of the opposite side is the winner.

The marked stick was given to the Deer family first and they immediately began shaking the sticks and mixing them up and passing them from one to another, all the while singing a song that would tend to distress the Wolves and take their minds off the little marked stick so that they would not easily follow it and guess correctly. The words of the song were something like this: "Oh, you Wolves will never catch us, for we can run swiftly and surely up the steepest mountain and all you'll catch is our dust." When the Wolves heard this it worried them and they talked among themselves and declared that such a thing must never happen, for if it did they would be disgraced forever.

When the time came for the Wolves to guess, they guessed correctly and so the little marked stick passed over to their side and now it was up to them to sing a good song that would frighten the Deer, so they played hard and sang loudly, telling the Deer that it did not matter where the game went, the Wolves were certain to catch it anyway; whether at the bottom or the top of the hill, it did not matter, but when the game was caught it would be torn to shreds and scattered all over the hillside.

Rabbit, who was a half-brother of the Deer, and a very wise little fellow, had seated himself back of his brothers, the Deer, for he knew that the Wolves were tricky and he wanted to be ready to run if it was necessary. When he heard the song of the Wolves he crept up to his brothers and warned them that the Wolves would not play fair with

them, that they had better hold themselves in readiness to run at any time, but the Deer simply laughed at him and said they had plenty of time left in which to prepare themselves to run and besides they were fleetier than the Wolves. So Rabbit returned to his place and said no more.

Then the Deer family guessed and guessed correctly so that the little stick again changed hands and now the Deer family sang about how fast they could run, how high they could jump and how impossible it was for anyone to catch them, and so the game continued until the little stick had been handed back and forth a number of times. Finally the Wolves whispered among themselves and decided that they had better not give the Deer family too much time to get ready to run and so risk losing all this venison. They decided not to finish the game, but to surprise the Deer and jump at them right then. The little Rabbit who was watching the Wolves closely, noticed that they were whispering among themselves and that they seemed very angry and were showing their teeth so that they looked very fierce. Rabbit whispered to his brothers that he felt certain that the Wolves were going to try to kill them and that they must not trust them but should be ready to run at any time. But the Deer paid little or no attention to little Rabbit, for he was much smaller and younger than they were and therefore not worth listening to. Rabbit felt sorry that his brothers would not listen to him, but thought there was no need of staying there and being killed with them, so he slowly backed away a step at a time for fear he would attract attention and when he reached the nearest bush he ran as fast as he could until he came to a hollow log into which he crawled. Here he felt safe.

Rabbit had hardly reached his hiding place when he heard his brothers running as fast as they possibly could with the Wolves right at their heels. They ran straight for the mountain and then began to climb, but a number of them were killed before they had gotten very far and the rest were killed at the top of the mountain, for the Wolves had taken the Deer by surprise and they had not been able to leave them behind as they had expected to do. Then the Wolves had a grand feast and scattered the remains all over the mountain side. The next generation of Deer grew up

from these remains, but they were not nearly as strong and large as their forefathers had been and they always stayed close to the mountain, for they still feared the Wolves. Today, when a hunting dog scares up a deer, it will always run for the hills.

And the little Rabbit, who saved himself, is still a coward and always tries to stay under cover and in time of danger he always runs into a hollow log.

The lesson in the story is this: Never attempt to do anything that you are not fit to do and have every reason to believe you cannot accomplish. The Deer knew that the Wolves were winning at this game from everyone in that country—from those who were far more skilled than the Deer, yet the Deer were foolish enough to play the game with the Wolves and thru their foolishness they lost their lives. Also, you must never brag like the Deer did when they sang that no one could ever catch them, for it turned out that they were caught. It is always wise to be modest.



The Raven and The Fish Hawk

(12)

ON the banks of a beautiful river lived a Raven and a Fish-Hawk and as they were neighbors they were very friendly and congenial. Now, as winter drew near and the fish in the river became scarce and food of all kinds was very difficult to find, they began to experience some rather hard times. The fish-hawk was noted for his skill in fishing and he was also known for his honesty and truthfulness throughout the country, while on the other hand, the raven was unskilled and poor and a great deceiver. This the Fish-Hawk did not know and he always believed that his neighbor, the Raven, was a very good man.

The winter became even more severe and the Raven found very little food indeed, in fact, he was very nearly starving to death. The Fish-Hawk, however, did not fare quite so badly for although the fish in the river were scarce he managed to get enough to keep him comfortably in food. He would climb a tree one limb of which overhung the river and then would let himself fall down on the ice, breaking through it and so enabling him to get at the fish. It required great skill to do this stunt, but then we know that the Fish-Hawk was very skillful.

The Fish-Hawk was under the impression all this time that his neighbor was getting along quite well, until one day he heard that the Raven was starving to death. Fish-Hawk walked around the bend to his neighbor's house that day to see for himself how the Raven was getting along and he found that it was really true that the Raven was starving to death, so he invited the Raven over to his house the next day for a feast. The Raven was greatly pleased with the invitation and the next morning he made ready for his visit and started off bright and early. As he approached the house of his neighbor he noticed particularly how beautiful everything seemed and how well taken care of the grounds were. The Raven came to the house and was very cordially received by the Fish-Hawk. Here the Raven began to look around for something to eat, for he had not eaten anything for several days and was feeling rather weak. To his dismay, he could see no food and he began to wonder why he had been called over to the house of the Fish-Hawk if the Fish-Hawk had no food for him; yet he noticed that the Fish-Hawk built his fire and made ready for the feast. Then he bade the Raven sit down close to the fire so that he might warm himself. The Fish-Hawk then excused himself and went out doors; the Raven watched him and saw that he went down to the stream, that he climbed a tall tree, one limb of which was overhanging the river, and when he reached this limb and got away out on the end of it he sang a weird song that the Raven could not understand. Then suddenly he saw the Fish-Hawk fall as if he were dead, right down on the ice, right through the ice, and the Raven was certain that he had been killed at once. The Raven ran to the edge of the river, but could find no trace of the Fish-Hawk until after a few seconds he saw him come up from under the ice with a number of trout. Of course the Raven was greatly surprised at this new way of fishing and decided he would like to try it himself. So after the Fish-Hawk had given him a feast and the Raven had all he could possibly eat, he started back home again and invited the Fish-Hawk over to his house for a feast the next day.

The next day Mr. Fish-Hawk went over to the Raven's house and as he entered the place he was aware of the fact that there was no food anywhere in sight, yet he felt quite sure that the Raven would not have asked him to visit him

if he had no food at all. He watched the Raven carefully and saw that he built the fire and then walked out of the house. The Fish-Hawk wondered what he was going to do; he saw the raven climb a high tree growing close to the river. When he reached the top of the tree, the Fish-Hawk heard him singing and his song sounded very much like the one the Fish-Hawk himself had used the day before, so the Fish-Hawk was certain that the Raven could do just as he did. When the Raven finished his song he permitted himself to fall down swiftly and he hit the ice with a great thud, but did not break through the ice as the Fish-Hawk had done and so when he landed on the ice all the bones in his body were broken and he died instantly.

The Fish-Hawk, who was watching from the window in the house could not see down to the river and did not know that the Raven had been killed; he thought that the Raven was as skilled in doing this stunt as he himself was and therefore he waited to see the Raven come up towards the house with a catch of fish. After he waited for him several minutes he suspected some evil, so he walked down to the creek and there he discovered the broken body of the Raven. It made the Fish-Hawk feel very badly that his neighbor was killed just because he was foolish enough to try to do this trick and so he tried his best to bring him to life again. He picked up the pieces and placed them together and then he sang and danced around them until the raven finally came back to life. The Raven looked up and said: "Why, I must have been asleep for quite a time," but the Fish-Hawk told him that he had not been asleep, but dead, adding: "I did not think that you were foolish enough to try to perform such a dangerous stunt as you must have known that you were unable to do it. In the future, you want to be sure you know how to do a thing before you try it." Then he carried the Raven up to his house and came down to the stream again. He climbed the tree from which the Raven had fallen and after singing his great song, he let himself fall to the ice, breaking through it and after a second or two he came up with several fine fish. These he took up to the Raven's house and left them there so that the Raven might have food while he was recovering from his fall.

Mr. Fish-Hawk went home that day very much disgusted with his neighbor, the Raven. He had discovered that

the Raven was not a great man at all, but merely a fraud, and he was greatly disappointed in him.

Now the lesson part of this story is that one should not attempt to do the impossible; if you know you are not qualified to do certain things, do not try to do them just because you see someone else doing them, and so cause others to laugh at you and call you a fool. Test your strength, your power, your knowledge, and then act accordingly!



The Whale, The Mink and Little Tut-te-eka

(13)

ONE day the Mink and his little brother Tut-te-eka went out fishing in a little canoe. It was a calm, lovely day and the boys were fishing with a spear, when suddenly their little canoe rocked and they found that a great whale was swimming close to the little canoe and was the cause of the waves that rocked the boat. This made Mink very angry and he called out to the whale to hurry along and get out of the way and then called him a "dirty thing" and a great many other uncomplimentary names. At first the whale seemed to pay no attention to the Mink, but after a time he stopped to listen to the abusive language the Mink was using and so he determined to teach this boy a lesson. He dove down in the water and when he came up again he was right alongside the canoe, then he opened his huge mouth and swallowed the Mink, his brother and their canoe.

Inside the stomach the boys suffered very much for it was very hot and then Tut-te-eka began looking around for some way to get out. He asked his brother to help him, but Mink simply said that he didn't know of anything they could do. Then Tut-te-eka remembered that he had heard it said that a whale, when he found himself in a dying condition always tried to reach a river or creek, so after careful thought, he searched for the whale's heart and taking out his little flint knife he succeeded in cutting out the heart. The whale immediately swam toward a creek and reached there before it died.

Now Mink began to realize that his little brother was proving himself to be very smart, but he couldn't waste time complimenting him for he knew that the whale was dead and so it would soon be cold in that stomach and he was anxious to get out as soon as possible. So he commenced to shout for help and make all the noise he could until he finally attracted the attention of an old man who was hewing a canoe on the beach. At first the old man could not tell where the voices were coming from, but when he saw the large dead whale he ran down to it and as he drew near he heard some pounding which evidently came from inside the whale and then he heard a voice saying: "This is the thinnest part of the stomach. Cut here." The old man cut at the place indicated and soon Mink and his brother were able to crawl out. As soon as they were safely out of the stomach, Mink commenced to ridicule his brother, saying, "Why, Tut-te-eka, where are your eye-brows? You've been in that stomach too long—you are pretty well peeled off." And then he laughed at him. This made Tut-te-eka very angry and he told Mink to look at himself, that his hair and eye-brows were gone and that he had not fared any better than his brother had. Mink felt his head and found that he was bald-headed and so he felt humiliated before the old man and asked him as to what direction to take to get to the home of his people, and as soon as he received this information, Mink and the little Tut-te-eka started for home, Tut-te-eka vowing never to let his brother's foolishness get him in trouble again.

The object of this story is to warn you not to keep bad company, for when harm befalls the guilty person you will also suffer, even though you are quite innocent.

The Skate, The Devil-fish and The Mink

(14)

A GREAT gathering was being held by an Indian Chief in his Potlatch House, or Gwi-gwi-howth, to which all animals and fish and birds were invited, for in those days all creatures could understand one another's language. After the large house was well filled, the Chief noticed the Devil-fish making his way into the Gwi-gwi-howth and since the only vacant seat in the house was right at the door he sat down there. The Chief was sorry that he could not offer Devil-fish a better seat, for he had had such a difficult time getting up to the meeting, as he seldom ventured out of the water.

Mink, whom none of the people liked or respected, was also at the meeting, dressed up like a Chief, although he had no right to do so. Mink liked to attract attention, he wanted people to notice him, and he had walked in and out of the Potlatch a number of times with the hope that people would see him coming and going, but no one seemed to pay him the slightest attention. Then his glance fell on the poor Devil-fish, who was sitting close to the door and whose many arms had become very unruly since the warmth of the building made them limp. He was used to living in the deep, cold water and the warmth of the building seemed fairly to melt him, so that he could not control his arms—one or the other would slide to the floor and get in the way of people coming in and going out of the building. He tried desperately to fold his arms, but they would soon slide down to the floor again. Seeing this, Mink walked up to Devil-fish and kicked him, saying, in a very loud voice: "Keep your arms together, you are getting in people's way here"! Devil-fish never said a word, but he wished he had not come and he longed for the refreshing water of the Bay, but as the Bay was quite a ways off he was not sure that he could walk that far. So he strove again, but vainly, to keep his arms together.

After a bit, Mink made it a point to leave the house again, and this time he stepped on one of Devil-fish's arms and then kicked him hard: "You are in the way. If you do not do as I tell you and keep your arms to yourself, I'll give you a good beating," said Mink. "Well," said the Devil-fish, "if you think you can do it, you had better start right now."

“Don’t tell me what to do; I can lick you if I want to,” said Mink.

“You might just as well do it now,” said Devil-fish, “if you think you can do it.”

Then Mink grabbed the Devil-fish and dragged him to the center of the large house and there he gave him a blow on the head and then kicked him, all of which the Devil-fish did not seem to mind in the least. All the people in the house were watching the affair by this time and they felt sorry for the Devil-fish and wondered why he did not grab Mink in those strong arms of his and hold him fast; nobody liked Mink because he was always trying to “show off” before a crowd.

“Well,” said the Devil-fish, “why do you stop? Why don’t you throw me outside where I will not be in the way?”

“I can do it, if I want to,” said the Mink, “and I don’t need you to tell me what to do, either. I believe I’ll throw you out right now.”

“Go ahead,” said the Devil-fish, “if you think you can do it.”

That angered the Mink, so he grabbed Devil-fish by the head and dragged him out of the house. The Devil-fish offered no resistance and didn’t seem to mind this treatment at all. He merely said:

“Why don’t you make a good job of it while you are at it? Why not throw me near the water?”

“I can do it any time I want to, and you can come right along with me now,” said Mink, whereupon he grabbed Devil-fish and dragged him down to the beach and every one wondered what had come over the Devil-fish that he submitted so meekly to this treatment. Once again Devil-fish spoke:

“You might as well throw me away out there in the water, so that I’ll never again be in your way; you might as well make a good job of this.”

“You don’t need to tell me what to do; I’m the one that’s licking you,” said Mink, “and I intend to make a good job of it.”

So saying, he dragged Devil-fish into the water.

Now, as soon as the Devil-fish got into the water he was refreshed and the strength came back to his arms and when Mink turned to go back to shore, Devil-fish just caught him

with one arm and held him fast and Mink was powerless to move. He called to the people on shore to come to his assistance, but they never moved for they were glad to see Mink punished. Once he got hold of Mink, the Devil-fish soon swam down to his home with him, which was under some large rocks at the bottom of the Bay. Here he kept Mink for a number of days as his slave and Mink was getting short of breath and very cold; also it was so dark down there that Mink could not see a thing. On bright sunny days he would notice a very faint light where the sun was shining on top of the water and one day while he was watching this faint ray of light he thought of a scheme by which to fool the Devil-fish, so he began talking aloud to himself, saying: "Oh, my father must be looking for me, I see he is looking down here; he must be wondering where I am—perhaps he will come down here after me." The Devil-fish heard this and then looked up, and sure enough he saw the ray of light and he reasoned that this father of Mink's must be a powerful person if he was able to see to the bottom of the Bay; his eyes must be very sharp and he was probably a great Chief and he probably wouldn't be a good person to have trouble with. Besides, Mink was not much good to him since he couldn't see very well down there, and it was a lot of bother to catch enough food to feed him. So he said to Mink:

"Mink, I'll show you the way out of here and you may go home now—I don't want to keep you here, I merely wanted to teach you a lesson not to jump on anyone because he seems to be weak, for it may turn out that he is much stronger than you are."

Then he showed the Mink the way out and Mink swam as fast as he could for he was very anxious to get out of that place for fear the Devil-fish would see into his scheme; however, he had had so little to eat for several days and was so short of breath that he could not swim very well and it took him quite a while to reach shore and then he hurried home. He had learned his lesson and he was a great deal more careful in the future as to whom he abused.

Now, after the Mink had disappeared under the water, the big gathering continued and the big Chief, Skate Fish, was called upon to sing his "totem" song that had made him famous and was the cause of his becoming a chief. Skate

Fish, at this time was shaped like any other person, all the birds, animals, etc., were alike. So the big Chief got up and commenced singing his song and this song was so well liked by the people that everybody got up and started dancing. This pleased the Chief so much that he became excited and danced 'round and 'round the circle when he tripped and fell and because everybody was dancing so madly and having such a good time they paid no attention to him and soon they were dancing right over him until he became quite flattened out.

After the dance some one wanted to know where the Chief was and then someone else suddenly remembered seeing him fall, and when the people looked for him they found him covered with sand and ashes from the many moccasins that had passed over him, and quite flattened out, with his eyes spread wide.

"Oh, that is too bad!" they said, "our Chief will not be able to do anything after this—he will starve to death! Whatever shall we do?"

Then the head men got together and decided that they would throw Skate Fish in the water for they felt certain that he could swim. So he was carefully carried to the edge of the water and when he tried he found he could swim very well, altho not quite as fast as some of the larger fish.

And that is how the Skate Fish came to be a fish, a flat, thin fish, as you see him on the Story Pole—if he had not permitted his vanity to get the better of him, he would have been more careful when dancing and would not have been trodden on until he lost his shape entirely.



The Little Man With the Bright Colored Coat

(15)

IN a very secluded part of the woods lived a family—father, mother, two sons and daughter and the parents thought a great deal of their daughter, so when a young man who was very nice looking, but who was the son of very ordinary parents, asked to marry their daughter, the parents refused to give their consent for they are anxious to have this only daughter of theirs marry a man of good standing. The young lady, however, had learned to love this particular young man regardless of his low birth and begged her parents to give their consent to the marriage. This the parents absolutely refused to do, saying that to have such a son-in-law would bring disgrace upon them and that they thought it best to leave their old home and build a new one somewhere else so that in her new environments the girl would forget about this young man. The girl refused to obey her parents and this led to a great deal of family trouble, with the result that the parents left the home and told the girl that they never wanted to lay eyes upon her again.

The young people were married and lived in the girl's old home; they were very poor for the man was unskilled and could not provide sufficient food for himself and his wife so his wife had to work hard looking for roots and other things to eat so that they would not starve to death.

After a time a son was born to them, a most remarkable

child, who grew to be quite a little man by the time he was a year old, and who a few years later, was able to shoot quite accurately with his bow and arrow. Then his father made a splendid bow and arrows for him and the boy shot a great many birds; all the little bird skins were saved and his mother made him a jacket of them which looked like a patch-work quilt and the boy was very proud of this little jacket. He requested his mother to sew him a pair of buckskin trousers and an arrow bag of raccoon skin, which she did, and you see he is wearing these clothes in the picture on the story pole.

One day the boy was out hunting and his parents were home alone and the mother was feeling badly because she realized she had made a mistake by marrying this man of low caste for when the son grew older he would be ashamed of his parents and they would probably be the cause of his not becoming a great chief or a leader among his people. So she talked the matter over with her husband and they decided they would leave their son and as he was able to take care of himself now and they were only hindering him from becoming great.

When the boy came home that evening he brought a deer with him that he had killed and his parents were very proud of him, but he noticed that their manner towards him had changed and he wondered what had happened. He tried to cheer them up by telling them just how he had caught the deer, but it had no effect upon them. When he found that they were still sad the next morning, he decided to go out to the woods early and get some more food so as to make them glad, but before he could get away his mother called to him and said: "Son, I want you to remember that your grandfather's name is Bic-bic-whay and that he lives north of here somewhere—exactly where I cannot tell you, but if you should want to go to him at any time, any one along the trail will be able to tell you about Bic-bic-whay, for he is well-known; if you are asked who you are say that I am your aunt and your father is your uncle." And the boy remembered this.

After the boy had gone to the woods, the father and mother talked the matter over again and decided that they had just as well do away with themselves now, as later on. But how were they to kill themselves, they asked one an-

other. They finally agreed to build a large bon-fire and then hold one another and jump into the fire and burn to death in that way, for then there would be no trace of what had become of them. They did this and when the boy came home that evening, dragging behind him the elk he had killed, he found neither his father nor his mother and after searching everywhere the thought came to him that they might have burned to death in the bon-fire which was still smoldering. He took a stick and carefully poked among the ashes until he found a few bones which convinced him that his parents had been burned to death there.

The boy was very sorry to have lost his parents and could not bear to live in the old house alone so after spending one lonesome day and night there, he started in search of his grandfather.

He walked to the north for several days and then one day he heard some one chopping somewhere in the woods; he walked in the direction of the sound and came upon an old man who was working at a canoe. When the old man saw him he asked him who he was and what he wanted. The boy, remembering what his mother had told him, replied that he was looking for his grandfather, Bic-bic-whay, and that his mother was his aunt and his father was his uncle and that was all he knew about himself or his family.

When the old man heard this he began to cry and he put his arms about the boy and told him that he was his grandfather, he was Bic-bic-whay and that he was very proud of his grandson for the little fellow looked very neat in his little coat of many colors and the buckskin trousers.

The old man took the boy up to the house and there he met his grandmother and was told that he had two uncles who were out shooting ducks at that time. The old man told him that he would meet the boys that evening and that tomorrow he could go out shooting with them. This pleased the boy very much for he liked to hunt and was pleased to have some one along for company.

That evening his two uncles came home with one duck—the reward of their day's hunting and they spent that whole evening telling the boy what good hunters they were. This the boy found hard to believe when he remembered that they brought in only one duck that day. Also, he thought that his his grandfather was making too much of a fuss over his

newly-found grandson—that he cried too much and too noisily, and in his heart he was not quite sure that they really were his people.

The next morning the boy started out with his uncles, he was sitting in the middle of the canoe, with one uncle at either end and all that day the two uncles shot at ducks, but never invited the boy to do any shooting. That evening they went home without any game.

So the next morning they went out in the canoe again and after a while the boy asked if he could try shooting and one of the uncles said: “Yes, come right up here to the bow and I’ll change places with you and we’ll let you shoot awhile.”

The boy moved to the bow and with his very first shot he killed a duck, in fact, he shot so accurately that he soon had the little canoe loaded down with ducks and they were able to go home early. When the grandfather saw the ducks his grandson had shot he was greatly pleased and praised the boy highly and told him that now he felt sure he would always have plenty to eat and that he was very glad that the boy had come to him.

The next day the two uncles and the boy went out in the canoe again and the boy soon had more ducks in the canoe than they could use and so they paddled back to shore. The boy noticed that another canoe with a party of hunters had seemed to be interested in him and once or twice had gotten quite close to their canoe; he saw that the hunters seemed surprised when they saw him and he felt sure that they were wondering who he was and where he had come from, but they never got close enough to talk to one another.

Now it happened that this party of hunters, that the boy had noticed, were really his uncles—the sons of Bic-bic-whay and the old man he was staying with was the Fox, or Spi-ou. And when the Bic-bic-whay boys returned to their home that evening they said: “The Spi-ou boys have a very fine looking young man with them; he is splendid hunter, and kills a duck with every shot.”

“Why, who can that be,” said Bic-bic-whay, their father, “Spi-ou has no relatives anywhere. Tomorrow you had better make it a point to talk to this young man, for he may be related to you. You had a sister, you know, who married a man we did not approve of and so we left her in our old home

and I have always felt that some day she would send a child of hers back to us."

So the next morning the two canoes were out in the Bay again and the Bic-bic-whay boys came close to the Spi-ou canoe and asked the Spi-ou boys who the stranger they had with them was. Whereupon they were told that the boy was their nephew.

"Oh," said the Bic-bic-whay boys, "we never knew that you had any relatives."

Then they questioned the boy as to where he had come from and who he was, and the boy replied:

"I came from the South to find my grandfather, Bic-bic-whay, after I lost my father and mother."

"Bic-bic-whay is our father," said the boys, "and we are your uncles; your mother was our sister and Bic-bic-whay will be very glad to see you. Jump right into our canoe and we will take you to him at once."

The boy hesitated a moment, then he changed from one canoe to the other, for he liked the appearance and the manner of these Bic-bic-whay boys and felt certain that they were his uncles, whereas, on the other hand he greatly disliked these Spi-ou boys who had boasted of their skill in hunting when they were very unskilled. The Spiou boys did not like to let him go, for they knew their father would be very angry to have lost such a good hunter and they asked the boy to come up and see the old man before he made the change, but the boy refused to do this and went along with the Bic-bic-whay boys.

The Spi-ou boys hurried right home and told their father what had happened, but much to their surprise he did not get angry, but merely said that he had been fooling the young boy and had expected that his relatives would be claiming him sooner or later.

The Bic-bic-whay boys also hurried home and when they came to their father they said:

"This is indeed our nephew, the son of our sister."

Old Bic-bic-whay was greatly pleased to see his grandson and he told him the story of his mother's folly and the boy then told of how his parents had burned themselves to death and that the day before their death, his mother had told him his grandfather's name and advised him to find his grandfather in the event that anything should happen to his

parents, and that she told him to say that his mother was his aunt and his father, his uncle.

Then old Bic-bic-whay felt sorry that he had been so harsh to his daughter and that she had had such a tragic death. He decided that he would do all in his power to take good care of his grandson, and so he called a meeting and had a big feast or Potlatch, to which people from far and near were invited and everybody gave the boy a present for they were glad to have such a fine young fellow in their country. Then, in return, old Bic-bic-whay gave the people many presents for being good to his grandson and coming to visit him.

The day after the feast the Bic-bic-whay boys took their nephew out in their canoe and they did not care to shoot, but offered the bow end of the canoe to him so that he would have lots of room to shoot and said that they would be content to paddle for him, but the boy would not have it so, but insisted that his uncles try their skill first and after a time he did the shooting and they paddled and soon the boat was filled with ducks and the uncles were very proud of this skillful nephew of theirs. They began to feel that they were very poor hunters themselves and were very fortunate to have so skillful a nephew.

So the boy had a fine home with his uncles, who took very good care of him, and he was very happy.

This story of the Little Man in the Bright Colored Coat is told the Indian children because it brings out the fact that even if you have nothing to start with, you can make something of your life if you try. This little boy had no one to teach him anything, and yet he became a very skillful hunter and all his relatives, who had disclaimed his father and mother, were very glad to acknowledge him.

The Story of Put-Chub

(16)

LOOKING towards the south across a beautiful little bay there was a little village in which lived old man Put-chub. No one knew exactly how old Put-chub was, but everybody knew that he was very, very old, and because he was weak and very careless of his person, great sores appeared on his face and hands, and all over his body so that no one liked to get near him and he was of absolutely no good to his fellow clansmen. Now this little village and some of the neighboring tribes were ruled by a great Chief, whose only daughter was loved and respected by all, not only because she was very beautiful but also because she was such a good girl.

One day some of the people of the village who were jealous of the young girl gossiped about her; one would tell the next and so on, until the whole town had heard about the scandal. The Chief had not heard about this gossip until it became a public affair and then he felt very sad that his only child should disgrace him in that manner—that she should bring disgrace upon the whole family. After thinking the matter over, he decided that he would call his people together and they would cross the bay and establish a new village elsewhere and leave the daughter in the old village either to starve or freeze to death. Upon second thought, however he decided to leave old man Put-chub with her as he was no good to the tribe and the two worthless ones, old Put-chub and the young daughter of the Chief, would die together.

So the Chief gave orders to all the tribe to make ready for a journey across the bay to an island far out where they would make their home until such time that the girl and the old man were sure to be dead. The Chief ordered that all fires be put out and no food left anywhere so that the two people left behind would be unable to get warmth or food. Canoes were packed hurriedly and the people got into them and paddled far out into the large body of water and before the old village was finally lost out of sight, the old Chief looked back and he was very sad and disappointed in his daughter, for she had always had everything she wanted and he had always given her good advice which she had always seemed to heed. He had such high ambitions for her and at this early age she had ruined her life—and his, too.

Now the Crow had always been a friend of the young girl's and she felt so sorry that she had been left to perish in this manner, so she lingered a little longer than any of the other people and as she passed the young girl on the beach she whispered to her that she had left hot ashes in a shell on the beach and that as soon as the people were out of sight she had better run over and blow on the ashes and in that way be able to kindle a fire to keep them warm. The Crow had left the ashes because it was the best way in which she could help the young girl, although it was contrary to her Chief's orders. Then the Crow paddled hard in order to overtake the rest of the tribe and in a short time all the people were out of sight.

The Chief's daughter sat on the bench straining her eyes for one last look at her father, but she did not weep for she had great courage to face whatever evil might befall her, for she knew that she was perfectly innocent of any misdeeds.

The only thing that she felt sorry about was that this old man was made to suffer with her; the thought that she was bringing discomfort, pain to Put-chub made her feel very badly. She felt that things would turn out for the best, however, and so she felt no grief over the loss of her fellow villagers. On the other hand, some of the people who had left the village and gone with the Chief to build up new homes were rejoicing for they had accomplished much with their evil gossip and it rather pleased them to know that the Chief's daughter should perish rather than to live and become great.

As soon as the canoes had drifted out of sight, the young girl did as the Crow bade her do and soon she had a nice warm fire. Soon the day faded into night and so they made their beds along side of the fire and slept. Early the next morning they awoke and found that the sun had come out bright and warm, the water was very calm and the birds were singing sweetly and everything seemed beautiful and serene. Put-chub and the young lady looked out over the bay in the direction their friends had taken and wondered if the morning was as beautiful over there as it was here and they wondered what their fellow-clansmen were doing, and so forth.

Put-chub spoke to the young girl and said: "My dear child, my heart is very sad for the reason that you have

fallen into this great misfortune; you have always been a good girl, have lived up to your father's advices and it seems too bad that you should have to die away from your people, in disgrace of which you are not guilty. That is all that worries me this bright morning; as for myself, I am ready to die any time for I am old and of no use in this world and no one would miss me, no one would care how or where I die. You are young, however, and there are many people who will grieve over your death, so I am going away from you to see if there is anything that I can do for you. I shall walk a long distance and if I should die and never return to you, you must not be sad; if I return you may know that everything has turned out for the best. You must wait for me here—do not follow me, my dear child.”

The young girl watched the old man start off and she felt very sorry for him, because he was so old that he could barely walk and many times before he got to the point he sank down on the beach and rested his weary bones, but finally with a great effort he rounded the point and was lost from sight. The young girl felt very lonesome and wanted to run after him, but she remembered that he had told her to stay there and wait for him, so she waited.

For a long time the girl looked out towards the water and wondered whether she would be able to save herself from this terrible death and if she did, what would become of her. Soon night came on and she went to rest close by the fire. She had visions of the poor old man wandering on through the woods, stumbling on until he died from exhaustion and starvation, and she felt very sorry for him.

Ten long days the girl waited for Put-chub to return and then she gave him up and decided to follow his footsteps so that she might die wherever he happened to be. So she started out and after she reached the first point she found that she was very weak, but she continued to walk on and on in the hope of overtaking Put-chub in a day or two if he was still tramping on. After walking several days she came to a place where she could see smoke in the air and she wondered who could be living over in that direction, but the thought never occurred to her that it might be old man Put-chub. She stood and pondered over the matter for a time and then decided she would walk over to where she saw the smoke and find out who was camping there. She walked

a short distance when she came upon a beautiful stream and not far up the bank she saw a camp fire and sitting near the fire was what appeared to be a young man. The girl hesitated and turned to go back, but the man had already caught sight of her and was hurrying towards her, exclaiming as he came closer: "Oh, why did you follow me away out here after I told you not to worry about me? See, I have only this one sore on my forehead, all the rest have been healed and if you waited another day or two, it too, would have disappeared."

Put-chub felt badly because the girl had not abided by his wishes, but he was also much pleased to have her with him again. He told her his story of how he cured himself of the ugly sores and had made himself into a handsome young man. He showed her his "Wuch-ted" or sweat-house and explained to her how he had constructed it and the young girl was greatly interested. She saw that Put-chub was very handsome, in fact, he was the handsomest man she had ever seen in all her life.

In a short time they were ready to leave and they started back to their old home and as they walked along the path through the woods they made a very pretty picture—had there been anyone there to look on they would have seen a strikingly handsome couple. Put-chub was as straight as an arrow and it was hard to believe that he was the same old man of a few days ago. As they were nearing their old home, Put-chub turned to the girl and said:

"Now, if there is anything that you wish, please tell me about it and I will create it for you, as I have the power to create. "Then," said the girl, "create people, lots of people of many different tribes and create a village where we all may live. If you can do this, life will again seem worth living." Put-chub told the girl that he would do just as she asked him to do and so when they arrived at their old home, he gathered up all the old clothes and rubbish which the people had left there and piled it in a heap. Then he made a number of mysterious gestures over the pile, saying: "I create you man and woman" and as each pair came to life he told them what they were to do in the world and so he created canoe builders, fishermen, hunters, etc., until they had enough people to make a fine village. The girl was astonished at the ability of Put-chub; she was pleased to be

among human beings again and she was very happy. However, they decided that their little world would not be quite complete without servants, so Put-chub set to work creating the lower classes who were to act as servants to the people.

The young woman was greatly attracted to Put-chub and they became very good friends and comrades. Together they took care of the business transactions of the little village, in fact, the girl was made queen and ruled the people.

Now one day, one of the men who had left the girl and Put-chub to starve and made their homes across the bay, was walking along the beach when he noticed smoke across the bay at the place where the old village had stood and he wondered what that could mean, so he ran to tell the rest of the tribe and they decided to send someone over there to find out whether another tribe had moved over there. The Crow was the one selected to investigate so she got into her canoe and paddled across the bay. As she neared the place of the old village she saw a great number of homes and people. When she landed she walked up to a large house, beautifully decorated with pearls and the best of skins and here she found the old Chief's daughter, the beautiful girl they had left alone with old man Put-chub, to starve. And then she saw old man Put-chub, but a wonderful change had come over him and he looked like a young man again. The Crow was greatly pleased to find that they were both alive and happy and when the girl invited her to stay awhile she accepted the invitation. After a pleasant visit she made ready to return to the old Chief's village and the girl begged her to ask for anything that her heart desired and it would be given her, so the Crow asked for food and clothing and many other things and they were all given to her. Put-chub displayed his wonderful powers to her so that she might take the message back to the old Chief and then helped her load her canoe with gifts, after which the Crow started back across the bay.

As soon as the Crow came within shouting distance of the Chief's village she told the people that she had a wonderful message to deliver and when she landed they all crowded about her and she took great pleasure in showing them the precious pearls, furs and food she had received from the people in the village across the bay. She told them about Put-chub and his power to perform miracles and that he, who had been such an ugly old man was now a very handsome

young man. He had created enough people to populate the village and they in turn had built many fine houses and had become skilled hunters, fishermen and pearl divers. And she told what a wonderful young woman the Chief's daughter had become and how well she ruled the village across the bay. Then the old Chief turned to his tribe with tears in his eyes and said:

"Friends, I have made a great mistake in disowning my daughter, but even though I left her practically alone in the old village my fondest dream has been realized, for I always wished that she might some day be a leader among her people and now she is ruling the new village across the bay. Now I can die happy, even though I am many miles away from my daughter, for I know she is a great lady and she is no longer in disgrace."

All the people were happy because their Chief was happy and because the girl and Put-chub were so successful and a great many of them who realized how rich the new village must be when they saw the precious pearls and furs that had been given to the Crow, packed their canoes and crossed the bay and made their homes in the new village where there was a-plenty of everything, but the old Chief never saw the daughter.

Now, when the old Indians tell this story they always make sure that they bring out the lesson part strongly and they caution their children not to act like the old Chief in the story did and believe evil of a man or a woman through gossip for in many cases the person may be innocent and you would be doing them a great injustice. They also tell their children to respect old people and not make fun of them for they know a great many things young people do not know and so there is much to learn from them. Until the coming of the white man the Indians always used the "Wuchted" or sweat-house for they believed that Put-chub had discovered a way in which to give strength to the old and new life to the sick.

THE END.

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