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THE BOOK OF THE PAWNEE: Pawnee Stories for Study and Enjoyment

Marge Critcher

University of Nebraska-Lincoln

Carolyn Boyum

University of Nebraska-Lincoln

Patti Huff

University of Nebraska-Lincoln


Paul Olson

University of Nebraska-Lincoln, polson2@unl.edu

Rosemary Bergstrom

University of Nebraska-Lincoln

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THE BOY THE PAWNEE

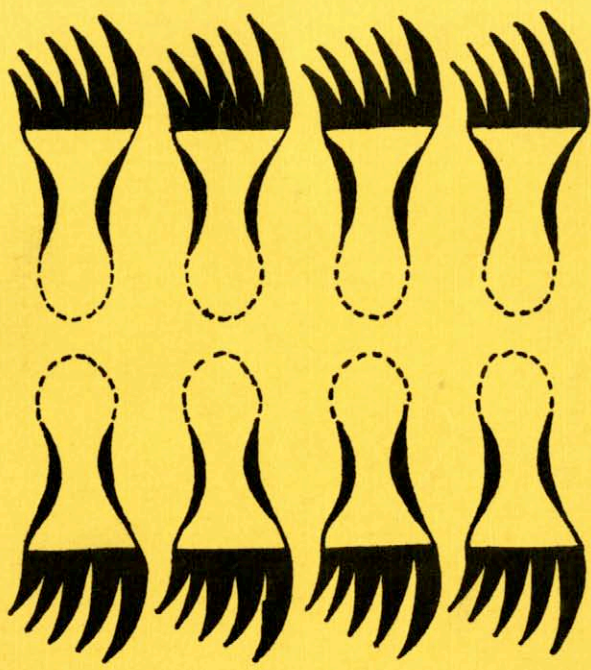
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“Once the Pawnees were a great people. They were very numerous. They were undisputed masters of a vast territory. They had everything that heart could wish. Their corn and their buffalo gave them food, clothing and shelter; they had weapons for war and for the chase. They roamed over the country without let or hindrance. In peace they were light-hearted and contented; in war cunning, fierce and successful. Their name was a terror to their enemies. This was in the past. Now they are few in number, . . .”

George Bird Grinnell

Pawnee Hero Stories and Folktales, p. 9

“The Pawnee are still a great people. . . .”

Modern Pawnee speaker

SOURCES

Dorsey, George A. *Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee*. New York: Houghton, Mifflin, 1904.

“Meeting the Pawnee,” pp. xiii-xiv.

“The Pawnee Creation Story,” adapted by Paul Olson

“Mosquitoes,” pp. 278-279.

“The Boy Who Talked with Lightning,” pp. 95-97.

“The Boy and the Wonderful Robe,” pp. 133-137.

“The Boys, the Thunderbird, and the Water-Monster,” pp. 167-168.

Grinnell, George Bird. *Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1961.

“The Boy Who Was Sacrificed,” pp. 161-170.

“Lone Chief,” pp. 45-66.

“Little Warrior’s Counsel,” pp. 79-81.

“The Snake Brother,” pp. 172-181.

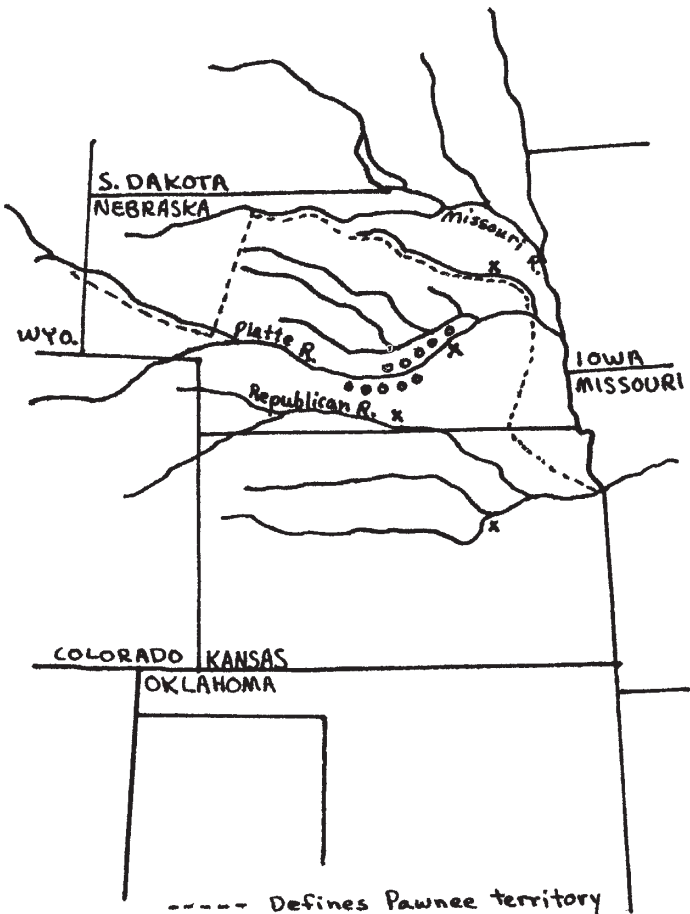
Weltfish, Gene. *The Lost Universe*. New York: Basic Books, 1965.

“Meeting the Pawnee,” p. 8.

“Creation Story,” adapted by Paul Olson.

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I. MEETING THE PAWNEE

The same Plains region that brought terrible hardships to Nebraska non-Indian settlers provided a rich life for the Pawnee. Their way of life on the Plains goes back to a very old tradition. Archaeologically we have reason to believe they were in the same area from about A.D. 1250. They appear in written history in 1540 when Coronado and his Spaniards were trying to expand their territory northward from the Southwest. Marquette, exploring the Mississippi for the French in 1672, carried the calumet down the river as a pipe of peace, a custom attested by other tribes to have been originated by the Pawnee. (Weltfish, p. 8)

The Pawnee, throughout their existence, and up to within a comparatively recent time, dwelt upon Nebraska's Plains. The country around their ancestral home in Nebraska is of considerable elevation, somewhat broken, dry and sandy, with a scant growth of timber except along the watercourses. The country to the west grows rougher as the mountains are approached. This region is often referred to in the Pawnee bedtime tales and sacred stories. Throughout this entire region existed large numbers of buffalo, as well as deer, antelope, beaver, otter, mink, wolves, coyote, and foxes—and to the west there were bears and mountain lions. So far as may be inferred from the tales, the Pawnee did not venture beyond the Rocky Mountains. Nor did they extend their travels to the north for any considerable distance. Their range extended on the east as far as the Missouri River, and it is known that they ranged over a very extended territory to the south.

There are four bands commonly referred to as the Pawnee. These are the Chaui or Grand, Pitahairerak or Tappage, Kitkehahki or Republican, and the Skidi or Wolf Pawnee.

The Pawnee kept more or less to themselves and were not

always friendly with other tribes in the area. The Oregon Trail passed directly through their territory, and they resigned themselves early to the changes that were coming. Many Pawnee men became scouts for the U.S. Army in their wars against other Indian tribes.

In 1858, all Pawnee were placed on a reservation, with the Loup River as its eastern limit.

In 1873, a small band of the Kitkehahki visited their relatives, the Wichita, in Oklahoma. There they met a friendly reception and remained. This led to the movement of all four bands to that area, under pressure from neighboring tribes, especially the Sioux. By 1874, the Pawnee were placed on a reservation in Oklahoma, the boundaries of which now correspond to Pawnee County and four townships in Payne County. In 1893 these four bands were allotted in severalty, and since that time have been citizens of the United States. (Dorsey, pp. xiii-xiv)

Even though at present there are virtually no Pawnee living in Nebraska, they were once the "typical" Nebraska tribe. The Pawnee probably used ceremonies more than the other Plains tribes. They defy the common stereotypes of Plains Indians in many respects in that they lived in settled communities, and they preferred stability to mobility and the arts of peace to those of war. Their differences from other Plains groups (and their similarity to groups such as the Omaha) may be made the basis for showing how harmful stereotypes can be.

From their agricultural base of "Mother Corn" to their permanent dwellings, earth lodges, the Pawnee—as original settlers—are a very important part of Nebraska's history. The stories which follow give one a sense of what the Pawnee were about as a people.

† † † † †

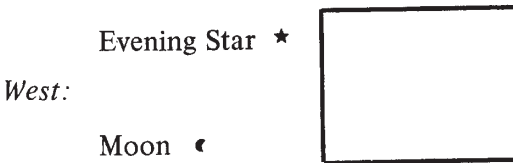
II. PAWNEE BELIEFS

The Pawnee Creation Story tells how the Pawnee thought of the stars and the earth and of male and female. It also tells how the first people were placed on the earth. Since a Pawnee earth lodge was made in imitation of the roof of sky and the floor of earth, much of this story deals with what the Pawnee expected a household to be. The following story is adapted by Paul Olson from portions of *Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee* by George A. Dorsey and *The Lost Universe* by Gene Weltfish.

The Pawnee Creation Story

In the beginning of things, Tirawa or "Sky-Power," was in the middle of things, all of them disorderly and shapeless. And Tirawa shaped thoughts and sent them out into space. Then he created the powers of the heavens to help him—the powers of the directions.

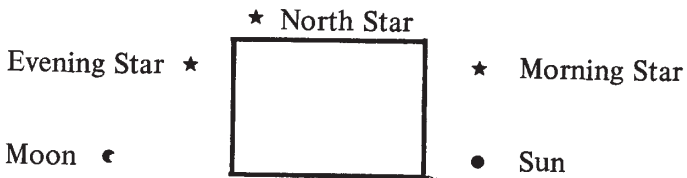
First, the Evening Star at the west with Moon as her helper.



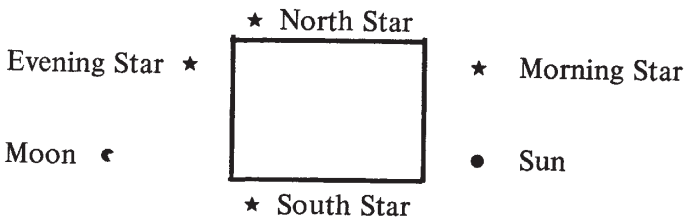
Then Morning Star at the east with Sun as helper.



Then the North Star at the north.

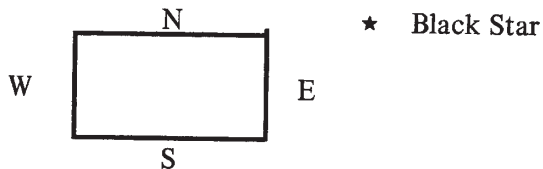


And the South Star (Canopus) in the south.

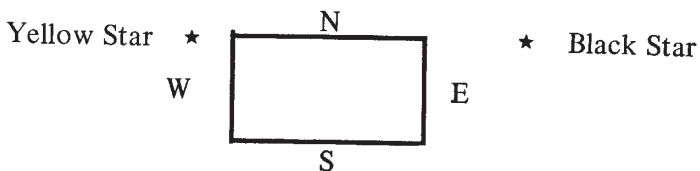


And then the Stars of the Colors were placed at the corners of the heavens:

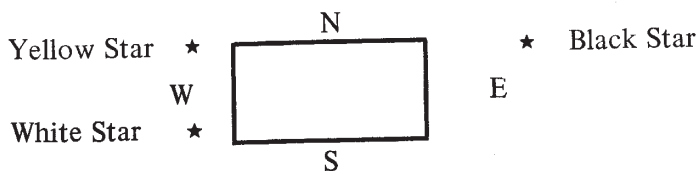
First, the Black Star:



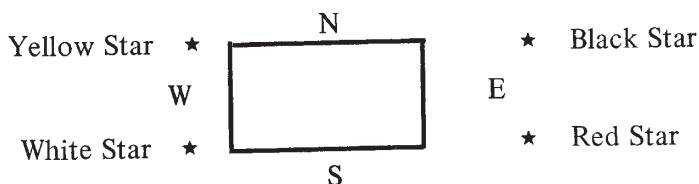
Then, the Yellow Star:



Then, the White Star:



And finally the Red Star:



And Tirawa said to the Stars of the Colors, which were like the pillars of a great lodge:

“You—you are the pillars of the heavens. Stand there while the heavens last. Make people. Make holy bundles for the people. Touch the sky with your hands and the earth with your feet and make everything holy.

“Evening Star of the West—have now clouds, winds, lightning and thunders. Place them between your house and your garden on earth, and these will appear on earth with rattles in their hands (as priests).

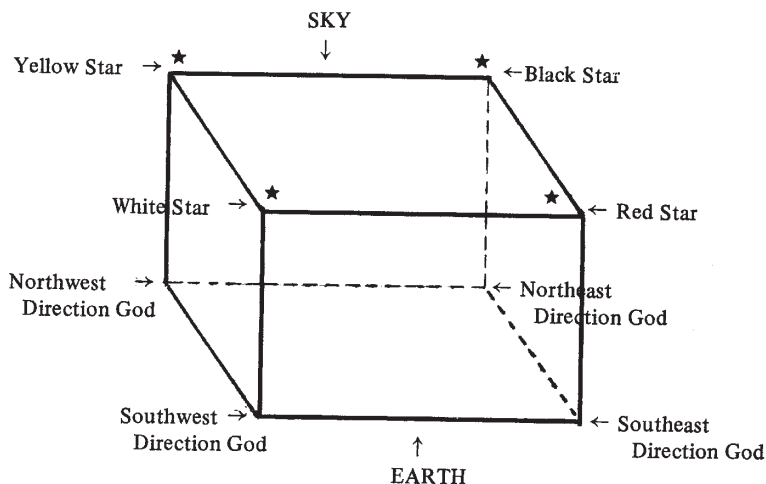
“Tell your clouds, winds, lightning and thunders to rattle and sing.”

Clouds came. . . .

Winds blew the clouds. . . .

Lightning flew from the clouds; and thunder roared. . . . Then they came to a clear quiet blue; into it and into the clouds Tirawa dropped a quartz crystal, and the storm from it dropped water.

And now there was a sky and a water below. And Tirawa sent out the corner gods, each to a corner of the water:



And each was armed with a club made of hemlock and each struck the earth and made the water part and earth to come forth.

And so began and ended earth's first storm, the storm of earth-making.

And earth's second storm was the storm of life.

As with the first storm, the Evening Star made the clouds, winds, lightning, and thunder to come and do their acts. And as the storm passed over the earth and lightning fell on it, life began. And the thunders shook the earth and made mountains and valleys.

And again the Evening Star and her helpers sang and stormed one time and made great trees and brush forests.

And they sang a second time and gave them life.

—And Evening Star and her helpers sang and stormed yet again and made the waters—first making the structure of riverlets, rivers, ponds, and lakes and then making the life in these.

—And then they made seeds and sprouted them.

And everything was made that was made at the first.

Now heaven told the Stars to make people like the Stars. Morning Star called the Stars to council, and Evening Star tried to overpower Morning Star in the Council. Morning Star flew from the East to conquer Evening Star and marry her. And Evening Star fought back with her four fierce animals—the wolf of the Southeast who pulled the clouds and the wildcat of the Southwest who roared the wind and the mountain lion of the Northwest who threw lightning and the bear of the Northeast who tossed thunder. And all of the man-powers of the East who fought with Morning Star were killed by Evening Star and her helpers, until finally the Sun came, and Morning Star and the Sun conquered Evening Star and overpowered her and mated with her in a fierce battle and so created the first girl who was carried down to the land by a whirlwind or tornado. But Sun and Moon also mated and had the first earth boy. And now there were two human creatures on the earth.

And the storms came upon the first human beings and taught them the mystery of life—and they understood and came together, and a child was born to the woman.

—And the woman learned from earth:

—how to grow gardens and form earth lodges and make speech fruitful.

—And man learned from the heavens:

—how to be a warrior and travel and hunt.

And Evening Star came in visions amid thunder and lightning and wind and cloud, and she sang the sacred songs of the first things and the first knowledge.

—And the first people discovered hunting.

—And they discovered the four great villages:

—Center Village near the Platte and the Loup rivers.

—Old Village in the West.

—And with those from Old Village came those who lived in the four villages at the four corners.

And the leader of Center Village called the people together for a council but the leader of Old Village insisted on being first—top person. And the leader of Center Village received a vision from Evening Star that he, from Center Village, should be chief but that

He-of-Old-Village should be priest. And then the Evening Star bundle was kept perfect and in one piece when that division of labor was made.



The story which follows is a story about one of the sacred places—a place near Fremont, Nebraska, where the Pawnee holy animals held council. It is taken from *Pawnee Hero Stories* by George B. Grinnell.

The Boy Who Was Sacrificed

Many years ago, in the Skidi [Pawnee] village on the Loup, there lived a man, who believed that if he sacrificed his son to Tirawa, it would be a blessing to him. He thought that if he did this thing, perhaps Tirawa would speak to him face to face, and that he could talk to him just as two people would talk to one another, and that in this way he would learn many things that other people did not understand. His child was a nice boy about ten years old, strong, growing up well, and the man loved him. It made him feel badly to think of killing him. He meditated long about this, but the more he thought about it, the more he believed that this sacrifice would please Tirawa. There were many things that he wanted to understand, and to do; and he thought if he gave up his son, these good things would come to him. So he resolved to make the sacrifice.

One morning he started out from the village, and took the boy with him. They went over to the Platte. When they got to the river, as they were walking along, the man took his knife from its sheath, and caught the boy by the shoulder, and stabbed him quickly, and cut him open. When the boy was dead, he threw the body into the river, and then went back to the village. When he got there, he went into his lodge and sat down. After a time he said to his wife, "Where is the boy?" The woman said, "He went

out with you, when you went over to see the horses." The man answered, "No. I went out to where the horses are feeding, and looked at them, but he did not go with me."

The man went out, and looked for the boy all through the village, but he could not find him. At night when the boy did not come home, they began to get frightened, and for two days they hunted for the boy, and at last they got the old crier to call out for him from the top of the lodge, and ask if anyone had seen him, but none of the people knew what had become of the boy. Now the mother was mourning, and the father pretended to feel very badly. They could not find the boy. And soon after this the tribe started on the summer hunt, and the father and mother went with them. The village made a good hunt, killing plenty of buffalo, and made much dried meat.

After the boy had been thrown into the river he floated down with the current, sometimes turning over and over in the swift water, and sometimes grounding for a little while on a sandbar, and then being floated off again, and being carried further down. At length he came near to the place where the whirlpool is, under the bluff at Pahuk [near Fremont, Nebraska] where there is the lodge of the Nahurac [or holy animals].

There were two buzzards sitting on the bluff, just above this place, and as they sat there, one of them stretched out his neck and looked up the river, and after he had looked he said to the other, "I see a body." Then both buzzards flew down to where the boy was floating in the water, and got down under him, and raised him on their backs, and lifted him up out of the water, and flew up to the bluff, carrying the boy on their backs, and placed him on the ground on top of the bluff over the big cave, which is the home of the Nahurac. In this lodge were all kinds of animals, and all kinds of birds. There were bears, and mountain lions, and buffalo, and elk, and beaver, and otter, and deer—all kinds of animals, great and small, and all kinds of birds.

There is a little bird, smaller than a pigeon. Its back is blue, and its breast white, and its head is spotted. It flies swiftly over the water, and when it sees a fish, it dives down into the water

to catch it. This bird is a servant or a messenger for the Nahurac. Such a bird came flying by just as the buzzards put the body on the ground, and he stopped and looked at it. When he saw how it was—for he knew all that had happened—he flew down into the lodge and told the Nahurac about the boy. The bird said, "There is a boy up here on the hill. He is dead, and he is poor, and I want to have him brought to life again." Then he told the Nahurac all the things that had happened. When the messenger bird had done speaking, the Nahurac earnestly counselled together for a long time to decide what should be done, and each one made a speech, giving his opinion about the matter, but they could not make up their minds what ought to be done.

The little bird was coaxing the Nahurac, and saying, "Come, now, we want to save his life." But the Nahurac could not decide. At last the chief of the Nahurac said, "No, messenger, we cannot decide this here. You will have to go to the other council lodges, and see what they say about it."

The bird said, "I am going," and flew swiftly out of the lodge and up the river, till he came to the Nahurac lodge near the Lone Tree. When he got there, he told them all about the boy, and said that the council at Pahuk could not decide what should be done. The Nahurac here talked, and at last they said, "We cannot decide. The council at Pahuk must decide."

Then the bird went to the lodge on the Loup, and the Nahurac there said that they could not decide. Then he went to Kitzawitzuk, and to Pahur; at each place the Nahurac considered and talked about it, and then said, "We cannot decide what shall be done. The council at Pahuk must decide for themselves."

At last, after he had visited all the council lodges of the Nahurac, the bird flew swiftly back to the lodge at Pahuk, and told them there what the animals at the other lodges had said.

In the council of the Nahurac at Pahuk there were four chiefs who sat there as judges to determine such matters as this, after they had all been talked over, and to decide what should be done. When the messenger bird came back and told the Nahurac what the other councils had said, these judges considered for a time and

then spoke together, and at length the chief of the judges said to the bird, "Now, messenger, we have concluded that we will not decide this question ourselves. You decide it, and say what shall be done."

The messenger was not long in deciding. He did not hesitate. He said, "I want this boy brought back to life." Then all the Nahurac stood up, and went to where the boy lay, and stood around him and prayed, and at last the boy breathed once, and then after a little while he breathed again, and at last he came to life and sat up. He looked about and saw all these animals standing around him, and he wondered. He said to himself, "Why, my father stabbed me, and killed me, and now here I am among this great crowd of animals. What does this mean?" He was surprised.

The Nahurac all went back into the lodge, and took the boy with them. When all were seated in the lodge, the four judges talked to each other, and the chief one stood up and said, "Now, my people, we have brought this boy back to life, but he is poor, and we must do something for him. Let us teach him all we know, and make him one of us."

Then the Nahurac all made a noise. They were glad. Then they began to sing and they danced. They taught the boy all their secrets, and all their ways. They taught him how to cut a man open and cure him again, and how to shoot an arrow through a man and then cure him, and how to cut a man's tongue out and then to put it back, and how to make well a broken leg, and many other things. After they had done all these things, they said to the boy, "Now we have brought you back to life, and have taught you all these things, so that you are one of us. Now you must stop with us one season. Your people have gone off on the summer hunt. You must stay with us until the autumn. Then you can go back to your people." So the boy stayed with the Nahurac in their lodge.

At length the Skidi had returned from the hunt with plenty of dried meat. Soon after this, the Nahurac said one day to the boy, "Your people have got back from the hunt. Now you can go

back to the village. Go back and get a lot of nice dried meat, and bring it back to us here, and we will have a feast."

The boy went home to the village. He got there in the night, and went to his father's lodge, and went in. There was a little fire burning in the lodge. It was nearly out, and gave only a little light, but he knew the place where his mother slept. He went up to her, and put out his hand and touched her, and pushed her a little. She awoke, and sat up and looked at him, and he said, "I've come back." When she saw him and heard him speak, she was very much surprised, and her heart was glad to see her boy again. She called to his father, and he woke up. When he saw the boy he was afraid, for he thought it was a ghost. The boy told them nothing of what had happened, or where he had been. He just said, "I have come back again."

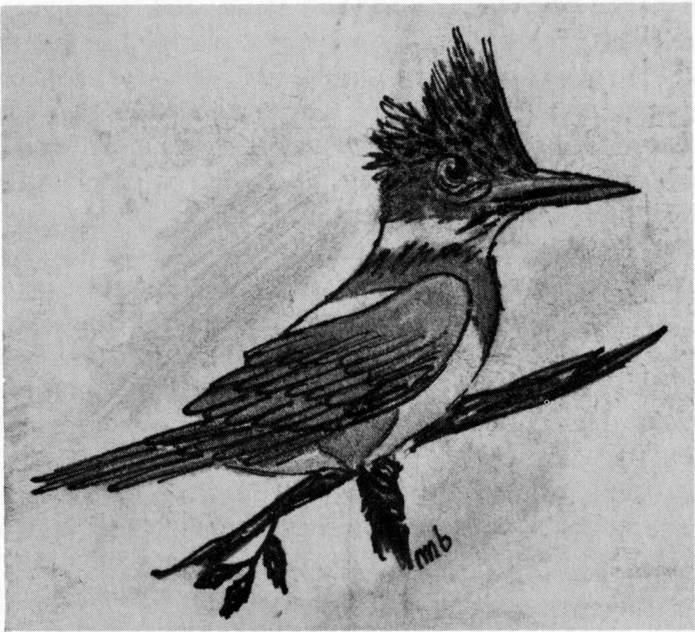
In the morning all the people were surprised to hear that he had come back, and to see him. They stood around looking at him and asking him questions, but he said nothing. The next day the people still questioned him, and at last the boy said, "I have been all summer with friends, with people who have been good to me. I should like to take them a present of some nice dried meat so that we can have a feast." The people said that this was good. They picked out four strong horses, and loaded them with dried meat, the nicest pieces. The boy's father gave some of it, and all the other people brought pieces and put them on the horses, until they had big loads. They sent two young men with the boy to help him load and drive the horses, and they started to go to the Nahurac lodge at Pahuk.

When they had come pretty near the place, the boy sent the young men back to the village, and he went on alone, driving the pack-horses before him. When he reached the home of the Nahurac, he unloaded the horses, and turned them loose, and then went into the lodge. When he went in, and when the Nahurac saw him, they all made a hissing noise. They were glad to see him. The boy brought into the lodge all the dried meat, and they had a great feast. After the feast they had a doctors' dance, and the boy was made a doctor, and again was taught all that the Nahurac knew.

After that he could do many wonderful things. He could sometimes go to a man that had been dead for a day, and then bring him back to life.

No one ever knew what the father had done, for the boy never told anyone. He knew that he could never have learned all these wonderful things unless his father had sacrificed him.

† † † † †



III. PAWNEE HERO STORIES

The following hero story speaks for itself as to what the Pawnee valued and what made a great leader. It is the story of Lone Chief (Skurara Leshar) and is another story derived from *Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk-Tales* by George B. Grinnell.

Lone Chief

Lone Chief was the son of the chief of the Kitkehahki band. His father died when the boy was very young, less than a year old. Until he was old enough to go to war, his mother had supported him by farming—raising corn, beans and pumpkins. She taught the boy many things, and advised him how to live and how to act so that he might be successful. She used to say to him, “You must trust always in Tirawa. He made us, and through him we live. When you grow up, you must be a man. Be brave, and face whatever danger may meet you. Do not forget, when you look back to your young days, that I have raised you, and always supported you. You had no father to do it. Your father was a chief, but you must not think of that. Because he was a chief, it does not follow that you will be one. It is not the man who stays in the lodge that becomes great; it is the man who works, who sweats, who is always tired from going on the warpath.”

Much good advice his mother gave him. She said, “When you get to be a man, remember that it is his ambition that makes the man. If you go on the warpath, do not turn around when you have gone part way, but go on as far as you were going, and then come back. If I should live to see you become a man, I want you to become a great man. I want you to think about the hard times we have been through. Take pity on people who are poor, because

we have been poor, and people have taken pity on us. If I live to see you a man, and to go off on the warpath, I would not cry if I were to hear that you had been killed in battle. That is what makes a man: to fight and to be brave. I should be sorry to see you die from sickness. If you are killed, I would rather have you die in the open air, so that the birds of the air will eat your flesh, and the wind will breathe on you and blow over your bones. It is better to be killed in the open air than to be smothered in the earth. Love your friend and never desert him. If you see him surrounded by the enemy, do not run away. Go to him, and if you cannot save him, be killed together, and let your bones lie side by side. Be killed on a hill; high up. Your grandfather said it is not manly to be killed in a hollow. It is not a man who is talking to you, advising you. Heed my words, even if I am a woman.”

The boy listened to these words, and he did not forget them.

II.

In the year 1867 he enlisted in the Pawnee Scouts under Major Frank North, and served in L. H. North's company. He was always a good soldier, ready, willing and brave. At a fight near the Cheyenne Pass in 1867, he counted coup* on a woman and a man, Arapahoes who had stolen some horses at Fort Laramie.

At this time the boy's name was Wititi lesharuspi, Running Chief. After he came back from this scout, he went on a war party of which Left Hand was the leader, and they went to the Osage country. He was no longer a servant, but a scout, a leading man in the party, one of those who went ahead as spies. He had good judgment and understood his duties. When they came to the Osage country, he was selected as one of the leaders of a small branch party to steal horses. His party took thirty head of horses. In the Osage country the young men were not allowed to take all the horses they could. On account of the few fords where they could cross the streams, they could not take a big herd, but only what they could ride and lead, and at the same time go fast. Across one river there was only one rocky ford, and over another

*Coup (kōō)—touched the body of an enemy without hurting him or getting hurt.

stream with deep banks there was only one rocky ford where they could cross. Because they did not know this, in former times many Pawnees had been caught and killed in the Osage country. So now they took but few horses at a time, because these rivers were very deep and no one could cross them except at these rock fords. Out of the horses taken at this time Running Chief obtained one of the best and fastest ever known among the Pawnees—a cream-colored horse, long famous in the tribe. For his skillful leadership of this party he was given much credit.

After returning home—the same year—he led a party to go off on the warpath to the Cheyennes. He found a camp on the headwaters of the North Canadian, and his party took seven horses, but these horses looked thin and rough, and he was not satisfied with them; he was ashamed to go home with only these. He told his party to take them home, but that he was going off by himself to get some better ones.

He had with him a friend, with whom he had grown up, and whom he loved. This young man was like a brother to Running Chief. These two went off together, and went to the Osage camp, and stayed about it for three nights, and then took five horses, the best in the camp. They took them back to the village. It was customary for the leading man in a party to make a sacrifice to Tirawa. Running Chief did this, giving one horse to the chief priest. This sacrifice promoted him to be a warrior.

III.

The next year he led a party again to the Osage country. He took some horses and brought them home. This same year (1868) a party started south. He was not the leader, but he went with them. They went to the Wichita, Comanche and Kiowa villages—they were all camped together—stole some horses and started back with them. Before they had gone very far Running Chief stopped and said he was going back. His friend was with the party, and when he found that Running Chief had resolved to go back he said, “I will stop here with you.”

The two went back toward the village that they had just left, and climbed a hill that stood near it, and hid themselves there.

They waited, watching, for they had not decided what they would do. The next day in the afternoon they began to get hungry, and they began to talk together. Running Chief said to his friend, "My brother, are you poor in your mind?* Do you feel like doing some great thing—something that is very dangerous?"

His friend answered at once, "Yes, I am poor. I am ready. Why do you ask me?"

Running Chief thought a little while before he answered, and as he thought, all the pain and suffering of his life seemed to rise up before him, so that he could see it. He remembered how he had been a poor boy, supported by his mother, and all that they two had suffered together while he was yet a child. He remembered how his sister had been killed when he was a boy only ten years old, and how he had mourned for her, when her husband, who was jealous of her, had shot her through the body with an arrow and killed her. She was the only sister he had, and he had loved her. He felt that he was poor now, and that there was no hope of anything better for him, and he did not want to live any longer. After he had thought of all these things he said to his friend, "My life is not worth anything to me." And then he told him of his bad feelings. Finally he said, "Now you go off and leave me here alone. I am tired of living, but you go home. You have relations who would mourn for you. I do not want you to lose your life on my account."

His friend answered him, "I will not go away from you. We have grown up together, and I will stick to you. Wherever you go I will go, and whatever you do I will do."

Then Running Chief meditated for a long time. He had not made up his mind what to do. He thought to himself, "This, my friend, will stay with me. I do not want to be the cause of his death." So he considered. Finally he said to his friend, "If I shall make up my mind to go to some place where there is great danger, I shall go."

His friend said, "I will go with you."

*Poor in mind: i.e., despondent, unhappy, miserable.

Running Chief thought again, and at last he said, "On account of my feelings I have decided to go into the camp of my enemies, and be eaten by their dogs."

The other man said, "Whatever you have determined on I also will do."

IV.

Then they jumped up out of the hole they were hiding in, and tied up their waists, and prepared to start. They were not very far from a trail which connected two villages, along which persons kept passing, and the Indians of these villages were all about them. When they jumped up to go toward the trail, they saw four or five persons passing at a little distance. When they saw these people, Running Chief called out to them, "High-eigh," and made motions for them to come to him. He wanted to show his strong will, and that on account of his bad feelings he wished to have his troubles ended right there. He looked to them twice, and each time the Indians stopped and looked at the Pawnees, and then went on. They did not know who it was that was calling them; perhaps they thought the Pawnees were two squaws.

The two young men went out to the trail and followed these persons toward the village. They went over a little hill, and as soon as they had come to the top and looked over it, they saw the village. On this side of it, and nearest to them were three lodges. At the foot of the hill was a river, which they must cross to come to these three lodges. When they came to the river, the friend asked, "Shall we take off our moccasins and leggings to cross?" Running Chief replied, "Why should I take off my moccasins and leggings when I know that my life is just going over a precipice? Let us go in as we are." So they crossed with moccasins and leggings on. The river was only half-leg deep.

Just as they reached the further bank, all on a sudden, it came over Running Chief what they were doing—that they were going to certain death. All his courage seemed to leave him, and he felt as if he had no bones in his body. Then for a moment he faltered; but he could not give up now. He felt that if he was a man he must go forward; he could not turn back. He stopped for an instant; and

his friend looked at him, and said, "Come, let us hurry on. We are near the lodges." He stepped forward then, but his feet seemed to be heavy and to drag on the ground. He walked as if he were asleep.

There was no one about near at hand, and as they went forward Running Chief prayed with all his mind to Tirawa that no one might come until they had reached the lodge, and had got inside. When they had got to within about one hundred yards of the lodge, a little boy came out, and began to play around the door, and when they were about fifty yards from him he saw them. As soon as he looked at them, he knew that they did not belong to the camp, and he gave a kind of a scream and darted into the lodge, but no one came out. The people within paid no attention to the boy. As they walked toward the lodges Running Chief seemed not to know where he was, but to be walking in a dream. He thought of nothing except his longing to get to this lodge.

They went to the largest of the three lodges. Running Chief raised the door and put his head in, and as he did so, it seemed as if his breath stopped. He went in and sat down far back in the lodge, opposite the entrance, and though his breath was stopped, his heart was beating like a drum. His friend had followed him in, and sat down beside him. Both had their bows in their hands, strung, and a sheaf of arrows.

When they entered the lodge, the man who was lying down at the back of the lodge uttered a loud exclamation, "Woof," and then seemed struck dumb. A plate of corn mush had just been handed him, but he did not take it, and it sat there on the ground by him. One woman was just raising a buffalo horn spoon of mush to her mouth, but her hand stopped before reaching it, and she stared at them, holding the mush before her face. Another woman was ladling some mush into a plate, and she held the plate in one hand and the ladle above it, and looked at them without moving. They all seemed turned into stone.

As the two Pawnees sat there, Running Chief's breath suddenly came back to him. Before it had all been dark about him, as if

he had been asleep; but now the clouds had cleared away, and he could see the road ahead of him. Now he felt a man, and brave. As he looked around him, and saw the man lying motionless, and one woman just ready to take a mouthful, and the other woman with the ladle held over the dish, he perceived that they could not move, they were so astonished.

At length the Wichita had come to his senses. He drew a long breath, and sat up, and for a while looked at the two Pawnees. Then he made some sign to them which they did not understand, but they guessed that he was trying to ask who they were. Running Chief struck his breast, and said, "Pitada" (Pawnee). As soon as the Wichita heard that he caught his breath, and heaved a long sigh. He did not know what to think of two Pawnees coming into his lodge. He could not think what it meant. He drew a long breath. He did not touch his plate of food, but motioned a woman to take it away. Presently he called to some one in the neighboring lodge. He was answered, and in a moment a man came in. He called again, and another entered, and the three looked for a long time at the two Pawnees. These were sitting motionless, but watching like two wildcats to see what was going to happen. Each had his bow and arrows by his side, and his knife inside his robe. At length the owner of the lodge spoke, and one of the men went out, and after a little while they heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming, and they supposed some one was riding up. Every now and then Running Chief would touch his friend's knee with his own, as if to say, "Watch."

The owner of the lodge made a sign and pointed to the east and said "Capitan."* At the same time he was dressing himself up, putting on a pair of officer's trousers and a uniform coat. Meantime the Pawnees heard the rattle of one saddle, and then of another. The Wichita chief put on his blanket, and his pistol belt around it, and then made signs for them to go out. He led the way, and the Pawnee followed. As they went, Running Chief touched his friend, as if to say, "Watch. They may shoot us as we go out."

*A Spanish word meaning chief.

But when they looked out of the lodge, the Wichita was walking toward the horses, so there was no danger. He mounted a horse, and signed to Running Chief to get up behind him. Another man mounted the other horse, and the friend got up behind him.

As they rode toward the main village, it came into the mind of Running Chief to kill the man he was riding behind, and to ride away. There was where he had to fight his hardest battle. He was tempted to kill this man in front of him, but he was not overpowered by this temptation. He overcame it. He thought that perhaps he might be mounted on a poor horse, and even if he did kill this man and his friend the other, they might be on slow horses and be caught at once. Every little while he would look at his friend and roll his eyes, as if to say, "Watch on your side and I will watch on mine."

As they came near to the village, the Wichita warrior called out, and began to sing a song, and all at once the village was in an uproar. The men, women, and children seemed to start up out of the ground, and the lodges poured forth their inmates. Running Chief felt that he was in danger, but he knew that he was not in as much danger as the man before him. He could take the pistol out of the belt that he had hold of and kill him, or he could use his own knife. The Wichita knew that he was in danger. He knew that he was in the power of the enemy.

After the Wichita had called out to the people that they had enemies with them, he kept on talking, saying, "Keep quiet. Do not do anything. Wait. Keep away from me and be still. I am in danger." They would not have listened to him, if it had not been that he was a leading man, and a brave warrior.

The riders came to the largest lodge, which stood in the middle of the village. Here they stopped. When Running Chief got off the horse, he held tightly the belt of the Wichita, who dismounted; and they went together into the lodge of the Head Chief, and the others followed and went in, and all sat down opposite the door. All this time there was a hubbub outside. People were flying from their lodges to that of the Head Chief, and lifting up the edge of the lodge, and peeping under it at the Pawnees. They chattered to

each other, and called out to those who were coming; all was noise and confusion.

v.

The under chiefs came in one by one, until all were present. Then one of them made a speech, saying that it would be best to leave everything to the Head Chief, and that he should decide what ought to be done with these enemies. Then it was silent for a time, while the Chief was making up his mind what should be done; and during this silence Running Chief felt a touch on his shoulder, and looked behind him, and there was handed to him under the edge of the lodge a dish of meat. He took it and began to eat, and his companion also ate with him. After he had eaten a few mouthfuls, he took his arrows, which he had held in his hand, and put them in his quiver, and unstrung his bow and laid it aside, and his friend did the same.

Then the Chief stood up and spoke to those sitting there and said, "What can I do? They have eaten of my food. I cannot make war on people who have been eating with me." While he was saying this, Running Chief was again touched on the shoulder, and someone handed him a cup of water, and he drank; and the Chief, as he saw this, added, "and have also drunk of my water." He then turned and called to a certain man, who could speak Pawnee, and told him to ask these men if they were on the warpath. He asked them, "Are you on the warpath?" and they replied, "Yes, we are on the warpath."

Then said he, "What are you here for?"

Running Chief answered, "You have plenty of dogs. I am here that my body may be eaten by them."

When the Wichitas heard this they all made a sound, Ah-h-h! for they were surprised at his bravery. The Chief asked him, "Do you know anything about the horses that were missed last night?"

He said, "Yes."

"Where are they?" asked the Head Chief.

Running Chief replied, "The party have gone off with them—Pawnees."

"Were you with them?"

“Yes, I was with them, and I stopped behind on purpose to come into your village.”

The Head Chief then turned to the others and talked for a little while. He said, “See what a brave man this is. He had resolved to die. But he shall not die, because he has eaten our food and drunk of our water. Although we are enemies of this man’s tribe, yet we are the same people with them, who have been apart for a long time. I cannot help it; my heart is touched by his talk and by their bravery. By their bravery they are safe.” And all the Wichitas said “Waugh.”

Then the Head Chief, through the interpreter, talked to Running Chief. He said, “Are you a chief?”

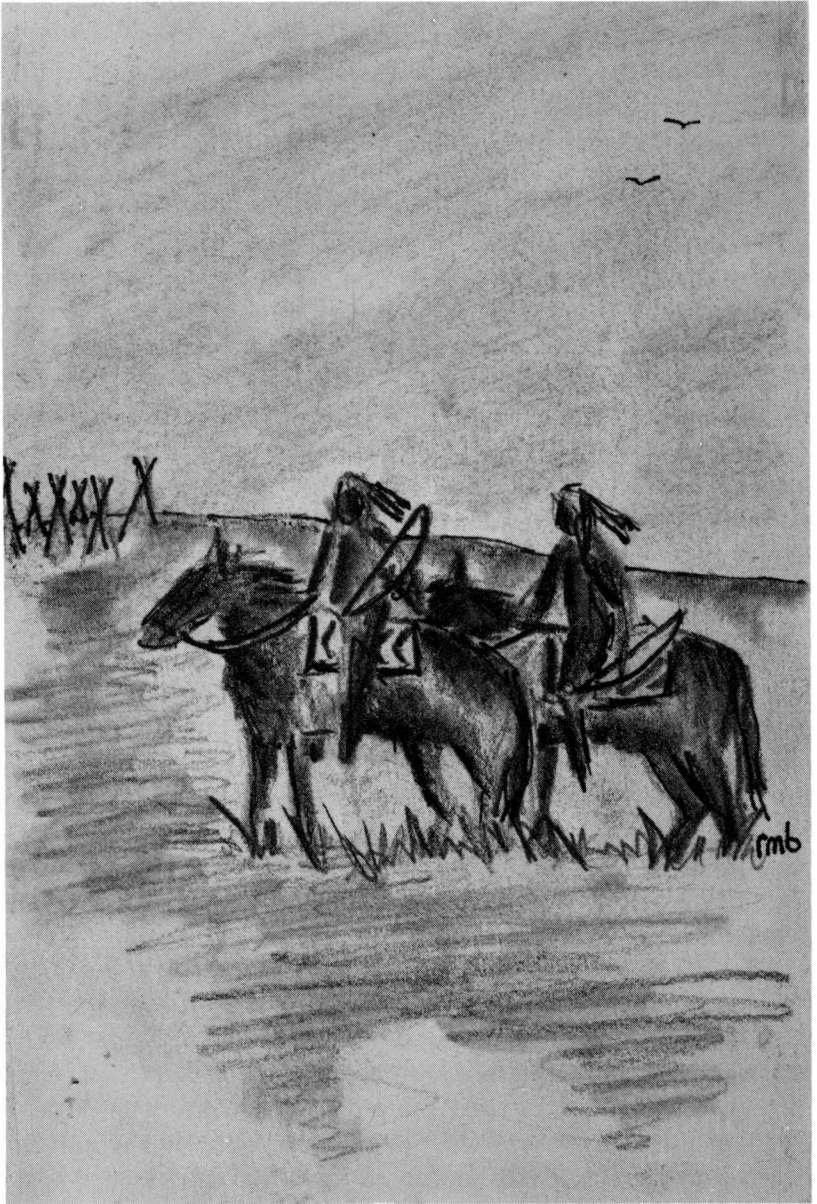
Running Chief replied, “No, I am not a chief; I am like a dog; I am poor.”

The Head Chief said to him, “By your bravery you have saved yourselves. You shall have the road to your home made white before you. Let there not be one blood spot on it.” Then he turned to those who were sitting about the lodge and said, “Now, my young men, do something for them.”

A young man named Crazy Wolf stood up and spoke; and when he had finished, the interpreter said, “That man has given you a black horse, the best that he has.”

Another young man on the other side of the lodge spoke, and the interpreter said, “He has given you a roan horse, the best that he has.” Then all the Wichitas began to speak at once, and before they knew it, the Pawnees had ten head of horses, and robes and blankets, saddles, bridles, shields, spears and moccasins—many beautiful presents. So they were well provided.

The Head Chief again stood up and talked to the assembly, praising these Pawnees; and he stepped over to Running Chief and shook hands with him, and when he did so, Running Chief stood up and put his arms around the Chief and pressed him to his breast, and the Chief did the same to him, and when Running Chief had his arms around the Chief, the Chief trembled, and came near to crying. The Chief embraced the other Pawnee, and looked him in the face and said, “What brave men you are!”



Then the friend said, "What my friend stepped, that I stepped; I trod in his footprints; I had one mind with him."

As the Chief stepped back to his place he spoke through the interpreter, "Now you have eaten of my food and drunk of my water. Everything that I have is yours. My women and my children are yours. You are not a chief, but you are a chief."* Then he spoke to the crowd and they all went away, leaving only the principal men in the lodge.

That afternoon the Pawnees were feasted everywhere, and had to eat till they were almost dead; and as they went about, all of their former sadness seemed to be swept away, and Running Chief felt like crying for joy.

While they were feasting, the man who had given the black horse went out, and caught it up, and painted it handsomely, and rode into the village, and put on it a silver bridle, and eagle feathers in its mane and tail, and when Running Chief was going from one lodge to another he met him, and jumped off the horse and said, "Brother, ride this." He gave him also a shield and a spear.

These Pawnees stayed two months with the Wichitas, and all their troubles seemed at an end. At length Running Chief called a council of the chiefs, and told them that now he wished to make ready to go home to his village. He thanked them for all that they had done for him, and said that now he would go. The chiefs said, "It is well. We are glad that you have been with us and visited us. Take the good news back to your tribe. Tell them that we are one people, though long separated. Let the road between our villages be made white. Let it no more show any spots of blood."

Running Chief thanked them and said, "I will go and take the good news to my people. I shall show them the presents you have made us, and tell them how well we have been treated. It may be that some of the chiefs of my tribe will wish to come down to visit you, as I have done." The Head Chief said, "Can I rely on your words, that I shall be visited?" Running Chief replied, "You can rely on them if I have to come alone to visit you again." The

*You are not a chief, but you have made yourself a chief by your great qualities.

Chief got up and put his arms about him, and said, "I want to be visited. Let there be no more war between us. We are brothers; let us always be brothers." Then they gave him many more presents, and packed his horses, and six braves offered to go with him through the Cheyenne country. They went through in the night. Running Chief said afterward, "I could have stolen a lot of horses from the Cheyennes, but I thought, I will be coming back through this country and it is better not."

At the Pawnee village these two young men had been mourned by their relations as lost or dead. It was in the spring (March, 1869) when they reached home, and there was joy in the tribe when they came in with the presents. Running Chief was praised, and so was his friend. Both had been brave and had done great things.

Now Running Chief's name was changed from Wititi lesharuspi to Skurara leshar (Lone Chief).

VI.

The following summer in August, at the close of the summer hunt, three hundred Pawnees, old men and young, under the leadership of Lone Chief, visited the Wichitas, who received them well, and gave them many horses. Lone Chief was not satisfied with the peace that he had made with the Wichitas. He also visited the Kiowas, and made peace, and was given by them eight fine horses. He also led his party to the Comanches, and visited them, and got many presents. In the fall the Pawnees returned to their village. Many of them fell sick on the way, and some died.

In the winter of 1869-70 Lone Chief and his friend led a war party against the Cheyennes. They took six hundred head of horses. The Cheyennes now tell us that in the seventy-five lodges of that camp there was not left a hoof. All night and all next day they ran the herd. Then Lone Chief said, "Let us not run the horses any longer, they will not come after us; they are afoot." When the party got on the north side of the Republican, on the table lands, a terrible storm of snow and wind came upon them, and they were nearly lost. For three days and three nights they lay in the storm. All were frozen, some losing toes and fingers.

They survived, however, and brought in all their horses. Again Lone Chief sacrificed to Tirawa. A second sacrifice is very unusual and a notable event.

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The Pawnee often compromised with the dominant society—unlike the traditional Sioux who held out as long as possible. The following hero tale gives some Pawnee reasons for compromise. Critics everywhere have argued as to whether such a person as Little Warrior gave good advice to his people or such a person as Crazy Horse. The story comes from *Pawnee Hero Stories* by George B. Grinnell.

Little Warrior's Counsel

In the year 1879, at the time of the Ute outbreak, after Major Thornburgh's command had been annihilated, Little Warrior was employed as a scout for the troops. On the headwaters of the Arkansas River he was one day scouting in advance of the command, in company with four white soldiers and four Indian scouts. One day, the party saw far off on the prairie an Indian, who showed a white flag, and came toward them. When he had come near to them, the soldiers proposed to kill him, and report that he was a Ute, one of the Indians that they were looking for. But Little Warrior said, "No. He has a white flag up, and it may be that he is carrying a dispatch, or, perhaps, he is a white man disguised as an Indian."

When the man had come close to them, they saw that he was dressed like a Comanche; he did not have the bristling fringe of hair over the forehead that the Utes wear, and his side locks were unbraided. Little Warrior asked him, by signs, if he was alone, to which he replied in the same language that he was alone. Then Little Warrior inquired who he was. The stranger made the sign for Comanche—a friendly tribe.

They took him into the camp, and after a while Little Warrior began to talk to him in Comanche. He could not understand a word of it.

Then the Pawnee said to him, "My friend, you are a Ute." The stranger acknowledged that he was.

Then Little Warrior talked to him, and gave him much good advice. He said, "My friend, you and I have the same skin, and what I tell you now is for your good. I speak to you as a friend, and what I say to you now is so that you may save your women and your children. It is of no use for you to try to fight the white people. I have been among them, and I know how many they are. They are like the grass. Even if you were to kill a hundred it would be nothing. It would be like burning up a few handfuls of prairie grass. There would be just as many left. If you try to fight them they will hunt you like a ghost. Wherever you go they will follow after you, and you will get no rest. The soldiers will be continually on your tracks. Even if you were to go up on top of a high mountain, where there was nothing but rocks, and where no one else could come, the soldiers would follow you, and get around you, and wait, and wait, even for fifty years. They would have plenty to eat, and they could wait until after you were dead. There is one white man who is the chief of all this country, and what he says must be done. It is no use to fight him.

"Now if you are wise you will go out and get all your people, and bring them in, on to the reservation, and give yourself up. It will be better for you in the end. I speak to you as a friend, because we are both the same color, and I hope that you will listen to my words."

The Ute said, "My friend, your words are good, and I thank you for the friendly advice you have given me. I will follow it and will agree to go away and bring in my people."

Little Warrior said, "How do you make a promise?"

The Ute said, "By raising the right hand to one above."

Little Warrior said, "That is the custom also among my people."

The Ute raised his hand and made the promise.

After he had been detained two or three weeks, he was allowed to go, and about a month afterward, he brought in the band of which he was chief, and surrendered. Through his influence afterward, the whole tribe came in and gave themselves up. He was grateful to Little Warrior for what he had done for him and told him that if he ever came back into his country he would give him many ponies.

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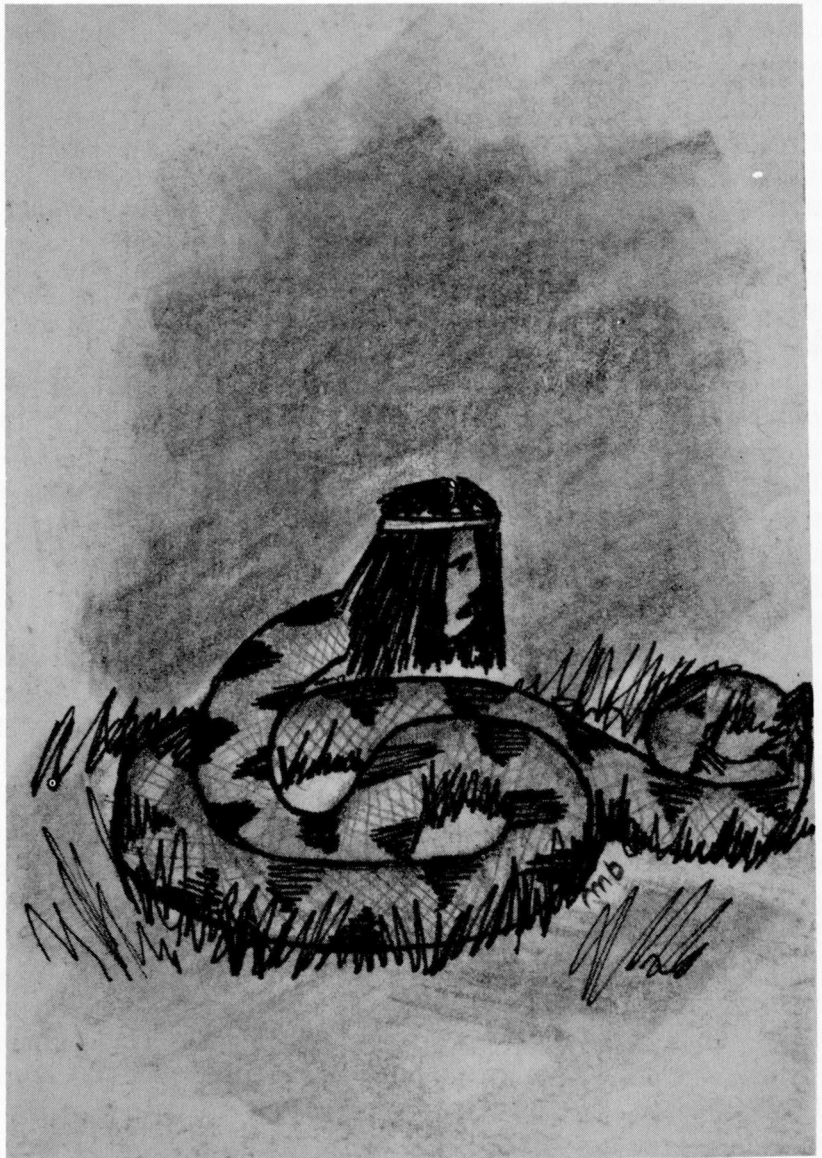
IV. PAWNEE FOLK TALES

Some people think that the snake in this story stands for the power of the earth to make good things. Some think it stands for "Nature" in its wild state. Some people think that the boy stands for mankind. As you study Pawnee religion, the story will mean more and more to you. This is another story from Grinnell's *Pawnee Hero Stories*.

The Snake Brother

One time, long ago, a big party of Pawnees went on the war-path down to the south. They could find no enemies anywhere, and they went a long way south. In this party were two brothers, poor boys, and one day as they were traveling along, apart from the others, in a piece of woods where it was very thick, they got lost. When they found that they were lost, they tried to go back to the camp, but they could not find the others, and at last gave up looking for them and started to go back north to their home. They had no food with them, and were looking about for something to kill, so that they might eat. As they were going along, they came upon a dead buffalo that had been killed some time, and there was nothing of it left but the bones, so they took some of the marrow bones, and carried them along with them, until they made a camp.

Not far beyond here they stopped to rest. There was a tree growing near where they stopped, and as they looked up into it, they saw a squirrel run up the tree. One of the brothers caught up his bow and arrows, and the other said, "Oh, kill him, kill him, quick." The boy shot and killed it, and they skinned it, and roasted it over the fire. While they were cooking it the elder



brother said, "I wonder if it is good to eat the marrow and the squirrel together." The younger said, "No, it is not good to do so. This is not real meat."* The elder thought the two kinds of food would be good together, and they disputed about this for some time. The elder brother kept coaxing the younger to eat the squirrel and the marrow together, but the younger said, "Oh, brother, I do not like to do this. To me it does not seem good. But if you wish to do it, why don't you?" The elder said, "I think I will do so"; and he did so, taking a bite of squirrel, and then a bite of marrow. He said, "It is nice, you had better take some." But the younger brother would not. He ate only the marrow. After they had eaten they did not go on further, but slept there.

About the middle of the night, the elder brother felt a noise in his feet, and he sat up and felt of his legs and feet, and he found that his feet were stuck together, and were beginning to get round, like a snake, and had a rattle on the end of them, and that his legs were round and like the tail of a great big rattlesnake. He reached over, and put his hands on his brother, and shook him, and said to him, "Get up. There is something the matter with me." The younger brother woke up, and felt of his brother, and found how it was; as if he was changing into a snake, beginning at his feet. When he saw this he felt very badly. Then the older brother began to talk to the younger, and to give him good advice, for he felt very sad.

He said, "Now I am going to die, and leave my young brother here alone on this prairie. He is so young, he will not be able to find his way home, and he must die, too. Surely this has happened because I ate the marrow and the squirrel together." While he was talking the change had moved up to his waist.

After a little while he got more hopeful, and he said, "Now, brother, I know that you will get home safely. I will protect you. I know that I am going to be a snake, and I shall stay right here. You see that hole," and he pointed to a hole in the bank. "When I have changed into a snake, take me in your arms, and carry me

*Like buffalo meat, or elk, or deer.

over to that hole. I am going to stay there forever. That will be my home, for that is the house of the snakes. When you go back home, you must tell our father and mother how it was, and whenever you want to go on the warpath, take a big party and come down this way, and come right here, to this very place, and you will see me, for I shall be here. Now, brother, when you go back home, some time after you have reached home, I want you to come back all alone; come right here. You know what I told you; do not be afraid of me. I believe this was to happen to me, and I could not help it. After you have once come all alone, then the second time you may bring some others with you, but the first time come alone."

So he talked to his brother, and as he spoke the change kept going on. While it was moving up his body, until it got to his head, he was still like a man in his mind, but all his body was like a great big snake. Then he spoke to his brother, and said, "Now, brother, cover up my head with the robe, and after a little while take it off again." The younger brother did as he was told, and when, after a while, he took the robe off, there he saw an immense snake's head as broad as his two hands. The elder brother had completely changed into a snake.

The young man took the snake in his arms, and carried him over to the hole, and put him on the ground by it. He felt very sad to go away and leave his brother here. Before he started, he spoke good words to the snake, and said, "Now, brother, I am going home, and I ask you to take pity on me, and to protect me. I do not know the country I am going through, and you must take care of me. Do not forget the promises you have made me." After he had spoken he did not wait to see the snake go into the hole, but started on his journey, and went off toward his home.

When he reached the village, he told all these things to his father and his mother. He said to all his relations, "Do not mourn for him. He is alive and he is well. The only trouble is, that he is in the shape of a snake." After he had been home ten days, he told his mother to make for him five pairs of moccasins, that he was going on the warpath for himself. His mother did so, and he

stuffed them full of parched corn, and took a little sack of pounded buffalo meat on his back, and started back to see his brother.

It took him seven days fast traveling to get to where he left the snake. When he had come near the place, he saw there the hole where he had left his brother. He went up close to the hole and began to speak. He said, "Brother, I am here. I have come on the warpath, and I am here to see you. You told me to come, and to come alone. I have done what you bade me, and am here. Now, brother, remember to keep your promises. I want to see you this afternoon."

He stood there a little while, and then there began in the hole a rattling and a rustling and scraping noise, and presently dust began to roll out, and then out of the hole came this great big snake, which was his brother. First came out this great snake, and after him many other large ones came out, and crept all about, but the great snake, his brother, lay just outside the hole. The boy went up to the big snake and took it in his arms, and hugged it, and spoke to it, and the snake put out its tongue, as if it were kissing him. Then the boy put it down on the ground, and all the other snakes came back, and went in the hole, and after them all, last, the big snake went in the hole.

Then the boy left this place, and went on a little further, and about sunset he came to a little creek, and here he lay down and slept. In the night he dreamed of his brother, who spoke to him and said, "Now, brother, I am glad that you have come down to see me, as I told you to. And now I say to you, be brave. Have courage. Tomorrow morning when you awake, dress yourself up as if you were going to fight. Paint your face, put feathers in your head, make yourself ready to fight."

The next morning the boy woke up, and as the snake had told him in the dream, so he did. He painted his face and tied feathers in his head, and dressed himself up for the fight. Then he started on. Pretty soon he came to a little hill, and as he looked over it, he saw people coming toward him; people and many horses. He thought they were Sioux, and when he saw them, he

went back a little, to find a place where he could hide. He went back to the little creek where he had slept, and there he sat down in the brush. When he had hidden himself in the brush, he waited; and the people came straight toward where he had hidden himself, and camped just below where he was. After a little while he raised himself up and looked at them, and saw only two persons, and presently he saw that one of them was a woman. He watched for a long time, looking about to see if there were any more, but he could see only these two. Then he considered what he should do. While he was thinking, it came to him what the snake brother had said to him in the night, and then he knew what to do.

He crept slowly along through the brush toward their camp, and when he got close to them, about twenty yards distant, he raised up his head and looked. He saw the woman cooking, and there were hanging on a little tree the man's bow and arrows and shield and spear, but the man he could not see. He was lying down asleep somewhere nearby. The boy waited and watched. He was excited, and his heart was pounding against his ribs. After a little while, the woman left the fire and walked away toward the horses. Perhaps her husband had said to her, "The horses are going off, you had better go and turn them back." When she went toward the horses, the boy was going to run up to the man and kill him, but before doing so he changed his mind, for he thought, "If I kill him, perhaps the woman will get on a horse, and ride away, driving the other horses with her." So he waited until the woman had come back. When she had returned to the fire, he ran up toward her, and she heard him coming, and ran to wake her husband; but just as she got to him, the boy was by her side. He shot two arrows into the man and killed him and counted coup on him, and captured the woman. He took the whole scalp of his enemy's head.

Then he took the woman and went down to where the horses were, and they got on two of them, and rode back to where his brother, the snake, lived, driving the horses before them. Just before they got to the hole, the boy took his lariat and caught a nice spotted horse and a mule, and tied them up to the tree, and

bound up the woman, and tied her up against the tree as tight as he could tie her. When he had done this, he went up to the hole and began to talk. He said, "Oh, my brother, I see now that what you have promised me comes true. I did what you told me. Now here are these two animals and the woman; I give them to you for being good to me. They are yours. I am glad for what you have done for me this day." When he had finished saying this he spoke again, saying, "Now, brother, I want to see you once more. I am going off, and I want to see you before I go."

After a little while he heard again the rattling sound in the hole, and saw the dust coming out of it, and then his brother came out of the hole, and then afterward the smaller snakes; and these all went down to the tree and climbed up into it. The tree was thick with them. Then the boy did as he had done before. He went close to the hole, and took his brother up in his arms and hugged him, and the great snake thrust out his tongue, as if kissing him. Then the boy spoke again and said, "Now, brother, I am going away, and I give you these two animals and this woman to keep. They are yours." Then he started for his home, and after a long time he arrived at the village.

After a time, he determined to start off again on the warpath, and this time he took a party with him. He had told the whole tribe what had happened, and how his brother had protected and helped him; and he said to those warriors who were going with him, "Let each one of you take a present with you for my brother; some beads or eagle feathers or some tobacco as an offering, so that he may help you." They started south to go to the place where his brother lived. When they got there, the young man said to the others, "Now you must, each one of you, give something to my brother. Call him by his kin name, and ask him to help you, and to make you successful; and leave the things before the hole." They did as he said, and when they had made their presents, they went by. They saw nothing, for the brother did not call out the great snake.

Two or three days after they had passed the place, they found a camp of Sioux, and took a lot of horses and killed some of the

enemy. Then they went back, and when they came to the snake's home, they took a horse and led it up near the hole and killed it, and gave it to him, and left the scalps at the mouth of the hole as presents to him. When they reached the village, there was great joy and a good time. They had all kinds of dances, for they were glad that the war party had killed some Sioux.

After that another war party started out, and the brother said to them, "Go straight to my brother, and make him a present, and ask him to give you good luck, and you will be successful." And it happened as he had said.

The brother was always fortunate in war. He became a chief and was very rich, having many horses. Ever after that time, when he took the lead of a war party, all the poor men would come and say, "I want to go with you." They knew that his brother was a snake, and would give him good luck.



Some critics have seen the snake in the preceding story as embodying values that the Pawnee cherished. The reader may wish to decide that for himself or herself from other readings about the Pawnee. Critics have also seen the mosquitoes in the story that follows as a Pawnee picture of evil at its worst. You will probably decide what this story means on the basis of what you decide about the snake story. The source of this folk tale is George A. Dorsey's *Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee*.

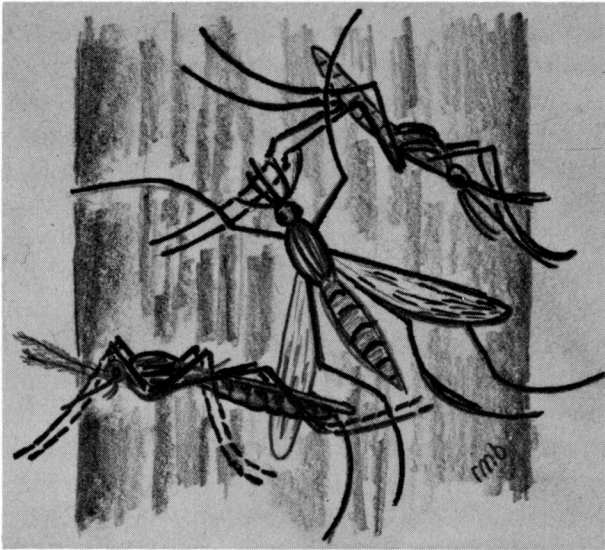
Mosquitoes

A man decided that he would pray to mosquitoes for help. So he stripped himself of all his clothing, and went into a thick timber near a pond. There the mosquitoes swarmed about him, and bit him so that blood ran down on him. His face was swollen, but he would not lift his hand to kill them. He cried and cried, telling the mosquitoes that he was poor in heart and had come to feed them and for them to give him some power which they might

have. He stayed and stayed, expecting some of them to whisper in his ear that they would pity him.

All at once he heard someone shouting, and the voice seemed to come near him. So the man cried louder. The object flew around him and said: "I am chief of these people. We have no power to give to anyone. The Father made us to suck blood. So you had better go to the creek, wash, and go home. We can do nothing for you. Go home. We can do nothing for you. Go home, or my people will drink all your blood, and you will die." So the man went home. Mosquitoes can pity nobody.

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V. BOY STORIES

The “boy” or “orphan boy” in Pawnee stories tells us how we are to treat the poor and outcasts. He also tells us what power such people may have. The following story comes from *Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee* by George A. Dorsey.

The Boy Who Talked with Lightning

A long time ago there was a family which prospered and had many children. All at once these people seemed to have ill fortune, for the father and mother died, and the boy had only one sister left.

The boy was poor. He left his sister with one of his aunts and wandered over the country. He made up his mind that if there was any power to be obtained from animals he would try to get it from them by making himself poor in heart. He climbed high hills, and cried until he was very weak. He gave up, then tried along rivers and ponds, but there were no signs of any animals. He went to places where he understood that mysterious human beings dwelt, such as scalped-man and wonderful dwarfs. These mysterious and wonderful beings did not seem to care for him. He was angry; he called the gods names; the animals he called hard names.

One day he climbed a high hill and stayed upon the top for many days. As the boy was lying down he heard the storm coming up. He stood up; then he saw dark clouds coming over him, and gave bad names to the storm, rain, lightning, and wind; for he had been wandering over the land, and the gods in the heavens had refused to listen to his cry. The animal gods had also refused to hear his crying, so he was angry. The storm passed over him,

although it thundered over his head, the lightning striking around him. Still he stood there, pleading with the gods in the clouds to kill him.

A few days afterwards another storm came up, and by this time the boy's heart was softened, and he cried hard. He spoke and said: "Whatever you are, Lightning, take pity upon me. I am poor." All at once the boy was struck by Lightning. The people in the bottom had been watching the boy. After the storm the people went up the hill to see the boy; but when they arrived there was no boy. They sought and sought for his body, and at last they found it.

Some wished to take him to the village in order that they might bury him; but one man, who seems to have been related to the boy, came and said: "Let us go and look at him." So the people went, and found him with his face downward. One man said: "Turn him over." They did so, and saw on his face many streaks of red, yellow, blue, and green.* The streaks were lightning. The same colors and streaks were upon his hands. The same man who had spoken before said: "Let us leave him, for he is not killed." So they left him.

When they had left him, the boy saw a man who said: "Well, you now see me; I am that being who makes lightning in the clouds. I am that being whom you wish to see. My face is lightning, as also are my hands. I touched you with my lightning, and I put marks upon your face and hands, as on mine. You can now travel with me in the clouds. When it thunders you must listen, for it is my voice; you can hear me speak."

So the boy joined the man, and they journeyed far into the heavens, within the clouds. They came back, and Lightning said: "There you are; go home to your people."

The boy seemed to awake. He looked around, but could see nobody. He sat up; he looked at his hands; he saw the different colors, and knew that all he had seen was true. So he went to the

*The colors of the four semi-cardinal directions, blue being substituted for black and green for white.

village. His sister's home was with his aunt; so he went to this place.

The people all looked at him, for he had been struck by lightning but was not killed. He entered the lodge. Then people began to go into the lodge to see him. He did not have much to say. The people saw the marks upon his face. The man, after that, was known as Thunder-Man.

Thunder-Man was wonderful; he did not stay at his home. Every time a rainstorm came he would sit still, and when it thundered he would make a motion with his head, as much as to say, "Yes, I hear you." Then the man would leave the lodge and would be gone several days. He became a great warrior, but never doctored the people. The witch-people were afraid of him; for they were the ones who had killed his father. The man never touched them.

Another poor boy in the village made friends with Thunder-Man. One day Thunder-Man said to the poor boy: "I know what you want, but I cannot give you power, though I can place you on the hill and call on the Thunders to take pity upon you. But I know your heart is weak, and you will give up." But the poor boy said: "No, I will go with you, and I will stay where you put me." So the man took the poor boy and placed him upon the hill.

The day was clear, but all at once it became cloudy. It stormed and thundered; lightning flashed all around the boy; he became frightened, stood up, and left the place. Thunder-Man came and stood before him and said: "I knew you would run away. You are not poor, as you thought you were. Lightning, by his thunders, will not speak to you, nor will you understand the thunder. I, myself, will give you a little power. These paints I give you," he said, "and a rainbow you will draw upon your forehead, so that you will always remember that you became afraid of the Lightning, and that it was I who gave you the rainbow and the picture of it to be upon your forehead."

Of this old Thunder-Man it is related that he used to climb up on the earth lodge and sit on top, his robe turned with the hair side outward. When it thundered he would speak loud, and tell the people what the Thunder said. They used to listen, for there were times when this old man told them that the god wanted the people to sweep out their lodges and to clean the ground outside;

that disease was certainly coming. The people always did what the old man said. At other times, in spring or summer, the old man used to tell all the people to take their children to the creek and bathe them, for the gods were to visit them in the clouds.

This man was a medicine man. Once, in the dance of the medicine men, he wished to cause thunder and make the lightning strike, but the other doctors forbade him, for they were afraid he would go beyond the powers given him by Lightning. The old man was also a priest of all the rain bundles.

The poor boy became a great warrior. Thunder-Man died of old age, and always told the people that there would never be any more flood upon earth, for so said the Thunders. The other young man died a few years afterwards, so the people did not know much about him.

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The following story is also from Dorsey's *Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee*. The grandmother in the story, who is associated with the ground and vegetables and the moon, is probably Mother Earth or as the Pawnee called her, "Mother Corn"; she can make vegetables and buffalo. The son is related to the Sun and runs in a circle. He collaborates with the woman in making buffalo and food. Placing a pole at the east of the lodge where the sun rises allows the hide to produce buffalo, a detail which would have had deep meaning for the Pawnee with their reverence for the East and Sun. So would the story's picture of the lowliest member of the tribe saving it from starvation.

The Boy and the Wonderful Robe

An old woman and her grandson lived all by themselves, close to the thick timber. West of their tipi was the village. Their tipi was built of timber and grass; there was no hide covering. They were very poor; they had hardly anything to eat. The woman used to go through the camp, begging for something to eat.

One day the boy wandered off and was gone for several days. The old woman was mourning for him. The boy returned. He told his grandmother to hang up the bow and arrow. The bow was very much bent; it was more round than is usual for a bow. The boy had four arrows.

Another day the boy went off with his bow and arrows. When he came back he had on a buffalo robe; this was given to him by the man in the south, who had said: "You are not to wrap this robe about you, but you are to use it in a certain way."

In the night the boy had a dream, and he was told what he was to do with the robe. The grandmother was very hungry. So the next day the boy told his dream to his grandmother and she said: "Very well; let us try it." The boy told his grandmother to dig a hole within the tipi, on the east, to bring a post about five feet high, and set it firmly in the ground. The old woman did as she was bid. Then the boy got the black lariat, put it around the buffalo robe, and tied it to the post that had been erected. He then stretched the robe across the tipi, and told his grandmother to pull it and shake it. All this time he had his bow and arrow, and as the woman was shaking the buffalo robe the boy was running around the fireplace. After a time the buffalo robe showed signs of life, while the old woman was getting frightened and tired, and shrieked for the boy to do something—turn loose the buffalo or kill it. The boy ran around the fireplace, went up to the buffalo, and shot it under the shoulder through the heart, so that it dropped dead. He went up and took off the robe, and beneath they found a buffalo. They had made one. So the old woman folded up the robe and put it away. She then got her knife, skinned the buffalo, and took the meat. So they had plenty of meat.

The old woman would take pieces of meat off from the buffalo, jerk it, and dry it. When the meat was dry she put it in the parfleche,* so that she had meat stored away. She now dug a hole in the ground, about five or six feet deep. The hole was about

*Parfleche—a carrying case which looked like an envelope.

a foot and a half in diameter, and small; as she dug down she began to make the hole larger, so that she had a cellar.

Every day the old woman became hungry for fresh meat, so she told the boy that they needed more. Then the boy would take the robe, tie the head to the post, and tell his grandmother to take hold of the tail; she would shake the robe, the boy would run around the fireplace, and after a time the robe would show signs of life. When the old woman began to scream that there was now a buffalo inside the robe he would run up to it, shoot it, and kill it. They would then skin the buffalo to get the meat.

One day, after they had done this, the old woman was jerking her meat and drying it and the boy was roasting meat on hot coals, when he took the meat off and told the old woman to hide it, for somebody was coming. As soon as the meat had been secreted a person entered the tipi, and it was Many-Claws, or Coyote. As soon as Coyote entered he said: "My sister, I smelled burning meat as I went by your tipi; that is why I came in. It smelled good, for the people in the village yonder are starving; they had nothing to eat, and they told me that they had nothing." So Coyote went off. Every day after that Coyote would come and sit around in the lodge; for he knew that these folk were having meat.

One day Coyote came and the young boy and the old woman were sorry for him, and the boy told his grandmother to roast meat for Coyote. The old woman did so and he ate. He went off. Early the next morning, before daylight, Coyote was there again, and he said: "Sister, shall I gather wood for you and bring water so that you can get breakfast?" The old woman said he might do it. So Coyote brought a lot of wood and water. The woman got up and cooked breakfast.

As soon as Coyote went away the boy told the grandmother that they had better kill a buffalo before Coyote returned. She said: "Very well." So the boy got the robe, tied the head to the post, and the old woman took hold of the tail. She began to shake the buffalo robe by the tail, and the boy began to run round. The boy ran up and killed the buffalo. Then the old woman took off the robe, and there was a buffalo. She laid away the robe.

They skinned the buffalo and cut up the meat. Most of the meat was jerked and put in the cellar; the remaining meat and the bones were secreted in the tipi.

While the old woman was roasting a piece of meat brother Coyote came in. They gave him the meat. He ate the meat. Then he looked around the tipi to see if he could find more meat piled up, for he was now sure that these people kept fresh meat. He looked about, but could see nothing. So he made up his mind that he would return, for he thought that if the boy was away he could influence the old woman. But the boy would not go, and when Coyote returned to the tipi he saw a thigh-bone with meat roasting on the hot coals. He was surprised. He said: "Somewhere these folks must have buffalo." So Coyote told the woman that he now would make his home with her; for all his other relatives had died. He stayed with her. The young man told his grandmother to give some meat to Coyote for him to take home to his people. They gave him meat, and he took it home.

Now Coyote returned and made his home with them. They could not get rid of him long enough to kill another buffalo. So the boy said: "I will now let my uncle know our secret. When we were alone we killed the buffalo by ourselves, but now I shall have to change my custom. Give me my moccasins." He put on his moccasins and robe, and went out.

When he returned he sat down in the tipi, drew his robe tightly about him, and said: "Grandmother, go out and cry around our tipi, saying that I have gone to the red hills yonder, and that I have seen a young buffalo; then come in, arrange the buffalo hide as usual, and we shall kill."

All this time Coyote was sitting at the entrance, shouting "Thank you!"

So the old woman tied the head of the robe to the post and got behind it, seized the tail, pulled it, and shook it; the boy ran around, and Coyote jumped, until he had to leave the tipi. The old woman began to scream, while the boy jumped to the buffalo and shot it, killing it. They skinned the buffalo, cut up the meat, and some was given to Coyote to take home. Coyote took the meat,

but returned to the boy's tipi, and now made his home with them. Coyote gained flesh, while the other people in the village were starving.

One day the boy told the old woman to go and ask the chief if he might marry one of his daughters. The chief left it to the girls, and the girls asked that the boy come to their tipi. The young man went, and when he reached their tipi one of the older girls said that the youngest should have the boy. So the boy sat down by the youngest girl. The others did not like the boy, for he looked dirty, and they did not wish him to be on their side of the tipi.

Once the boy came to the girl's tipi, and he knew that his wife was very hungry; he took with him a piece of fat, gave it to the girl, and told her to eat it in the night, and when she should have eaten enough, to lay it away. He also told her that she must not take a great deal at one mouthful, but little bites, and to take her time while eating.

Looking at the meat, the girl thought it was a very small piece. She could not get enough. She ate the meat with little bites. Once in a while she would feel the piece and it would be of the same size. So the girl kept the meat and ate it in the nights, while her sisters, father, and mother were starving. One night the boy came with a piece of meat and told the girl to give it to her mother, and bid her eat by night, and when she had had sufficient, to give it to her husband and let him eat.

The other girls were always making fun of the boy and his wife. So the boy took his wife to his grandmother's tipi, and seated her on the south side of the tipi, while he himself sat on the west and the old woman on the northeast. He bade the old woman put a robe about her, while he and the girl did the same thing. A great storm came and blew away their old tipi; after it had blown away, he told the old woman to get the new tipi and put it over the pole. Another storm came. On the west side there seemed to be a knocking on the tipi at the place where his bow and arrows were hung. The wind came into the tipi, went around it, covered up the boy, and then disappeared. The boy sat there

with the robe, and on the robe was a picture of the Sun. On the back of his tipi was also a picture of the Sun. On the poles was hung a sacred bundle, with gourd rattles upon it. This bundle had been made from the bow and arrows that the boy possessed.

The next morning the boy bade his grandmother open the cellar where they had been storing meat, and pile the parfleches with meat on the north side. Then he invited the chief and his warriors to come and eat with him, Crow-Feathers (Coyote) following them. They came. They ate of the meat. Then they returned to their village. The father-in-law and mother-in-law stayed with the boy. Crow-Feathers then went after the other men to bid them come and eat. They came and sat around the tipi. The parfleche was opened, and the meat was cut and handed to the people to eat. They were filled. They went to their homes. Then the women were invited, and they, too, were fed. The girls were invited, and they ate and went home. The chief and his wife went home.

The boy told Crow-Feathers to bid the chief have the crier make proclamation for all to keep still, and not make any noise, as he desired so to arrange it that they might have food the next day. So Crow-Feathers went and told the chief, and the crier went through the village and told the people to keep still.

That night the young man and the old woman took the wonderful robe and went to the north side of the village, where there was thick timber. There they threw up the robe. The wind rose from the different world quarters. The winds came up, and blew over the bottom through the timber, so that deer, antelope, and other animals were driven into this timbered country. The rats were made to bring their ground beans to this place and bury them. Hog potatoes were put in this ground. The wind kept blowing all night. By daylight the young man and the grandmother went home with their robe.

Now this night Crow-Feathers went to the chief, telling him to come to the young man's tipi. The chief went, and he was told to send for his braves and the crier. The young man told them what to do; that they should surround the bottom, but that his

grandmother must cry around the tipi, telling them how to proceed. So Crow-Feathers went with them. They went up to the chief's tipi and were instructed to cry through the village, as the old woman cried around the tipi, telling them how to surround the bottom. So Crow-Feathers went through the village, crying as he went, bidding the people to surround the bottom, and take whatever came in their way—if they found a quantity of hog potatoes to take it. If they found beans, the people were to take them.

The men and women went to the place and surrounded it. They yelled and made noises. They went through the timber as they surrounded the place, and drew closer about the timber. As they went through the men saw deer, antelope, and other game leap from the timber. Some saw buffalo, others saw raccoons in the trees, the women were digging artichokes and ground beans, and the people slaughtered all kinds of animals. The boy did not have anybody to go out for him, but they brought much game to his tipi. The people had plenty to eat.

In a few days they again did the same thing, and they brought lots of things home to eat. Four times they did this, and the boy stopped and said: "Each one must now hunt his own game; these things that I have given you, which you found in the ground, were given to my grandmother by the Moon. The rest was given to me by the Sun. Now they are on the ground and in the ground. Let everyone hunt for these things for himself."

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The thunderbirds in the following story from *Traditions of the Skidi Pawnee* by George Dorsey represent the thunderstorms and all the creative uses of water. The water monster represents the destructive aspects of water—those which are enemies of man and man's groups, and of animals and their groups. The boy's conquest of the water monster and his saving of the lives of the young thunderbirds through a blunt weapon may hint at a basic Pawnee attitude toward Nature.

The Boys, the Thunderbird, and the Water Monster

There was a camp of Indians, and among them were two boys who were always hunting. They went to a lake and there remained for some time. They did not kill beavers and otters, or any animals that lived in the water. For many months they lived near the lake, eating plums and grapes, and killing small game.

One night they heard strange noises in the lake, and for a long time they listened and watched. They went to sleep, and when they woke found themselves in a lodge of the animals.* These animals said that they brought them, because they wished them to kill a monster which was in the lake; it was killing the young of all the animals; all the animals had tried to kill the monster and had failed. "Now," said the animals, "we have made for you bows and arrows; put your own aside. We have two otter quivers for you, in which you can put these arrows. The sharp-pointed ones you can use to kill game. The blunt ones you can use if the monster should come your way. Shoot the monster in the mouth, and you will kill him. Now you can go; when you have killed this monster, return and we will teach you something else." The boys took the otter quivers and slung them upon their backs. They stood still, for the animals made a great noise, and the boys did not know anything. When they came to know, they were again upon dry land.

Now the boys lingered about the lake, expecting at any time to see the monster come out. But the monster never showed itself. So the boys left the lake and went toward a high hill, which sloped down to the water. They climbed the hill, and found that the top was flat. It was a small top, for there was a steep bank on the west side, also on the north and south sides. One of the boys went to the edge of the hill and found a rock, and on the rock was a nest, and in the nest were two young thunderbirds. "Come," said the boy, "here are two birds; let us take care of them." So the other boy went and saw the birds. "Let us alone, our

*This is probably a lodge of the Nahurac or holy animals who are in conference here.

brothers," both birds said. So they found worms and grasshoppers for them. Once in a while the mother bird would come with something to eat and seemed pleased with the boys.

For several days they lingered around the top of the hill. Once they saw a small cloud coming, and were afraid of getting wet. But when the cloud reached them it sprinkled a little, and the cloud passed on down toward the lake, thundering and lightning. They saw two thunderbirds flying over the clouds, and when the birds opened their mouths it caused thunder; waving their wings made lightning. When the cloud got to the lake it lightnined and thundered more. The cloud seemed to stand still. Then the cloud again moved, and it came to the hill where they were. Now and then the bird came and would look at its young; then it would scream and fly again into the clouds, causing lightning and thunder. The cloud came nearer, and as it approached the boys went toward it, and they saw the monster coming. It was something like a reptile; its tail was still in the lake.

The monster did not seem to care for the lightning, for the lightning struck the monster, but seemed not to hurt it. It was climbing slowly, while the mother bird kept going to her young.

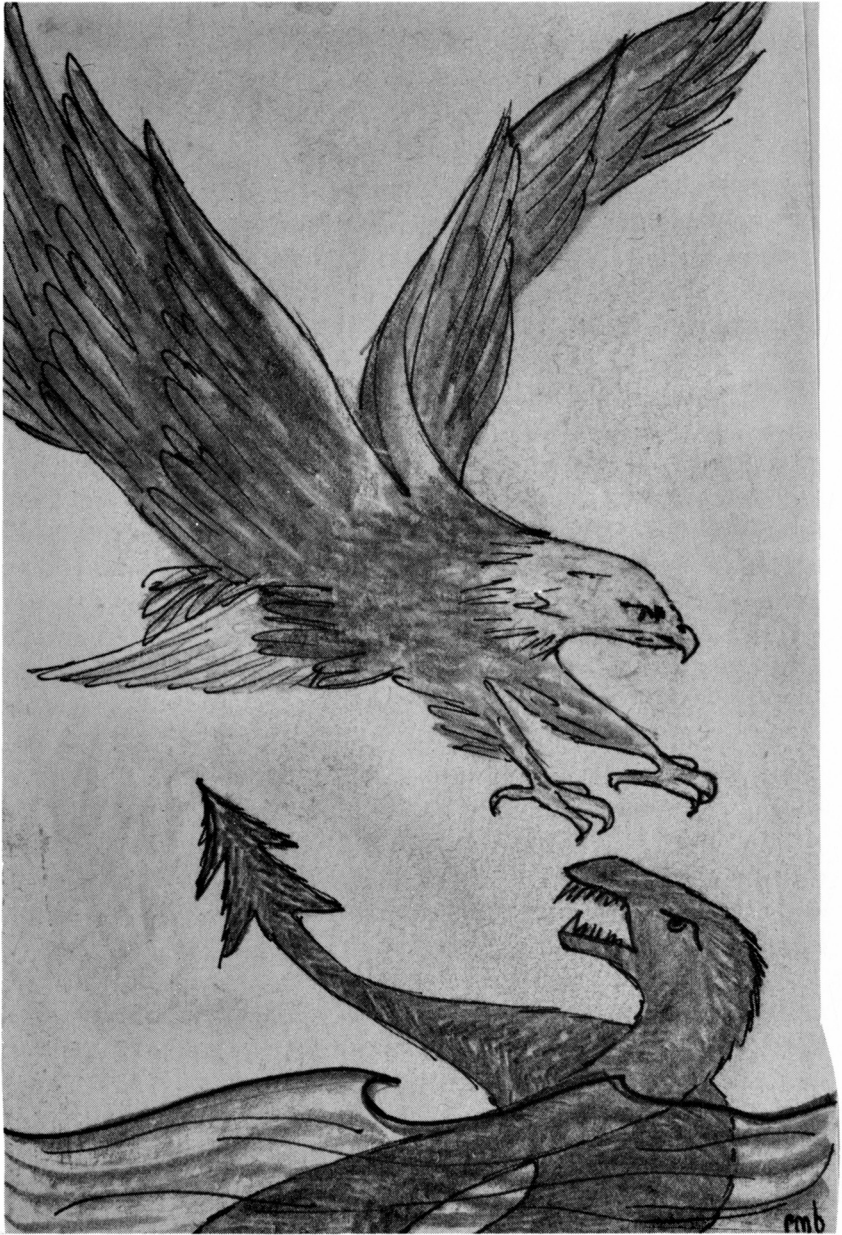
All at once the bird cried out and said: "Boys, help me save my young. Save them, and I will give you power to create thunder and lightning. Have pity on me. The monster seeks my children."

So the boys, in their eagerness to help the mother bird, pulled out their arrows and ran toward the slanting hill, and there they stood and shot at the monster, but the arrows failed to go through it.

The bird called again, and one of the boys said: "Brother, the monster is near; pull out the blunt arrow." They both took out their blunt arrows, and as the monster opened its mouth to swallow the young birds they shot the arrows in, so that it burst, flew backward, and fell on its back, dead.

The arrows, as they were shot, grew to huge trees, with roots, so the monster could not move them. The mother bird flew around the boys with joy, for now her young were safe.

The mother bird kept her promise, and taught the boys how



to create thunder and lightning. The boys did not go to the lodge of the animals, for they knew they were happy, and the power they had they thought was enough. They did many wonderful things, but never told the story until once on a time they prayed for rain and it rained. Then they told the story.

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VI. COYOTE STORIES

In the days of the oral tradition, the coyote was not a respected animal. He was the Pawnee Trickster. He was able to get the other animals to do foolish things. Of course Pawnee parents used coyote stories to teach their children the quality of cunning. Sometimes the trick backfired, and coyote was caught. In the following story, Coyote misleads a buffalo over a precipice.

Coyote and the Blind Buffalo

Coyote was going along, and he came to a hilly country, and he went up on the hill, and he saw a steep bank on the east side, and he saw a buffalo on top of the hill, and he said, "Grandfather, what are you doing?"

The buffalo said, "I am sitting here and cannot see."

Coyote sang this song:

Dance, grandfather, dance;
I will kill you if you do not dance;
I will not kill you if you dance.

Then Coyote would say, "Move over this way a little!" So the buffalo kept moving over a little, toward where Coyote was singing. Coyote would move on and then sing again, and the buffalo would dance, and Coyote would say, "Move this way a little!"

After a while this fellow Coyote was standing right on the edge of a precipice, and he kept on singing for the buffalo to move over a little, calling him toward him so as to get him over the precipice. Coyote succeeded, and the buffalo fell over the precipice, where he broke his neck.

Coyote said, "Now I cheated him and broke his neck." He pulled his tongue out and said, "Now I can have some supper."

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In the following story, on a pretense of showing marvels, Coyote attracts turkeys, and then proceeds to kill them while they were dancing.

Coyote and the Turkeys

Coyote was going along, and he came to a village of many turkeys. "How am I to get some of these turkeys," he thought to himself. "I know," he thought.

So he went and found a buffalo horn. He took the buffalo horn and went to the village. He dug a hole and set the large end of the horn in the ground so that the sharp point was upward. He then halloed: "You people in the village, come and see what a wonderful thing I have found."

So they gathered around Coyote, for they were turkeys and were afraid. They came closer, and saw the horn. So the turkeys all halloed: "It is wonderful!" Coyote sang and the turkeys danced around the horn.

Coyote had a club, and as they danced around the horn, Coyote struck several on their necks and killed them. So the turkeys ran away and Coyote picked up the dead ones and packed them home.

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Next, the Coyote learns from an eagle how to make a fish-line of his own hide, but pulls off his scalp. His children take him for a scalped-man, and run themselves to death.

Coyote and Eagle

There was a family of coyotes, and they were very hungry. The old Coyote then swung his quiver over his shoulder and said, "Old woman, I will travel until I find something for the children to eat."

So Coyote went off and traveled far. He came to a big stream of water, and there he saw an eagle sitting on the bank and pulling out fish. He looked at the eagle a long time, and then said, "Grandchild, I wish I were like you. When you get hungry, you sit by the water and catch fish. My children are hungry, crying for something to eat. Could you not help me?"

"Yes," said the eagle, "I can help you. Take the fish I caught, carry them home and let your children eat them."

"No, grandchild," said Coyote, "I do not want that. I want to learn your power to catch fish, so when my children get hungry I can come and catch fish, for I may not always find you."

"That is easily done," said the eagle. "Come now, and sit down here and be brave."

"Yes, grandchild," said Coyote.

The eagle took out his knife and began to cut the skin over Coyote's head [Coyote was making all kinds of faces on account of the pain he received from the cutting.] And he cut on down his back to the end of the tail. "Now once more," said the eagle. So again he cut the skin over Coyote's head, down his back to the end of his tail. So the eagle had a strip of Coyote's hide, from his head to his tail, but not cut loose on top of his head. So when Coyote wanted to fish, he could make a motion with his head and the strip would fall into the water. On making another head movement, the string would be pulled back.

"Now," said the eagle, "you have a line. Throw it in the water, and when you get a bite, pull your head and you will draw out a fish. In throwing your line in the water, always say, 'Fish upstream, bite on my line,' and they will come and bite. Four times you must catch fish. Then put the line down your back, go home with your fish and come some other time."



This time Coyote caught four good-sized catfish, and went home happy. As he neared his tipi he halloed for his wife, and told her how he caught the fish. "I now can catch fish any time," said Coyote to the old woman. "A bald eagle was catching fish in the stream, and I begged him to teach me how, so you see our children will not become hungry any more. Make a fire, boil the fish, and after we eat I will go and get some more." After the meal he went again, and brought more fish.

Next day Coyote said, "Old woman, take the children to the timber and gather wood so we can build a fire, for I want to get big fish this time."

So he went down to the stream and he threw in his line four times, and each time caught a fish. The fifth time he threw his line in, thinking that there would be no danger, and at the same time he called the fish downstream to bite. He soon got a bite, for something pulled on his line, which seemed heavy. Coyote said, "Wah! Wah! Wah!" And all at once the fish seemed to have pulled, and Coyote pulled too, but the fish pulled and finally Coyote's whole scalp was pulled off to the point of his nose. Coyote began to cry, seeing that his teeth were not covered.

He took up his quiver and ran home. On his way home he came to the timber where his people were gathering wood. One of the children saw him and said, "Scalped-man, Mother! Scalped-man, Mother!" The mother saw him and said, "Run, children, that is a scalped-man, sure enough!"

They all ran, and he would try to call to them, but they could not make out what he meant. He kept on after them, and as they did not stop he thought, "Why, they know my arrows. I shall shoot one in front of them, so when they pick it up they will know it is I."

So he shot an arrow, and the old woman saw it. "Run, children!" said the woman, "he is shooting at us! Run!" So they kept it up, until all died, for they were tired of running. Old Coyote cried and went off to live by himself.

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In the story that follows, Coyote befools a bear, but is detected and killed. (Coyote has magical powers, he could die in one story and come alive for the next story.)

Coyote and Bear

Coyote was going along, and as he got into a timbered country, just before he went down a hill where there were many rocks right at the foot of the hill, he saw a bear coming up. Coyote did not say anything. Coyote thought to himself: "What shall I do? That bear will surely kill me. I know. I shall take this rope that is coiled around my shoulders and put it on this rock [there was a big rock that was sticking out from the ground], and shall make a loop and lie down by it, so that when the bear comes up I will dare him to carry the rock as I have carried it."

As the bear came up, Coyote drew a big breath, as if he was very tired. The bear looked down and said, "Well, my grandfather, what are you doing?"

Coyote drew a big breath again and said, "I am tired. I have been carrying this stone." Coyote got out of the loop and stood by one side and said, "Now, grandson, I should like to see you lift this rock up. I have been carrying it, but I want to see if you can carry it."

So the bear got hold of the rope and worked and worked away, but did not move the rock.

Coyote said, "Walk away from here. You cannot move what I can carry." The bear felt very bad, and went off.

Just as the bear went over the hill, Coyote took off his ropes from the stone and ran away, going over the hills. As Coyote was climbing a high hill he looked down and saw the bear going. He said, "There goes the bear that got fooled." So Coyote went up on the hill, then howled at the bear, and said, "You bear going along there, I am a great cheat. I never carried that stone."

The bear did not hear this, but took to thinking, "Well, now, I am the strongest animal living. I cannot understand how Coyote

could carry that stone and I cannot move it. I will go back and see if he did carry that stone away.”

So the bear went back, and there was the stone, the ropes taken off and Coyote gone. The bear then said, “Well, I was fooled. I will go after that Coyote and kill him.”

So the bear got upon the trail of Coyote, and when the bear was climbing up the hill where Coyote was, Coyote saw the bear coming. So Coyote ran and kept running, but the bear kept on following him. He was about to catch up with Coyote when Coyote ran down the creek and rolled himself in the mud and lay down along the bank of the creek, all muddy, trying to make himself appear like a log.

The bear followed him after he had gone to the creek, and could not see him. He hunted around the bank, and as he was about to give Coyote up, he thought he would drink before he went off. So he went to the log, as he thought, and rested his claws upon it, and just as he was about to take a drink of water, something moved. He looked down and saw that the thing was moving, and said, “Why, this thing moves.”

Coyote then begged. The bear said, “No! I have come a long way after you, and I must kill you.”

And the bear killed Coyote. And that is the reason why we find, over the prairies, a coyote lying dead, here and there, as if they have been trying to kill some other animal and have been killed by the other animals.

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