



Curt (John Curtis) and Nancy Perkins Wynecoop

**IN THE STREAM:
AN INDIAN STORY**

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II TIMOTHY 2:15

*“Study to shew thyself approved unto God,
A workman that needeth not to be ashamed,
rightly dividing the word of truth.”*

DEDICATION:

This book is dedicated to my mother, NANCY PERKINS WYNECOOP. Everyone who knew her loved her, and her life among THE SPOKANE TRIBE OF INDIANS was one of honor and honesty.

Much of the time spent with her in getting this book together was during the last few months of her life and often when she was in deep physical pain. It was a gallant effort to save the Indian way of life, and the many stories which are basic to their beliefs.

THANKS:

To my sister, Bernice Wynecoop Wendlandt, for her help in earlier years, and to my cousin, Kay Hale, for all the help she has given in getting the book into print.

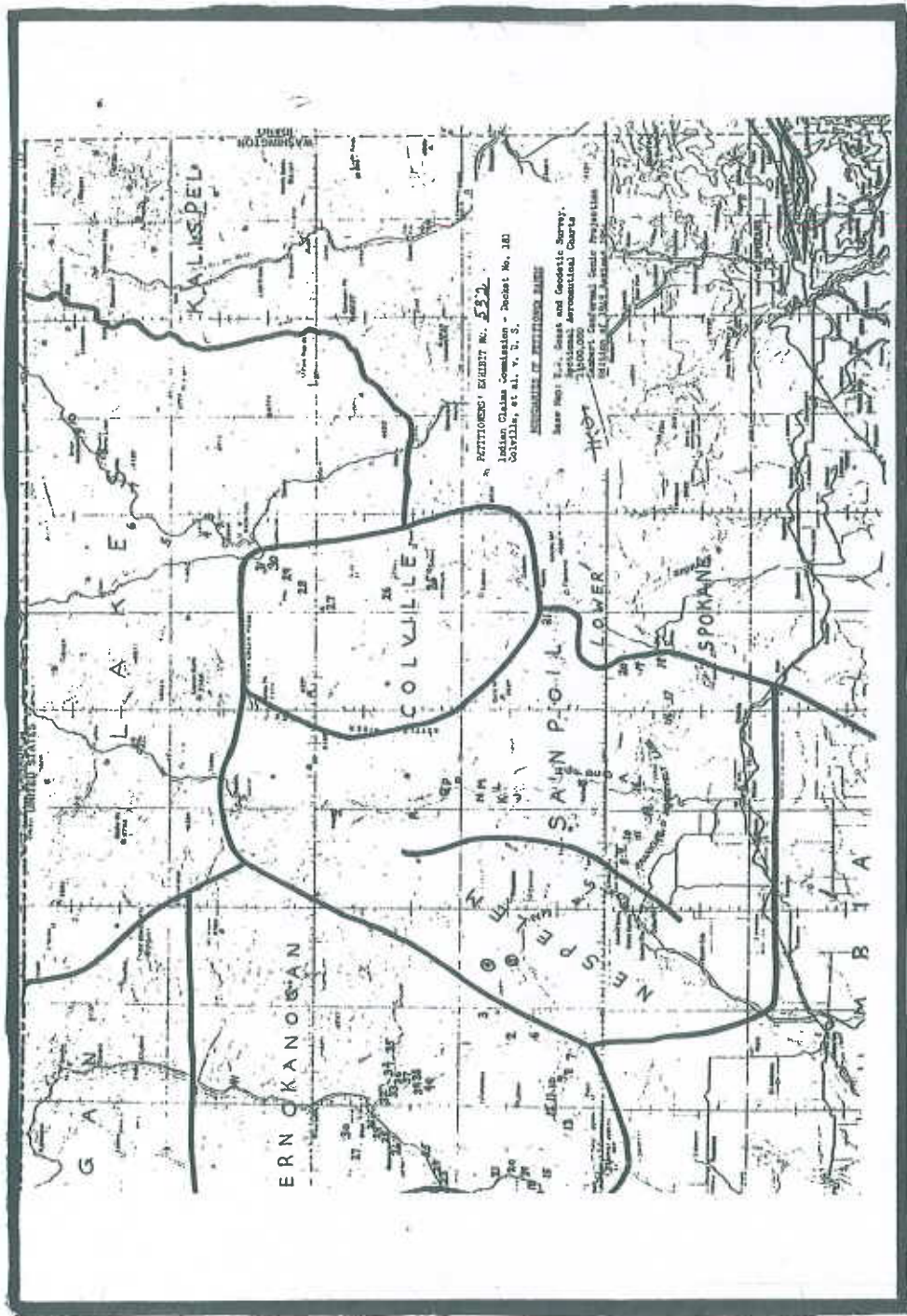
SPECIAL THANKS:

To my niece Audrey Wendlandt Turner for her much-needed help with the publication of the book.

N. Wynecoop Clark

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PART I

NANCY TELLS OF
ABLE-ONE'S CHILDHOOD

INTRODUCTION: AN INDIAN STORY

This story took place some years ago. It would be safe to say the year 1815, however the real date of our grandmother's birth is indefinite. The season was late fall and this story opens in the stormy part of the year, in weather as well as in social and physical circles. The story of an Indian life that no white man has been able to understand will be uncovered by this relating of my grandmother's life. The white man, because of lack of understanding, has often condemned the race as being savage and devilish.

The winter campground for my great-grandparents was on the bank of the Columbia River or, as the Indian calls it, the Growling Waters; about Kettle Falls and where the river is at its wildest. Here it outlines the shape of the kettle or Indian cooking basket which in turn reminds us of the old iron kettle of the white man. This shape gave the name to Kettle River above and Kettle Falls below.

The weather was very wet and the women were driven to the hills in search of wood because the river had risen and soaked the drift piles in the backwater of the Kettle. This wood had always supplied the winter fires. The women paddled upstream, loaded their canoes, and drifted back to a point nearest their tepee. Then carrying it on their backs it was stored in great piles near the doors. This was a daily task for the surplus accumulated against the heavy and hard days of the winter that often brought sickness. The task of gathering fuel was a sacred duty granted women, since the true approach to harmony was through service well done. The purging and cleansing nature of fire was necessary to women. The woman was counted unclean and her station compelled her to do unclean tasks. The continual blaze was for her eternal cleansing. She forged and fashioned her destiny by her bare hands and tireless feet, for she had no ax, saw or cart. She must race miles to gather broken pieces of wood, trusting to chance for provision. If a log was easy to split she used the horn wedge and stone maul to fashion it into thin slabs. These were to be used for mats, paddles, canoes, snow shovels, or picks for hot stones (used in cooking) and red coals (to start the new fire). They would even be used as an instrument for carrying clean ashes to the bath. All the rough and uneven parts made good fuel.

And now we shall enter the many-poled council house, the first entrance being for the women. The men must go to the other end to enter through a low opening with a mat door as a curtain. Down the center are the fire pits, stationed at regular

intervals with cooking baskets and pokers between. All sit with their feet to the fire, on a continual couch formed by a log on each side of the fire where fir boughs have been pushed into the ground and allowed to lap over each other to form a springy surface. Grass is piled on these to bring it above the log and heavy woven mats are used for daytime and fur robes for night.

The long winter evenings were spent in sewing, tanning hides, basket and mat weaving by the women and in the making of bow and arrow, spear, flint instruments, and tireless scraping to form paddles or canoe bows, fish traps, stone sledges, spoons and bowls for the men's industrious hands. There was also storytelling time which often terminated in a council and open court where tribal laws were exercised over any offender who may have broken the strict law of government.

This particular winter, 1815, differed from others for some reason. Perhaps the prolonged rains, poor sanitation, and the dread East that seemed to be stealthily casting an evil spell on the healthy West were the main factors to be concerned. There had been a throat disease, diphtheria I now know, among the young members of the Colville Indians and a small remnant of the Narrow Lake tribe which had been driven south by the Kootnea and Seewhapina tribes (of which my great-grandparents were the lineal Chief and Princess). This direct line of ancestry gives me access to an inner circle of the real Indian life and soul.

My great-grandfather, whose last name was Withered-Top or Skie-Yaw-Teekin, was aging rapidly. This name had been given him after he buried three fine sons and a lovely daughter in the sandbank of the Columbia River just opposite Marcus as it stood before the building of the Grand Coulee Dam. He had gone blind at this time and many said that his eyes followed his children. There were hundreds of little ones of the friendly Colville tribe buried here. (The cemetery was moved after the Grand Coulee Dam was built.)

Findings of factual evidence of numerous deaths were still taking place when the Coulee Dam was built — 1933-42. Very little has been told of the terrible tragedy of my tribal losses. The medicine men declared many things and were baffled by the fact that their secret signs failed to bring the desired results. Every token of healing was brought forth to no avail. The old grandmothers believed that there was covered sin and inward disobedience in the tribe. Daily arguments were delivered where all might hear. The men spoke in trembling self-condemnation while the woeful wail of the mothers must have wrung the stoutest heart. My grandmother always wept when she told the story of her first memory and her own great sorrow shadowed and controlled her life. She had been born on the narrow shore opposite the present town of Bossburg, called the Low Pass in those far away days following this unhappy winter. The children that were left had been healed, and no dances were being held that year.

Chapter 1

The Song of the Generous Supply and Able-One, My Grandmother

The month of March 1815 found the winter quarters deserted and the upper tribes moving upstream while the lower tribes drifted down the river or up the valley streams. Each group had its own leader who was sympathetic and kind but stern and unyielding toward any wrong done in tribal relations. There were young people to give in marriage and train to leadership.

The training of the boys was given in strict confidence by the men in their own quarters. Just as soon as a boy was able to walk alone, he drew away from his mother and any feminine associates, to be literally absorbed into manhood.

The shore line was full of tepees. The families had grouped together, and Withered-Top sat in the long council house and drew all men about him in a late but very necessary council.

The birth of Able-One took place beside a bathing pool warmed by hot stones. Here she had been washed and oiled, wrapped in soft skins well padded with the down of the cattail which every mother kept in a skin bag, and placed in her place on the pillow.

When the news of her birth reached her father, Withered-Top, he answered, "A new hand for her mother, for she will strengthen and increase the supply as well as comfort and cheer our hearts. A son-in-law will sustain like a son but a son is often

ruled by a strange woman. Her name shall be Able-One for she covers the space of four children; a sprout of a weakened tribe and my last growth."

There was one thing that must be done by the women at this time, before life started in tree or plant. There must be an invitation demonstration. A sweet and solemn invitation to nature for a generous fruitage. There was no set time for this demonstration, so the day after Able-One was born her mother was thrilled by the Song of the Generous Supply.

The news had been given the day before that a fine dry tree had blown down and this meant wood for all. The high wind was a friend of women for it crushed the trees into small pieces. The women took their straps and started before the dawn cast its gleam upon the eastern sky. They had filed up the hill where snow and mud lay frozen. The crumbled tree was about halfway up that long hill. Movable parts of the tree were soon carried down to the campground. By ten o'clock, according to our time, the carriers had gone back to gather the last bits of wood. When one gathered an armful of burrs, she sprang upon the log that was adamant against their puny implements and bare hands. Here she began the Song of Fruitage that swayed and thrilled every woman and girl within hearing distance of her pleading voice. She stroked the burrs saying, "This is the wish of our womanhood. Let the bough bend with fruit and the ground heave up with roots." Then, stooping, she tore a section of bark from the log and waved it back and forth as she sang, "That our bark baskets may overflow and the supplies might flow through our hands." Leaping from the log she swayed into a dancing walk that the other women imitated to the best of their ability, unity being necessary to insure a definite purpose.

In twenty minutes that toiling, sweating and struggling mass of human services became a bounding stream of action, propelled by one desire and motive. Every act was a sign that interpreted a vast meaning which was to capture nature in its most tender age and bind their hopes into its growth. Their message of invitation must be spread before the Gods that govern growth. Their request was launched at the beginning of the time of flowing sap and would be sent through the grass and vegetation until it ended in the empty cone of next year. All the parts were rehearsed time and again as their slowing ranks moved over the crest of the hill, each holding high a pine cone as a symbol of fruitage and a piece of bark to represent baskets for filling.

My great-grandmother, being in isolation, could not take part in the ceremony but, as the wife of the Chief, she must give her consent and signs. Her first act was to take the sign of purity and cleansing by plunging her hands into a pile of ashes kept for all such purposes, pouring it on her arms and rubbing it in. Then, taking her wee daughter from the pillow, she stepped out of her small tepee and walked swiftly to the storehouse where her root digger fashioned from deer antlers was stored in a rawhide case that dangled from a high beam. She moved to a place beside the deep path down which the dancers were passing. Swinging her baby, laced in a snug little sack, she lifted her digger high into the air. This meant a full-hearted wish for plenty of camas and roots. Then, shaking her arm vigorously, as in intercession for strength,

she stepped with a quick stride that was to show her willingness to gather that which the Spirits might give. She pressed her child to her bosom, a sign of careful guardianship over life and strength and the willingness to make a shelter for her loved ones. Slowly turning she glanced down the line of tepees where other women were in retreat. Not a one was in sight, for they were each true to their sisters.

She lifted her eyes to the hills where the Spirits dwelt and prayed that her unclean state might not blight the coming crop or diminish the strength of the harvesters. Going into her tepee she placed the baby on her pillow and passed the horn digger through the small blaze, following it with her hands. Then, gripping the handle with her purged hands she came back and placed it in the case, awaiting the day when roots were ready to be pried from the ground.

On went the dancers, from camp to camp until every woman and girl had joined the wide circle that beat in exact step around the encampment. This dancing commenced about ten o'clock in the morning, and as the sun sank behind the steep western hill they were called to the one meal of the day.

As the last rays crept up the gentle eastern slope, they quietly gathered in the central opening where the men had built a bonfire and spread green boughs on the chilly ground. They were served by the men in designation of cooperation, and only the ones who had been cleansed by the sweatbath were allowed to come near the sacred food which the season annually supplied. The beautiful salmon trout which had been impaled on green stakes and roasted beside the open fire were taken by the men and placed on the ground before the women who helped themselves by taking what they wanted on their piece of bark. This meal lasted until every part had been eaten and the bones were carefully placed on their plates of bark. They arose as one body, and piling the boughs on their arms they placed the bark, bones and roasting spits on top and in one move carried them to the fires to be burned. The women withdrew while the men painstakingly burned every token of the day's worship. They left no remains for blight to use in working its evil spell into their hopes, and they stayed up all night to keep the fire and watch.

The early rays of the morning sun disclosed a combed and swept central court, and the men drew away to their own ground where those who had been unfit for the ceremony had roaring fires burning over red-hot stones. After cleansing and subduing the flesh with the sweatbath, they wrapped themselves in their fur robes and lay down beside the fire to sleep until they were refreshed. The women had left at daybreak to make the short journey across the Low Pass into the Kettle Valley where they built the fires to use in preparing the next catch of salmon.

By noon the able-bodied men had filed over the divide into the valley where the great fish traps were filling with the trout that were schooling upstream. The huge fires were ready and awaiting the landing of the trap's catch and the slaughter of the fish. They were cleaned and dressed, the remains being thrown back into the water as food for the living fish. The heavy willow mats were thoroughly washed after the cleaned meat was packed into coarse grass bags, to be carried across country to the camps on the Columbia River. As soon as a load was ready one of the women would

place her straps around it and, swinging it up onto her back, she would take the winding path which led over the rugged pass. The fish were strung on willow boughs and carried slung across the broad shoulders of the tired men. They took the straight and more difficult path but reached camp ahead of the women. Their supplies would be cooked and ready for them by the time they had taken their daily sweatbath.

There were women who kept the fires burning while those in retreat carried wood for the daily usage. They arranged this wood ready for the early morning baths, when the women did their washing in rock-lined pools beside the river.

This meal differed from the simple one of the day before. In every tepee there stood a soup basket, bubbling and steaming a safe distance from the fire. The cooking heat was supplied by hot rocks replacing cooled ones in these baskets. When the fish came there were generous portions placed around the fire. Fresh rabbits, groundhogs and pheasants were brought by the boys to give variety to the meal. These were all trussed on green sticks and stuck into the ground around the bright fire, completing the warm welcome for the weary fishers, hunters and camp wranglers.

When the men entered their homes, a place was cleared at their end of the tepee, and clean mats were placed where they might sit or recline. The women removed their soiled work dresses and donned the soft buckskin in readiness of serving their men. Hot soup was served first, in horn bowls with accompanying horn spoons. The meat spits were placed where all might reach them to serve themselves. In the grass baskets were seen piles of nut and fruit cakes and a clean basket of cool water completed this fare. There were no condiments to tickle the palate nor stimulants to create a thirst. Food was eaten only to satisfy hunger. With the deep sleep that comes from a busy outdoor life and its usual sweatbath they were refreshed. These people lived only to sustain the spirit and to do nothing which might offend or hinder its timely assistance.

Able-One was cradled in this environment. Because of the staggering loss of innumerable children near her age, she was doomed to be spoiled by her saddened parents, or else to be abnormally trained. Her position and name would indicate the latter. Her first summer was spent on her mother's back as they ranged the hills and valleys in search of the various kinds of food. Often swinging from a limb she smiled at her mother as she dug roots or gathered berries and nuts. Mrs. Withered-Top was an active woman and led all the others by gentle example in fidelity, cleanliness and punctuality. This latter virtue meant more in those far-away days than it does now because the meat must be jerked and all food must be saved at the right time, there being no salt or sugar preservatives known. The food must be saved through the processes of fire and sun-drying.

Able-One was her mother's constant companion in those days, and as she grew, her tiny strength was joyfully given in service for the good of the tribe. She was lovingly included in the hardest games and ceremonial practices among girls older than herself. Thus she was projected into the stern realities of their strict tribal government, while her years would have forced her into the kindergarten of today's educational program.

Chapter 2

The Medicine Man

That fall of 1823 was another rainy season. The winter lodges were built at Trees-In-the-Water, a point just opposite Marcus as it stood before the Dam was built. There water would be easily found.

Early one evening Mrs. Lodge-In-Many-Lands came from a visiting tour of relatives and in a terrified voice reported that the dreaded throat trouble was upon them again. The old grandmothers began to reprove and command open confession, immediate isolation, fasting, and the calling together of the medicine men.

There came word that only one man could make a cure; he had just looked at the stricken patients and they were healed.

Mrs. Withered-Top was sleepless and numb with fear. She watched her small daughter every moment and in time she found the hard lumps on both sides of her slender neck and knew that she must do something besides sit and weep or trust the medicine man. At dawn she took a grass bag and tramped to the barren hills north of the camp and brought back a load of wild celery roots. There was a new force that gripped her being and led her to do what she was about to do. Her feet seemed leaden and sluggish for the wish in her heart shook her to the ground. The medicine man might slay her and the child for breaking through the line of faith and using medicine of her own instead of trusting to their master minds. As she neared the door of her home, she heard the grandmothers' singing and extolling the powers of the healer. None, they thought, was so powerful; and just a look would be enough to heal this small child.

Mrs. Withered-Top entered her home and put her pack on the ground. Taking a paddle from its place she began to dig a hole in the ashes into which she threw some of the heavy roots, carefully covering them over. She then removed her wet moccasins and glanced at her daughter's discolored face. How swiftly and deadly this

thing strangled her children. Able-One could not speak but she smiled weakly at her mother, showing how glad she was to see her back. Tears welled from her swollen eyes, tears that told how dearly she loved and trusted her mother. Pillows and soft robes were shaken and smoothed around the little sufferer. Blue-Water, her cousin, had kept watch during the mother's absence, giving water in a small horn spoon whenever desired. The fire was fed carefully now, so as to hasten the cooking of the roots. They were tested often with a sharp stick until they were soft. After thorough cooking they were broken and crushed into pulp and bound to Able-One's throat while yet hot and juicy. The sharp, penetrating odor seemed to flood her being, giving quick relief to head and throat. Within half an hour, sleep had wrapped her small body, her last conscious wish being that her mother lie down beside her. Blue-Water buried more roots in the fire and sat on her heels keeping watch over the mother and child.

The short day faded and supper was served; the two on the couch still slept and Blue-Water kept guard over them. At the supper hour the report was given that the medicine man was nearing their camp. No one dare to hurry him, for he was passing from home to home in his own time, letting no one know just where he would enter and keeping everyone singing his praises. After this report was given the grandmothers redoubled their songs and loudly acclaimed the faithful preparation that had captured the gift of healing of this strange malady. The increase of noise wakened the slumbering pair, and Mrs. Withered-Top looked at the sweet face of her sick child and knew that she was better. The dreadful discoloration was almost gone and a look of happiness rested in its place. New poultices were applied to the throat, and Able-One insisted that Blue-Water must lie down and rest too. All three slept while the singers increased their songs to a constant roar, each hoping the man of healing would be moved to come quickly their way to heal their last living stalk to the Chief. Able-One was more than a precious child to them; she carried the same blood in her veins that flowed through the bodies of the master chiefs of the Sina-Ca-Ka-list, the Rocky Mountain Goat leaders.

Toward morning those who had rested by the men's campfire came to add their voices. The stir of a new day brought Mrs. Withered-Top and Blue-Water to the edge of their couch, and Able-One turned over to cover her head from the din that filled the air. The poultice had been removed. A soft marten fur was wound about her neck, and she settled into the shadow of her bedding. At that moment a man entered, a man whose looks would chill the blood of another tribe. The din and singing ceased and every ear was tuned to hear the message of this creature, everything having been done to erase his resemblance to man. He was covered with a buffalo robe and goose down was brushed into the fur. A set of buffalo horns crowned his head while his face was blackened and striped in a hideous grin. As he stood by the door he seemed to listen to the ground, looking to neither right nor left but painstakingly feeling his way to the couch where Able-One lay. She shrank and cowered in the folds of her covering, scorched with a nameless terror of that creature creeping near.

Only the heavy breathing of the watchers revealed their presence. In her terror

Able-One forgot that every heart prayed for her healing and that they dare not move until the healer had given his verdict. Everyone would gladly have died for her if by their death she might live to fruitage. There was a sudden tug at her covers and the terrible creature peered at her. One look brought the child to a crouching position on her knees under the cover. She was amazed to hear a gentle voice announce that she would live to bear four sons and many daughters.

The wise doctor smelled the odor of roots and saw the soft fur on the child's neck. He openly commended the treatment by foretelling her future prosperity. "I must move on," he said, "for many await my coming. I rejoice with you today. When I heard you calling me I came to meet your request." As he passed out through the door, Able-One called in a small voice for her mother, the first sound from her lips for days. Her mother lifted the robe and found the child in a pool of blood and pus which was freely oozing from a hole in her neck. "I felt it break when I jumped with fright," she sobbed. "But now I am not afraid, for he had a nice voice."

After a thorough cleaning and with provision made for further drainage, she patiently awaited her healing while her mother was careful to burn every piece of soiled bedding and dressing.

The old chanters croaked and retold the wonderful healing effect of the true medicine man, but Mrs. Withered-Top looked to the barren hillside from whence had come the true healing of her child. She thanked the gentle-voiced healer for accepting her works, and with the chanting faith of her kindred she kept vigil through the night, bringing sweet satisfaction to the listening ears of the medicine men. The fact that Able-One came back from the rim of the distant hunting ground, healed in body, happy and unafraid, was ample proof that all who extended their servile ways of intercession were acceptable and required to consummate her enduring cure. A scar on her neck served to remind her of the dear ones who strove with all nature to capture a cure for her. Reverence and obedience properly planted in her heart proved to be lasting and profitable to herself and all human contact.

Chapter 3

Able-One Finds Her Sumeech

The summer she was four years of age Able-One took care of a year-old boy baby, Sparkler, who tried her strength and endurance to the utmost. Daily she must see her large and handsome cousin, Touching-Water, following Mrs. Withered-Top to the savageberry patches, carrying her small basket and her husky son. Sparkler would not stay with his grandmother or with other boys but insisted by loud weeping to be carried on his mother's back. He would howl continuously for the greater part of the day. He was spoiled by a lazy mother who had used him for an excuse too long. Her loving solicitude was the one thing that gave her the right to sit and fondle him while others worked. But now his demands were heavier than the labor she cared to give, and she found it much easier to take him to the berry patch and load him onto the little ones who would wait on him. She took her time in filling her one small basket with the choice berries to make a special cake for herself. She, like others of her kind, did not plan or move except for her own selfish reasons.

Able-One had spent long hours caring for the spoiled child. She had driven insects and snakes away, given water and crushed berries to feed him, and shared her salmon and camas until her small body was drooped with weariness. She sat behind him and sang the lullabies that she hoped might put him to sleep, but he only cried the louder. Her tender flesh shook with sobs, the outcome of her endless endeavor and his resistance. Then, through the screams of Sparkler and her own distress, she heard the clatter of falling rocks and a terrible roar. A bear was rushing toward them through rocks and brush. At that moment Touching-Water came panting and scared. She swung her son under her arm and fled down the path for home, never once thinking for the safety of Able-One. Mrs. Withered-Top reached her small daughter in time to hurry her to a place of safety, and as they sat down exhausted she patted the child's head and dried her tears. "Because your name is Able-One," she said, "you are

going to be a capable child. See, the big bear has come into your life. Your troubles have been driven away. No harm has been done and no blood has been shed. That shows to us that the bear is your special friend. Peace and quiet rest in your heart now, your troubles have been dashed away and you are safe in my arms. The responsibility of caring for Sparkler has been taken from you, and you are free. Are you afraid of the bear now?"

"No, mother," Able-One replied, as she wiped away the tears. "I feel so happy inside."

"Oh, my little one," returned her mother, "then you must never forget that the bear fights for you."

Thus Blue-Water, sister of Touching-Water, found them. She joined in the loving praise and comfort to the weary child, truly believing the bear had interceded in Able-One's behalf. From then on Touching-Water dared not impose on the small friend of the bear.

Chapter 4

Able-One Was Afraid

Fear was one thing that would remove anyone from the class race. Able-One, at 5 years of age, was afraid of water and she refused to swim; everyone knew it was time she came out of this pocket. The years were passing, and this trouble might weaken the fiber of her whole nature. Water seemed the essence of life, and she had turned away from this one friend of the tribe. It supplied food in its surging tide, while it seeped life into growth along its banks, cooled the heat of the day, quenched the fire, and cleansed the body. Its courses were the highways of man, and in time of danger there was escape by paddle and stream. Yet here was a daughter who would not venture out of her own depth or trust herself to a teacher. Her mother tried to explain, but the little girl only wept. No harmony could ever come to a coward; one must master fear or be cramped and hampered through life. To fear water was like being afraid of a good friend. Fear can be noble only when it aids you to escape an enemy or a deadly thing.

One day Able-One followed her mother to where some men were gathering a special variety of fish that schooled at the foot of a waterfall in a deep gorge. They crowded in an eddy in the center of the stream. A long swinging platform was slung from heavy cable made of plaited willow withes, interwoven with cross slats to make a ladder approach. A man stood on the platform, speared the fish with a wooden grabhook and passed it to another who took it off. The fish was then sent on from man to man until it finally was placed on clean grass mats at the top of the cliff. Here the women came for them and carried them to fresh mats where they were cleaned and strung on grass switches and drying frames to slowly bake and dry in the sun or by a low fire. These fish were liked for the rich oily soup they provided in the winter. Able-One watched and helped wherever a child was allowed.

Following her mother today, they went farther and gazed at the mid-stream scene

and watched the flashing fish wiggle from hand to hand as the men posed on the web-like structure with ease and confidence, unmindful of the swirling waters easing off in a pool below them. Even if one should fall he would take but a short time to swim ashore and go back to work or be replaced by another. There was enough danger to make this method of fishing a real sport and test of endurance. Like all other such tasks these men went first through the regular purification and strict isolation. No women were allowed to touch or even go near this trap while the fish ran. Now the season had just begun and it seemed to promise a good catch.

Mrs. Withered-Top was preoccupied and often sighed as they tramped back to the nearby camps and swiftly slung the load of fish over the fire. On the return trip she seemed to come to a different decision as she dried her hands with apparent determination and went to the side of her husband, the Chief. As he watched her approach, he gathered himself for words that would send him far afield for an answer. This wife was true and interesting but often broke rules because she was his wife and he was the Chief. Yet deep in his soul he confessed that she ruled because she was able to see through the binding customs and often hurdled across the bars to save a life. It seemed proper and fitting to ask a favor that may upset the painstaking preparation for a season of abundant fish. "Now what, my wife?" he asked as she came up to him.

"I want to borrow your swinging platform for one night," she answered. "Able-One must sleep there to seek a release from her fear of the water."

A long silence ensued before he spoke. "I shall make it possible. Go make yourselves clean and ask the fish not to forsake us. We shall intercede for a full catch but we have kept the rule in the women's departments, as you ought to know. Otherwise the fish would have hid away from the unclean men."

Wise woman, ever ready to snatch a boon for womanhood and a new lesson. Able-One shivered inside but knew she must pass this test or die. She seemed to be wrapped in a close and tight binding. She found it hard to breath, a hard lump was in her throat as she made the many circles of the Prairie Chicken Dance to cause a free perspiration. She took a dip in the stream and a slow turn before the fire before dressing again. She must go to her bed before the sun set if she would have light to find her way. She followed her mother down the ladder and onto the platform. As her mother went back she removed a number of cross bars to make sure that her small daughter must stay in the middle of the stream. A chilling terror held Able-One as her mother walked out of sight on the dry land. She clung to the swaying bed, closed her eyes and moaned. Her mind recalled the carefree men she had seen earlier in the day and she was somewhat comforted. Soon the singing water caught her attention. There seemed to be laughing notes in the powerful surge and roar of glad water. She found a fine reason for her mother's scheme in bringing her in close embrace with this strange fear, and she was determined to overcome it.

Hours were mingled with the old terror that seemed to drag her to the edge of her bed and threaten to cast her into the thundering stream and squeeze the life from

her. She slept and dreamed that she was thrown from the platform by a power outside herself, and not being able to swim she went to the bottom. She could feel the cool water singing around her and the fish swarmed close to her asking why she was afraid. She was thrown to her knees and pushed to the bottom of the stream where bubbling shellfish and crawfish murmured reproaches at her fear of the water. "Look at me," said a large shellfish. "I do not swim and I live in the heart of the water." Able-One fearlessly asked the teeming creatures what she would do if she fell into the river while she was still unable to swim. "Do as I do," said the shellfish. "Go to the bottom and walk out." No answer came from the other creatures though she listened intently.

She heard a pebble rattle into the water and as she uncovered her head she saw her mother coming to her in the dark gray of dawn. Quickly the cross bars were replaced and she soon crouched beside the little girl, looking fondly into the calm and happy face. "Come away, my child," she whispered, "before the fishermen come. They have kept vigil the whole night to aid you in your quest, and they have decided that if the fish are offended and shy away it will not matter. It has been worth the effort to cure you of this fear of the water."

They soon gained the rocky ridge and met the still-faced men. Shadow-Top was in the lead. Mrs. Withered-Top and Able-One drew away from the narrow path and stood still while the men passed by. The leader looked into the child's eyes and read the calm and gentle peace that rested in her small face. He was satisfied that his adopted people were wise in their methods of training the children.

Chapter 5

Questions and Answers

By the time Able-One was seven years of age her mother had told her many things about the distant past. She began from the time they were a large tribe on their own hunting ground in the upper regions of the Columbia River and followed down to the present greatly diminished ranks that still boasted the best government. The tribe required strict enforcement of the laws of cleanliness, industry, the separation of the sexes, intense training of the young people, and the bringing forward of any offender for tribal consent of punishment in the open council. The time for Able-One to ask questions was on. There were so many things to learn and her mother was glad of the opportunity of teaching her.

"This is proof that my daughter is humble and teachable," she said. "The only way to grow wise is to ask and receive information. One may as well be dead as to be conceited. Knowledge departs from those who pretend to be wise and refuse good advice. I shall call on all the reserved and hidden wisdom and impart it on the groping mind of my child. There it shall find a safe and sound container."

The wise sayings of the Indian were comparable to the unusual. He must be as watertight as the canoe. The labor and care it took to keep a seaworthy canoe was heavy and varied, and so the mind required constant care.

Able-One, at seven years of age, was mastering the fundamentals of religion and government, the one of which could not be kept without the other.

"Why does Touching-Water sit apart and command her sister Blue-Water to care for her children?" Able-One asked. "Why doesn't she wait upon her own husband?"

"You ask a difficult question," her mother answered. "It is time you knew the nature of your family. I must start at the beginning and tell you a portion at a time. It is a long story, and the answers to your question will open with our last Royal Wedding."

"What has Pinwah's wedding to do with my question?" the child asked.

"Pinwah's wedding," replied her mother, "was not a royal wedding. All the weddings since Touching-Water's have been tribal ceremonies. The story I am about to tell opens before you were born, when our three sons promised a sure and true lineal Chieftain for our tribe. Your father had trained his sons after the fashion of our grandparents. Shadow-Top, your cousin-in-law, had taken the tribe of the Lower Columbians. By the age of twelve he was pronounced a man and was permitted to choose a wife or go to war. He chose to sit in the council of your father and finish his preparation for leadership."

"Mother, I find a number of questions more important than my first one. It seems like my own father could teach beyond the united tribe of the Lower Columbians."

"No, my child. It was all in the choice of Shadow-Top. We Upper Columbians will always be glad that he used his liberty in our behalf. Your father loved his sons and that is why he loved all boys. His teaching included every person that sat in his council. He kept his circle unbroken," answered Mrs. Withered-Top.

"What do you mean by an unbroken circle, mother?" asked the child.

"I mean that those who joined would not be absent and were safely counted as a member of the tribal council."

"Now I understand, mother. One boy could not learn all that a tribe could teach, so he must rely on his choice. Then he must keep his place in the ranks of the council circle to be sure he missed nothing of the good advice meant for him and his brothers."

"Whist, whist, my little daughter. You are a source of joy and comfort to me. The blossoms of your soul will thrive in a snow drift and never blight."

For a time the pair sat bound in a loving embrace, both sensing a closer kinship. Mrs. Withered-Top had often wondered how Able-One could be trained for she was alone of her age. The other girls were either older or younger, and the girl's training departments were out of harmony. Here was a way out. Love would bridge the difference in their years, and she would try to be everything her daughter looked for in companionship and training. The aim of all Indian teaching is to reach every person with one lesson. The girls were grouped together and cared for by the mothers, aunts or cousins, and often the grandmothers.

"You remember how I told you of that terrible winter when your brothers and sisters left us?" Mrs. Withered-Top began, "Your father lost his eyesight and for a time he was totally blind. Now he can see a little and the way he can paddle is a great joy to me."

Able-One caught the tender concern in her mother's voice and read in her mother's eyes the great love she carried for the husband who trusted her so much. He must depend on her beyond the common couples of their people. "My Possession" was one of the sweet names he called her instead of her proper name.

"What about that dreadful winter, mother?" Able-One inquired. "I want to know all

about it. We have never spoken of that year so full of worry and grief. There were things changed that year that concern me. What are they, mother?"

After wiping away uncontrollable tears her mother replied, "I know you should hear and I must not put it off longer. You must grow up with it if you would understand it fully. Just now there isn't much more to be done except to understand the shift that our tribe was compelled to make at that time. There was no leader and death closed our boy's school to just a small group with nothing of real promise. Shadow-Top grew to be your father's great friend and honest reporter. He had given himself into the thinning ranks of the once thriving tribe without promise or support. His youth and understanding spirit seemed to cling to the gentle blind Chief. Councils were called and here the blind Chief called his brother, Lodge-In-Many-Lands or Tzeualeah, to repose among his own tribe and look to their needs. Your father spent many days among your own kindred, looking for a suitable leader. Your uncle was a well-informed man for he had joined in races and sports of every kind and in every tribe around us. He would sometimes leave his family for months with no support. We have become related to many tribes through your uncle, for there are many reports of his children. We may never see them but, that sin will be against him. The sons that should have been ruling his own tribe are filling the ranks of others who are not so much in need of their young strength."

"Mother, I wish I had a real brother of my own," the small daughter said. "One that I could keep with me day and night. I wish Touching-Water would give us little Pinwah, for Sparkler takes all of her time and the tiny brother sleeps on a pillow or dangles from a limb; Touching-Water has no thought for him. She only sleeps and eats while her sister Blue-Water labors from morning until close of day."

"And now we are back to the first question you asked," her mother replied. "First I must tell you that you may expect a baby before long. You must not grieve if you were to have a sister. We will find a space for a daughter, even though a brother would be able to establish our tribal name."

"Mother, my wish has been based on a guess, but now you have given me a promise. We can wish for a living baby and not one like Blue-Water had. He only moaned for a minute and died. I shall love it better than anything, whether it is a boy or a girl. Now tell me about the Royal Wedding. That has been on my mind for a long while."

"Yes, my daughter, I will tell you that story soon," replied the happy mother.

Chapter 6

The Royal Wedding and A Lesson on Death

Mrs. Withered-Top tells the story to a small intent child. The year is 1825.

"Not every wedding is given the charge of the council, even though that is the proper way. These council weddings are legal because a man who has gone through the training and fulfilled all the demands of a medicine man is given a wife. Shadow-Top had taken the full course imposed by your father and the council. His words were sound and intent. Your father grew to listen for his voice, for it seemed to expose the things that he could not see and to make them stand in a clear light.

"Day by day the bond grew between these two men of alien tribes. Their languages were similar and their emblems were the only distinct sign of separation. Shadow-Top claimed the Coyote, or Spellia, and Withered-Top claimed the Rocky Mountain Goat.

"Shadow-Top's Indian name was Kee-Kee-Tum-Nouskeen, named thus because of his size. He was the tallest young man of his day at 18 years of age. His deep chest and limber joints made him a leading racer and fleet hunter. Each dawn he brought a deer, slung across his shoulders to his mother's door, and she became a source of supply. One of the great rewards of a mother in those faraway days was to be given the joy of serving food to many, supplied by her sons or husband. Each day she passed fresh food to them, and still her heart was torn because her son was never in their own council. His gentle words to his brothers and sisters were saturated with a new spirit. He was getting back the forgotten rules that were never used in their tribal rites. The Lower Columbian council was loosely bound, to fit the teachings preferred by the young saplings of the tribe, and the fact that no kinswoman caught his fancy was a constant worry. The girls were daily taken in marriage or con-

cubinage while her son slept under a tree like a fur-covered animal in his double bearskin, marten-lined robe on a couch he had made to fit his own size.

"After the evening feast he would disappear and at some time during the night he would put his kill at the door. He would then tramp away to his sweatbath and the early day would find him asleep again on his couch. When he awoke he would make the rounds of his traps, inspecting them and collecting his catch of meat and pelts, fish or birds. He never came home empty-handed. If the day's catch failed he would load his broad shoulders with birch bark, willow withes, or slender saplings to be used in making more traps, canoes or slat mats and would give them over to the men who kept the fires.

"Now I have told you some of the early life of Shadow-Top and the things that make him so near your father's heart. He sat in the same circle with our sons and took the tests bravely."

"Mother," spoke the child, "that is another thing I wish you would tell me more about: the sweatbath and the Test. The other day I heard my father telling his class of boys to keep in the stream. What did he mean?"

"Yes, Able-One," replied Mrs. Withered-Top. "All will be explained in time but right now we will refresh our minds with a wedding story. This ceremony took place about two months after our great trouble, and its telling will explain many things to you.

"Marked-Dress, Touching-Water's mother, was sent to negotiate with Shadow-Top's mother, Sitting-Dress, for a marriage of their children. She did not go empty-handed but took a load of beautifully tanned skins and furs. She carried, also, a small measure of all the kinds of food prepared by our tribe. This was to show what his wife should cook for her husband. Enclosed in the package were moccasins, leggings, pants and a shirt for the son, Shadow-Top.

"She entered the long lodge of the council house at the time when all the council men were present. She pushed her load ahead of her and into the lodge where she carried it to Sitting-Dress and placed it before her. All eyes took in the plain interpretation of her act. Sitting-Dress hastily placed a new mat for her guest and put the packages on her pillow, the place for honored articles.

"After a time for drying tears the Chief exclaimed, 'High-eeh, mother, you have attained the high honor of a real proposal. Your offer gives honor to both of our tribes, since it is our children who have deserved the council wedding, proving they have never stolen a glance at each other. See, my children, this is the thing your brother loved and he had to go to another tribe to find. The fine honor that should be yours is lost among your rash youngsters who mix the rations for your minds by secret indulgence in sin. They openly disobey, forfeiting all sacred fulfillment of the council and its laws. The result of open concubinage is a closed council. Look at this mother who has been exalted by a good daughter into proposing a sacred wedding by the council to our son. The council of the Rocky Mountain Goat will never weaken, and our son is strong for the full expression of law. I am glad he will be where he can grow.'

"Marked-Dress rose to go and Sitting-Dress gave her a soft buckskin dress, saying, 'This will fit her body, and I shall always think of you.'

"It was done, the news was open to all, nothing to hide or whisper about. The success now was in Touching-Water's hand. After the question was opened there was no delay. Sitting-Dress sat by her son's couch in the far-cornered, many-poled tepee where the young man sometimes slept. She told him of the offer and placed the presents on his pillow before returning to her own couch.

"Shadow-Top reverently placed the pillow and presents in his robe. He rolled it into a neat package and replaced it at the head of his couch. After doing this he left to do his usual work, but that evening after the meal, he left with his robe and pillow. He started toward the Goat tribesmen and their sweatbath ground. Here the old men greeted him, 'High-eeh, son-in-law, you are just in time to take your place.'

"There was always singing at these evening baths, songs for hunting, trapping, canoe building, or any other task that might require spiritual help. Tonight there was a marked difference in their song. One old man said, first low and then shrill, 'Let the branches grow and bloom, and let the leaves shelter the tree. Let the fruit be true and good, proving the virtue of the tree.' Another voice rose clear and loud, 'Be a sign that proved my best canoe straight and true.' Another, 'Be the power that sends my arrow straight and true to the mark.' And yet another, 'Prove thy strength by never crossing my path to make me weak when I need to keep the flow of supply at your door.'

"The songs were of love and duty, a combination never separate in those days. Soon Shadow-Top stood in the warm glow of the fire to dry his cool body, cleansed by a strong sweat and a dip in the ice cold river. His long muscles rippled beneath the coffee and cream skin. With a handful of fine snowberry bushes he switched his flesh into a tingling glow that helped to dry him thoroughly before he donned his new suit. It fit his little figure well. He parted his hair on one side and gathered it in one massive braid down his broad back. He was the last to fall into line as the men tramped to the Goat tribe's council tepee.

"When they entered, the center of the long lodge was cleared and the fires removed. Boughs, grass and mats covered the whole space. A pole stood in the center, topped by a goat skull and clusters of goat hoofs intermingled with goat hair, eagle feathers and rabbit skins. The meaning of these tokens I will leave to you, Able-One, as to whether I will explain now or later."

"Now, mother," Able-One begged. "That has long puzzled me. I feel a real relationship to that old goat head and all he offers. The eagle and rabbit are uncertain problems. And then, I must learn the reason of that string of wolf teeth and claws."

"Yes, Able-One," mother replied, "but that belongs to your wedding story. The goat, eagle and rabbit live beyond the common range of animals, away up in the rocky crags where tender grass and pure water are found. The eagle lives on clean rabbit meat and young kid's blood. And the goat and rabbit skip from crag to crag to nibble from dew-fed grass. They are always near the sacred ground of the Gods, the mountain tops."

"Oh, mother," said the child, "I wish I were a man so I could steal my way into the heart of life and be filled by pure dew and clean air. Now I will never be anything but an unclean creature of burden."

"But, my daughter, your very discontent must be employed to teach you the true meaning of life and this is to obey and keep in the stream."

"But mother, the greatest and best are above, beyond the head of the stream."

"You are right, child, but you get it all in the stream anyway."

"It could not be so pure, mother. The goat, the rabbit and the eagle: there are two good to one evil. They are supposed to last forever and they are our tribal symbols. Then why have we grown weak and wasted?"

"I can explain that in a moment, daughter. We have always trained our children far beyond the surrounding tribes of Kootnea and Seewhapnee. They have raided our tribe and carried our girls away, and then our men have gone to war to get them back. We did not take their girls in return because those tribes do not train them so well, and we could not keep dirty, greedy and lazy women in our midst. So you see, there was no profit for our men in warring against those two tribes and we are dwelling in a strange land. Two evils to one good cannot last."

"The men filed to one side of the center and arranged themselves in a line. There was just a moment of silent waiting before the Wolf tribe entered the space opposite. It was well filled and the women streamed in by the right door. A young son of the Goat tribe came forth and took a large buffalo robe and spread it in the center beside the sign pole. An aged member of the council called to Shadow-Top and the young man arose and solemnly went to sit on the robe facing the Goats. Touching-Water was called and she came forth where she could be seen in all the glory of youth and strength. She was dressed in the simple dress that had been sent her and she also sat down facing the Wolf tribe and with lowered eyes.

"And now the two tribes were to have their say, whether it were good or bad; for they were never to interfere again. Here they had the support of the council.

"Your father's face seemed more expressive after he lost his eyesight. This marriage was bringing him more than to anyone else and he did not try to conceal his satisfaction. This young giant could take over the care of the tribe for he was fit and able. His training had been the best that was offered and had been well absorbed. Being host of the ceremonies the blind Chief must face the members of the Wolf tribe. With a ringing voice and glowing face he thanked them for the loan of their strength. Then a deep shadow came over his face as he told that there was nothing to offer in return. The growth had been destroyed by war and disease, and there was nothing left but the council and the government. "With joy I can promise that your son shall be mine as far as I am spared," he said.

"There was a short silence in reverence to the blind Chief before Sitting-Dress, Quillouteel, answered, 'I have long felt that you have possessed my son's heart. If his father had lived he would not have wandered away, but fortune favors me in that he

found worthy friends near home. Here my heart can follow him and dwell with his children's children.'

'Lodge-In-Many-Lands, father of Touching-Water, faced the Wolf tribe. 'Listen to me,' he said, 'and remember this in the years to come. I love my brother and our tribal laws, but I love my liberty more. So you see, your son will be Chief of the council. A small group of staunch followers that aim the same direction, let me assure you, will overcome the distance and surmount the heights by this council. I am the father of yonder maid. The unseen powers have taken my seed and used it to make me ashamed of my own waywardness. The Spirits have breathed on a remnant of my wasted strength to set up a hiding place for my feeble days. Quillouteel, my sister, your son will be cared for, but I must not deceive you in my daughter. She lives well but adds nothing to the baskets and general labor. Every handful she puts in the basket she takes out one of the choice berries or roots for herself. She labors to gain the choice things of life. But your son is a good provider, and that she will make enough of the best for him too is my wish.'

'Here the younger brother of Shadow-Top, Pinwah or Bent Valley, nervously cleared his throat. Your father's keen sense of hearing brought him the slight noise and understandingly he called the boy by name and gave him permission to speak.

'With a tremor in his young voice he pled with his brother, 'I have just heard the cheap offers they have to give you. Will you not see that they are taking you into their thin ranks because you are a grand bargain? They count on your children's children and they boast of their adopting you. You are lending your power to a dilapidated tribe for their use in the council. That openly confesses defeat. My eyes detect harm, for on yonder couch I see your robe and see that you will pass no more into our tepee but that you give yourself body and spirit to this tribe. Brother, look well to my childish thoughts. Does it not reveal your foolish trade too well? When I say that your children will fill the ranks of a tottering tribe instead of your mother's full-ranked people, I am speaking truthfully. Brother, you are playing a losing game.'

'Your father answered quietly, 'Your brother has a big heart. There are those who seem to grow stronger when they see weakened things. We cannot hide our decaying race, but our council is our strength. Your brother sees possible improvement in us or he would not have attended our courts. His young strength and good council will give him first place in our court. He will lead the hunters. He has won our hearts and adopted our ways. This marriage places him in line of being our Chief, and it all seems good to us.'

'After a moment of silence Shadow-Top spoke from a full heart. With a kindly glance over his shoulder to his mother he said, 'My own folks, there is no dividing part in my heart for you. I shall do my part as best I can. You all know that I have not lived long, and I know I shall never be able to carry the government of my adoption. There is only one that can look into the heart of the Goat Tribe and correct it, and he is my Chief. I can only hope to be his eyes, a task that I can fill only in part, and I am glad that I am called worthy to be his son as well as the son of my people. I love you all.'

"This speech seemed to complete the binding knots in our two tribal hearts, and your father said, 'Take your time to decide this question, for it is a time for serious thought. There must be a clear understanding and not family troubles after our tribes are united in this marriage.'

"After a reasonable time was given the council to speak, Orr-Pah-Kin, the Kettle River Indian tribal Chief sitting opposite your father, drew a string of coyote teeth, tail and claws from his bag and gave it to him. Your father began a song engaging all the powers of air, water and soil. As he arose and stood beside the pole of tribal symbols, he called on the skipping and leaping goat and rabbit for endurance, and the far gaze and strength of the eagle. As he wound the strand around among the symbols, Orr-Pah-Kin began a song in a high and shrill tone that sent a chill through the veins of the listeners. In a moment the Kettle tribe joined their Chief and the Lake tribe arose to their feet also. Here was the last test as to which tribe the bridal pair would adopt. There must be no hesitant moment; their choice must be instant and sure. Shadow-Top rose in all his young strength. Touching-Water, as was proper, rose last in consideration of her husband's people, thus transferring the choice to Shadow-Top rather than herself. He would decide whether he would sit with his or stand with hers. She would have sat still if he had thought best. All stood, as a sign of uniting the two tribes and your father gave Orr-Pah-Kin a string of goat hair dyed yellow, brown and white, interwoven with rabbit skin, eagle feathers, claws and teeth. Orr-Pah-Kin wound this around his neck and departed with his men. As the womenfolk passed out of the low door, a basket of food was given to each.

"My little daughter, you may have a question to ask," Mrs. Withered-Top said in conclusion. "You may ask it now if you wish."

"Mother, your story answered many of the puzzling questions. Shadow-Top must have won his brother Pinwah, since I witnessed his wedding to my cousin Salpeea, or Twisted-Dress."

"Yes," returned her mother, "he did join the council shortly after Shadow-Top united with us, and he became valuable to your father too. Although he is silent, he accepts all of our rules as final and good. And your cousin is bound to fetter his heart to herself. She never misses the opportunity to serve him, thus making his eyes wait for her glance. She puts relish into his food when her hands prepare it for him, and he can trace her out among many women's tracks by the sure measure of her footprint. She never speaks except to agree with him, so he only speaks the things he is sure will be pleasing to her. She fills all his needs when he is by her and puts speed in his feet while he is away on the hunting or scouting trips."

"And now I understand why Touching-Water sits while Blue-Water serves Shadow-Top," spoke the wise little girl.

"Touching-Water has never served anyone except herself," Mrs. Withered-Top explained. "She sets herself above us all because she is the vessel that made a peaceful unity between two strong tribes. The others were strong physically while we are strong in government among ourselves."

"Did Blue-Water and Shadow-Top have a wedding, mother?" Able-One asked.

"Yes, but not by open council," her mother answered. "They were married in the men's department. Day after day the men noticed Touching-Water's neglect. When a man had plodded through snow or rain his buckskin clothes became most uncomfortable. A good wife sought the opportunity to remove the clinging clothing and replace them with clean, dry garments. A real rescue and restoration of body and soul or relief from extreme discomfort for a man is the gate through which a woman may enter her husband's heart and be priestess of the holiest place on earth. She will be given the honor of wearing her husband like a royal garment, and the only open consent he need give is to eat from her hand and wait for her glance, to be happy in her presence."

"I understand where Shadow-Top's royal self is worn," returned Able-One. "Blue-Water fills the parts that Touching-Water scorned to attain."

"My child, I am afraid it is laziness and selfishness instead of pride. When her mother tremblingly told her that Blue-Water filled Shadow-Top's eyes she said, 'Mother, I count this good because she will always be kind to me. What if he had wished for a strange woman who might have been hateful to me or taken him away from us?' But her gentle consent only makes her overbearing with Blue-Water. We are used to seeing her sit and sew a fine seam on a baby garment with her beautiful little hands and her handsome face and figure will never grow old."

"Mother, I love to look at her white neck and those soft brown curls that never stay braided but cling around her face. Did you every see her pretty pink feet? I feel like hiding my ugly ones when she shows hers."

"Well, my daughter, don't let all this grow into envy and cause ugly wrinkles to spoil your common face. Remember Blue-Water is plain to all eyes but uncommonly beautiful in her ways. Watch her feet walk away the day in matchless services. They are keenly sensitive to the need of everyone about her," answered her mother.

"Mother, I shall learn to be quick and swift to help her."

"Able-One," the proud mother said, "you are very young so I must teach you to be generous to all that live with you, old and young, cross or good."

"But mother, no one lives with me," she said in a puzzled voice. "I live with you."

"Nevertheless, my child, we all live with you. Now you must try to study ways and means of helping even Touching-Water, who is nearly due a delivery that may mean death to her or her baby."

Moments passed, weighted with deep thinking. Leaning against her mother, Able-One felt the new life that was coming to their own family circle and wondered how she could endure life if her mother and the new hope for a real brother were destroyed by death. The chilling dread made her slight body shiver. "Mother," she said, "tell me about death. I am afraid every time I hear or think of it."

"You ask another question that will require time to answer," returned her mother. "Your grandaunt Marked-Dress has the task of teaching all of our past history,

including the cause of death. I shall ask and learn the date she opens the winter story-telling school and you shall join that circle."

"I wish you would tell me now," sobbed the child. "What if you should die. I would not know how to find you."

"When I die you must give close attention to your aunt's teaching," said Mrs. Withered-Top. "Come, and I shall give you an object lesson."

A brisk walk brought them to the bathing pools arranged along the river edge. A cheerful fire crackled in a willow-curtained nook where bathers dried themselves after the bath. The sun had dipped behind the hills, and the raw spring air must be tempered for the weary laborers that wished a refreshing bath and clean garments. The pools hissed and bubbled, throwing steam in the clean, sparkling air. The river was rippling and ready to refill the pools as soon as the soiled water was bailed out, quickly carrying away all signs of dirty water and replacing it with a cold, clean supply. With a short paddle, red hot stones were thrown together with a measure of clean ashes, into the pools, turning the water a smoky color while the next pool was bailed out and refilled with clear water and tempered with a hot stone or two. The bathers would step down in the first pool and bathe and then step to the clean pool before drying before the fire.

Able-One noticed every move, wondering where the object lesson lay. "Take that slab and bring me that lump of foam beside the rock in the river," her mother said.

In a few minutes she placed the slab beside her mother and stood in the glowing warmth of the blaze. She felt sweeping chills go over her body. Her mother always seemed strange when about to reveal a sacred sign or truth. Today she understood that her mother felt the same chill and reverence toward the secret law of nature as revealed by the Great Spirit.

"Little girl," her mother said, "let me put this in your hand and we will see what you shall learn. I will close my eyes and wait for you to tell me what you see." Placing a small portion of the foam on the outstretched hand she bowed her head and closed her eyes.

"Mother, I see a white mass of foam. One has a rainbow in it. Now it has burst and leaves only water." She held her hand toward the sunny hills of the east and discovered more rainbows. They were soon gone and only a wet place was left. A moment of exposure to the warm blaze left no further sign. "They are gone," she said. "Lost. I shall return the remaining foam to the river so it will not perish, it will return to water at death. Does this mean that we are the foam of the Great Spirit? That we must keep in the stream that the council teaches so that we will return to the main Spirit like the foam goes back to the great Growling Water?"

A tender hand stroked her head and a voice said, "Because your name is Able-One your young eyes see far and sharp; our tribe never sleeps in the training of their children. See, your mother has rushed you to the general training department of our girl school. This simple expression given in your own way proved you think on the

things far beyond your years. The young virgins who enter the training circle are seldom as well prepared."

The child looked up and saw her grandaunt before her. "Marked-Dress," she asked, "may I enter your circle of virgins next fall?"

"We will see what your mother and the girls say," returned her aunt. Able-One shrank to her wee size when she saw the crowd of girls who had silently circled the three busy people. They had witnessed everything and were ready to judge. Consent was gladly given, and Able-One felt the ebb and pull of the stream of life about her and was without a tremor of fear. Somehow in the brief space of time she had lifted the curtain on life and saw a plain way to follow. Thronged by her own loved ones who would always push her away from the rough and uncertain shore and keep her in the stream of life, she had nothing to fear. Obedience to do right was the price that would buy her way into the heart of all knowledge. A disobedience would throw her, a stranded soul haunted and hunting, out of harmony; seen in many places at once vainly struggling but losing ground, driven to and fro by ignorance, cast into fire and carried by wind, thrown through unknown space and at last spent and bruised for nothing. Her mother's voice came to her as though from a great distance. "Able-One, are you still afraid of death?" she asked.

"For you, mother," the child answered, "but never again for myself." "That is as it should be," answered Marked-Dress as she patted the thin shoulder that shook in fear for her precious mother. The circling companions divined the cause of this early lesson that even the older girls had never thought of deeply. They were awed and impressed by this small child that trembled at the thought of it, robbing her of a mother so dear to her.

Marked-Dress spoke from a full heart, "Cream of our tribe, all you daughters of the Goat tribe, remember the lesson of this day. It is good that we lived to witness this demonstration of life and death."

All eyes were turned to Able-One and the faithful teacher and careful trainer; respect, praise and understanding mingled with envy, jealousy and hate.

With a swift wave of her hand, her voice sharp and commanding, Marked-Dress bid them look at the mother. "Study to be finished like your aunt," she said. "It is the fair play and wisdom she always exercises that clothes this child. She never has failed to make a good bonfire of every spark of knowledge. Today she found a living spark in her own baby, and there are mothers who would have gone to a secret place to disclose the secrets of nature to her child. She wisely chose to kindle a tribal fire in our hearts by rushing to us with a true lesson, and in doing so she has reached the hearts of the virgins of our tribe."

Then, as if by one consent, the faces all turned to the hills, where the fond glances of the passing sun clung to the tips of the highest peaks. There the Gods of the universe secretly met to prepare a lasting thrill for the searching young brave who chose to claim their assistance. The unclean could only gaze on it from a distance,

and through their earnest and undivided consent, knowledge was divinely registered on their hearts.

A low chant arose from this thrilled group, and while the glint of sun shimmered on the trees of the mountain, they ranged in line at the river's edge and dipped their hands into the water. They pressed the wet hands to their hearts, their eyes, their ears and their lips as they sang, "Let my heart choose wisely, my eyes see correctly, my ears follow obedience and my mouth speak honestly. Carry us in the center of the stream of life where we shall never waste but enlarge and deepen thy strength."

At this moment the clear sky darkened and the chant closed. The faithful teachers looked sharply on the solemn young faces. There was not a shadow of selfishness to be found as Marked-Dress explained, "See, my children, the mountain spirits have wiped away all dross and the water sign has printed on our hearts everlasting memory of this day's work. Keep in the stream of the Great Council of the Goat tribe and when you die you shall be a part of all things. You will not fear the wind, lightning or the crash of thunder. The water that drowns you now will never overcome you again, for you will be imperishable and belong to the everlasting that stands ready to pledge strength to all who seek spiritual aid and that demands a full return. Remember this lesson and never waste the power of the Rocky Mountain Goat by being slack in training your children. Thus you start the law of our tribe in the young sap of life to flow through the lives of our council where the strength of our being is stored."

(This wording may sound flowery and unnecessarily prosey but it is the nearest the white man's language can come to the real interpretation of the Indian's manner of expression.)

Chapter 7

A Spoiled Boy Child

“Mother,” Able-One asked one day, “why does Sparkler sob himself to sleep every night? And why doesn’t his father sleep by the sacred fire as my father does?”

“My child,” Mrs. Withered-Top answered, “you are too observing. But I shall answer your questions the best I can. Sparkler slept beside his mother too long and now she is having trouble to wean him from herself. His time for training is long past. Last summer he should have slept by the sweatbath fire and carried his allotment of wood. He should have passed out of the man’s door as soon as little brother was born. Now Pinwah has beat him, for as soon as he was able to walk he sat by his father and ate only what his father thinks will make a man of him. Sparkler likes the sweet meats his mother lives on and waits to be served by her so he can get the tidbits that enlarge his abdomen and make his joints small and weak. Shadow-Top will not sleep by the home fire and see his son become a woman.”

“Oh mother,” the little girl asked, “I am glad to know the trouble, because Sparkler likes to be with me and I shall be able to teach him to do the proper things.”

“Listen, my daughter, Able-One is your name but you have much to learn. Never let him be with you, send him about his duties and remember a man should learn many things from men. Has any man tried to teach you anything?”

“No mother,” answered the girl.

“Then why do you think you could teach a boy what he should know?” Mrs. Withered-Top replied.

“Because I love Sparkler and I have cared for him all his life. I know why his mother spoiled him.”

“Then don’t add another mistaken interest, for the boy’s school needs every boy in

line. Sparkler is the only laggard, and as soon as he gets so he can keep from crying, he will enter the circle. Until then he sleeps alone in the young men's winter quarters just inside the man's door. The other boys are to take up the summer course of medicine hunt while the animals are all awake and lively."

"Mother," Able-One persisted, "I wish I had been a boy. I shall never be able to know how the great things are done."

"My daughter, you have forgotten when the bear came to your help when you were in need? The quiet that filled your heart? That is the way a boy has to find his helper. Yours was an uncommon experience, but it is the same except that some boys, like Sparkler, need more training. He shall pass out of the camp into the boy's school, but because he started wrong he may always find it hard to climb to the far-flung mountain peaks to gather strength and knowledge. The only way to help him is to ignore him, refuse to answer his questions and drive him to his manhood."

"But mother, I cried too last night when I heard his heartbroken sobs," explained the pitying child.

"I am glad you asked the reason of his trouble, for you will know how to deal with him now," her mother said. After a long silent struggle of inward adjustment, Able-One resignedly promised to keep away from the lonely little boy whom an over-indulgent mother had made weak and forlorn. With first aid at the beginning of his life he might have led his class and saved the breach made in the relation of his mother and father.

Chapter 8

The Bear Kill

Word was brought that Lodge-In-Many-Lands had set his tepee on the low shore of the river above and across from Marcus. The high water had receded from the banks, and the rich sediment provided a place where camas grew large and shallow along the slough and back water. Indian tepees bristled over the land, and women toiled all day, digging the king roots of the culinary department.

The time would be midsummer, perhaps the month of July, 1831, just after the salmon days. Salmon still graced the evening feast but was not in such abundant supply. The camas was gathered or dug with a sharp antler or stick, prying loose the dirt from the sides and lifting the onion-shaped vegetable out. They were thrown into loosely woven grass bags to be carried home where they were washed and spread onto large mats to dry and cure. They would be baked in portions at any time during the year, giving constant refreshment.

Withered-Top and his family made a visit to his brother's lodge. After a month of separation the brothers were keenly delighted to see each other. Withered-Top had floated to his brother's mat door in a canoe, and here the families gave joyful greeting. Blue-Water met them and carried Able-One away to the virgin's retreat which was arranged in a willow-circled enclosure made doubly private by tule mats stretched in a wide circle.

The tiny tepees were arranged on two sides of the space with the open fire in the center. Here women and girls were busy cleaning up for the evening meal as cool shades were cast by the tall willow trees and where fresh grass was strewn on which one might rest. Able-One entered the circle to receive the gentle strokes and kindly words of the older women, and then a dip in the cold river. She was escorted to the long tepee and open sheds where cool green grass, spread on the ground, gave a grateful atmosphere of home and comfort.

A brisk northeastern breeze whipped the water into ripples downstream, and the low sun meeting the waves gave a shimmer and sparkle that caught the fancy of the child. She was watching the water when she spied a black dot bobbing on the surface. After a moment of inspection she sprang to her feet. It was a bear. The animal saw the movement and swerved toward the other shore as she dashed to the camp crying, "A bear is at our door." At once men rushed for arms and canoe. In a moment they were skimming after the frightened animal who, because of the direction of the wind, did not realize how near he was to the camping ground of his worst enemy. He had not discovered his mistaken destination soon enough and was trying frantically to get as far away as he could.

The crew paddled straight toward the retreating animal. Shadow-Top crouched at the prow, firmly gripping a barbed spear, ready to send it to the soft spot of the beast's throat. As the bear lunged and raised himself from the water, Shadow-Top let go the spear in a thrust that imbedded the many-barbed slug into the heart of the threshing fighter. As the stout pole was pulled back a strong cord was quickly uncoiled to give space for the flailing feet. The canoe was a moment too slow in its retreat. A huge paw flashed up to rip the end of the canoe to shreds and send the men scrambling into the water, wildly endeavoring to swim away from both the threshing feet and the sinking canoe. Just at this instant another canoe went into the river and took the ball of cord from the prow of the drifting wreck. Throwing a heavy rope around the sinking bear they towed him ashore after picking up the swimming men. Able-One stood on the bank watching the swift action and thrilling escape of all the men. They were bringing back a new robe for her.

Early next morning Able-One wakened to a steady pounding and knew that they had worked all night to save the meat, grease and casings of the huge carcass. This was no small or simple task when the blade was only a sharp stone or maul. The skin was torn off and the internal organs emptied. The carcass was slung across a pole and hung over a fire where the heat loosened the tendons so that they might be stripped off and beat flat on a stone. They were spread on slats and smoked dry. The pieces of grease were trussed on stakes driven into the ground at an angle so the drip would fall on a hollowed stone to be dipped up with a horn spoon and put into dried containers.

As she stood by her mother waiting for a chance to help, she was interested in all that was going on about her. Her mother sent her to look in a woven grass bag that was slung to the tepee pole over their pillows, and here she found the smooth stick that turned the intestines. It was a pipe made of a section from an elderberry stick with the pith pushed out and a bunch of sinew strings included. From the corner of the door she secured a course grass sack and went to the river where the empty skins were piled. It took time and patience to turn, wash and tie them. The tying was done by doubling and folding them at one end and then inserting the elderberry tube and blowing them to full size before making the final closing. She placed them in a sack, a rolling slimy mass that soon dried sufficiently that the one end could be untied, the air released and they were folded and stored for future use. She placed the finished

work beside her mother and was rewarded with a doll made from the shoulder blade of the bear. The bone had been scraped, shaped and dressed for her because she had been first to discover the animal.

Piles of dried meat and grease were taken care of while the bones were cracked to save the marrow. The grease was of much importance because, like lard, it was preferred for the cooking of roots and sarvisberries.

By noon the skin was laced into a pole frame close beside the door, and the fur was cleaned and dried while busy hands constantly scraped and rubbed the inside to make it soft and pliable.

Although just a wee girl of seven summers, she was able to appraise the silken sheen found in the covering of the huge animal. In due time the skin was tanned and stretched so that it might be folded around her every night.

Able-One could not eat any portion of the beast except the grease when it was mixed with roots and berries. The bear was her Sumeech. (See Chapter 3) The claws and teeth were carefully polished, and strong sinew cord was used to string them into a necklace to be worn on special occasions and to prove to everyone that she had a guardian that was able to shield her from imposition or insult as long as she remained constant to the humble teaching and safeguards of the council.

Chapter 9

Able-One's Brother is Born and Winter Camp is Made

The summer months were crowded with labor from dawn until sinking sun. Strawberries were pulled by the cluster, tied in bunches and straddled on thin poles to dry in the sun for a short time. They were then picked and placed in a soup kettle. Sometimes they were mashed into a thick pulp, mixed with crushed dried savageberries and made into fruit cakes to be slowly baked by the fire on cedar slabs. This same process was used to preserve gooseberries, currants, raspberries, blackberries, huckleberries and thimbleberries. To make variety they sometimes added beaten dried meat, nuts and salmon eggs. The late kinickinick berries and red thornberries were crushed with meats, nuts and bits of fat to be packed into casings. They were hung high in the storehouse to freeze and keep fresh during the winter months.

This summer gave a bumper crop. The ground was soft and moist and the roots bulged full and tender. Berries bent the branches to the ground while fish abounded in the river and stream. Meat was fat and tender too.

Able-One stood beside her mother, helping in her small way in a wordless worship of that new life that was to come into her own. Mrs. Withered-Top seemed possessed by a towering strength that drove her into providing far more than ever before, thus causing her sisters to toil early and late. The Colville Valley teemed with people gathering winter supplies. Smoldering fires were constantly fed to keep flies away and for smoking the fish and meats. The foods must be preserved through either

smoke or drying; there were no preservatives known. The finished product was placed in grass bags and carried to Marcus to be taken by canoe to the winter quarters at Bossburg Hill where high store sheds were built for that purpose.

One early dawn in October 1831, Mrs. Withered-Top gently awakened Able-One and whispered, "We must be on our way." For a moment the girl stretched, finding her body rested and well, then remembering that today was set for returning to their home, she bounded to her feet and snatching up her leggings and moccasins she raced to the bathing quarters for a dip in the icy water and a slow turn by the fire. She gazed about this summer camp, always cool and green. The black soil and gushing streamlet flashed as the light rays rolled back the night. The black hills were brought out in sharp relief against the eastern sky. From the smooth floor of the valley, looking west, high hills covered with big trees towered over their camp. Ducks swished their wings in low flight while geese honked their invitation to the sunny south.

Returning to the busy camp she found a small package to carry as she walked away behind her mother who was carrying a rawhide holder. A short climb brought them in view of a long line of people heavily loaded with bags of food. Some of the older folk were left to care for the camps and the rest of the summer harvest. Withered-Top and his family were being helped home by the kindly Colville in-laws.

The next day there were many hands to help in carrying the food to the shore of the Columbia River and loading it into the canoes. The supplies would then be floated to the Chief's home. Into the last canoe the Chief took his wife and daughter. Mrs. Withered-Top paddled with him for a time and poled the canoe quickly upstream. At the right angle she steered for the other shore to miss the sharp current of the stream. She sent the canoe into a small sand cove and stepping out she took a willow branch and handed it to her husband to use as an anchor. She climbed the bank and disappeared as Withered-Top bowed his head and murmured a petition in his wife's behalf.

Able-One noticed the gentle tides rise and fall on the sand as she watched the rim of the rise for her mother's return. Time was not measured by minutes or hours, but it was not long until she saw her mother's head and body as they seemed to rise out of the bank. She was stooped with a burden, and as she came into full view they could see that she carried something in her skirt. She stepped down the steep bank and called to her husband, "We have received a man into our midst."

"High-eeh, my good possession, you give me great joy," the Chief answered. In the same instant he tugged on the willow and the canoe was drawn ashore where she steadied it and reached down in the center of the boat where she found all she required to supply her needs. A birch-bark basket contained a bladderfull of goose-oil, a soft grass mat to receive the lusty son, a sinew string to tie the cord, a soft down pack to absorb waste and a fluffy skin to wrap around the smacking-hungry baby boy. There was also a bag to lace him into, and he looked like a huge cocoon in it. Able-One stood behind her mother and adored this wonderful brother. She had

learned well the lesson of dealing with men children through her suffering for Sparkler and her rejoicing with Pinwah. Mrs. Withered-Top made herself comfortable and settled to wait for someone to help row the canoe.

All in good time shouting was heard on the paths where the extra men and boys traveled to gather fresh meats or fish for the evening meal. Withered-Top gave two sharp calls that brought Shadow-Top and two young men running to the birthplace of their future Chief. Shadow-Top knelt in the stern and plied the pole and paddle with power to match the steady strokes of the Chief. By the time the sun hid behind the steep hills they had landed on the sandy shore of their home at the foot of Bossburg Hill. Here the proud mother carried her son to the women's quarters to remain in retreat from the present moon till it was the same again. Able-One stood by to serve her mother or father to the limit of her strength. From this day forward the Lake Tribe was renewed and refreshed by a period of plenty and increase.

Touching-Water labored long and grievously to bring a beautiful daughter to grace and serve the tribe. Pinwah's wife gave birth to another daughter and the playgrounds for girls were enlarged. Teachers and mothers were supplied with student aids to make the days abound with services and provision for the coming winter. Able-One had a lot to learn; every moment was tinged with the promise of sitting in the story-telling circle of her aunt. The humble tasks took on a new meaning when explained by her teacher, mother or elders. There was a vital meaning in the smallest and hardest task, for to serve was a privilege. It was a door of entrance into realms of the spirit where faith lifts one into unexpected experiences.

The tepees were extended and made warmer, and getting wood was an endless task. Piles of fuel were brought and covered with old grass mats. Long trips were made to gather pitchy knots and pieces of wood for torches. The men circled the hills day after day and drove game into the river where waiting canoes, manned by butchers, slaughtered all animals and floated the carcasses to headquarters where they were skinned, washed and jerked. This was done by roasting large pieces of meat on a rack of green willows. The tendons were ripped off and slung on pole frames to freeze. The early winter roasting pits of camas, black roots and moss of every kind were made ready. These supplies were first cooked and then stored to be kept fresh by frost. Tepee mats, woven grass mats and deep piles of grass for the floor made more work in the gathering. Every dwelling was made warm by lining with newly dried hides and mats. Bark that had been stripped off during the spring was now made to stand up in the ground, overlap and rest on the crossboards of the pole frames. A ditch was dug along the wall and dirt poured on the bark. Layers of tule reed mats were placed in rows above each other and locked securely. A vent placed along the length of the long council house served to keep clean air about the boys who were in training during this time.

The women's quarters underwent the same careful reconstruction. Frosty nights and sunny days vied for mastery. Snow often fell at night and then melted in the day's sunny hours. Hail and rain took their turn, but they could not check the busy

women and girls when the short days must be spent outdoors. The long evenings found them making garments, moccasins and bedding from hides and furs, while the men scraped and polished their implements. Wood gathering was the chore that kept the women exercised during the day, and the evenings were snappy with frost while the limbs crackled and sang a soothing and comforting song.

The council opened and all matters were brought before the court. Young couples were married, while boys were sent to distant peaks to seek magic power. The story-teller sat in the center of the children's hearts. Able-One's questions were soon to be answered. There stood the pole, topped by the Goat's skull and all of its other trappings. How did the Goat come to be present in all our councils?

Marked-Dress sat where the boys and girls could hear her, but Able-One crept along the bedrolls until she leaned against her aunt's back, making sure nothing would be lost to her ears. A swift glance around at the young faces was enough to insure attention and respect.

"There is a beginning to all things, and no one knows when these stories which I am about to relate to you really happened. The spaces of time since things came to be as we see them is only since Man first looked at this land. Beyond that are the ages of oneness, separation and then creation. If you will listen carefully, all your questions will be answered in these stories."



PART II

**THE STORY-TELLING HOUR
MARKED-DRESS AND THE CHILDREN**

First Story

Creation, to an Indian

“In the beginning everything was one: spirit, light, heat, cold, sound, color, water and solid matter. Spirit, the greatest, formed into fantastic animal shapes which floated into the limpid whole. As time passed the great fleecy forms became active in developing other elements, such as separating light, heat and solid matter from the main body, and as the solid forms, like the earth, were put into place darkness followed. All things were made without labor, being done for pleasure and not to eat or wear. The creatures understood all things and enjoyed the wonderful creations they caused.

“There was no hunger, thirst or cold; therefore there were no selfish motives. They arranged the stars, moon or first sun, and eventually the present sun. They loved the earth and came often to transform its surface into a lovely home. Rivers were trained to follow their courses; mountains were thrown into piles here and there, and the lakes, oceans and seas were put in to fill up the spaces.

“The Spirits dwelt on the highest peaks and floated from one mountain top to another. They lived on air, but soon the sweet odor from the flowers they had planted so generously filled them with a new pleasure greatly unexpected that drew them closer to the earth. A breath of perfumed air! Oh, what a joy! A long draught of sweet honey from the great bell-like flowers was an intoxicating drink which made them skip from valley to valley, great forms without a shadow as the flowers gladly fed them.

“Here we find the beginning of eating and these creatures found it pleasant. Now it was a short step from sipping the honey to eating the ripe fruit. Without a warning thought they took the food and ate it. Soon they grew too heavy to take the long flights to the distant stars or sail in the air. They made great shadows and moved more and more slowly.

“As time passed they were content to scramble around on the face of the earth and

live on the land instead of in the air. Though they lost some of their wisdom, they still controlled the rain and all things pertaining to the atmosphere. The frog was the rain God and the water serpent God of the waters.

"You can see the downward rush of these creatures. As yet there was no death or sin. The fawn and cougar roamed together and the dove and eagle were nest mates. All was safe and peaceful while life and joy went hand in hand. The only worry they had was with the sun. He would change to white, pink or blue and then refuse to shine at all. The creatures felt the loss more as they dwelt nearer on earth, and the time came when something had to be done to help the moon, sun of those days. All these creatures had lived from the beginning, and they built and planned all things. Coyote, the first to see the finish of these things, was to be the first preacher and pilgrim. He roamed far and wide, doing the most daring deeds and the greatest foolishness. In all our Indian stories Coyote is the leading spirit.

"To make our own stories carry out our idea of life, we believe that when we pass from this world we return to the whole or Great Spirit where we know all things. We have no hunger, cold or fear; for the most terrible things shall only be a part of our own nature: a sunbeam, a drop of rain, a grain of dust, the rumbling thunder, a flash of lightning, a rainbow or a flame of fire. To understand all things without fear and to be in harmony must be our final objective. Knowing that nature will bend her progress to lend a hand to any of her children if approached fairly . . . that is our heritage.

"The animals, having lived in the perfect state, are still looked upon as a symbol of the gods that represented the Godhead or the Great Spirit in creating material things. Thus fallen gods on earth are still able to lead you back to the right light beyond the grave and help you back to the right life on earth. A man's 'Sumeech' is his animal spirit-guide to peace and rest. Each man is privileged to seek his own guide but a tribe has a council head with aids like our Goat, the eagle and the rabbit.

"This is enough for tonight, my children, and we will continue our story another time."

There was a sigh of regret from the younger group as Withered-Top arose on his knees and placed his hand below his eyes to shield them from the glare of the fire. He called right and left, "Your elder guide has given you a word picture of the roots, tree, branches and fruit of our being and the substance of our council. No one here tonight need grope or lose his way in this life if your ears were uncovered while your aunt endeavored to place the wisdom of the ancient revelations of the Goat and our ancestors. And let me say, my sister, your teaching improves each year." Then, turning to the intent listeners he said, "Now how can you children forget this deep marking across your souls?"

The children answered, "It is so," and a boy, taking a pretty basket and a torch, went out from the group. He soon returned from the brook with cold water, which was given in horn dippers, and food was passed in a basket. The fires were banked to save the hot coals, and slumber soon wrapped the souls of the village. Another night had come.

Second Story

Forbidden Meat

From great floating clouds of vapor the animals became what they are today; the changes were all due to eating. Still the appetites dragged them down, although they could still do wonders. They loved their own homes and felt their own importance. Ages had rolled over their heads and they had brought it about themselves.

Coyote, swift-witted as he was sly, saw back and looked far ahead, sometimes with an uncomfortable hungry stomach and a new feeling of hate for his neighbors, especially when they dared to drink from his own spring or eat in his berry patch. Coyote courted Miss Mole and, bringing her home to his bubbling spring, he showed her where the best berries, nuts, leaves and grass grew. He was content to stay at home and love his wife and four sons for his was the first real home.

Time passed and the land filled with similar homes. Children shouted and laughter filled the land. Where there was so much life, disease and death must follow. So here at last the Great Spirit got back its own; every dead body released a spirit. Now the time came when the appetite craved meat, and Coyote left his former ways and felt the first impulse to cannibalism.

One day he came home and put a lot of mice, which he had killed as they crossed his path, into a hot place among the ashes to roast. When his wife saw the wicked thing he was about to do she wept and begged him not to eat them, for it was bad enough to kill. Coyote was not going to be disappointed or dissuaded. He caught up a sizzling mouse by the tail and dropped it into his mouth. Such a clawing and scrambling around! But he could not tear the burning piece of meat from his mouth soon enough to avoid a painful burn. This always caused him to lisp. (Here our storyteller began to lisp in imitation of Coyote.)

Coyote was more unhappy than ever. He wandered into Montana where he saw a great herd of buffalo who welcomed him kindly. When he was ready to travel on, the good Chief Buffalo gave him a fine heifer for a wife. The only emotion he held for her was an overpowering desire to eat her. One day, as she followed him along the way, he schemed how he could kill her. He brought her to the edge of a cliff and suddenly pushed her off to her death. By taking an easy path he gained her dead body but as he came near, the smell of blood caused a sickening sensation in his stomach and such a pain that he was quite sick. He saw the buzzard family at work on his wife's body, while other animals hovered near by. Again that awful sickness came over him, and when he was able to creep back she was all eaten. Here again he was saved from falling into cannibalism.

Walking and moving on and on he wandered. One day he heard some singing and followed the sound. He came to a small valley where a fire was blazing beside a stream. Around and around this fire danced gay Magpie. With a pole he stirred the blaze, sending sparks high into the sky. Coyote went swiftly to his side and waited for some sign of welcome. Magpie never addressed him at all but kept busy with his fire. He chanted, "I am my grandmother's only child and must hunt for her. But first I must take my sweatbath. Then I go to the lakes and find the beaver trail where, sitting down, I place my leg across the path. The beaver come from each way and meet on my leg and then with a club I strike and get one, sometimes two. Then too, on the lake the geese float and dive. Here I also dive and soon a pair of feet are in my hand. Then I go ashore and kill the goose and bring it all to my grandmother who sings my praises."

Poor Coyote felt sorely misused. He, who always commanded the highest courtesies, to be turned down by this young dandy! He, one of the real founders of the very earth this upstart was prancing on! In silence he moved on and pondered long and hard as to why such things as Magpie should be allowed to live. Then the question of meat eating came again into his mind. The strange gnawing sensation in his vitals refused to reason with his better self. Soon he saw the very lake that Magpie had been singing about; there were the geese and the beaver trails. The beaver were busy carrying sticks and gnawing bark. Both families were old friends of Coyote and he felt like a sneak. He reasoned with himself that the times were changing and remembered how quickly the young buffalo had been eaten after he had killed her. Did not young Magpie sing and roar about his way of living? He must keep up with the times.

The thought of eating meat always made the water run down his throat and left his lips dry so that he licked them with a flaming tongue. He would carry out this plan of Magpie's. He sneaked along where he could find a suitable place and then sat down by the trail and placed a leg across it while he gripped a club in readiness of the treat to come.

The beaver, whose ranks had been thinned by Magpie, were very shy and afraid, and while Coyote was reasoning with himself in favor of eating his good neighbors, they had scented him. They saw him before he saw them, and they were not afraid.

They were expecting him to be here on a kindly visit but his sneaking approach aroused their suspicion and Grandpa Beaver slapped his tail on the water, making the glen echo until the attention of his family was gained.

He said, "My children, beware of yonder neighbor. Our cousin had a long and sad story about how Coyote slew a lot of his sons and daughters and carried them away, somewhat like Magpie does to our children. Coyote seemed so ashamed and was not boastful as Magpie is. No wonder, for Mrs. Mole Coyote is one of our first cousins, and even Coyote is of the same family as our cousins the wolf and fox. We are no longer safe, even with our relatives."

At this moment the strong odor of Coyote disclosed his slyly stationed self by the regular path between two deep pools of water, just as Magpie may have done. The sweatbath and the black feathers against the black mud made Magpie invisible and odorless, so the beavers were slain unexpectedly. Some of the younger set, more daring, begged to deal with the old reprobate who sat in plain sight and stunk with sweat. He was carrying on, smacking his lips and lolling his tongue while his long slanting eyes gleamed with treachery, and his arm twitched with eagerness to kill and eat.

Grandpa Beaver said, "Beware, for he is our neighbor. Do not kill him. Blood must never be counted against us." When he slapped the water again he was giving permission, and he dove to the bottom of the pool so that he would not see the way Coyote was treated. His memory was crowded with the glorious deeds of the past when Coyote's keen wit and boundless energy always perfected the plan far beyond other's perceptions.

Two young beaver, one from each pool, agreed to meet on Coyote's leg and teach him a lesson. So they came from both sides and met where Coyote's leg crossed their path. The club came down with all the traitor's might. The beaver both sprang away too soon and left the poor leg to take the blow. Coyote moaned and groaned and wrapped the leg with willow bark. Even after this lesson the beaver seemed so tame that his desire was irresistible. He tried the trick again, and again the beaver were too wise. Coyote had to brace his legs with sticks in order to walk at all. You must notice how the legs of the Coyote are so badly bent; now you know the reason why.

Coyote was still foolish. He looked with hungry eyes on the geese and wondered why he had not got one of these first instead of crippling himself on the beaver who were no good to eat anyway. At last he dropped himself into the lake and found he could dive and swim. Even with his crippled legs he could try again. The geese saw Coyote splashing and diving in the lake, and Grandpa Goose honked to his large family, calling attention to the strange performance of their friend. "He never did bathe before. Oh, how he stinks now that he is wet. Just think of him draining the ages of dirt into this beautiful lake where our children have always splashed and dived." He said, "Once Coyote told me the only way to keep clean was to roll in the dust and brush off in the grass."

Grandpa Goose honked a warning for those in the groups farther away, for there

were plain ripples nearing them from three points. Coyote's ears and tail would not sink below the surface of the lake, so the geese saw him coming and agreed to carry him home where his wife could chastise him properly.

After the geese he swam, and when he was near enough he dived under and came to their feet. Two pair dangled near his nose. He caught both pair and started for the shore. This time he would have his meat and that dandy of a Magpie would not dare turn him down again. He need not even bother with a sweatbath for he had two geese, while in Magpie's song there had been mention of only one.

Suddenly he felt the warm grasp of the geese's feet, so firm and tight he could not shake them off. Bewildered he realized that slowly but surely he was being lifted from the calm lake and higher into the air, too high to try to loose himself and fall. He saw that his clasp of pay and paddle became the only way of life. High and straight they sailed. Now Coyote had a chance to think of the wicked things that he had done, the things that had been crowding back the nobler ideals that he should have had. For the first time a sad homesickness came over him and a longing to see his sons and to pat their smooth sides. The clear bubbling spring and deep dark pool that stood below it claimed his attention for some time. He seemed to see his wife looking at him with sad, reproachful eyes, sometimes in tears as he had last seen her. It had been such a long time ago. As these thoughts flew in bounds through his troubled mind, he remembered the task of righting the action of the sun. Then this cannibalism, the horrible sight of seeing a nation gnawing at its own vitals was shown to him as a moving picture. The terrible future seemed near as he caught a vision of Man, who was to be made the master over all life as soon as the custom of meat eating was practiced by all. Coyote saw that just as long as the eating of meat was kept down, there would not be any changes made and the lost power might be regained. But who was to proclaim all this to the creatures who would not see it? He was the only one who had seen past the present and could speak with authority. All at once his mind came back to his predicament and his heart failed him as he hung limp and senseless in the air. When he opened his eyes again he was overjoyed. Was not that his dear old hill? There was the great rock with the spring beneath it and the deep cool-looking pool. The smoke of his hearth fire was plainly seen and his four sons were playing by the lake shore.

"Mother, when will papa come home?" asked baby son, for he always seemed to lead the conversation.

"I do not know just when that time will come," his mother answered, "but let us hope that it might be today. Do not weep again if he fails to come, for he is considering the one question that involves the universal good. The Sun is no longer sufficient for our needs and must be replaced or improved. How can that be done? By cooperation only, all must unite in fasting and cleansing the mind and body from fraud and dirt and then be as one body and mind in seeking the good for all."

Baby nodded his head many times and said, "Papa is a great worker and I want to be like him. Will you teach me always to learn his ways?"

"Yes, my son," Mrs. Coyote replied. "I will do all I can, for your father is too busy to teach you himself. And your wishing me to teach you will make it possible for you to gain and keep what I give and will increase your wisdom to the measure of your father's knowledge, which is everything. Since the time when all was one in the Spirit, before we were born into misty forms, he remembers when labor was a joyful service. Then we commence just now to enjoy our labor. The camas on the shore of our pool is ready to be gathered."

The brothers tumbled over each other and leaped high into the air as they rushed to the edge of the pool to dig the roots their mother would need for the winter store.

"Do not dig the small ones, for mother always gathers the large ones and leaves the smaller for next year."

Just as the brothers finished their work they raced around and around the shore of the pool and rolled over each other on the grass. Younger brother, resting on his back, saw a flock of geese sailing low and fast as they carried something along. In a second he knew his father; the lean body, long tail covered with rough bushy hair could not be mistaken for another. "Brothers, brothers, Look!" he cried. "The geese are carrying our papa."

At this moment the geese sailed over the pool and dropped their burden. Where was the airy self that used to sail among the stars? It was gone. Through the air he dropped like a rock, striking the pool in the center. He, who but for this craving of meat would still be an airy substance known and loved. Slowly his body rose to the surface of the pool. His three older sons swam out to tow him ashore where they laid him on the grass while the youngest ran to tell his mother. He was much surprised when she did not rush to their help. Mrs. Coyote realized that the very way of Coyote's return was against him. There must be some terrible shame that would bring their friends, the geese, to return him in such a way.

The poor baby wept and begged his mother for help, saying, "For the sake of our last talk, help us to win the perfect day. We must not lose a single soul who understands all things like you say papa does."

At last, in pity for the sons she loved, she went to the lake shore and placed her mouth over Coyote's heart to draw blood that would return circulation into his body. She bade her sons raise him to his feet while she rushed to the spring to wash the blood from her mouth. When she returned, Coyote was better and could walk, with the help of his sons, to their little home on the hill. Grass beds were scattered out over the ground, and he dropped onto one of them to make a full confession. He told of his vision of Man as he had seen him while high in the air. His first sermon was given at home where it was accepted with glad hearts. His wife understood the thing just as he saw it, and she taught it to her little ones. With such a load on his conscience Coyote was soon driven on again.

Third Story

See-Nee-Nah, a Monster

From the first quickening of life there was constant change. Everything was met with new adjustments by the Great Spirit, the power over all life. Death was established to offset birth. The world was a garden without weeds, and the supply of life was overflowing. The alien marriages, like the water snake and water snipe, started mosquitoes which were large and fierce, but the sunrays subdued them into what they now are. In the same way the insects and other parasites came. Once in a while a great monster would grow when meat-eating animals intermarried. These monsters destroyed much life. They were called the offspring of sin and flesh-eating nature.

These monsters were a menace to life, therefore a subject to control or exterminate. Death was established to keep the population down until they would again learn to live like their forefathers. Revenge slowly tears away the sublime existence of the mightiest race of the world. Coyote, the seer and prophet of his time, foresaw the complete disintegration of his people unless the progress of the whole new nature was changed or checked.

One day Coyote left home and wandered far to the south. Here the land was rich with food, beauty and life; he found conditions far worse than in the north. As he walked along he was startled by the noise of loud weeping and wailing. Hurrying ahead he came to a large encampment of animals, all grieving for their lost children. By asking kindly he was told that a great monster had come that day and carried away all the children of the place. It had come often before, and now there were no children left aside from the wee babies. The din of wailing rose higher until it was like a raging storm.

Coyote asked the way the beast had gone and, seeing many glances in a certain

direction, he moved swiftly that way. Many rose to stop him, trying to describe the terrible creature, but Coyote waved them aside and ran along the plain trail. Some of the braver ones followed him and soon they could see the dreaded beast. One by one they fell away until none but Coyote followed the path. After a time he came up with the monster, whose head reached midway to the tree-tops. Its head and neck were the pattern of the owls. The shoulders and arms were of a man, although Coyote likened them to nothing he had seen. The body resembled a bear while the legs, feet and hands were the shape of an eagle's claw. The whole creature was covered with wool, scales, feathers and hair with a great mane of bristles that he raised and dropped as he chose. In a great willow basket hanging to his back Coyote saw young deer, antelope and wee kids, all paralyzed with fear. These animals had learned that the beast traveled all the time and replenished his basket with the tender meats of the land. When he was hungry he took one and tore it apart, drank the warm blood and gulped the meat. Coyote trotted beside this beast and smacked his lips at the basket as he exclaimed, "Those are fine eating."

The beast glared at him. With a terrible screech he bore down on Coyote who dodged between the heavy legs. All animals had run away from the monster before, and he had never even had a good look at them. This Coyote who appeared so small and harmless had been the first one to dare speak to him. The beast, always alone, was glad of a chance to make a friend and a rumbling "Hee, hee" met Coyote's laugh.

"You are the leading hunter of the day, and I am your first follower," Coyote said. "Soon you shall rule over the nation and live off your enemies. Their meat shall be food for you and your friends. Who can stand up before such strength as yours?"

"I am strong but you are wise," replied the beast. "Strength and wisdom should go hand in hand."

So they traveled together. Soon the monster took a kid from his basket and was about to kill it when Coyote stopped him by saying, "What a pity to spoil the meat so. Put the kid back and I will teach you how to cook them." Pleased with a chance to learn from his little friend, the beast obeyed.

"There is the very spot," went on Coyote. "There is wood, water, grass and rocks. First we must dig a pit." The beast did that easily, filling it with rocks. He then piled pitch and wood on top as Coyote directed him. By casting one stone on another, a spark was made for the starting of the fire and the flames soon rose high and very hot.

While the friends sat resting, Coyote explained that there would be an easy way of making his friend more beautiful. "If you did not have such an ugly coat, the little children would come to you and not run away." He put some pitch on his own arm and warmed it by the fire until it had all melted. Then, pulling it off, he displayed the white skin of his arm. As the beast saw this he trembled with joy for he remembered how hard it was to get his meals, all because he was so terrible to look at.

"Hurry, my little friend, and do your very best for me," he said. They gathered pitch from the near-by trees and plastered it over the coat of the monster. By this time the

rocks were getting hot and giving off strong heat rays.

"And now let us make some long poles for ourselves and little ones for the children, and let us all dance around the fire. We will dance until the cooking heat is right and then, at a time I will tell you, we will push them onto the hot rocks and cook them well."

After letting the little ones out from the basket, Coyote told the beast to sing while he himself led the dance. The terrible sound that was sent forth caused the children to fall down in fright. "This will not do, my friend, you must lead the dance and let me sing," Coyote said. His song put life into the young feet, and they circled around the pit in a lively dance. The beast greatly enjoyed his first entertainment, and the warmer he grew the softer the pitch became. Coyote sang praises to his new friend, dwelling on the magnificent strength of the beast and his prospective beauty.

At length the pitch oozed down over the beast's eyes until he was dancing with his eyes closed. Coyote, ever on the watch, tripped him just at the right moment and caught him under the arm with his pole. He threw him into the roaring fire and hot rocks. In a second the flames leaped to the clouds while Coyote gathered the little children and led them safely away. From a distance they watched the terrible monster burn. Soon there was a loud explosion, and a bird was thrown from the right eye. This bird looked somewhat like the beast that Coyote had named See-Nee-Nah. Today that word, spoken from the Indian mother's lips, makes a child cower and be good. Another explosion brought forth another flopping bird. "You are night hawks," said Coyote, "and you shall always wallow in the dust. You, with the owl, will not fly by day, but sneak forth for food by night." This was the finish of one beast that was grown by nature to thin the population. Coyote returned the children to their parents and they listened willingly to his sermon. The burden of his talk was that they must stop eating meat. There was food enough without taking life, and the reward would be the return to the old ways of living and the power of rearranging the sun.

Fourth Story

Another Monster

After a few days of teaching among his kind new friends, who thanked him and promised to do as he had preached, Coyote bid them farewell with much precautionary advice. There were other flesh-eating monsters already among them. They must hasten their work to insure their futures.

Coyote marched with his face still to the southern country where there were many large kingdoms. There were quantities of vegetables and fruits, nuts and grass along the way. Such fruit as he had never seen crowded his path. All one need do was take and eat. Still there was the taking of life here too. Eggs were being eaten openly, and the young were no longer safe.

One day as he wandered among great trees and found a tree across his path, he leaped over it and landed on the leg of Mrs. Lark. Alas, how sad! To cripple an old friend! Lark screamed and moaned, for she was even afraid of an old neighbor. Coyote took sticks and grass roots to encase and strengthen the leg. After Mrs. Lark found she could use the foot, she thanked him for his kindness and said, "Do not follow that path any further, for it will lead you to death valley. All who go there are lost; they never return."

"Then I must follow it to the end and see what I can do," answered Coyote. In a few well chosen words he told her his mission and would have moved on, but she called him back and gave him a strong rope and a knife. "You may find these useful in your great work," she told him. "Be careful, my friend, for much depends on you. Let me tell you all I know of this monster."

Coyote was glad to learn any information, and he listened intently as she continued. "Not far from here you will come to the most beautiful valley in the land, a valley which the high God built and planned with the greatest of care. A garden of

surpassing beauty has been the result. There you will see the sweetest flowers, finest fruits and greenest grass. Nothing but the best was planted there. It was the home of Summer, but for a great while past a terrible monster has made it his home. All who used to go there for food are now sucked into a black pit by great arms that reach the far hills. Each arm is provided with a suction tube. You must be very careful not to get in reach of those grasping arms."

Coyote turned down the path and eagerly pushed ahead. As the day came to its zenith, he came unto the wide path that led across his trail. Here he saw tracks of all kinds of animals, seeming to travel in circles to and fro. None ahead showed any return marks. Listening he heard neither groan nor outcry. Just in view of the crest of the hill that looked like the rim of the valley he saw trees and vines filled with fruit and nuts. A sniff of the breeze brought the sweet odors of ripe things to eat and made him hungry. Lark's warning and his self-imposed mission made him extremely cautious.

The tracks taught him that it was folly to go near the hanging fruit. On the extreme edge of the path a tree stood. He took his rope and tied it around his body and to the tree. He crept to the crest of the hill in the tall, untrampled grass. The whole valley lay at its most beautiful form before him. Giant trees, vines, shrubs and all kinds of plants, with green grass and flowers weaving in every space making a glorious carpet. Small streams ran brimming with cool water. Each part looked as if a huge gardener had planned and planted it to feed a nation. Coyote's nose, raised in the air to sniff of its perfume, sensed a foreign stench, something that made him tremble. While he watched, a long line of white birds came in view over the further bank. At once a huge black arm flashed out and the birds were plucked from the sky and seen no more. The arm had come from an elevation in the center of the valley that he had supposed to be a huge pile of black rocks without vegetation. As he gazed longer the outline of this hill slowly became defined. The two lakes that seemed to be balanced on each side of the sharp ridge were eyes, and the slopes showed the hideous outline of arms. Just in the center of the back was a hole which smacked and belched. This, then, must be the mouth.

"Hooo-oo-oo-ooo-oo," called Coyote.

Instantly the hill was alive. Great arms stretched from every direction, and he felt as though he were being lifted from his hiding place. His firm grip on the tall grass helped him hold himself down. After a fruitless search the monster calmed down and only watched with changing eyes.

"Hooo-oo-oo-ooo-oo." Once more the call was wafted through the great valley, ending in a derisive laugh. Again the giant feelers flashed forth and sucked until the great trees swayed. With a baffled roar the monster drew its arms back and waited until he knew from whence the call came. Coyote could see the monster tremble and shrink with fear. This was a new experience: to be seen, called to and even laughed at. Coyote laughed at the bewilderment of this horrible beast and, filling his lungs, he sent forth another prolonged "Hooo-ooo-oo-ooo-oo-ooooo."

The Coyote bark is a diabolical mixture of whine, laugh, growl and bark that rings through valley and echoes from the hills. This noise of mockery came to the monster's ears, and it was the first challenge he had ever heard. No one had ever dared to hoot this way without the forfeiting of life, and here was a blast of voices that must come from a foreign monster, one who perhaps wanted to battle for the beautiful valley. "Well, let it try!" An inner fear clutched this strange being, though he was ready to do battle for this paradise.

Coyote took a stick and waved it in the grass as he sent forth the wild cry until the lake-like eyes caught sight of his hiding place. All the power was concentrated on this one spot, and Coyote's hold was torn loose as his body was suspended in midair with the rope still around him. Again and again the sucking air seemed to draw him until he could feel the tug on his hair. The monster saw the size of his tormentor and was filled with rage. Coyote took the knife in his hand, and when he was again drawn from the ground he cut the rope. After the beast had taken a good look at him, he was taken by an arm that resembled a huge black snake and lifted until he was above the hole in the back. He was dropped in, slipping, sliding, rolling and bumping down the narrow channel. When he finally landed in a large space, dim and shady, he felt as if he had gone miles.

As his eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, he saw many of his old friends. Some gaunt, hungry-looking and sore, having been there a long time; others were still fat. Upon asking the mode of living, they told him that this monster consumed flesh slowly in order to digest the whole creature while alive. The monster lived and grew fat by digesting the very bones of its many victims.

An abundance of fruit and nuts were thrown down and there was water also. Bear and all the cat family, Magpie and all the flesh-eating kind, were starving.

"Why friends," said Coyote, "eat meat. Make yourselves useful in a worthy cause and be rid of a formidable foe with satisfied stomachs yourselves."

All trembled with fear while Coyote took his knife and slashed meat and grease from the walls, throwing great hunks to the terror-stricken occupants of the room. Just above him he saw a great piece of meat. With a slash of his knife it fell to the floor. Instantly there was a red shower of blood and a trembling in the room. He had cut the heart from the monster. There was a rocking and then a slow rising of the whole floor. Soon they were all tossed out on the pleasant plain, landing in front of the monster who was rapidly dying before their very eyes. Here, before the grave of their souls and with shaking bodies and quaking hearts, Coyote was able to drive the true meaning of his mission of not eating meat into the understanding of his friends. After a few chosen words were given all promised to help save the day. Bear always had hated Coyote, and although he appeared friendly there was evil in her heart against him.

For a while all stayed in the fair valley to recover and enjoy the fruits and pleasant surroundings. Coyote taught them the changes that continued all the while and described the slow decay of the whole nature. "Once we were content to live in the

clouds and air," he said. "We understood the nature of the starting, the things above our heads, beneath our feet and all we see. We know that we fight against our own flesh when we eat it, and for that reason we are slowly destroying our bodies and souls. We are about to lose control of the sun. In that day our bones shall lie, blackened on the face of this land and we shall be no more."

"Let us believe, go back and make peace with one another. Destroy all flesh-eating kinds like the monster lying yonder and live on the gardens that we planted for ourselves. This is our duty. There is plenty without taking of life. Just as soon as we establish the custom of eating each other, we shall lose all right to create life; the power must go elsewhere. The creature who will have this power will be called Man. We will be the victims of our own sin, for Man shall be given the right to kill and eat us. We shall be chased for our flesh and hides. Man will be without a natural coat and will cover himself with our skins while he eats our flesh.

"Now I must go forth and tell all I meet. Those of you who are moved to give light, give freely. Never forget to help the distressed, for peace is the only passport that will take us again to the Great Spirit, the true fountain of all things."

Fifth Story

Coyote's Four Sons Win a Race

Coyote passed on and sowed seeds of kindness in every heart that would accept them. After a great while he rounded the point that hid his little home. At that moment his four sons came running to meet him. How very large and spry they were. They pranced around him with such glee and delight that he asked them, with some concern, the secret of their pleasure. They only said that they would tell him after he had seen what they had done, and what they had plans of doing.

When he entered the shady place of his own home, he stretched out on the cool, clean grass to rest while Mrs. Mole Coyote brought fresh berries and tender roots for him to eat, and his youngest son dashed to the spring for a basket of water. His four sons puzzled him, they were so lightfooted. They were swift and while talking to him they were helping their mother, alert enough in mind to never lose track of a thought or break a sentence. Coyote did not remember that it was his craving for meat that had robbed him of his airiness. His wife's purity, given in teaching and in her own life with her children, had given them the things that made them what they now were.

They told him that they were preparing to go to a large meeting where a great many animals had sent out a challenge over all the land for a foot race. They had never been beaten. "We are all prepared to go and your coming was what we lacked," his youngest son told him.

"This all sounds very foolish to me," Coyote answered. "We have a home, so why do you leave your mother alone for a gambling contest? I must be ever on the go and it has been my great joy to know that you were all here to care for her."

"But we shall take care of her too," the son answered. "We have arranged everything and our mother agrees with us. But we must take something along to bet, and that is where you can help us. Will the good things to eat that our mother prepares for us be despised by others?"

"No," Coyote replied. "If more mothers knew how to feed their children as your mother does the Spirit would still work with us." After a time for rest Coyote was ready to march on, burdened with strings of food fastened around his body.

The first day took them far on their way. As the evening came on, the boys longed for a drink from the home spring. "Ah, boys, that has ever been my burden. If you travel you must learn to do without it," Coyote told them. He had forgotten the power of his wonderful race, the power to do wonders for themselves and others.

"Here is just the spot to camp," said the youngest brother, who was always the spokesman for the boys. "Rocks and trees are here for shelter."

"You forget," Coyote said; "the most essential thing, my son, is good water. There is none here."

Seeming to pay no heed to their father's comment, the youngest son continued to give orders and the others to obey. "Papa, you gather grass for your bed. And you, my oldest brother, will go back and see how mother fared and bring a basket of water from the home spring."

Although Coyote had known the time when nothing was impossible, he was the blindest today. This proved how one can stagger to the bottom of the moral scale and get angry or sleepy when higher aspirations are mentioned. In this case Coyote felt like he was left out, and he resented the idea. Silently he gathered grass and piled it thick and soft in a sheltered spot, while his sons made their choice and arranged for the coming night. Just as Coyote lay down on his bed, his oldest son walked into camp and gave him a basket brimming full of clear, cold water. After a good drink he passed the container back and said, "That is the best imitation of our home spring water I have ever drunk."

The youngest son asked concerning their mother and Coyote heard a strange tale of the doings of his wife. "When I looked for mother she was nowhere to be found, so after stamping around and calling, I saw her come out of the ground just under the edge of her couch. It seems that she grew nervous after we left this morning and dug a tunnel in the ground and is now busy digging a large room where she is going to store our food supplies and also live until we return." Coyote said not a word as he closed his weary eyes and slept.

The next morning they journeyed on, and as evening came the second son got the water and handed it to his father just as he sat on the edge of his grass couch. There was also a twig of berries from the bush that always grew by the home spring. Poor Coyote was sorely puzzled but too stubborn to speak or ask a question. At a hasty inquiry from the baby brother as to the health of mother, he learned that his wife had moved everything underground and was busy digging a room for herself. "It is cool and shady down there," declared the second son.

"It will be great fun for us to scoop a room for ourselves."

Coyote sniffed aloud while he stripped the berries from the twig. The day had been long and the fast march across the dry, hot plain had been hard for him. He slept the sound sleep of the very weary, almost persuaded that his son had really been home.

The next day was even hotter and the land was mountainous. After a long day of fast traveling, led by the youngest son, they gathered grass once more for the couches while the baby of the group went home for a basket of water. As before it was given first to Coyote as he made ready to lie down on his bed. After a long draught he said, "I must give up, it seems to be from the home spring."

"That was well said, my father. It surely is from the home spring," returned the son. No more was said, except that they must save any remaining water for the next day.

At the time when the shade was the smallest, they came in view of a low prairie surrounded by high blue mountains. The deep-seamed sides of the prairie lay ever in the shade. At the lower end of the smooth prairie the elevation gave way to knoll hills and mountains. At this end was the encampment of many animals. At the foot of the small hill on which they sat was a small stream that crossed the mouth of the amphitheater-like formation of the land. There, across the stream was a pit that sent forth smoke and the odor of seared meat. A great fear gripped Coyote's heart. These four sons of his who were resting in plain view of this place surely did not know the fearsome conditions in yonder camp.

His youngest son spoke to him, saying, "Papa, the time has come when we must tell you everything. A great while ago we heard of this encampment. They hold the fastest runners in the land and challenge the world to beat them. The price is lives. The losers supply the roast with their own bodies."

"Surely, surely, my sons, you do not intend to enter this race. Come away, my children, into safety and let me handle them," pleaded Coyote.

"But father, you must trust us this time. We are going to try our best, but you must stay in camp as a hostage until it is over."

"Alas, alas, I can see our finish," Coyote returned. The animals were crowding around them now, pushing and driving them to the starting point of the race course which was at the right-hand ridge. There was a path, wide and worn from many feet. Magpie was the leading runner and as the word was given, he and Coyote's sons started away. The older son went first while the two younger ones stayed to give a comforting word to their father. Each in turn had then sped up the path. The last was the dearest and youngest, and his words of comfort were dear to his father. He seemed so confident that he would win. The people jeered and laughed, and someone said, "What a poor roast. He is such a lean, homely creature. It will take a great while to cook the old one. We should put him in right away so as to start him roasting."

Faster and faster the baby went until the watchers sped back to tell of the speed made. It had never been done before. Soon he caught up with the oldest brother, and he was told that Magpie and second brother had left a good while ago. On went the youngest son. After a bit he came up with the second brother, and here he was told that Magpie and third brother were just out of sight. "Magpie can run very fast," he was warned.

Little brother went on until just ahead he could see the third brother tagging Magpie on the highest peak of the mountain. The path led to the tip of the highest

range. It was going to be easier from now on because it was downhill and the home stretch. Little brother saw the mode of travel that Magpie took. He went in great leaps of flight and of course he had to stop at the end of each leap to gather strength for the next.

"Little brother, he is very fast and he gains as we go down. I am afraid for ourselves," third brother said as the youngest son came abreast "But go on."

Quickly little brother was beneath the leaping bird and as Magpie stopped he darted on. Magpie was taking less time to gather strength for his leaps. Little brother spun just ahead. Down the path they raced with Magpie trailing behind.

Coyote said, "My friends, let us make the fire hot and we shall dance while we wait. It is as you say, we should make a poor roast. If you win the race we will stay here until you fatten us or you must double the heat to cook us now."

Although there was a lot of laughing and sport at Coyote's expense, they fell in with the plan and built a fire around which they began to dance. They put on their gayest plumes while Coyote charmed them with his wild songs. As he led the dancers with his strings of good food he made quite an impression. Someone called them to stop, for in the skyline and on a low ridge they could see Magpie. Instead of lighting as before he seemed to fall and then slowly raise for another leap. Never was this seen before. Magpie had always made the race easily. Where were the others? Nearer and nearer came Magpie. Someone caught Coyote and dragged him toward the pit. The women grabbed at the food that was swinging from every angle of his body. As they were stripping him of food, little brother spun into their midst, while Magpie was getting together his forces for the last leap.

The hands that gripped Coyote fell away, and beaten eyes were turned away with a wish to run from the awful punishment awaiting them by their own decree. The losers must surely be used for the roast. Each way of escape was kept by a silent guard. North, south, east and west stood the sons of Coyote. They had left the choice to their father, and were awaiting his decision. What kind of punishment would he demand of these creatures? Coyote walked back and forth, bringing chiefs and leaders and placing them around the great pit facing the red bed of rocks. He then ordered the others to crowd up nearer.

There was only one law to these animals and that was to get the best of their fellow creatures. They were overcome with dismay when these four sons had beaten them. They were weak with fright and slow to realize that Coyote was speaking with kindness, telling them that it was their duty to go back to the glorious days when love, peace and wisdom were practiced on every hand. It was a call for help to arrange the sun and this was news to all.

After a long sermon Coyote bid them scatter. He took the strings of food from his person and gave them away. In this act he showed them the way to live without meat. He gave them the right kind of food for strong bodies and loving hearts.

Then came the long march home with a lot of lovesick maids following after the four sons, who would not even look at them. Coyote took a long rest. His wife was

ever busy making long tunnels to the best berries, nuts, roots and grass patches. The sons helped to make underground rooms for themselves. Coyote would go down and look things over, but it was always too dark and gloomy for him underground. He pondered the question and realized that it was an instinctive sense of danger that had driven his wife to build this home under the ground, a place of cover and protection.

Knowing the growing conditions of strife, he also felt a comforting sense of relief to know that it was agreeable to his family to live in their new home, somewhat removed from any untold danger.

Sixth Story

The First Monopoly

Coyote could not stay in one place long, not even at home. He soon traveled north to see the conditions of that land and to visit his many friends in that direction. Each day brought him into cooler climate. He learned that a very little change had been made since the beginning of life. There was not much grown to tempt the appetite, but sleep was the seduction of the natural forces of the creatures. After a thorough study Coyote found this state more hopeless than cannibalism.

After traveling a great while, just at the edge of the ever snow-white land, he found great suffering. It seemed that there were some animals who did not sleep, and who had kept their fire burning from time unknown. They were suffering with cold because Grizzly Bear had captured the flames and used it for bait to catch meat. No one seemed to know how it was done because there was no one who came back to tell the ways the Bear used in tricking them.

Coyote set out to learn the cause of Bear's success. He came upon the lone camp after a search through many valleys. It was placed in a sheltered nook, and as he drew near he saw many dead animal bones scattered along the path. There was nothing for Coyote to do but walk right into camp and take a chance on his life.

Mrs. Bear greeted him kindly and placed a fur rug on the ground on which he might sit. A swift glance revealed to the keen eyes of Coyote that the tent was built of skins and the walls were thickly hung with strips of curing meat. In a large grass basket near the fire he could see soup steaming and boiling.

After a few words of greeting, Mrs. Bear took a large dipper and served Coyote some soup. She put it into a small basket and handed it to Coyote. "You are a stranger in these parts and you must be hungry," she said.

Coyote sat and talked while Mrs. Bear coaxed him to eat. She came nearer to him and seemed to be appraising him. Soon she peered into his face as she smoothed the long hair on his shoulder. Coyote then drew in a long breath and sipped a large mouthful of the hot soup. As she bent toward him he blew it into her coaxing eyes. Imagine the instant commotion that arose in camp as Mrs. Bear reared and clawed the greasy, poisoned soup from her eyes. Coyote emptied the soup from the basket and filled it with red coals. As he left the place he said to Mrs. Bear, "You have not listened or accepted the advice I gave your family when I saved you from the monster of Death valley, so I will waste no more time on you. As a brand for this day's folly your eyes shall always be red."

Soon the country had many fires that Coyote had scattered from his fire basket. He gave with a generous hand. Fire would help some of these sleepyheads to keep awake while they tried to keep warm. He taught all who would listen, telling them the meaning of the times, of his hopes and above all, the wish to right the sun. Many listened and accepted his teaching as they promised to forward his cause. So he passed through the land helping wherever he could. In his generosity he began to win back the position of love in the hearts of his friends, and they grew to respect his word as they had in the days before he had eaten meat or destroyed any lives.

Seventh Story

The Grizzly Bear's Revenge

Coyote came in view of his little home and found a large collection of animals hanging around his dooryard, drinking from his spring and eating the berries or trampling the grass. Daughters, mothers, fathers, brothers, cousins, and even grandmothers—all scheming to capture his four sons into matrimony. This forced Coyote to see that his sons were men and should marry, but there was no charmer cute enough to win even a look from their quiet eyes. As time passed Coyote, growing uneasy because of this unnatural aversion of his sons to the charms of many women, began to council and urge the early settlement of their lives.

One day he asked his sons why they did not care to marry and they answered, "Father, how can you expect us to marry cannibals? After mother's careful training and yours, we must live as you taught us. You know that these maids followed us from that terrible camp where the pure air was made foul by the meat of our kin."

Poor mother Mole grieved the days away for her sons. About this time Cousin Beaver came from the northland on a visit to Coyote's house. Of course Coyote told him about the single sons. Beaver began to stir their curiosity by recounting the gracious charms of Miss Bear. She lived in the land of great blueberries, steep mountains with rushing waters and deep still pools. Each morning she arose while the stars were yet bright to wait on her mother and gather berries. Every day courtiers came to gain a smile from her, but she always left them to her mother for entertainment.

After Beaver's story about Miss Bear, Coyote thought of how he had saved her from a lingering death in the monster of the summer garden and how he had made her mother's eyes red. He said, "She must have changed her ways for she was not at the last gathering that we just broke up. The great blueberries and deep pools of water sound as though she has learned to live right. She must be training her daughter in

the art of providing food without taking life."

Coyote grew disgusted with his sons. Laying himself down with his back to the world and his face to a large boulder, he refused to be comforted until they should come to their senses. At the end of three days his oldest son accepted his fate and made ready to go and see Miss Bear; no other girl would do. Coyote arose and helped to arrange for a long journey for his son. Beaver directed him and one morning the brothers walked a short ways with him as he began his long trip away from home. All wept to see him leave.

Coyote laughed at the sorrow among his remaining family and told the other sons their day was coming soon, making the family weep the more.

Days passed and no word was heard of the son sent away. One day the second son asked leave to go to his brother, and Coyote, giving his consent, was glad to see a slight interest in his son's eyes. The world seemed to swallow each young lover, for as the second son passed out of sight over the hill, no more was known of him. The younger brothers followed in their turn.

Mrs. Mole Coyote wept while Coyote said more than once, "Why should you weep for married sons? Do not believe they are dead, for some day they will return with their families."

It was one summer day, some years later, when Beaver came again and told the old couple that their four sons were dead. Miss Bear had killed them one at a time as they came to her. The news hurt Coyote more than it did Mother Mole, for they had always seemed dead to her since they had passed from her home.

Coyote took the knife that Mrs. Lark had given him and cut four rows of hair from his head, and lying in the dust he wept aloud. Mrs. Coyote only grew more patient and tried to cheer her husband. Beaver stayed by the unhappy couple and comforted them like a son.

Coyote hungered for revenge and one day he tramped away, with Beaver following. He traced the plain path his sons had taken and began his journey in that direction. On every hand was seen the signs of their activities. Here they had taken a short run for a cluster of berries, and here the twig was thrown to the side of the path after the fruit had been eaten. A grass couch and the imprint of their bodies still showed where they had spent their nights. On and on they marched until they came in view of the lone camp of Mrs. Bear. They searched the grounds for a sign of the missing young men but could find nothing. Once they chanced to look down a steep hillside that dropped into a deep pool of water, and here they saw the bodies lying side by side. In their secret search they had learned the habits of the family. The mother scarcely left the home, but the daughter came to the steep sidehill above the pool to gather berries every day. While she worked the mother sat at the door and guarded every part of the hill.

Beaver went a long way below on the winding river and tunneled through every point of land to make a straight run, and then, with a sack of stones and Coyote's knife, he climbed to the summit of the hill and waited for Miss Bear. He was a

handsome fellow, and when he slowly went down toward her, Miss Bear looked at him admiringly. Her mother called to her to get above him. She smiled on handsome Beaver as he came down the incline. She liked him and didn't intend to hurt him. Her mother roared at her to keep above him, but before she could do so Beaver took a stone and hurled it at her, striking her on the head. She rose and tried to spring at him but she could not reach him. As she crouched for another try, he sent a stone that crashed through her skull and she slowly began to roll down the hill. Beaver rushed to the rolling mass and cut her head off. The remaining body rolled down to keep company with the bones of her four victims as Mrs. Bear, raging mad and ready to tear Beaver to pieces, rushed to the river and plunged in after him.

Beaver darted to the water edge, carrying the beautiful head. In midstream he waved it just beyond Mrs. Bear's clutching hands. With a terrible roar she plunged, just missing her game. Beaver ducked under the water and headed for her side of the bend, while she plunged angrily after him. She could see him swimming in the water but as he landed at the shoreline he made a turmoil in the water. The mud covered his tracks. Mrs. Bear rushed along thinking each moment that she must overtake him. This she would have done had not those tunnels been made. As it was, Beaver stirred mud at each outlet to roil the shore as though he had just passed that way. This kept her tearing along at top speed.

At the end of the tunnels Beaver left the water and met Coyote. As they talked they could hear the splashing of Mrs. Bear at the last bend of the river. Coyote said, "Go on and leave her to me." At this moment she rounded the point and saw them. Beaver raised the head and shook the shining reddish hair in the sun for her to see. He then passed quickly out of sight.

Bear came tearing at Coyote roaring at every jump she made. How she thirsted for his blood. She had thought she was getting even with him for taking the fire and now she had lost her daughter. "You there!" she screamed.

"Yes," Coyote answered, "to avenge for the loss of my four sons." Mrs. Bear lunged up the sharp incline of the river bank, but when she came to where he had been standing, he was gone. She looked on the level plain and saw Beaver waving the head back and forth a long distance from where she stood. A quick search for Coyote revealed nothing, but she did see a pretty stone, perfectly shaped for mashing berries. Her housewifely instinct forced her not to leave such a pretty rock, so she snatched it up and bounded after Beaver. It would be a good weapon for her in dealing with him too. After a few lunges she was out of breath. She felt beaten and worn out. Try as she would the space between them did not diminish and soon she seemed to stagger under a heavy burden. She threw away the stone and, being so much lighter, would have soon caught her enemy had not she heard a mocking laugh behind her. Looking back she saw Coyote standing. "Ho, ho, ho, so you found a pretty stone," he laughed. "That was me, and you carried me in your arms."

Back she ran and again Coyote was gone; there was only a leaf lying on the ground where he had stood laughing at her. She ran frantically around, tearing everything to

pieces that she could see. Then, turning again, she saw Beaver standing some distance away and waving the head before her very eyes. Back at him she flew, and then came that mocking laugh behind her. It seemed to turn everything red with the echo of that horrible sound. She whirled and tore back and this time she sprang at Coyote and landed in a thorn bush where she hung until, gaining strength, she tore herself away and limped again toward Beaver. She was too tired. It seemed that she had run for miles as she sank, exhausted, to the ground. The long chase and the excitement were too much for her. When Coyote stood by her she begged him to kill her and let her free from his retaliation.

"No," he said. "That is not such a way for you to go. It would be much too merciful."

"But my child is gone. I have nothing to live for," she moaned.

"My four sons lie beside your daughter," Coyote reminded her. "You are more than even with me." With these words he passed on, leaving her to grieve alone.

Eighth Story

The Fire Child

Coyote had his revenge but it did not help him to bear the great sorrow laid upon him. He had been too busy to know his family, but they had always been a source of great pride and joy to him. When he came in view of his little home he staggered with the loneliness and barren outlook of their future life. No shouting boys to swoop down and meet him with glad eyes and to frisk back to tell the mother who had come. He sat down in the shady emptiness of the once happy home and moaned as though in great pain. Mrs. Coyote slowly crept from the hole in the ground, her eyes dim with tears. Neither had appetite nor courage left, as for a time they sat shivering and sorrowful. At length Coyote arose and commenced to walk around in a circle, calling on the Great Spirit for help. He knew not what to do.

"Teach me, help me," he cried. "The loss of my children makes me weak and without purpose. Oh, my Great Friend, do something for me."

For days he walked the same circle without food or drink. A deep path was beaten by his feet, and the dew of the morning dampened his fur coat. The fog settled down around him and at length he fell down in a deep sleep. When he awoke he was greatly refreshed. There was a new hope in his voice as he bade his wife to weave baby mats. He told her to bring her softest grass to him so that he might teach her to weave properly. He then brought logs and huge chunks of wood into one place, gaining strength from an unknown source as he continued his long fast. He went down to the foot of the great rock above his spring and got two stones. One was black and the other white. Mrs. Coyote piled the mats on top of each other and asked frequently if there were yet enough. "More," he would shout. "More, more."

She wept, tired from her labor and not understanding, as she wove more and piled them higher as he bade her. Finally he said she might stop, since all had been made ready for a hot fire. He cast one stone on another for a light to start the blaze and

rolled the black rock into the rapidly mounting flames. "Watch and wait, my good wife, and be ready for what may happen."

For three days the rock grew hotter until it was all a red glow among the burning pieces of wood and coals. Suddenly it burst and a wee baby was thrown onto the ground. At the first wail from the little throat, Mother Coyote was there and took it up in a baby mat.

"What is it?" bawled Coyote.

"A girl," she cried with a joyful cry.

"Throw it away," Coyote demanded.

At that moment it burned through the mat and on through the high pile of newly finished ones. Poor Mrs. Coyote had often longed for a daughter. Why should she lose all?

Coyote rolled the white rock into the flames. The stone had shiny glints in it which was the gold we would now recognize. It took twice as long as the black one had taken, but the old couple seemed more watchful than ever. At last it burst with so great a noise that the distant mountains echoed with the blast. The Baby wail brought both parents flying to its side. It was a boy! They quickly placed it on the pile of mats where it burned its way down to the last layer before stopping. A strange Baby, you would say, because it was round, all head and most beautiful of face. The color was golden and seemed to radiate light, warmth and comfort into the saddened old hearts. For a great while they busied themselves with this new child. This strange Baby took nothing but water and it moved in the air. As it grew in size it became warmer and kinder. When it peeked into the cool underground rooms of Mother Coyote's home, it made it glow warmly and gave it light.

Beaver came to Coyote to ask help and advice. "Our days and nights run into each other. There must have been a wedding between light and darkness, and though it might be joyful for them, it is very uncomfortable to us here on the face of the earth. It is not dark, and yet it is not light either."

How strange that Coyote would not know about these things. He had been very busy for a long time, and all the while he had been basking in the light of his Fire Baby, as their new child was called. Rising, he said to Beaver, "I must be up and away to work. Go and call a meeting of all the animals while I make ready by counseling my wife about the care of my Baby."

This mention of the Fire Baby made Beaver all curiosity and kind interest. A look at the little stranger gave him a strange, new sense of comfort as he left on his weary journey to call a great meeting.

Thus it was that one day Coyote left home to meet the animal kingdom again. After a long council Coyote was chosen to be the sun. He arose on high and gave light and refreshing showers. The light was never too bright. He made friends with Rainbow, Lightning and the Clouds; they gave him the right to hang a beautiful rainbow or place a shade over a baby face with a cloud. In the morning his ears arose first like

two candles and at evening his tail took a long time to drop out of sight. But Coyote loved a scandal too well. He delighted in shouting the shortcomings of the creatures below him. He was always intent and missed nothing of interest. The sins were ever being aired until everyone grew to hate his neighbor and even Coyote. He must be recalled.

Woodpecker was set up in Coyote's place. He shed a wonderful red light, independent of all other elements, without a friend. He shone all the time so that even the Mist sank until it lived along the fast-drying rivers. Rain and its glorious companion Rainbow were chased away from the heavens and came to dwell on earth. It took a great while for all of these things to come about.

When Coyote came back after his wild adventure, he found his little home light, warm and prosperous. The grass was surely greener, the fruits larger and vegetation grew in every spot. As time passed, Frog came from the spring to play with the Fire Baby, and then Rainbow would make the sky lovely with changing lights and colors for the child's entertainment. Thus Mr. and Mrs. Coyote lived in fairyland. There was no thought of anything beyond the sheltering home. They seemed to have everything that a heart could wish. Mother Coyote, ever busy for their comfort, never forgot her four sons who had been lost. Although the Fire Baby seemed to fill that void that death had made, she was never completely satisfied. They were a part of her flesh and bone, and she was more physically than spiritually herself.

Coyote became dreamy and idle. Then one day Beaver came again. This time there was a shock in the words that he spoke and his own appearance. The flesh was almost dried to his bones and a crack in his voice was evident when he blared the terrible news of the suffering world. Woodpecker would not quit shining or come down. The rivers were almost dry and everything that grew was withered and dying. "This is the only living spot on earth," Beaver said hopelessly. Then he went to the spring and drank long and thirstily. The bark on the tall birch looked so good he began to gnaw it away. No where else could plenty of food and water be found.

Coyote thought sadly, speaking to himself, "Why should I do more? I have come short of pleasing so often."

Beaver, having eaten his fill, spoke again, "You have lived better than anyone else. All your teaching will be nothing if you stop now. Where are the answers to the grand sermons and declarations? Did you not talk of help of all the creatures to right the sun?"

"Yes, yes, to all you say; but who changed one iota for all my trouble? They still eat each other and do the things I have forbidden. They cannot move the stars and reinstate the sun while they continue in sin," answered Coyote.

While Coyote lingered in his paradise, the other creatures, driven from near and far by thirst and hunger, came to his home to eat and drink. Soon the spring was about all the water that was left. The red light shone on. Miss Frog brought a drink to the Fire Baby every day, and Rainbow filled his eyes with her many colors. Coyote slept one day and dreamed of a woeful day that was coming when there would be no

water. What would his boy do if there was nothing for him to drink! He must do something soon. He called Beaver to tell the creatures of another meeting although many were now discouraged. Some came, others had nothing to tell or offer so they stayed away. After a long fast Coyote said, "I am going to tell you of my dreams. Once I saw light and darkness unite to send me a child to comfort my lonely soul. Let me show you my son who will make a perfect Sun above."

When they called Fire Baby, Miss Frog came too. After they explained everything to him, he smiled and bid them watch the Woodpecker come down. Miss Frog sprang on his back and a great shout arose. A flash of lightning drove Woodpecker down, and the Fire Baby arose in his place with Miss Frog clinging to his neck. Sunshine and Rain were married to make the world light and moist. The moon still rode the heavens, a faithful witness of the past effort of nature to adjust the perfect day. All the elements contributed to the making of the sun, and nature's progress went Coyote's way to comfort and pay him for his labor.

Ninth Story

Coming of Man and Growth of Woman

The arranging of the natural forces was complete. The animals had nothing to do but kill each other and eat meat. Coyote's old taste for meat returned and he was even tempted to eat his own wife. She tumbled into her tunnel and he did not follow but said, "May you ever be sheltered underground, for you have been a good wife." Even yet the Mole has saddened eyes and must hide for her life.

Coyote wandered over the country and came to a large valley where he found a lot of rose berries. While he ate he heard shouting and singing. He crept slyly forward until he came to a place where he could see a large gathering of animals, birds and snakes. He soon understood its meaning. The birds had brought their eggs and were giving an egg feast to all who might come.

Everyone was busy making the roast for the eggs, which were to be baked in a pit. Coyote lay in the grass and wished for a taste. He could have joined the feasting and no one would have cared. Indeed they would have welcomed him. But he was one of the last of his kind that had held out for the right, and he was afraid and ashamed to yield to this consuming temptation. He feared the day of the coming of Man. This may be that day, but he forgot it while the fighting of the terrible impulse to join the crowd assailed him. He watched them cover the eggs on the hot rocks, and then they all lay down to rest while the eggs were cooking.

Coyote thought of a plan that seemed to please him. He was still able to do miracles and he now commenced to blow through his hands toward the picnic group. Soon they were all asleep. He went down to the roasting pit and opened it and began to eat. As he removed the shells he marked the different kinds of animals and birds present. Every one that now carries a white spot was at the egg feast. At length he

was through eating and marking. As he stood looking over the sleeping company he heard a step beyond the pit. Looking that way, he saw something that took his breath away. What could this thing be? For some minutes they looked at each other; then Coyote knew that it was Man. He gave a mighty yell to awaken the sleeping creatures. They arose in one move and with a glance at the terrible thing they scattered like magic.

At first Man was a giant and so were the animals he looked upon. All ran except Coyote. He trotted to a safe distance and watched this strange being. He looked just as he had appeared in his dreams. Coyote was strangely attracted to this new thing who was to take the reins in his hands. He was sure that he was a perfect form and Coyote chuckled when he saw Man burn himself. How he danced around. But Man learned quickly. Before night he had discovered the importance of fire and how to cook his food. Wood was handy and so was water. With an abundance of fruit and meat, Man quickly learned to care for himself. Each night Coyote came and sat beyond the fire as he told Man of the grand past and helped him in every way. He taught him always of the things that had happened to him and the sin of the creatures. Coyote grew shyer as time passed. His fall was coming quickly. He was losing his power over things as well as over himself. He had given Man the message, the connecting link between God and the creatures. He no longer came to sit beyond the fire that Man kept burning always.

Now Man grew lonely and restless. He had been very busy since he first came to his inheritance. He would stand and look at his shadow and it would sometimes comfort him. One day he looked in a still pool and was startled to see a man like himself down in the water. After a time he learned that it only showed there when he came to it. He discovered that he was the only one after all. It consoled him to know that he had two shadows.

One day he sat by the warm fire. He placed his hands on the ground and was startled to feel a round lump beneath his fingers. On close examination he found hair like his own covered the bump. This was a great curiosity. It was his first thought in waking and his last at night. Slowly, slowly it grew until one morning a perfect head and face showed above the warm earth. The lowered lids fluttered just an instant but it was enough for the trembling Man. Nothing had ever before made him feel like this. It was a budding of father love. It seemed to double the throb of his heart, and he no longer wandered away without a good reason. His movements were fettered by the thought of his delightful return. These emotions were spontaneous. There were none to impose it on him, but his whole nature seemed to await the simple approval of her eyes. Those signs were not excited in him when he looked at himself in the pool or at his shadow.

One day she asked him a great favor. The first words she gave him were the sweetest sound he had ever heard, yet they were a bitter disappointment. She asked him to bring sticks and bark and make a frame around her to cover her from his sight. And she forbade him the right to look on her again.

She would talk to him from her cover and cheer him with her words. Still he was impatient and often angry because he could not see her. She would win him back with a cheerful promise of a complete form when he should see her again. She found that he would not be denied as one day he tore away the frail covering and looked at her. He saw a perfect form, just to the waist. He wished to take and hold her against all danger. She was his. He had found her and she must not say anything against him. She knew she was in grave danger but was defenseless and without power before this unreasonable person. He grasped her under the arms and gave a mighty pull. She screamed with pain as blood spurted from her side. This, finally, was enough to stop Man. How he loathed himself. Reverently he replaced the covering and promised her that he would never touch her or give her pain again. This rash act seemed to bring good fruit because he doubled his attentions and nothing was worth doing unless it was for her.

One day she asked for the skin of a fawn that he had brought home. She soon fashioned a garment for him so he brought her the softest haired pelts to make up for herself. She wove mats and baskets with grass he gave to her. Her hands were always busy. In the early morning he was awakened by her song, and at evening she tossed him some finished article of her busy fingers.

One morning he awoke to a silent dawn. His first thought was of her. Was she sleeping? Had something happened to her? He went and tapped on her small door but received no answer. A fear smote him. Had something come during the night to carry her away or destroy her? A temptation possessed him to look inside, but as he stood at the door gathering courage to open it, he heard her singing down by the spring. While he listened a multitude of emotions assailed him, but like a burned child he was cautious. He had learned the great lesson, that being kind to her was being kind to himself. Her song denoted happy service, a double measure of gratitude and self-sacrifice.

Something compelled him to go toward the spring. In the path he spied a small form that matched his own in all but size. In a moment he was where he could see her coming. She looked fine to him and seemed to satisfy every sense of beauty within him. The first glance he gave her was directed to her waist. His forcing hand had left a deep mark here and her waist was small and incomplete. He learned to love it that way and her forgiving spirit compelled her to draw in her waist until she was very uncomfortable just to please him. She taught him love, patience and duty.

While nature was in a state of replenishment, she brought forth a pair for each tribe, and when she had started a nation she was content to feed her babies.



Nancy Perkins Wynecoop 1936
Photo by William Elmendorf
A linguist – Nancy was principal informant about
her Lakes Tribe



PART III

BLUE-WATER'S DEATH and ABLE-ONE'S GROWTH

A word of explanation:

Because of the passing of the true author of this book, I have attempted its completion as she would have liked to have it done.

This section of story, following the death of Blue-Water, has been written from information given me by my aunt, after my mother's death.

There has been such diversion in story form, as I have gathered facts from relatives, that to make some placing and definitions is difficult. I believe, however, that all experiences written herein are true to the life of the Indian and the characters portrayed.

N. Wynecoop Clark

Chapter 10

A Day of Love

By the time Able-One was nine years old, the enveloping mystery of life here and hereafter was clearly outlined to her. Only the mystery of disobedience remained dark to her. She could not understand how Touching-Water could live apart in constant rebellion and yet bend the whole tribe to sustain her with a loyalty granted only to those who deserved support for their excellence or deeds. The purging council and the constant vigil of teachers must have been poured on dead ears and wasted. The Royal wedding did not give her a right to be selfish; it seemed that she should have sunk herself in loyal service because of it. With her health, beauty and strength she might have been a superwoman. Yet here she lagged, shrinking from labor and sacrifice. Her mother, Marked-Dress, was built on the same lines of physical charms and had made herself indispensable to her tribe. But her grandmother, the first Touching-Water, had sat like her granddaughter, doing just the things that pleased her and shrinking every time from a task that was distasteful to her. She waited upon herself only when there was no one to wheedle into serving her. Still, she sat in the first place by the grace of her kindred. Laziness was reluctantly supported and submerged into the grace of those who loved to serve.

Touching-Water loved her husband in her heavy way and Blue-Water loved her sister too well to go away with Shadow-Top. She stayed beside her mother and walked with him only after he had been kind to her elder sister. Shadow-Top soon learned the scope of his second wife's fidelity and he bowed to her gracious will. He became a good provider for Touching-Water and his children, while his heart enfolded and lived in Blue-Water. The death of their one child only increased his tenderness toward her.

Blue-Water followed the women up the slope to the breaks where bubbling springs saturated the sandy clay soil. The sun and shade seemed to combine their powers to

force their nectar into great clusters of strawberries. They lay, cradled in deep grass as they developed long stems and runners. The happy women and girls bunched and tied them to be placed in large bark baskets between layers of soft grass and leaves.

Blue-Water was walking lightly with her empty basket when she became aware of the presence of her mate. Shadow-Top stood by the path, straight and tall, full of sweet dreams come true in her. She knew she filled the empty spaces in his life and she was glad of the privilege of doing so. She heard him murmur, "If you follow my track I shall lead you to where the strawberries grow the best." She smilingly consented and fell in step as he branched off upstream from the group of women. They climbed the face of rough, rock-strewn glens. Once they came in view of the summer camps, bristling on the jutting rock point that shoved the water of the Columbia River against the opposite hill and caused it to surge through a narrow gorge, swift and deadly. This place was called the Old Portage but is now named Little Dallas by the white man; it looks like Kettle Falls in miniature.

Blue-Water stood beside her lover and looked tenderly at the scene of her birthplace. She patted her foot on the ground and said, "My birth place. I love this spot far above any other. Here the council chose me to help my sister fulfill her duty to you."

Shadow-Top stroked her hair and replied, "Now hear me this once and never forget my words. You need no aid in filling my soul, for if you were not here I would not stay. This is the measure of love I give to you." He swept his hand in a wide circle. "Just you bind me to what I own and I find it pleasant to bear my burden, for you make me glad. My ears hear wonderful words and rejoice that the clasp of your hand and mine includes all that we own and love. They need you sorely, and so do I."

Again she gazed on the scene below her, and as she glanced up the opposite bank, her sharp eyes caught sight of a mass of broken wood on the opposite bank. A dry tree had fallen during the night and a glad exclamation burst from her lips. "Look yonder," she said. "It is a gift to women; tomorrow shall be a busy day for us and the canoes."

Shadow-Top swept the distant shoreline with his eyes and discovered something. He looked sharply at the fallen tree, noting the short space between it and the sucking tug of the boiling rapids which made this spot a portage. He reached out his hand and drew the slender woman to his side, saying, "Hear me carefully and remember what I say. When you go across for the wood, be sure that you paddle well upstream. Once you get caught in the terrible current you may never again be free."

Blue-Water pressed her head against his heart and spun a magic web around him that shut all else away. They spent that long afternoon in a sheltered spot where water, soil and sun exceeded in their production. The basket was filled by the girl while Shadow-Top reclined on his elbow and feasted on the charms of his loved one. She fed him the choice berries from her hands, a privilege that he had given no other woman since his mother had cared for him as a child. She took a wooden comb from the pocket in her belt and combed the long hair, replaiting it in heavy braids and

tying it with a soft buckskin string which had a touch of precious vermilion in the fold, a token of love between lovers.

Thus they spent the hours of this lovely afternoon, together and wonderfully happy. Somehow Shadow-Top was urged from the depth of his being to plant this day in their hearts as the best the gods had ever given them. When she shyly told him another baby was coming to her arms, he stroked her head while their hearts trembled in unison toward a hope that would give them a healthy child.

As the shadows lengthened around them, he stood up in his full size, strength, and courtliness, and she rose beside him saying, "You have opened your heart more to me this day than ever before and, like your brother Pinwah, you have recognized your distant posterity: filling a weak nation. I still claim the adoption of your tribe and you belong to us through my sister whom I love. But remember the Goat head council will never release you, and I only add a strand to bind you to us. Don't make me the whole binder, for I am but grass and may be easily blown away."

The hills seemed to lean closer to hear the throbbing confessions of those two souls that were so knit together that not even death could sever.

Again she felt the gentle strokes on her head as he lifted her heavy braids and caressed her ears. He ran his finger along her eyebrows, closing her eyes by pressing them from above. He traced her eyelashes and her slender nose. Both hands enfolded her face and swept the length of her rounded arms to rest in a clasp with the calloused hands that always brimmed with food and supply. "Now your image is printed on my heart forever. No matter what is in store for us your place shall be kept sacred for the day when we shall blend into each other and be one, with nothing else to bind us but our love."

"Jealous man," she chided. "I thrill to the picture you draw of my image in your heart. Here is the rich reward that a real man gives a woman. I have been chosen to retain the whole tribe and its council along with the sweet dwelling place in a strong man's heart."

"You are a true daughter of your tribe, and fidelity being one of its laws, I am content to receive my whole portion with you to flavor it all. I shall ever be thankful for your love for me."

She smiled up at him, a farewell that lasted forever. He walked with her to a path that would lead her to the camps, and then he ran swiftly away to look over some game falls and snares.

Blue-Water did not walk far before she caught up with Mrs. Withered-Top and Able-One. Her friends knew that she had been missing but none other suspected her absence during the long hours of the afternoon that was quickly fading into night. Able-One dropped behind her mother and walked slowly ahead of her cousin. When she looked over her shoulder she was almost looking levelly into her cousin's eyes in which she saw a new and glorious tenderness. A few steps brought them to a spring hid in a thicket, where the swift stripping off of dresses brought them a cooling relief from the hot rays of the sinking sun. The sweat and itching dust was washed away

before they dressed and walked to the top of the brake that sloped down to the camps. Able-One and Blue-Water sat down to talk. The nine-year old girl was still burdened with unanswered questions and was anxious for her cousin's reply as to a happy union with a man.

Blue-Water recounted the new emotions of the afternoon, gravely wondering why so rich a portion could be massed about her in a short space of one short day.

"That is because you are kind and good," the wise girl told her. "My mother often sets you as an example for me to copy. I shall never harvest the full crop you have just told me about though. My mother says that not many men speak encouraging thoughts to their wives, even if they are all that is good and right."

"But," Blue-Water answered, "look at my grandmother Touching-Water. She always lagged in every way and yet grandfather's whole life was spent waiting on her, and since he died she is a heavy drag on my mother."

Able-One sat quietly for a time, looking at the deep shadows that had fallen on the scene below. The sun had slid behind the steep hill on the west and the only light was reflected from the lime-colored hills behind the point on which they were sitting. Blue-Water knew that Able-One had caught one of her strange visions and she asked, "Can you tell me about what you see?"

"When my mother sets up our lodge," Able-One replied without hesitancy, "she ties three poles together and makes a tripod. She sets them in the ground firm and deep and then the other poles are leaned on the three main ones. They are like Shadow-Top, Touching-Water and you. The other poles are the other tribesmen. The little cross bars, boughs and mats are the children. I shall strive to be a support like you are, even if I gain no reward. The gods bestow their favors on those they choose."

"I love the way you and your mother live," Blue-Water returned quietly. "It is the true law of our council, and if by chance I receive compensation from a source the gods may choose, I can rejoice as you do."

For a time they sat in a loving clasp of arms. How warm and enduring this fellowship was. The shade deepened as the sun's rays crept up the hillside. The fires gleamed and the smoke thickened to a grey covering below them. They saw Shadow-Top laboriously approaching their tepee with a deer on his back, and they ran down the hill to the camps where supper was sending out appetizing odors.

Touching-Water crouched beside the disemboweled carcass, tearing the liver loose for roasting. This was her favorite portion of Shadow-Top's daily killing and she must get it first or someone else might take it. All the vital parts were cooked by the sweatbath fire and eaten by the men, thus giving them the strength and endurance they strove to gain. Touching-Water crossed every rule that thwarted her desire in any way or hindered her rest. After she left, the men came and took it away to the river where it was skinned and washed thoroughly.

The women went away to their quarters to change the soiled dresses for soft, pearl-white buckskin and hurried back to serve their men. Able-One loved to place

the food before her father and brother and they grew to await her gentle but shy ministrations. This brother of hers, a rugged little man of two winters, slept with Sparkler and Pinwah or trudged after his father. He was an endless delight to Able-One. She called out the man in him with all the wiles of a woman's tact, treating him like he was a man already, one who need no assistance from a girl.

Blue-Water served her menfolk, giving soup that was rich with tender roots, spicy leaves and boneless bird flesh that the boys had caught in their snares during the past night. Birch bark trays were heaped with bunches of berries and freshly roasted sweet camas or moss. The roasting spits of fish made the men sigh with contentment. After eating, the boys leaned back or stretched out upon the mats as they listened to the relating of the day's adventures.

Chapter 11

A Tragedy in Camp

The next day Blue-Water told about the tree and immediate preparations were made for the gathering of the always necessary wood. The women paired off; each canoe must be well manned as there was danger in this task. No one gave much thought to fear, however, except in that they chose a mate for paddling. Mrs. Withered-Top offered to go with Blue-Water, but Touching-Water suddenly decided that she wished to go with her sister. She was great with child and clumsy, but since no one could refuse her, she had her way.

The sisters rowed far above the site of the fallen tree and floated back across to a point near the wood. The limbs were strewn along the river shore, handy for loading into the canoes. Their load was soon on and overdone. Marked-Dress warned her nieces against too heavy a load, for the wood was sound and heavy with pitch. Blue-Water remembered Shadow-Top's directions but dared not oppose her sister, who was already setting her direction of travel.

After a short but heavy pull upstream, Touching-Water was spent and tired. The wood was heavy enough to pull downstream against Blue-Water's steady strokes and before she realized it they were being pulled crazily along. Her paddling did no good and Touching-Water refused to help in any way. Holding her paddle straight up into the air she screamed for help. She didn't think of helping herself by paddling or of lightening the load by pushing wood over the side. The canoe was deeply submerged and was becoming impossible to guide. Touching-Water was beside herself with fright.

With a superhuman strength Blue-Water brought them almost to shore, but here the heavy tow drew the canoe down against the smooth rock face of the bank where the racing water lifted the fragile craft and tipped it toward the rock. Touching-

Water's wildly groping hands found a seam and clung there while Blue-Water was swept down and out of sight.

Shadow-Top had been mending a canoe beside the little inlet where boats landed when he saw the tragedy. Pinwah ran with him as they bounded from rock to rock along the shore, each carrying a rope. Shadow-Top saw Touching-Water and shouted, "Knock her hands off," but Pinwah sent a wide loop down which she struggled into and others helped to draw her to safety.

Shadow-Top continued his search downstream and never came back to his first wife, although she bore his daughter and lived on with her people.

Able-One had been with the other girls, doing odd jobs about the tepee and taking the wood-carrying straps down to the shore of the river where the wood could be unloaded and readied for taking to the tents. When Touching-Water's screams rent the pleasant summer morning, the girls crowded against each other in horror. The whole tragedy was spread before their eyes and they saw the stricken boat tossed about. All the canoes were across the river except those that the men were repairing, and anyway there was no time or chance for rowing out soon enough to help. Touching-Water was the only one that could have saved her sister, but she was born to live only for herself and even death could not shake her out of her state of helplessness.

The woeful wail of the witnesses that thronged the shore seemed to tear the heart strings of Able-One. The whole scene was stamped into her being as she visioned Blue-Water kneeling, with her whole body swinging to the rhythmic stroke of her paddle until the swish of the water surged around the canoe and seemed to toss it, like a leaf, against the rock wall.

The watchers ran along the ragged shore, looking at the churning water, which was murky with the June floods from the snowcapped mountains. Not a sign was ever found of their sweet comforter. Blue-Water had a true mourner in everyone who knew her, for her virtues were always used as examples for others to follow.

When the sun was midway to high noon Shadow-Top came to get a canoe from the lower landing and slowly drifted downstream, crossing and recrossing it in search of his adored mate. After hours of grief he staggered into his mother's home at Kettle Falls where he lay sick for many days. He grew even more gentle and tender with his mother and others he loved. When his strength returned he foraged the hills and streams of Colville Valley and Kettle River where game, birds and fish abounded.

The day Shadow-Top floated away in his vain search for Blue-Water the remainder of the tribe made a swift preparation to follow down and search for the dead body. They were divided into three groups, one for each shoreline and one to go by canoe to search the shallow places of midstream eddies. The camps were made to suit those on the shore and each evening was spent in open camp. The days passed without hope and Lodge-In-Many-Lands declared, "My beautiful daughter has been lost. Her grave is at the Portage for she clung to the paddle when she slipped away. We have not found it yet. She lodges, with the paddle, in the bed of the falls where we shall

never be able to find her."

The families returned to camp where the old people, children and disabled had remained to weep and mourn for the dead girl. She had been a dear friend and helper to the weak. The day the children spied the canoes and shore searchers was a sad one. Word was carried to camp and food was rushed to a green pavilion arranged in the center of the encampment as for all funerals. The mourner's wail increased until the cold chills swept over Able-One's slender form and shook her like a cottonwood tree. Hot tears stung her already blistered face as she toiled up the hill to get water from the spring. She looked again at the spot where Blue-Water had opened her heart about the happiest moments of her life. She lifted her eyes and tried to penetrate the secret power that could rain blessing and joy to overflowing on one day and take it all away the next. Her heavy feet carried her back to camp just in time to meet her mother and father. They were weeping by their door and petting their sorrowing son. They received her in loving arms and the scalding tears poured down her cheeks as her ears heard again that nothing had been found.

It seemed a loss too great to bear. This loving woman had been a close companion to the small child and through her life she had given an ideal for other lives as well. Able-One must go on living and growing with only a loving memory as a guide and help toward the fuller life. She was glad for the short time of close companionship she had had with her cousin that day. The happiness that shone from Blue-Water's face then would be with her throughout the rest of her days.

Chapter 12

Able-One's Marriage and Shadow-Top's Death

After the tragic death of Blue-Water, Shadow-Top left his adopted tribe and family. He had proved a good Chief to these people, a worthy leader and ever-willing helper to those in need. He had upheld the many laws of a strong government and did much to build up the morale of the rapidly growing tribe. These laws must yet be kept, and those who broke them must be punished. Now these problems were dealt with by the lesser leaders, the sub-chiefs. There was no one to take over the big responsibilities of a head chief.

The years passed slowly. The tribe must live and increase, and everyone must share in the labor of life. The winter and summer camps were kept in the usual way. Food was gathered during the summer months and stored for winter use. There was much to do, enough to keep the hands busy and the body growing.

No word was received as to the whereabouts or doings of their Chief. Able-One grew into womanhood with the picture of Blue-Water ever before her. She was small and slight of stature but strong and willing. She excelled in work, following as a close second to her ambitious mother, who was now getting old and must go more slowly. Able-One would be up before the early light of dawn and, taking her digger, she would go out to gather lily bulbs, wild potatoes, roots and berries as the season allowed. When there was snow on the ground, she would go to the rocky slopes to gather wild celery roots. This was a difficult task and one must travel far and work hard to get them.

One evening, some six years after the death of Blue-Water and the disappearance of her Chief in 1830, a shadow fell across the fireplace before which Able-One knelt getting the evening meal. Looking up quickly she beheld her leader. She saw his long braids, now white in places, and his powerful body. He stood looking down at her in wonder. Able-One had always loved this man, the husband of a very dear cousin, and she read in his eyes the returning of this love. She was not beautiful, as some beauty may be spoken of, but her desire to serve had given her a look of loveliness much harder to achieve.

Shadow-Top was welcomed by all of his many friends. The natural heir to the title of Chief, the younger son of the long dead Withered-Top, was not as yet ready to take his place as leader. There was much he must learn and now he had a strong and willing helper toward that knowledge. Was not Shadow-Top held in the highest esteem by all the men of his tribe? The laws of the Rocky Mountain Goat tribe would have forced Shadow-Top to return to Touching-Water even if he had not chosen to do so through his own standards of honesty and fair play. He did not love her but he cared a great deal for his children.

Within the space of two years after his return, Touching-Water died, 1832. She had not received proper care after the birth of her child, and infection set in and worked quickly. There was much sorrow at her passing, for she had been the means of strengthening the tribe even though her own life had been one of selfishness and laziness.

Shortly after the death of Touching-Water there was another Royal wedding. Able-One was married to Shadow-Top in 1832. There had been much sorrow in her husband's life, and Able-One had much opportunity of endearing herself to him. He missed Blue-Water in so many ways and she understood him so thoroughly, her love of him always was uppermost in all her actions. Children came to bless this union, four daughters and two sons, covering the space of about fourteen years. During this time there had been much growth in the tribe, the boys' school being larger than for many years past. Able-One remained the leader among the women, ever on the alert for the first sign of berries and the last roots. She set the pace and others followed her as naturally as they had followed her mother before her.

It was about this time, 1854, that the Hudson Bay Company first came into the northwestern territory. Shadow-Top, who was always a leader among all trappers, joined himself with the Company and soon grew rich on fur trading. Because he was Chief he could get these furs more easily than others who did not know his people, and he was both active and honest. He was able to keep his home well supplied and put away furs amounting to nearly a thousand dollars. As his family grew he too grew in service to others.

There had been little sickness in the tribe since the last throat trouble and it was during this season of prosperity that the dread disease of smallpox made its entrance onto the Indian campground. There had never been such a sickness before and it spread with terrifying rapidity. Many took sick and very few recovered. The

medicine men could do nothing to stop the spread of it or to heal those who had already become ill. Able-One watched with fainting heart, hoping against hope that her family may be spared. In time she saw her small son breaking out with the red spots that grew to huge splotches on his body. She was tireless in her efforts for him but it did no good. He died and was buried with many others of his small playmates. And still the disease spread. Her other children miraculously escaped it, but Shadow-Top came home one day and did not rise again from his couch. Even his rugged strength could not withstand the ravages of the terrible epidemic. He was sick for many days before his death. He was still a young man, forty-five years of age, and he left a family of small children and a sorrowing tribe of people. These children that had been the pride of the camp were being taken so quickly from them. There seemed an endless time of suffering; no one could fight a thing that was so unknown and terrible. Able-One spent her time in service, useless as it sometimes seemed to her, until at last the disease had spent itself. Many homes were left childless while others were without mother or father.

Shadow-Top was gone, the leader that had held their tribe together and kept up the strict laws of a strong government. Able-One's youngest brother, Stuican, took over the many responsibilities of Chief and was thankful for the training he had gotten from the bigger and stronger Chief before him.

Chapter 13

Able-One's Journey and Sophia's Life

After Shadow-Top's death Able-One lived with her children in a buffalo-hide lodge. The store of furs left by the beloved Chief provided them with food, and they were treated kindly by the people of the Hudson Bay Company.

They lived here until the younger daughter, Catherine, was four years of age. At this time Able-One left her family. She started for the north country from which Shadow-Top had come. She was unable to stay longer at her own home, missing him so much and having no one to whom she might turn for comfort. Her journey was long and hard, though she told very little of it to her children in later years. She was gone for several years while her family were cared for by loving friends and relatives. She sent back no word of her doings and they received no reports as to where she had gone.

The children grew rapidly and Sophia, the eldest, born in 1834, was the first to have a home of her own. She married Pelkee, a white man, and had two children, a boy and a girl. When the baby was two years of age, Sophia's husband received word from the East that he had become heir to a large estate. He began to make immediate preparations for leaving. Because his wife was an Indian he was ashamed to take her home with him but he did want the two small children. At first he did not know how he might get the husky little boy and tiny girl without taking Sophia also. She loved her children and was with them all the time. He had recently heard that Able-One had returned and was living near the old home place. This was one way of tricking his wife into leaving the children with him.

When her husband came to her one day and told her that her mother was very sick, Sophia was immediately concerned. She detected nothing of trickery in his voice and made ready to leave on the short journey to her mother's home. Her husband promised to stay home long enough for her to make this trip and she left with no thought of danger to her children.

On reaching Able-One's home she soon discovered how she had been fooled into deserting her babies. Her mother was not sick. Sophia was frantic when she realized her children were gone, and she started out on foot trying to get to them before they were too far away. She overtook the slowly moving travelers high in the Rockies, but was unable to get the children. Her husband forced her to go with a chief of the Dakota Indians. There was nothing she could do against him and she had no friends among these strange people.

Sophia soon knew that she was not the only wife the chief had, and even though she could not understand their spoken language, it was very easy to see that she was greatly disliked. They were not mean to her openly but took every opportunity of persecuting her in covered ways. She was so unhappy and dared not try to make an escape. She was closely guarded at all times, and any break for liberty seemed impossible.

In time Sophia made one friend who gave her promise of help. She was ready and willing to leave by now; she knew she would never be able to fight this man or in any other way get back her children. She knew, too, that there was only a small chance of avoiding scouts and searching parties if she were able to make good her initial escape. Her friend gave her a green blanket and helped to get her away from camp.

Sophia began her long journey on foot, running all that first dark night. She was tall and slender and seemed to possess superstrength as she started back toward her own home and friends. The darkness was a covering for her, but she dreaded the coming light from which there was no secure hiding.

As the new day began to dawn she looked around her in bewilderment. There was no place to hide, no trees nor valleys could be seen in any direction. There were only plains and small rock piles. With the determination of the hunted she dug down among these rocks. After a big enough hole had been dug, she crouched down into it. With her blanket drawn around her she humped in that small space during that long hot day. She heard the scouts passing but dared not move until she knew she would be safe. As soon as light was gone she started out again. Her journey was a long one and she could not stop, no matter how tired she may be. She did stop once to get water and was almost caught at a closely guarded water hole. Her moccasins were worn through and she tore strips from her blanket in which to wrap her feet. The color ran, as her feet were hot and bleeding, and in years after she still carried the nickname of Green Feet.

The third night she came to a large stream and here she met an old couple. She asked if anyone had been looking for her near there and they told her that scouts had been around all day. They were sorry for her and anxious to help in her escape,

so they gave her meat and bread after helping her across the stream.

The following days and nights were torture to the tired body and bleeding feet. She dared not rest at night and her hiding places were always unprotected during the day. After several days she came into familiar country and soon reached distant relatives who helped her on home. She must give up all hope of ever again seeing her children. They were thousands of miles away and their return was most improbable.

Sophia was welcomed by her family and friends. They were sorry for her in the loss of her children and would have helped if they had been able. She lived with her mother and small sister, Helena, in a small tepee near that of the Chief. The Indian encampment was only a short distance downstream from the camp of white men who were panning for gold. One of these men was attracted to the sad-faced Indian woman and he asked her to marry him.

After the wedding Sophia moved, with her new husband, to another place. Here she endeavored to make a home and forget her lost children. She made friends slowly, for her mind dwelt on the many past experiences and her terrible loss. Her husband was kind to her, and she worked hard to be a good wife to him.

Chapter 14

Marion and Helena

Marion was another of Able-One's daughters. She had a short and sad life. She was a beautiful child and as she grew older she retained her loveliness. She had been taken into the tepee of her uncle, the new Chief of the tribe, when her mother left on her journey to the northern country. Because she was fair and beautiful, with rosy cheeks and heavy dark hair, she was much admired by the young men of her own tribe as well as those of others.

Marion's uncle gave her to a Chief of a southern tribe when she was a girl of fourteen years. She did not want to leave her home or go with this man but she was forced to do so. She wept night and day as they journeyed away from her home and her friends.

Soon after arriving at her new home Marion went, with other of the women, to gather wood. She was still very unhappy and would not be comforted. Because of her early training she was a good worker, never shirking her duty, no matter how hard it was. On this trip she labored along with the other girls, gathering limbs and brush, wishing she could find a way of escape. The journey home would be too long and she was not strong enough to attempt it.

As the morning hours wore away she grew tired and, looking up from her work, she saw some of the women prying loose the roots of a huge stump. The tree had been blown down in a wind storm but had broken high from the ground. As Marion watched, the stump began to tip. She suddenly saw a way out of her trouble. With a quick run she fell beneath the towering mass of wood just as it crashed to the ground. She was dead when they finally cleared away brush and broken wood enough to find her body. Many of the women and girls had loved this sorrowing child and were heartbroken by the tragic way she had chosen for her escape.

Helena and Marion had been loving sisters, They had spent many happy hours together although their homes had not been together since infancy. When she heard of her sister's death Helena was sick with the loss. She had admired the beauty and sweetness of her older playmate, more so perhaps because she, herself, was not beautiful in any way except as one who loved to serve becomes lovely.

Helena had been taken into McDonald's home when Able-One failed to return from the northern territory. He was a white man who had married an Indian woman and was now trapping for the Hudson Bay Company. He gave her a good home for several years. Even as a small child she would often be found playing on the drift logs that crowded the backwater of the Columbia. She would spend hours in the bright sunlight, jumping from one log to another. She was a healthy child and grew rapidly.

One day, during the salmon season and when Helena was about ten years of age, she was sitting on a log which was quite some distance from the shore. She heard a noise and looking up she saw a strange woman standing on the bank. The stranger was beckoning her to come but Helena was afraid of her. At last, through much persuasion, she came near walking on the logs. When she reached the shore she was gathered into the loving arms of her mother. She had not known her, since she was only a small child when her family had been broken up. Able-One told her how she had cared for the children as tiny babies and her reasons for leaving home so many years before.

Mr. Angus McDonald gave Able-One and her daughter a small home near his own and there they lived together. Many relatives came down the river to the falls, for here was the choice place for catching and packing the large salmon. They welcomed this daughter of the tribe and received her into the circle again.

It was this same fall that Helena had an accident which changed her life and resulted in the loss of her hearing. She slipped from a drifting log and dropped down into the icy water of the river. There were so many of these huge drifters, pushed together and twisted by the current, that she was unable to find a way through them to the surface. She was nearly drowned before being rescued by a young doctor of the Bay Company. He had much difficulty in restoring normal breathing and was not surprised when he realized that both ear drums had burst and the child would never hear again. This was a sad handicap for the girl and it became necessary for her to stay more closely to her mother.

It was not long until Able-One's money was all gone. She had no more with which to buy the supplies that the coming of the white man was rapidly making necessities. She let Helena go with her uncle, to help care for his children. Stucan had a jealous wife and she was very mean to Helena. Because she could not hear she had become more timid and afraid. She was often abused and mistreated because she could not understand orders as they were given to her. She decided to run away and go back home to her friends.

Helena started on the trail which led south and west. She was running and did not know of the pursuing footsteps. She was suddenly grabbed in strong arms. In terror

she looked around to discover the youngest son of Touching-Water who had been sent to find and bring her back. As he looked into her stricken eyes he was sorry for her and told her that he would help her get away. He guided her to the easiest trail and helped her through the many passes and hard places until they came into familiar territory. Here he left her and returned to the Chief's camp where he reported that he could not find her.

It was only a short distance to camp now and Helena gained new strength when she came so near home again. The journey had been long for such a small girl, and she was weary and sore of foot by the time she reached the tepee of her mother. She was received joyfully and Able-One listened with a heavy heart to the story Helena told.

That summer was spent in gathering fruits and supplies for the coming winter. Helena worked hard to help her mother in the many tasks that were made necessary by the lack of any kind of preservative. The berries must be dried, roots cleaned and packed away, nuts stored and meat put into safe keeping. As the weather became colder, they were forced to seek their winter camp. They gathered their supplies together and left the mountains.

Helena's first day was spent in a fruitless search for her playmates. Where had they all gone? She knew they should be here for they had been ahead of her in making the trip from the berry patches. She made the rounds of all the usual play places and found no sign of the boys and girls with whom she had spent many happy hours. Able-One knew nothing of where they might be and she joined in the search for them.

Helena was the first to find them. But she could not understand what they were doing. They were sitting in a long straight row, holding before them something which seemed to be most interesting. In front of them she could see a young man standing. He was speaking and many of the children were listening very intently to every word he said. She knew that she had seen him before, but it was some time before she recognized the young doctor who had rescued her from the river.

She stood gazing into the room for a long time before any of the interested children saw her. They immediately began to beckon her to come in. The teacher too was smiling at her and seemed to want to have her come in. Helena had never seen glass before and was very much surprised when she was unable to push through the low window. It looked clear and still it held her back. The teacher saw her amazement and came out and around the building to get her. It was a small log cabin and Helena looked in wonderment at the rough chairs and desk.

The teacher's name was Fredrick Perkins, and he soon persuaded the child to attend his school. She could not hear him when he spoke to her, but she learned quickly to read his lips. It was easy for her now, since her mother had been patient in teaching her this difficult art.

Helena attended school for two years. In this length of time she grew rapidly into young womanhood. Her many responsibilities had made her advance into youth more important and her deafness gave her a quiet dignity beyond her years. She grew

to idolize and love her teacher.

When Helena was fifteen years old Dr. Perkins asked her to marry him. There was no hesitancy for her, though he was twenty years older than she. He had saved her life and had taught her many things.

Soon after they were married Dr. Perkins took over the duties of surveyor and assessor for the Bay Company and the government. His numerous responsibilities took him far away from the home camp. He must take census on hundreds of miles of territory, sometimes as far south as Umatilla. Helena loved it all and was very happy in doing her share to lighten her husband's loaded shoulders.

When the Chief, Stuican, her uncle, heard of the marriage, he was very angry. She had not asked his consent nor had she brought her husband home for adoption. There were still tribal laws and her council remained responsible for the wrongdoings of its subjects. Stuican pondered long on a way by which he might bring Helena home.

The following year Dr. Perkins came again to Fort Colville, a point somewhat east of the present site of Colville. He was now a traveling representative and paymaster for the government, his duties taking him on longer trips. This summer he was sent on an expedition far to the south and, because of the difficult mode of travel, he did not wish to take Helena with him. She was persuaded to stay at the home of her half-sister as he left on his trip to Walla Walla territory.

It was not long after Dr. Perkins' going when the Chief received word that Helena was alone and only a few miles from the camp. He immediately sent word to her that Able-One was very sick and wanted to see her.

Able-One was living at Marcus at this time. Helena made preparations for the journey as soon as possible. She took her small nephew Bob along as she started out on horseback. It did not take her very long to reach her mother's home, and she soon discovered how she had been tricked. She had heard of her uncle's displeasure at her marriage but had not thought of the possibility of a trick. She was bound and taken to her uncle who immediately broke camp and started north with her.

At their first camp Helena discovered that they were among distant relatives, one of which was a minor chief. He, with her uncle, believed in the council meeting each night. And as darkness came Helena was left in the tepee as the council men were gathered around the huge bonfire. She was tied with heavy buckskin thongs and seated by the fire.

Bob Bailey, the small nephew, was left behind also. He was only a tiny boy, unable to do anything to aid in her escape. That, at least, is what Stuican thought. But Helena realized that perhaps this would be her only moment alone and she must do something quickly. She knew her uncle would never free her. Her marriage would not be even worthy of consideration since the council had not been in attendance.

With sudden inspiration she asked Bob to pour water over her burning wrists. The binding thongs were tight and her arms were swollen from her small efforts to gain release. Bob was quick to obey her lowspoken request. The water felt so good as he

poured it over her flesh. But there was more meaning to this act than one would realize, for with the wetting of the thongs they were loosened a little. Helena worked frantically, stretching them only a fraction of an inch with each tug. At last they began to give enough so she could pull her hands free. The remaining bonds were quickly cast away as she whispered directions to the small boy. He must not leave the tepee, lest they suspect too soon that she was gone.

With grateful thanks to the big-eyed child she ran to the river. There were rows of canoes pulled up onto the sandy shore. She quickly and silently loosed one of these and sent it out into the swiftly moving current. She thought, at first, that an escape could be made in one of these but soon changed her mind. She realized that a canoe afloat would be quickly seen by the scouts. So, instead of getting into the low boat she waded out and began to swim. She had no fear of water and could swim under for a long distance. This she did, coming up only for a minute of rest and a breath of fresh air.

The floating canoe was soon sighted, but not before Helena was far out in the river. Other boats were quickly pushed out into the stream as they started after the one now far ahead and drifting rapidly. Her absence had been noted and pursuers believed Helena to be lying in the bottom of the canoe ahead. She could see the people lined up along the shore as they watched the disappearing boat. She was very tired and her lungs felt as though they would surely burst before she could reach a place of safety.

Finally she struggled up onto the opposite bank, somewhat downstream from the other camp. By this time, however, she knew that they had discovered her trick and she must not take time to rest. She was not far from the garrison that had been established for the Hudson Bay Furs. By mid-afternoon she stumbled into the camp where she immediately asked for garrison protection until her husband should return.

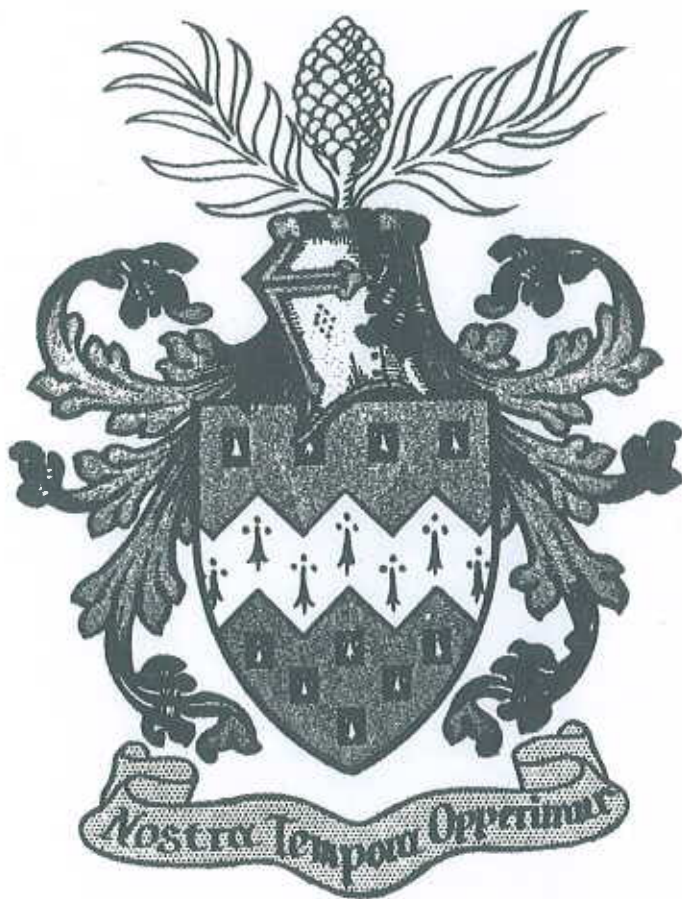
Within three weeks after Helena's dramatic escape, Dr. Perkins returned from his journey. He was very angry that Helena had suffered in the hands of her own people and he was more than loving in his care of her. They had a small home and Helena was very happy. The other women, not so lucky as she, were jealous of her. She had a loving husband and always radiated her happiness.

It had been raining for a long time one spring soon after Helena moved to the garrison and her own small house. Because of the weather she was unable to hang her washing out of doors. But, at last it was bright and sunny again though the ground was still wet and muddy. Early one morning she began her washing and soon had it ready for hanging. The other women of the garrison watched her as she went about her work. She looked so happy, doing the things she loved for the one man in her life. As they watched they planned a trick and waited patiently for her to finish and return to the house. As soon as she had gotten inside the door they rushed to the line which hung some distance from the building, and the clean white wash was quickly stripped down and thrown into the mud. Helena discovered them and was

instantly angry. She was not in the least adverse to retaliation and started after her persecutors who were disappearing into doorways along the line of homes. There followed a rather vicious fight with one of her opponents, and in the course of the battle Helena knocked the other's wig off. The sudden absence of hair so frightened her that she ran, sobbing, into her house. This was the last time she tried to keep even with her neighbors and they received no more response for their many attempts to hurt her. She did not feel the need of their friendship for she was entirely happy with her husband and her home duties.

Three and one half years went by before the birth of their first daughter, Christine. Then, in succeeding years, there followed Peter, James, Nancy and Nellie. During these years Able-One went from one home to another, coming often to the small dwelling of her youngest daughter, Helena. She was getting old and could not carry out the hard ritual of her younger days, but she loved to retell the old stories of her life, making her more loving and kind to those around her. The life she had lived was one of service and care of those with whom she lived and worked. She did not like many of the white man's ways, but Dr. Perkins was generous and good. This home was filled with love though there was never an abundance of supplies or comforts.

Helena's youngest child was still a small baby when Able-One died. The years of strict training for the young was quickly passing. The open council was not a regular practice now. Her own family was living in the house brought to them by the white man, and they were forgetting how to gather the many foods from the mountains and streams. Few there were who held onto the rules of the older days. The white ways had progressed far in Able-One's lifetime and only the stories remained interesting to those children of her own sons and daughters. As the laws of her age passed she was willing to go with them.



PERKINS *FORMERLY* OF HILLMORTON



PART IV

THE LIFE OF NANCY ABLE-ONE'S GRANDDAUGHTER

In the closing chapter of this book, I have attempted to retell the story of my mother's life. She is the original author of the book and would, I am sure, have had a much different ending for it, had she lived to do it herself.

The biography is short and not too complete, taking only the highlights from her life of service and serving here as a memorial to one dear to her children.

It is the true story of life, love, tragedy and happiness; all things being necessary and probable to each of us.

I have put myself in the place of a third person. I am Nancy's youngest daughter.

N. Wynecoop Clark

NANCY

Nancy was the daughter of Helena and the granddaughter of Able-One. She was born in a little log cabin full of Indian friends on February 5, 1875. Her father, Dr. Perkins, was encumbered with many jobs for the Hudson Bay Company but was first of all a doctor. He had no hospital; his patients were in their own tepee or in the small log cabin that he called home. The very ill ones were cared for here until they were on the road to recovery and could once again go home. There were always many people around, friends and relatives of the sick or visitors for the doctor and his Indian wife.

The cabin had a large fireplace at one end, there being only one room. Every article of furniture was homemade and only fairly comfortable. The only "store things" in the home were a few instruments, zealously guarded by the doctor-father who used many Indian methods of healing and found them highly satisfactory.

In such an environment Nancy grew through her months of infancy and into childhood. She was not as strong as her older brothers and sister, though never actually sick.

Nancy's grandmother came to her home on extended visits and the child loved to sit at her feet listening to the ancient Indian beliefs: the laws and superstitions that were handed down from one generation to another and still held the attention of all listeners, young and old. There were numerous stories of her own younger days and the many thrilling lessons she had learned from a wise mother. And then, there were always the exciting experiences of Coyote, his many adventures and the coming of Man to this earth. Nancy, with others of her small Indian friends, never tired of listening, sitting for long hours as they gazed in rapt attention into the face of their story-teller. A new experience was always interesting, but repeated ones were fully as apt to hold their attention.

As she grew older, Nancy became very adept at sign language. She could understand her mother better than others, and her deaf mother would always turn to her for explanations of anything she could not hear or unravel. Nancy would spend long hours working with this one she loved so well and never faltered in her conversation with her, though it must be carried on by lip and hand. Because of this ability, she was nearer her mother than others and perhaps understood her a little better.

Nancy's childhood continued much the same as that of the other Indian children. She had numerous duties and while she was still a small girl another baby, Nellie, came into the home. The care of Nellie became one of Nancy's loving duties. Her life was full and she gave much in service to others. There were always many patients who came to her father for treatment. She would see him give medicine to one, and doing the work of a dentist for another. There was so much to learn and she took every opportunity of finding answers to her many questions. She loved to help her father wherever she was able, as she marveled at his store of knowledge which was so far above her many friends. She learned the most simple ways of nursing; she was ambitious to serve in this way.

One day Nellie struck her knee with a nail. Treatment was given, but there followed a severe infection which caused a growth at the joint, making Nellie a cripple for life. Nancy helped in many ways to lessen the misery of the sister she loved so well.

Nancy, like her mother and grandmother, was not a beautiful woman but her love of service and sweetness of nature gave her a look of honesty and goodness which all came to honor.

When Nancy was four years of age, in 1879, another white man came into her community, a big red-haired man whose name was Curt Wynecoop. He stayed at her home a great deal and was liked by all. After he had been there about four years, in 1883, he married Christine, Nancy's older sister. They lived near by and Nancy loved to visit in this small home, and when the first tiny girl Fanny came she was overjoyed. She spent hours caring for the baby and watched her grow into early childhood, a healthy little girl.

Two more children were born to her sister; both were boys, Joe and Bill. It was only a few months after the last baby was born in 1893 that Christine was thrown from a horse. She fell across a log and for a long time afterwards she was unable to carry on the work of her family and home. Nancy had grown into a strong, willowy girl and became a great help to her. Christine was well, for the most part, though she sometimes complained of a pain in her right side which radiated up through her shoulder. Her father told her many times that this pain would sometime be the cause of her death. Nothing was done in the way of actual surgery, such things being in no way as acceptable or even possible in those days. She always overcame these attacks and seemed well again for awhile.

Within a few months Christine passed away, internal injuries being one cause while a severe pneumonia had been too much for her feeble strength. After her death Nancy helped with the care of the three small children. Their winters were spent in her home while their father took them with him during the warm summer months.

As she grew older Nancy realized how deeply she loved this man her sister had married so she was both happy and willing when he asked her to marry him. She came into the home as a mother and a wife, doing her best to fill both places as well as she could. There was much to be done; three children were no easy task for a girl of nineteen years.

The first year of married life, 1894, brought more responsibility with the birth of a small daughter, Esther. She was not strong and many were the struggles of the young mother as she brought her through infancy. They had been living on the home place at Happy Hill but after the birth of their first child they left this home and moved, with the stepchildren, to a ranch along the Spokane River. Here they lived for many years while the family grew.

They were adopted into the Spokane Indian tribe and given rights on the reservation. Wildlife was plentiful and salmon could be gotten from the river. Nancy's life and hands were full as she cared for her family, feeding and clothing them and making their home happy. The three older children, Fannie, Joe and Bill, were married and the younger ones, Esther, Winifred, Christine, John (Jack), Alice and Ed, grew into healthy, strong boys and girls. The land was cleared and the farm grew with each year's labor.

There were these six children, four girls and two boys, when Nancy and Curt started the trip south in 1907 to see Curt's mother who was growing old and was not well. They stopped at a place below what is now the city of Walla Walla, to work in the apple harvest. While they were there Curt received word that his mother had died.

Nancy was soon to give birth to another child, Clair, and did not feel able to continue the trip further south, so she and five of the children returned to the home ranch. Winifred stayed with her father to work through the remainder of the harvest time and to go on with him when he went to claim his part of his mother's estate. When the time actually came for them to start on toward California, Curt did not do so. Instead he relinquished his rights to any part of the property and returned to his family.

There were several children old enough for school now and no place for them to attend from the river home. Nancy had received an allotment of one hundred and sixty acres of uncleared land at Wellpinit, the government headquarters for the Spokane Indian reservation. A small log cabin was erected on the place and she moved into it. Here her fifth daughter Bernice was born. From here the children could attend the public school, and no inconvenience would be too much to overcome if by doing so the children could be educated.

The following summer this log cabin was destroyed by fire. There was never any definite explanation of how this fire was started but, because they tried to save an organ which got stuck in the one doorway, everything was lost. That there was no loss of life or injury to any of the family was a blessing for which Nancy was most thankful. She moved into a home that had been built and furnished by her older daughter Esther's Indian husband, and here she spent that winter of 1911-12.

Curt was working in the logs at the time, hauling and making lumber from the allotment timber. It was winter so this hauling was done by sleigh. He had a team of horses unbroken to such work and he was trying to train them to it. In order to hold back the open sleigh and slow down the animals, he hitched a large log to the back bob. Nancy was holding the horses while he did this and, as there was no bed on the

sleigh, she stood on a board placed across the front bobs. The noise from the fastening of the log scared the wild team and they bolted. The board was dislodged and Nancy fell, grabbing the back bob as she went down. Her long hair, which she always wore up, came loose and was caught in the swivel of the sled and she was dragged in this manner, with wild horses ahead and the log coming behind. There were some men working not far away, but they were unable to stop the team. The team ran on until one horse broke loose from the tongue of the sleigh and went off the road. The team straddled a tree, the tongue going up the side until one horse, still fastened tightly to the tongue was actually hanging by his collar. Curt ran to Nancy and cut her hair loose, expecting to find her dead, but aside from various bruises and minor cuts she was all right. (When re-telling this near-tragedy Curt always mentioned his surprise when Nancy laughed at her predicament, when he fully expected her never to laugh again.)

The spring of 1913 was an unhappy one. Nancy lost a baby boy. He was born a "blue baby" and lived only a short time. She named him Freddie for her father and his going was a great loss to her. Her recovery from this confinement was slow and it was increasingly difficult to do the many necessary duties of her crowded life.

Lumber was made from the timber on the place and land was cleared for the new home. Curt let part of the allotment, now deeded land, be sold so he might have money to build a nice home. Pete, Nancy's brother, helped with this building and it was the nicest home Nancy ever had. There were big glass-doored bookcases from the floor to the ceiling, and leather-covered chairs. This was luxury for a home on the reservation. Because Nancy had always wanted an oil stove, there was one for the new home.

It took several months for the finishing of the house. The family had only been in it a short while when the youngest daughter Nettie was born. Nancy was not strong and almost died with this confinement. She was not able to be out of bed for weeks afterward but one of the older daughters, Winifred, was going to be married, so the long hours were spent working on the wedding dress for this occasion.

The family kept the house and cooked the meals. Nettie was a month old when tragedy struck again. This time it was doubled since the new house was burned and a daughter was lost. Two of the girls, Christine and Winifred, were going to do the laundry and needed hot water. They filled the oil stove with fuel and had a tub of water to be heated. When they filled the tank on the stove with kerosene, they had spilled some onto the pan below the burners. When Christine lit the burner the spilled fuel caught on fire as well. This frightened the girls and they rushed the stove to the kitchen door and threw it out of the house, over an unfinished back porch. In moving the stove they left a thin strip of burning kerosene across the wooden floor, hardly enough to notice in their excitement. When Winifred ran back through the kitchen to let her mother know everything was taken care of, the small flame set her long skirt on fire. She didn't realize this until she was in the room with her mother, and Nancy could not get to her before she turned and ran from her, back through the kitchen and out the door. As she ran the wind fanned the flames. Christine

remembers being "frozen" onto one spot, but Uncle Pete remembered that she tried to stop Winnie and to use the water in the tub on the floor, which she could not do. The strip of burning cloth flamed and crept steadily upward as she ran, and flashed out. She ran toward her father who was working in the garden some distance from the house. She allowed no one to get near her lest they too catch on fire from her burning dress. Curt called to her, trying to get her to stop running and to lie down and roll in the garden dirt. She could not hear and by the time he reached her she was already badly burned. He tore the burning clothing from her and rolled her into the mud and water by the creek. It was during the years of long skirts and tightly laced corsets and this was the cause of her most severe burns.

Because of the excitement of Winifred's accident, there was very little saved from the lovely new home. Nancy was not able to save anything. She and the youngest ones had been taken to safety first. Nettie was carried out, saved through the super-strength of a ten-year old sister, Alice, who had somehow carried baby, blankets and heavy chair through smoke and fire to a safe place. A doctor was called for the injured daughter and for a time there was hope that she might survive her terrible burns. That hope was short-lived however, for pneumonia developed and she died within the month.

Winter came soon after this terrible summer, and a better shelter must be supplied if they would save the small children from cold and sickness. The added grief and loss of home and daughter were hard to bear. They moved into the home of Fannie, the older stepdaughter, until Curt could make better arrangements. He was able to buy back some of the property sold earlier and a house with it. In the middle of the winter, during a heavy snow storm, they moved once more. This home was a shelter for the cold months to come, but must have been a cause of heartbreak to Nancy as she came to it, carrying a baby in her arms and holding to another small daughter. They were moved by sleigh and, because of the severe weather, they had to get off and walk occasionally to keep from freezing. (Today this is only a short distance, but before the land was cleared and roads built it was a long way to go in such cold weather.)

There were three years spent in this home. Esther's husband died and she came home with a small daughter of her own. Christine had married, but there were still several children at home, some were attending public school. These years were hard. There seemed such a uselessness of effort; things of importance had been lost so many times. Nancy worked hard in her endeavor to overcome her many difficulties and hold her family together.

By this time there was a newer and better house available, a home built on part of the original allotment. Some of the older children had homes of their own now and the family was not as big when this move was made. More land was cleared for farming and gardening, as this was the only livelihood available to the family.

Nancy felt the need of comfort from a higher source, for although she had been brought up in the Catholic faith, she had no opportunity of attending that church.

She joined those of the Presbyterian denomination and began to serve in her small community. There were many difficulties for her to overcome. Her education consisted of only a few years' attendance of any early school and her father's words. She had much to learn if she would serve her people as she wished. She worked and grew to love her church above all else, each evening found her in worship and every Sunday she was at services. She taught memory work and scripture selections to her younger daughters and tried in every way to follow Him of whom she had learned much of patience and love.

The following years passed with no further disaster. The children grew to man and womanhood, marrying and leaving home. Within fifteen years her own children were all, except Nettie, the youngest, creating homes of their own. Nancy had a steadily increasing group of grandchildren.

In the summer of 1932 she had the opportunity of taking over the relief work as boys' matron at the North Fork Indian Mission in North Fork, California. She had never been able to travel very much and she was happy to accept this chance. It was while she was away from home, during the spring and early summer months that the third home was destroyed. As with the others, nothing of importance was saved this time. When Nancy got word from home of this final disaster she was heartbroken. Each preceding fire had destroyed her writing and this time too. She continued with her work at the Mission until such time as she was freed of her numerous tasks. She then took time to visit one daughter, Alice, a long time away from home, who was living in Oakland with her family of husband and three small daughters. This experience and chance of travel was one of her most wonderful memories. She had so many interesting times and had seen so many wonderful things. She would not be depressed even though another home was gone and she must begin again.

There was little use in building again. Nettie was the only one at home now and it wasn't necessary to have more room. That fall Nancy, Curt and daughter moved into a small cabin and she continued to work as the public school janitor. There was always much to do and her faith in God was strong enough to overcome seeming failures.

In 1933 Nettie left home, going far south to begin a course of nurse's training at the Ganado Indian Mission in Arizona. This separation was hard, for though she was surrounded by loving sons and daughters, Nancy could not help missing a child in the home. She continued working at the school, sending more than she could spare to the girl away from home.

Her days, and often her nights, were given to service to others, especially her many children who trusted her so much. Almost every new baby in the family was ushered into the world with her loving help. She was a wonderful nurse, remembering her own father's many helpful talks and explanations. Her patience seemed to have no limits as she faced death and recovery of her loved ones, thanking God for his goodness through it all.

For many years Nancy acted as interpreter in the church she loved to serve. She

taught a Sunday School class and promoted the missionary work as she alone could. She was given the honor of being selected as an elder in her community church. She was more than willing to give much of her strength in efforts to help advance the religious standards of her home and friends.

Since childhood she suffered many attacks of pain which she always attributed to indigestion or one of the more simple maladies. It was not until the spring of 1938 that she became seriously ill. She had been working hard and was in need of rest, so there followed a brief stay in the county hospital after which she returned home feeling much better. She remained fairly well throughout that summer, though she was carefully guarding her diet, lest she again become sick.

In the late summer she went out into the Spokane Valley. Here she worked in the fruit and berries, raised in such abundance there. Her family came often to see her and many tried to get her to come home. Nancy was feeling better again and saw no reason for leaving her work at a time when she had more opportunity of labor and pay.

The season closed and she returned home. There always seemed to be so much to be done and her hands were kept busy. Any extra minutes were given to rewriting her thrice-destroyed manuscript. To have the story finished and published was the dream of her heart. But again her trouble began and she was taken to the hospital for observation and treatment. She gained some relief and returned home after only another brief stay. She lost weight continuously, her children became worried about her, and Nettie was called home.

There followed a month of fair comfort when hours were spent in diligent work on her Indian story. She seemed fired with an enthusiasm that didn't allow even time for eating or sleeping without earnest effort on the part of her family.

The Christmas season came and went, bringing its happy thoughts and remembrances. Nancy had hoped to go to church on Christmas day; she had not been able to go for such a long time and had missed it more than anything. It was not to be however, for on Christmas Eve she was quite ill again.

It was near the end of the month of December when she suffered such an attack as to cause her family acute alarm. She was taken to one of the large Spokane hospitals where every test was used to make a definite diagnosis. An operation was decided upon, and the days before that one set for her were full ones. Nancy had many friends, both among the whites and the Indians, and saw many of them during this short time. She showed to them a bright and cheerful face, confident of recovery and also confident of the hereafter.

The operation was a difficult one and fear for her recovery was uppermost in the thoughts of her loved ones. Although she seemed to come from the operation much better than was expected, there was the realization that she was nearly sixty-four years of age and weakened with her long weeks of illness. On the third day after surgery Nancy died.

While her family and many friends mourn her going, there is the feeling of peace which she always gave to those she loved. There was no doubt in her heart as to where her eternal home may be and so her loved ones look too, for that meeting someday.