



Jidë'öshö'oh (Birds)

Passenger pigeons (*Ectopistes migratory*) returned. Whole families would relocate to the nesting places and using arrows, blow guns, snares and nets, would capture hundreds of birds and feast until the pigeons moved on. A native of the eastern half of North America from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, it wintered in the southern part of its range and bred in the north, from Nova Scotia west to Montana and Saskatchewan. At the beginning of the 19th century millions of passenger pigeons migrated north in the spring in flocks large enough to darken the sky. When the flock arrived at a nesting site, the first day or two was spent in pairing. The Haudenosaunee found the passenger pigeons an endless source of meat, fat, and feathers. However, over hunting depleted the flocks. The last passenger pigeon died in the Cincinnati Zoological Garden in 1914. Called Orite'kowain Mohawk.

Birds used for food:

Duck, wild - Protein, Iron, niacin, riboflavin, thiamin, 170 calories

Duck eggs – Vitamin A, niacin, riboflavin, protein, 93 calories

Goose – niacin, protein, fat, riboflavin, iron, 273 calories

Partridge

Pheasant

Pigeons/doves

Turkey

Birds that would be hunted during the winter included:

<u>English</u>	<u>Latin</u>	<u>Seneca</u>	<u>Mohawk</u>
<u>Tuscarora</u>			
American Black Duck	<i>Anas rubripes</i>	So:wäk	sonhatsi
Canada Goose	<i>Branta Canadensis</i>	Hö:ga:k	kahonk
Canvas Back Duck			so:rak
Common Goldeneye			
Common Loon	<i>Gavia imer</i>		tonniataren:ton
Mallard Duck	<i>Anas pltyrhynchos</i>		sorak
Northern Pintail	<i>Anas acuta</i>		
Passenger Pigeon		Jä:hgo:wa:h	ori:te'
Redhead			
Ringed-neck duck			
Ruffed Grouse	<i>Bonasa umbellus</i>	Johgwi'yani'	ohkwe:sen
Wild Turkey	<i>Meleagris gallopavo</i>	O'so:ön	karhonk
gene			
Wood Duck	<i>Aix sponsa</i>		

There were many more migratory waterfowl that could be hunted as well. The hunters would use their bow and arrows, but would also have snares for the birds.



Tuscarora Names for birds:

juidihewará the or joo-dee-hah-waw-raw-thah = hummingbird (it hums along)

jinekehane or jee'nah-kah-hah'nah = birds

haw-jee-neh oo-yaw-dis-dad = The bird book

jisku'ku or jee skoo'koo = robin

aw'aw' = crow

u:wa or oo-waw = owl

nah-kaw-neth-naw-kwak = hawk

a'a = crow

nyenye or nyah-nyah = blue jay

nisnis or nees-nees = woodpecker

stakwia or staw-kwee-aw = eagle

gene = turkey

Øu ? yeh = duck

Mohawk Bird Names

atiaren'ta:'a - canary

io'kohsen:ton - penguin

iotiwisto - snowbirds

kahrhakon:ha - hawk(older)

kanatakon:ha - sparrow

karontakaroks - woodpecker

ken'tarakonha:ka - swallow

kwanene'ko:wa - ostrich

kwarero:ha - owl(barn)



Birds in Haudenosaunee Territory

Feb 4, 2001

American Bittern
 American Black Duck
 American Coot
 American Crow
 American Goldfinch
 American Kestrel
 American Redstart
 American Robin
 American Tree Sparrow
 American Woodcock

Botaurus lentiginosus
Anas rubripes
Fulica americana
Corvus brachyrhynchos
Carduelis tristis
Falco sparverius
Setophaga ruticilla
Turdus migratorius
Spizella arborea
Scolopax minor

Bald Eagle

Haliaeetus leucocephalus
 T = sta ku i:a (eagle) = way up high
 Or, eagle = sauh-guih-hau
 M = a:kweks - eagle

Baltimore Oriole

Icterus galbula M =
 atiaren'ta'ko:wa

Bank Swallow

Riparia riparia

Barn Owl

Tyto alba T = owl =
 roh,suck-ra

Barn Swallow

Hirundo rustica

Barred Owl

Strix varia

Belted Kingfisher

Ceryle alcyon

Black-backed Woodpecker

Picoides arcticus

Black-capped Chickadee

Poecile atricapilla

Black-crowned Night Heron

Nycticorax nycticorax

Black-throated Green Warbler

Dendroica virens

Black-throated Blue Warbler

Dendroica caerulescens

Black Scoter

Melanitta nigra

Black-chinned Sparrow

Spizella atrogularis

Blue Jay

Cyanocitta cristata

Blue-winged Teal

Anas discors

Bobolink

Dolichonyx oryzivorus

Broad-winged Hawk

Buteo platypterus

Brant

Branta bernicla

Brown creeper

Certhia americana

Brown-headed Cowbird

Molothrus ater

Brown Thrasher

Toxostoma rufum



Canada Goose

Branta canadensis

T = wild geese = oh-henh-ren

Canada Warbler

Wilsonia canadensis

Canvas Back Duck

Aythya valisineria

Cedar Waxwing

Bombycilla cedrorum

Chestnut-sided Warbler

Dendroica pensylvanica

Chipping Sparrow

Spizella passerina

Common Loon

Gavia inmer

Common Flicker

Colaptes auratus

Common Goldeneye

Bucephala clangula

Common Grackle

Quiscalus quiscula

Common merganser

Mergus merganser

Common Nighthawk

Chordeiles minor

Common Raven

Corvus corax

Common Snipe

Gallinago gallinago

Common Yellowthroat

Geothlypis trichas

Coopers Hawk

Accipiter cooperii

Crow

T = crow =

auh-au

Dark-eyed Junco

Junco hyemalis

Double-crested Cormorant

Phalacrocorax auritus

Downy Woodpecker

Picoides pubescens

Eared Grebe

Podiceps nigricollis

Eastern Bluebird

Sialia sialis

Eastern Meadowlark

Sturnella magna

Eastern Phoebe

Sayornis phoebe

Eastern Screech Owl

Otus asio

Eastern Wood Peewee

Contopus virens

Evening Grosbeak

Coccothraustes vespertinus

Field Sparrow

Spizella pusilla

Olive-sided Flycatcher

Contopus borealis

Fox Sparrow

Passerella iliaca

Golden Eagle

Aquila chrysaetos

Grasshopper Sparrow

Ammodramus savavvarum

Gray Catbird

Dumetella carolinensis

Great Blue Heron

Ardea herodias

T = c-haw-quaw-

roont

M = oha:kwaront

Greater scaup

Aythya marila

Green Heron

Butorides striatus

Green-winged Teal

Anas crecca

Great Horned Owl

Bubo virginianus

Hairy Woodpecker

Picoides villosus

Harlequin Duck

Histrionicus histrionicus

Herring Gull

Larus argentatus

Horned Grebe

Podiceps auritus



Deyohahá:ge:

Horned Lark
 Hermit Thrush
 House Sparrow
 House Wren
 Killdeer
 Lapland Longspur
 Lesser Scaup
 Long-eared Owl
 Long-tailed Duck
 Magnolia Warbler
 Mallard Duck
 Marsh Wren
 Merlin
 Mourning Dove
 Mourning Warbler
 Northern Cardinal
 Northern Goshawk
 Northern Flicker
 Northern Harrier
 Northern Mockingbird
 Northern Oriole
 Northern Pintail
 Northern Saw-whet Owl
 Northern Waterthrush
 Orchard Oriole
 Osprey
 Partridge

Eremophila alpestris
Catharus guttatus
Passer domesticus
Troglodytes aedon
Charadrius vociferus
Calcarius lapponicus
Aythya affinis
Asio otus
Clangula hyemalis
Dendroica magnolia
Anas platyrhynchos
Cistothorus palustris
Falco columbarius
Zenaidura macroura
Oporornis philadelphia
Cardinalis cardinalis
Accipiter gentilis
Colaptes auratus
Circus cyaneus
Mimus polyglottos
 Scarlet Tanager
Anas acuta
Aegolius acadicus
Seiurus noveboracensis
Icterus spurius
Pandion haliaetus

T = partridge = oh-qua-sen

Peregrine Falcon
 Pied-billed Grebe
 Pileated Woodpecker
 Pine warbler
 Purple Finch
 Purple Martin
 Red-bellied Woodpecker
 Red-breasted Nuthatch
 Red-headed Woodpecker
 Redhead Duck
 Red-necked Grebe
 Red-tailed Hawk

Falco peregrinus
Podilymbus podiceps
Dryocopus pileatus
Dendroica pinus
Carpodacus purpureus
Progne subis
Melanerpes carolinus
Sitta canadensis
Melanerpes erythrocephalus
Aythya americana
Podiceps grisegena
Buteo jamaicensis

T = hawk = it picks up bodies
 hawk (falcon) = jau-

wenkenh
 Red-throated Loon
 Red-shouldered Hawk

Gavia stellata
Buteo lineatus



Red-winged Blackbird	<i>Agelaius phoeniceus</i>
Ring-billed Gull	<i>Larus delawarensis</i>
Ringed-neck Duck	<i>Aythya collaris</i>
Rough-legged Hawk	<i>Buteo lagopus</i>
Rock Dove	<i>Columba livia</i>
Ruby-throated Hummingbird	<i>Archilochus colubris</i>
Ruffed Grouse	<i>Bonasa umbellus</i>
Rusty Blackbird	<i>Euphagus carolinus</i>
Savannah Sparrow	<i>Passerculus sandwichensis</i>
Sharp-shinned Hawk	<i>Accipiter striatus</i>
Short-eared Owl	<i>Asio flammeus</i>
Snow Goose	<i>Chen caerulescens</i>
Song Sparrow	<i>Melospiza melodia</i>
Spotted Sandpiper	<i>Actitis macularia</i>
Swainsons Thrush	<i>Catharus ustulatus</i>

Swan
wen

T = swan = toh-reh-

Three-toed Woodpecker	<i>Picoides tridactylus</i>
Tufted Titmouse	<i>Baeolophus bicolor</i>
Turkey Vulture	<i>Cathartes aura</i>
Tree Swallow	<i>Tachycineta bicolor</i>
Upland Sandpiper	<i>Bartramia longicauda</i>
Vesper Sparrow	<i>Poocetes gramineus</i>
White-breasted Nuthatch	<i>Sitta carolinensis</i>
White-crowned Sparrow	<i>Zonotrichia leucophytys</i>
White-throated Sparrow	<i>Zonotrichia albicollis</i>
White-winged Scoter	<i>Melanitta fusca</i>
Wild Turkey	<i>Meleagris gallopavo</i>

T = turkey = ken,-
nengh

Wilson's Warbler	<i>Wilsonia pusilla</i>
Wilson's Snipe	<i>Capella gallinago</i>
Woodcock (Mud Snipe)	<i>Scolopax rusticola</i>
Wood Duck	<i>Aix sponsa</i>
Yellow-bellied Sapsucker	<i>Sphyrapicus varius</i>
Yellow Warbler	<i>Dendroica petechia</i>
Yellow - Rumped Warbler	<i>Dendroica coronata</i>

The **Snipe** is a shore bird of the SANDPIPER family, native to both American and Europe. The common, or Wilson's, snipe (*Capella gallinago*) is a game bird of marshes and meadows. The mud snipe, or woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*), is a nocturnal woodland bird. Other shore birds include the Killdeer and Sandpiper.

The **Hawk** is the name for smaller members of the Accipitridae family, diurnal birds of prey, distinguished from the related FALCONS by their broader, rounded wings. Hawks



have keen sight, sharply hooked bills, and powerful feet with curved talons. The hunting hawks, or accipiters, include the goshawk, which feeds on small MAMMALS and birds, and the destructive chicken hawk. Buteos, or BUZZARDS, are a diverse group of larger hawks; they feed on RODENTS and REPTILES. The term hawk is also applied to many falcons and a number of unrelated birds, e.g., the nighthawk (a GOATSUCKER) and certain GULLS and jaegers.

The **Heron** is a bird of the family Ardeidae, large wading birds, including the BITTERN and EGRET, found in many temperate regions but most numerous in tropical and subtropical areas. Herons have sharp, serrated bills, broad wings, and long legs. Their plumage is soft and drooping, and (especially at breeding time) they may have long, showy plumes on their heads, breasts and backs.

Stories from Twylah Hurd Nitsch (Seneca), published in *Nature – Chants and Dances*, Seneca Indian Historical Society, Irving, NY, 1984

A Heron Clan Story – THE STORY OF HOW THE BIRDS BEGAN TO FLY IN FLOCKS

The Elders were telling how long ago there was a time when birds did not fly together like they do now. It seemed that whenever they wanted to fly to another far away place, they bumped into each other and, often injured, fell to the ground. Many Bird Families were unhappy about this situation because it seemed there was no way to solve this problem. It happened that an old Goose lived in a bog where many other Birds liked to search for food. She watched the terrible confusion as the Bird families took to the sky.

She was very, very old and her body was not as strong as before. Even her feathers looked tattered and worn. Yet, she knew that there must be some way to prevent this unnecessary confusion. She called her family and told them that it was time to stop this foolishness of bumping into each other.

She stretched her wings as far as they could reach and with a great push, soared into the Skyworld above. She circled around several times while all the Birds in her family watched. Then, she returned and said, “Now, each one of you follow me. We will begin with the oldest members of our family, one fly at the tip of my right wing and another fly at the tip of my left wing. Again, the old Goose soared into the Skyworld.

Soon, the oldest members of the family did as she asked. Then, one after the other, the rest of the Geese followed the Elder Goose into the Skyworld and continued the “V” formation she had started.

Soon, the Heron and other Bird families saw the strange formation overhead. They asked their Elders about the formation of the Geese flying in the Skyworld. Because all Birds honored the Wisdom of other Nature creatures, the Birds waited to learn the meaning of the unusual way the Geese were flying.



“There’s no bumping each other,” the Heron said, admiringly. “The Geese have found a way to fly safely in the Skyworld,” the other Birds said. Before long the Heron and all the Bird Families gathered to watch the Geese demonstrate their flying formation.

To this day, when the Birds want to fly to far-away places, they gather into flocks and soar skyward with the Elder Birds leading the flock. No more bumping, no more injuries, only a feeling of gratitude from the Herons and all the Birds.

A Snipe Clan Story – THE SNIPES LOSE THEIR TAIL

A Great Council was scheduled to choose the Bird Clan of all the wingeds. One Bird Clan would become the leaders because of their wisdom, talents, beauty and leadership. At the Great Council, all Birds would demonstrate their abilities in the above categories.

At every watering place and in the surrounding trees, Bird families were practicing their abilities. The songsters perched in the trees practicing their favorite songs. Other birds were grooming their feathers to make them shine in the sun. Getting ready for this Great Council was of the utmost importance to every Bird. Birds would be selected by each Clan to represent them. Every bird wanted to be the representative of their Clan.

The Snipes felt certain that they would be selected as Chiefs of all the Bird Clans because of their beautiful plumed tail feathers. Soon, the most handsome Birds were chosen.

As the Great Council convened, all the representatives stood in a large circle waiting their turn to demonstrate their wisdom, talents, beauty and leadership. But, to the horror of the Snipe representatives, their bare heads were facing the center for all to see and their beautiful plumed tail feathers were where no one could see them.

Suddenly, one male Snipe told a female to pull out his tail feathers and stick them on his head. Next, all the Snipe representatives formed a circle and pulled out the tail feathers of the one in front, turned around and placed those feathers on the head of the Snipe in the back of them. Their trick to fool the judges was done just in time for them to demonstrate their gifts.

It happened that the Four Winds were watching what the snipes were doing and laughed as these foolish Birds walked to the center of the Council Ring. They wobbled unsteadily in a funny manner because the unaccustomed feathers made their heads top-heavy. In their merriment, the Four Winds’ laughter blew the feathers from the Snipes’ heads. Embarrassed, these birds hid their now bare heads under the nearby bushes.

Because of their false pride, the beautifully plumed feathers did not grow back on their stubby tails again and, to this day, Snipes are often seen hiding under the bushes.



A Hawk Clan Story – THE STORY OF THE FRIENDLY FEAST

One time long ago, a family of Hawks was flying above a beautiful field which, they discovered, was rich in food. The parent Hawks were eager to spread the word to their friends and relatives. They called a family Council to discuss a plan for sending out the message. The plan included taking a sample of the tasty morsels to the farthest friends, inviting them to a Feast of Friendship.

“Fly on the wings of the Northwind,” said the Father Hawk to his first-born. “Fly on the wings of the Eastwind,” said Mother Hawk to the second-born. “Fly on the wings of the Southwind,” said the Father Hawk to the third-born. “Fly on the wings of the Westwind,” said Mother Hawk to her youngest Hawk. “Carry the message that the Feast of Friendship will convene at the Time of the Full Moon,” both parents sang.

The young birds soared into the Skyworld, chanting the message. After circling once to honour their parents, as young Hawks are accustomed to doing, they took off and sped in the direction they had been told to go.

Many moons passed and there were no visitors, not even the return of their young Hawks. Day after day, the Elder Hawks chanted, while they soared above the field rich in vegetation. When they had just about given up and feared that the Feast of Friendship would not be held, songs filled the air from the North, the East, the South, and the West. The Skyworld hummed with flapping wings. The Birds from the North landed and formed a large ring. In like manner, the East, South and West Birds landed and made their rings, with the two Elder Hawks, who had arranged for the Feast of Friendship, in the center.

It was the day of the full Moon when this Feast of Friendship began. It has been said that, when the Hawks soar overhead, they are inviting all their friends to take part in a Feast of Friendship, for this is the time to chant and dance in thanksgiving.

ORIGIN OF THE SENECA SNIPE CLAN

Person interviewed: William Johnson, Seneca. (born c1782, Canada); resident of Buffalo Creek; moved to Cattaraugus c. 1842.

Date of Interview: 1874 at Cattaraugus

By Whom: Asher Wright, missionary, Catt. Res.

see: Bernhard J. Stern, ed. “The Letters of Asher Wright to Lewis Henry Morgan,” *American Anthropologist* 35:1 (1933), pp. 138-145.

Sometime in the indefinite past five brothers living by themselves alone planted a small piece of corn. When the ears began to mature, they noticed that some of them, night after night, would be broken off and carried away. So they resolved to take turns and watch the field every night, if so be they might succeed in catching the thieves.



One night the brother who was on the watch heard a cracking noise, as if ears were being broken off, and running to the place whence the sound proceeded, he found a man picking the corn.

He said to him, "What are you doing?"

The man replied, "We are hungry."

"Well then," said the brother, "come then and eat, but do not steal."

"Well we will come," said the man, and the next day, just before sunset, there came a great multitude, so many that there was not enough room for them to stand in the little cornfield.

While they were standing around, they heard a voice saying, "We shall all die"; when a sudden panic seized them, and they fled helter-skelter. In their great flight they forgot and left behind one little babe lying upon the ground. The brothers took the child into their wigwam, and brought him up. He had a very broad forehead, and so they named him Sha-gah-jo-waah (i.e. Big Forehead).

With the consent of the brothers, after he was grown up he started on his travels, and coming to a settlement near a beautiful stream, he entered into conversation with the settlers, --praised the beauty of their surroundings and inquired what they found frequenting the fine sand on the margin of the stream.

They said, "The Do-is-do-wih" (this bird may have been the Snipe, as the interpreters generally call it, but it seems more probable that it was the Plover. Both birds seem to have been common in central New York, and it is now impossible to decide which was intended by the Indian name).

Sha-gah-jo-waah then said, "Well you are Snipes then"; and so after that they were always called Snipes, and their descendants constitute till this day the Snipe clan. The traveler continued on and in a similar way gave names to all the other clans.

GA-DO-JIH AND SA-GO-DA-OH,
THE GOLDEN EAGLE AND THE HUNTER VULTURE:
ORIGIN OF THE BIRD DANCE

Rev. William Beauchamp provided the following, based upon stories collected by Mrs. Converse, with Arthur Parker's prefatory note.

"The Bird dance, seen in the Long House ceremonies at the Indian New Year's ceremony, is the public exhibition of the Eagle Society, one of the (once) secret fraternities of the Senecas. The dance is called the ga-ne-gwa-e. This society is one of the most influential, next to the Ga-no-da, Ho-noh-tci-noh-gah (Little Water Society). The sign of



membership in the Eagle Society is a round spot of red paint on either cheek. Jo-wiis means chipping sparrow, and as a name was regarded as one of the preferred."

"The Ga-do-jih, the Golden Eagle of the far away heavens, is the Head Chief of all the birds. The Ga-do-jih never visits the earth, but employs many assistants, upon whom he imposes various duties. To his subchief, Don-yon-do, the Bald Eagle, he has assigned the mountain tops of the earth land. Don-yon-do won this distinction by his strength, acute sight and extraordinary powers of flight. The strong rays of the sun cannot blind him. He is proud, and his heart throbs to the skies; and although he swoops down to the lowlands for his prey, he flies to the highest mountain top to devour it.

"From his retinue of servitors, Ga-do-jih has chosen many of the vulture family whose obnoxious duties lead them to plunder in offensive places. But they are faithful in his service for it is the law of Ga-do-jih that the earth must be kept clean. Yet these proud, ravenous birds have tender hearts, and although their scavenger life leads them into base paths, Ga-do-jih does not deny them the pure air of the sky, nor the clear waters of the earth.

"Among these birds of prey is Sa-go-da-oh, the Hunting Vulture, who ceaselessly searches for spoil. All refuse of the earth, beneath and above, is his. Occasionally he passes Don-yon-do on his sky way, but the lofty spirit of Don-yon-do knows not Sa-go-da-oh. In quest of his mountain crest Don-yon-do sweeps through the blue of the heavens like the flying wind, while Sa-go-da-oh slowly soars within the cloud nets, and watches to swoop down on his prey.

"One day in time long time ago, Jo-wiis, a young Indian lad, was lost in the woods, and had wept till nearly blinded. For many days and nights the rain had flooded the forest, and Jo-wiis could not find his home path. In the black sky there was no sun or moon to guide him, and hungering and faint, he had fallen on the river bank to die, when Don-yon-do, who chanced to be flying across the earth, discovered him, and lifting him on his wings, flew in search of an Indian village. Looking down in the far below, he discovered smoke ascending from some lodges, and alighting left Jo-wiis near them, and slowly winged away. The rain continued to fall, and no one had come for the fast dying boy, when Sa-go-da-oh, winging past in search of night prey, espied him, and closing in his wings, dropped to the wet earth where the boy was lying. Though Sa-go-da-oh's talons were long and strong, his heart was tender, and gently lifting Jo-wiis, bore him to the village, but failing to find his home, took him to Ga-do-jih in the sky, who nourished him and grew to love him.

"Ga-do-jih took Jo-wiis to the sky council house when the birds were celebrating the New Year, and taught him their dances; also to all the feasts throughout the year, teaching him the bird songs and all the laws of the birds, especially the sacred law protecting their nests in the spring and sheltering them in the winter. And he was shown the corn and the grains, which Ga-do-jih told him must be shared with the feathered folk below. All these laws he was enjoined to impart to his people when he should return to the earth."



In due time, all this was done, and thus the Iroquois know the origin of Je-gi-yah-goh-o-a-noh, the Bird dance, a prominent dance used at the New Year.

"During its performance the dancers imitate the motions of a bird, squatting low and moving their bodies and heads, as if picking the grains of corn which have been scattered on the floor."

Mr. F. B. Converse obtained the music on the Cattaraugus reservation. It is used by the Eagle society, and at Onondaga is called the Eagle and sometimes the Strike Stick dance. Two dance side by side and in just the same way, each holding a long stick with feathers spread out on each side. They bend down, doubling one knee under the dancer and stretching the other out on one side. A cent is placed on the floor and picked up with the mouth.

Some one strikes the floor with a stick, and this gives it the name of Ga-na-gah-a, or Strike Stick dance. A dancer makes a speech and gives tobacco. The Senecas also use the feathered sticks representing wings.

PARTRIDGE AND TURTLE AND THEIR COUSINS WOLVES *told by John Armstrong*

Two brothers, Partridge and Turtle, lived together. Wolves, their cousins, lived in a house not far away. One day old man Wolf said, "You had better all go out hunting."

They started off, going toward the East in Indian file. After a time they said, "We will separate and each man will go where he likes. If anyone sees game, he can call out."

As Turtle was going along, he came to a log that he couldn't get over so he called out. Partridge heard him and running up to see what game he had found, asked, "What is it?"

Turtle said, "I can't get over this log, it is so high."

"But you shouldn't call out," said Partridge. "The Men might think you had found game. Don't call again unless you find game," and catching Turtle by the leg he threw him over the log.

Again Turtle came to a log and couldn't get over, so he cried loudly for help. Partridge ran up and seeing what the trouble was, caught Turtle by the leg and threw him over as hard as he could, saying, "The next time you come to a log, you go around it."

"But," said Turtle, "our leader told us to go straight ahead and I did as he said."

"Well, don't be afraid; go around the log next time," answered Partridge.

After that Turtle went around the logs. Soon he came to a river, and near the river he saw a tree loaded with plums; some of the plums had fallen to the ground. Turtle had on a



bark apron. He gathered it up, bag shape, and filled it with plums. While he was eating and looking around, he saw Elk coming.

When near where Turtle stood, Elk asked, "Brother, will you give me some of those plums?"

"No, I'm a great deal smaller than you are, I can't knock them off of the tree as easily as you can."

"How do you knock them off?"

"I'll tell you, I go as far away as I can and see them then run very fast to the tree and strike my head against it."

"Did you do that?"

"Yes. It hurt some, but not very long. You can do the same way and you'll knock off a great many plums."

Elk went some distance then running as fast as he could struck his head against the tree. The blow threw him back and he couldn't get up. Turtle dropped his plums and jumping on to Elk caught him by the neck and choked him to death. Then he called out loudly.

Partridge came running up, and asked, "What have you done now?"

"I'm a man. I've killed an Elk."

Partridge was glad, and asked, "How can we hide this from our cousins? They are great eaters and would soon finish this meat, but you and I are small people we could live on it a long time. If we could find a hollow tree, we could hide the meat in it. While I am hunting for the tree, you go to our cousins and borrow a knife. If they ask why you want the knife tell them you are going to dig mushrooms."

"No," said Turtle, "You must go, you can fly. If I go they will track me and find out what we are doing."

Partridge flew over to where Wolves were hunting.

They asked, "What luck have you had?"

Partridge tried to answer, but he stuttered so he couldn't get out a single word.

"What makes you stutter?" asked his cousins. You are frightened. Have you done something bad?"



Again Partridge tried to speak, but couldn't.

"Let him alone," said Old Man Wolf, "he'll tell after while."

Now Partridge stood up straight, his eyes wide open, and tried to say knife, but stuttered out something that sounded like spear. He had made up his mind to say that he was going to cut his brother's hair.

"Do you want a spear?" asked Old Wolf.

"No, knife!"

"Well, give him a knife," said Old Wolf.

Partridge took the knife and going back to where Turtle was the two cut up the Elk and carried it, piece by piece, to a hollow tree that Turtle had found. Then they camped in the tree.

When cold weather came Old Wolf said, "I wonder where our cousins are? Maybe they have starved to death. We must try to find them."

Several of the Wolves started. After traveling a long distance, they saw a smoke coming out of a hollow tree. They went back and said, "We have found Turtle and Partridge, they are living in a hollow tree far off in the woods."

Old Wolf said, "Go to the tree and find out what they are doing."

When the men came to the tree they saw many bones. Partridge had told Turtle not to throw bones out, if he did Wolves would scent them, but Turtle had disobeyed him.

When Wolves saw the bones, they said, "This is why Partridge was so frightened when he came to borrow a knife. They killed a deer and have eaten it up without giving us any." Before this the cousins had always shared with one another. "Now we'll cut the tree down, kill Turtle and Partridge and eat them."

They set to work and soon the tree began to bend over. Turtle saw what his cousins were doing and he screamed, "Let the tree be large! Let the tree be large!"

The tree grew quickly and caught on to another tree. The Wolves began to chop the second tree.

Again Turtle screamed "Let the tree be large!" and it caught to a third tree.

They began to cut the third tree, thinking that all the trees would fall at the same time.



Now Turtle asked Partridge, "Can you carry me in your skirt?"

"I can try. Maybe I can if you hold on tight when I fly."

Partridge flew off and Turtle held on to his skirt until he was too tired to hold any longer. Then he fell, and Wolves, who had followed, said, "Now, we'll punish him."

"What will we do to him?" asked one, "roast him?"

"You can roast me," said Turtle, "but you'll never have a fire again, I'll put it out forever."

Wolves said, "Maybe he could do that. Let's chop him to pieces."

"You can if you want to," said Turtle, "but you'll never have a sharp knife again. My back is made of bone."

"That's true," said Wolves, "We'll take a mallet and pound him to death."

"Yes, pound me to death, but never again will you have a mallet."

Now Old Wolf spoke up, and said, "I know how to kill him. Drag him to the lake and throw him in!"

Turtle began to cry, and to beg, saying, "I shall die if you throw me into the water."

He cried so hard that they agreed that this was the way to kill him. They dragged him to the lake and threw him in, then they sat down on the bank to see him drown.

Soon Turtle stuck up his head and seeing Wolves called out, "You are fools! Didn't you know that water is my home?"

Wolves were so angry that they sent for an Elk to come and drink up the water. But when Elk had drunk the lake dry, they couldn't find Turtle; he had buried himself in the mud. There was nothing to be done; Elk threw up the water and the Wolves went home.

After a long time Turtle was one day out hunting and he met a Wolf. Wolf began to make fun of Turtle's short legs, told him he oughtn't to go where people could see him, he was so ugly.

Turtle looked at Wolf, and said, "Well, if I have short legs I can beat you running. Notify your people and I'll notify mine, and tomorrow we will run a race."

Wolf was greatly pleased, and he came next day, with all his friends.



Now Turtle had stationed six of his friends, all of the same size, and each with a white feather in his headdress, at certain places along the course.

At the starting Wolf left Turtle far behind and turning he called out, "Why don't you come on?"

But when Wolf was some distance along he heard Turtle call, "Why don't you come on?" and looking saw him ahead.

Wolf passed him, then turned and shouted, "Why don't you run faster?"

The third Turtle came up ahead of Wolf, and called, "You'll be beaten if you don't run faster!"

So on to the sixth Turtle. As soon as Wolf passed, the Turtle would hide in the ground and another Turtle spring up ahead of Wolf.

Now the Turtle people sent up a shout of victory. Turtle had reached the goal and beaten Wolf.

Wolf told Turtle, "Hereafter you and your people can live on the hills and I and my people will live in the woods."

And so it is. At this time Partridges, Wolves, and Turtles from being people became what they are now.

BIRD IN SEARCH OF A MATE

Told by Peter White

A YOUNG woman lived alone on the bank of a large river. One day she thought, "I am old enough to have a husband. It is lonely here by myself."

She oiled her hair, painted her face red, put on her best clothes and went to a spring. She dipped up a bucket of water and looking in it said, "I am nice enough for any man."

Then she started off along the bank of the river that ran through a forest. Toward midday she came to a place where she saw signs of people living near, and, seating herself on a log she began to sing, "I wonder if any man around here wants a wife. I wonder if any man around here wants a wife."

Soon some one far off in the forest answered, "I want a wife. I want a wife."

Then the woman sang back, "What will we live on? What will we live on when we live together?"



And he sang, "We will live on moss."

And she, singing, answered, "I couldn't live on moss. I am too good for such coarse food; I'm a nice looking girl."

Again she traveled along the bank of the river. It was near sunset when the young woman came to a place where she saw signs of people living near. She seated herself on a log and sang, "I wonder if any man around here wants a wife. I wonder if any man around here wants a wife."

Some one, not far off, answered, singing, "I want a wife. I want a wife."

Then she sang, "What will we live on? What will live on? What will we live on when we live together?"

And he, singing, answered, "We will live on hawthorn berries and roots."

She sang, I cannot live on hawthorn berries and roots. I am too good for such food; I'm a nice looking girl."

The young woman traveled on till dusk then, seeing signs of some one having been along a short time before, she seated herself on a log and sang, "I wonder if any man around here wants a wife. I wonder if any man around here wants a wife."

Close by some one sang, "I want a wife. I want a wife."

And she, singing, asked, "What will we live on? What will we live on when we live together?"

And he sang back, "When we live together we will live on seeds."

Singing, she answered, "That is the food I like; seeds are nice and soft."

The singer, hearing her answer, was pleased. He came and sat on a log by her side, and, singing, asked, "Did you understand my song when you asked what we would live on when we lived together?"

She, singing, answered, "Yes, seeds. I love seeds, they are sweet and soft."

Then the two flew off along the bank of the river, and ever since have lived happily together--The first birds of Spring.

The first man to answer the young woman's call was a deer--the second was a bear; the third was a bird like herself.



THE BIRD MEDICINE I

A Seneca named Bloody Hand had great love for the birds of the air that ate flesh and for the animals of the earth that ate flesh. When he killed a deer, he cut the flesh into pieces and called birds to eat it, or he gave it to the wolves. Sometimes he carried home a small piece but usually he gave all of the pieces to the birds and beasts.

The Senecas went on the war-path and this man went with them. He was killed and scalped. The birds of the air saw him and they held a council. One said, "We can bring him to life if we can get his scalp. The man who killed him has hung up the scalp by the door of his house. We will send for it."

They sent Hawk. Hawk's bill was sharp and strong. He twisted the scalp from the place where it was tied and carried it to the birds.

One of the birds said, "Now we will make medicine and to find out how strong it is, we'll try to bring that tree to life that is lying over there on the ground."

In this bird medicine was a bit of the flesh of each of the birds.

When making the medicine, the birds caused a corn stalk to come up out of the ground. They broke the stalk and in it was blood. They put some of the blood in their medicine, healed the stalk and it disappeared.

They caused a squash vine to come out of the ground and right away there were squashes on the vine, they used some of the seeds for their medicine, and the vine disappeared.

When the medicine was ready, part of the birds sat on one side of the tree and part on the other side and they sang their medicine song and sprinkled medicine on the tree and the ground.

Above the clouds is a great bird called SKADA'GÉA, In-the-Mist, he is chief of all birds; they sent the head man of the Ravens to tell him what they were doing--this is why Ravens always sing "Caw! Caw!" when flying--The Eagle is a chief under the great bird above.

When the birds saw that the tree was getting green and coming to life the leader said, "This is enough, we know how our medicine will act. Now we must appoint some one to carry it into our friend's body."

They chose Chickadee. Chickadee drank the medicine then went into the man's mouth and down into his stomach; threw the medicine out and came back.



The other birds rubbed the man's body with medicine, sat around him and sang. They sang two days and two nights then found that the body was growing warm.

All at once the man, who had been dead, felt as though he had been wakened from sleep. He heard singing and he listened. He understood the words of the song. He moved a little; the birds drew back, but kept singing.

The chief of the birds said to the man, "We have brought you to life, now we will give you some of our medicine. If any of your people are wounded by an arrow or bruised by a fall use the medicine and right away they will be well. When you use it, burn tobacco and think of us."

"When you think of us and come together and burn tobacco you will renew and strengthen the medicine. When the tobacco is burning call out, "Let all the beasts and birds on earth smell this tobacco."

Bloody Hand went home, selected a few men and gave to each one of them a little of the bird medicine, taught them how to use it and how to sing the songs. He said, "You must never laugh at these songs. If you laugh at them, bad luck will come to you. No one may sing the songs unless he has the medicine; the songs would be poison (otgon) for him."

Bird Medicine II

In 1883, Solomon O'Bail, a Seneca on the Cattaraugus Reservation, had about a tablespoonful of what he called *bird medicine* in the form of dust. When using it, he put a particle at the east side of a cup, another particle on the west side and another on the side towards the sick man's lips, then poured water into the cup.

If all the dust remained on top of the water, the sick man would live. If it sank to the bottom he would die.

If it mixed with the water and dissolved, he would recover. If it dissolved, the patient drank the liquid.

The medicine is so powerful that the sick man after drinking it can eat only pure white food, such as white beans and white corn; the odor of meat cooking is bad for him. When a man is sick, the family hang a blanket in front of him so they will have time to find where a caller has been. For if he had stopped on the way to look at a dead person, the sick man will die at once.

The beginning of the bird song is, "Now this is the medicine to take. Now this is the medicine to take." When the medicine is swallowed the song says, "Now it begins to work. Now it begins to work; to work all over his body."



The man who gives the medicine sings and dances, saying, "They (the Spirits) have come and cured the sick man, and I let them go with thanks. I have got to the field, I have got to the mountain, I have got to the falls; I have got beyond the clouds. Now we are together where the tobacco is."

When a sick man wants to take the bird medicine, he must give a handful of Indian tobacco to the man who has it. That man will put a bit of the tobacco in the fire and say to the medicine as he holds it in his hand, "Smell of the tobacco for I am going to use you." Then taking a cup, he goes to running water, gives some of the water to the stream, pronounces the sick man's name, and dipping the cup down stream, takes what water it gets, this water he uses to try the medicine in.

GRANDFATHER AND GRANDSON AND AN EAGLE WOMAN

*Told by John Armstrong
Characters*

DAGWANOEⁿYENT
GÁSYONDETHA
DŌ'NYONDA

Cyclone or Whirlwind
Meteor
Bald Eagle

A GRANDFATHER and grandson lived far away from any village. All the people of their nation had been carried off. The grandfather was very careful of his grandson for he was the only comfort he had.

One day the boy ran into the cabin, and said, "Grandfather, I heard something out in the woods crying, '*kidjidi! kidjidi!*'"

"Oh," said the grandfather, "that was a chickadee, that is the first game hunters kill."

The boy went out with his bow and arrows and after many attempts he killed a chickadee. When he took it home the old man danced with joy, singing as he danced, "My grandson will be a great hunter! My grandson will be a great hunter!"

Another day the boy ran in crying, "O Grandfather, I've seen something with four legs, and a tail with four black stripes around it!"

"That was a coon," said the grandfather. "That is the second game hunters kill."

The boy killed a coon, and the old man danced and sang, "Oh, my grandson will be a great hunter! Oh, my grandson will be a great hunter!"

The next day the boy ran in crying, "O, Grandfather, I've seen a strange thing walking on two legs. Red skin hangs from its head, and it makes a great noise."



"That was a turkey," said the grandfather. "That is the third game a hunter kills."

The boy went to the woods and when he saw a flock of turkeys, he ran till he caught one of them. Again the old man danced and sang, "My grandson will be a great hunter."

The boy went out another day and saw a long creature with thin legs and something, like the branches of a tree, on its head. He was frightened; he ran home and told his grandfather what he had seen. The old man said, "That is the fourth and largest game; that was a deer. When a man can kill a deer he is a good hunter."

The next day the boy killed a deer.

The old man didn't dance or sing this time; it was a solemn occasion. He taught the boy how to dress the deer and stretch the skin, then he said, "You are a young man now. You needn't run in to tell me what you have seen, kill anything that comes along. A man that can kill a deer can kill all kinds of game. When hunting you can go in any direction except the North, wicked women live in the North; women who have killed many of our people."

The young man went toward the South, but he kept thinking about the women who had killed his relatives and at last he turned and went North. After a time he came to a tree that was covered with scratches, like the scratches made by a coon's nails. He said in his mind, "It must be that there are a great many coons in this tree."

He threw off his blanket, took a stick and his bow and arrows and climbed up till he came to a hole in the tree; he looked into the hole and, seeing a number of coons, poked his stick down, killed two or three of them, pulled them up and threw them to the ground. As he did this he looked down and he saw, near the foot of the tree, a beautiful young woman.

As soon as he saw her, she called out, "Come down, I want to talk to you."

He paid no attention to the woman, but kept on killing coons. She called again and again. At last he went to the other side of the tree, turned himself into a red-headed woodpecker and went up the tree pecking the bark. When he got to the top he shot an arrow off toward home. The arrow whizzed through the air, making a noise like a woodpecker.

The woman, thinking that the boy was in the arrow, hurried after it.

The young man took his own form, slipped down from the tree, put on his clothes, gathered up the coons and went home. The grandfather was glad to get the coons, but when he knew where his grandson had been he was angry. "You must not go there again," said he. "If you do, great harm will come to us."



The next day the young man started off toward the South, but when out of sight he turned and went North. He went beyond the first tree and came to a second tree covered with scratches. He climbed the tree and killed a number of coons, then he looked down and saw, sitting on a log, near the foot of the tree, the same young woman. As soon as he saw her, she began to urge him to come down. She talked with enticing words. He knew that he ought not to go, but the feeling came into his heart that he wanted to. He went half way and stopped. Again the woman urged. At last he went to the ground and sat down on the end of the log--the woman was sitting in the middle.

"Why do you sit so far away?" asked she, "A young man and a young woman sit near each other when they talk."

He drew a little nearer, then she urged him to come up close to her. At last he sat by her side. She told him stories and talked till he fell asleep then she put him in a skin bag, took the bag on her shoulders and hurried off through the air.

After a long time, the woman came to the ground, took the young man out of the bag, roused him, and asked, "Do you know this place?"

"Yes, my grandfather used to fish here."

"I don't believe it," said the woman, "Point out something you remember."

"There are the poles we put up; and there is the old kettle we cooked in." He willed that she should see those things; he bewitched her eyes.

Again she told him stories till she put him to sleep. A second time she carried him far away. When she came to the ground and opened the bag, the young man found that he was on the shelf of a high cliff. On narrow places near him were other men, some alive, some half eaten up. "Oh," thought he, "my grandfather was right, there are bad women in the North." He called to the man nearest him and asked how he came there.

"A woman brought me here; other women brought these other men to where they are; many men have been eaten up; you and I will be eaten when they come to us."

The young man thought how he might escape. All at once he remembered that, on a time, a great spider had appeared to him in a dream, and had promised to help him when in trouble, and he cried, "O Spider, help me now!"

Right away an enormous spider was there on the top of the cliff and it began weaving threads for a rope. When the rope was long enough the spider let it down and the young man climbed up on it. Then he let the rope down and drew up the men on the cliff one after another. All the men went home except the young man. He set out for the home of the woman who had deceived him.



He found the woman living in an old house with her mother and he said to her, "I have come to marry you."

The woman said, "I have a very bad mother, I'm afraid that she will kill you; she sent me to deceive you and carry you to the cliff."

"I'll try to save myself," said the young man.

The old woman slept at the end of the house. In the night she began to groan and roll around on the ground.

The young woman said, "Strike my mother on the head with the corn pounder."

He struck her, and asked, "What is the matter, Mother-in-law?"

"I dreamed that my son-in-law killed the white beaver in the lake and made a feast for the DAGWANOEⁿYENTS."

"Go to sleep now," said the son-in-law, "I'll do that tomorrow."

The next morning he went to the lake and killed the beaver with a single arrow, but as soon as he lifted it out of the water the lake rose up and pursued him with fury. The young man knew the water was so poisonous that flesh that it touched instantly dropped from the bones, so he ran for his life. He reached the house and threw the beaver down. That minute the water disappeared.

The old woman was raging, she said, "Oh, my poor son, my poor son! I thought that my son-in-law's bones would be in the lake."

The beaver was dressed and cooked. The man invited the DAGWANOEⁿYENTS and the GÁSYONDETHAS to come to the feast. They came; the house was full of horrid heads with long hair. When the dinner was eaten to the last morsel, the heads began to smack their lips. "A splendid feast!" said they. "A grand dinner the old woman's son has made us! How sweet his flesh was!"

The old woman was furious; she seized a club and drove the guests away.

The next night the old woman rolled around the house and down to the fire, crying, "*Agi!*"

"Oh," said the wife. "This time my mother will dream that you and she must go to the sweat house, you first and then she. Now strike her with the corn pounder."

He struck her and she called out, "I dreamed that my son-in-law went to the sweat house and then I went."



"Go to sleep, Mother-in-law, I'll attend to that to-morrow."

In the morning the sweat house was heated. As soon as the young man went in, the old woman danced around outside and sang "Let there be heat to kill him! Let there be heat to kill him!"

When she thought he was dead she went in, but she found him comfortable and happy. Now it was her turn to sweat. The son-in-law closed the sweat house, then he danced and sang "Let it become flint, first at a red and then at a white heat."

Right away the house was flint and red hot.

The old woman was burned up.

"Now," said the young man to his wife, "You brought me most of the journey on your back, you know the way; take me to my home."

She put him on her back, carried him over the fields and the woods, past the fishing grounds where he had said that his grandfather used to fish, past the trees scratched by the coons, and at last brought him to his grandfather's house, and they lived there happily.

The women in this story were eagles.

QUAIL KILLS COLD WEATHER AND THE THUNDER FAMILY

Characters

POPKPÉKNOS

Quail

GENOⁿSKWA

Stone Coat (Ice and Cold Weather)

A MAN and his wife lived in an ugly-looking cabin in the forest. They had one child, a little boy. When the boy was four or five years old, another child was born, a boy no longer than a hand. The mother died and the man burned the body. Then, wrapping the baby up in a blanket, he put it in a hollow tree, for he thought it was dead.

Each day the man went to hunt and left the elder boy to play around the cabin. After a time the boy heard something crying in a hollow tree and going to the tree he found a baby. The child was lonely and almost starved. The boy fed it with soup he made of deer intestines.

The child drank the soup with great relish, drank again and again and soon became strong. The boy gave his little brother plenty to eat and at last he came out of the tree.

The two boys played together. The elder boy made the little one a coat of fawn-skin and put it on him. Then, as he ran around, he looked exactly like a chipmunk.



One day the father noticed a decrease of provisions and asked the boy what he had done with the deer intestines.

The boy said, "I eat a good many."

The father looked around the fire and seeing very small tracks, said, "Here are the tracks of a little child."

Then the boy told how he had found his brother, had fed him and made a coat for him, and how they played together.

"Bring him in," said the father.

"He won't come; he is afraid."

"We will catch him. Tell him to come with you and hunt for mice."

The man caught a great many mice, put them in his bosom and his clothes and, going beyond the hollow tree, turned himself into an old stump.

The boy went to the hollow tree, and called, "Come out, Brother, we will play catching mice."

The little fellow came out of the tree and he and his brother ran to the stump, ran around it and caught a number of mice. The child laughed and shouted with joy. Suddenly the stump became a man. The man caught the little boy and ran home. The child screamed and struggled. No use; he couldn't get away; but he wouldn't be pacified. At last his father put a little club in his hand, and said, "Strike that tree!"--A great hickory that stood near the house.

The child struck the tree, the tree fell to the ground. Everything that he hit with his club was killed. He was delighted, he didn't cry any more.

The little fellow stayed now with his brother and the two played while their father was off hunting.

"You must not go towards the North," said their father; "bad people live there."

"Let's go North," said the little one, as soon as his father was out of sight, "I want to find out what is there."

The boys started and went on till they came to wooded and swampy ground, then the little one heard people call, "My father my father, my father," and he said to himself, "Those people want to hurt my father, I'll kill them."



He piled up stones, made them red hot, and hurled them "to the swamp till he had killed all the people there--they were frogs and they sang, "*Ho'qwa! Ho'qwa!*"

When the boys got home their father was angry, and said, "You must not go to the swamp again, and you must not go West. It is dangerous there too."

The next day when his father had gone hunting, the little boy said to his brother, "I want to know what is in the West, let us go there."

The two traveled West till they came to a tall pine tree. On the top of the tree was a nest made of skins.

"Oh," said the little boy, "that is a queer place for a nest. I would like to see what is in it. I'll climb up there."

Up he went and on the top of the tree he found two naked children, a boy and a girl. They were terribly frightened when they saw him. He pinched the boy till he cried out, "Father! Father! Some strange child has come and is frightening me."

Suddenly a terrible voice was heard in the far West. The voice came nearer and nearer, and a great dark object hurried along in the air till it reached the nest on the top of the tree--It was Old Man Thunder.

The boy raised his club and struck him on the head, crushed him and he fell to the ground, dead.

Then the boy pinched the little girl till she called out, "Mother! Mother! Some strange boy has come and is teasing me."

That minute the voice of Mother Thunder was heard in the West and soon she was at the nest.

The boy raised his club and struck her on the head and she too fell to the ground, dead.

"This Thunder baby will make a splendid tobacco pouch for my father," thought the boy, "I'll take him home."

He struck the boy with his club and threw him to the ground. He threw the little girl also, then he went down himself, and said to his brother, "Now we will go home."

When the boys got home the little one said, "Oh, Father, I have brought you a splendid pouch."



"What have you done now?" asked the father when he saw the Thunder baby. "Old Man Thunder and his wife have never done us any harm. They bring rain and do good, but they will destroy us in revenge for what you have done."

"They'll not harm us," said the boy, "I've killed the whole family."

Another day the father said to the boys, "You mustn't go North, that is the country of the Stone Coats (Ice and Great Cold)."

The elder brother wouldn't go, so the little one started off alone. About midday he heard the loud barking of a Stone Coat's dog and knowing that its master must be near he crawled into the heart of a chestnut tree.

Soon Stone Coat came, looked at the tree, and said, "There is nothing here."

But his dog, as tall as a deer, barked and looked up, so Stone Coat struck the tree with his mallet. The tree split open and the boy fell out.

"What a strange little fellow you are," said Stone Coat, looking at the boy, "You are not big enough to fill a hole in a tooth."

"I'm not here to fill holes in your teeth," said the boy, "I came to go home with you and see how you live."

"All right! Come with me."

Stone Coat was enormously tall, he carried two bears in his belt as a common man would carry two squirrels. Once in a while he looked down at the little fellow running by his side, and said, "Oh, you are a curious little creature!"

Stone Coat's house was very large and long. The boy had never seen anything like it.

Stone Coat skinned the two bears, took one himself and put one before his visitor, saying, "Eat this bear or I'll eat you and the bear together."

"If you don't eat your bear before I eat mine, may I kill you?" asked the boy.

"You may kill me," said Stone Coat.

The boy cut off pieces of meat as fast as he could and put them in his mouth, but he kept running in and out, hiding the meat. He was so small that Stone Coat didn't see what he was doing. In a short time all of the flesh of the bear had disappeared, then he said to Stone Coat, "You haven't finished eating your bear. I am going to kill you."

Stone Coat said, "Wait till I show you how to slide down hill."



He took the boy to a long icy hill that ended in a cave, put him in a bark bowl and sent the bowl down at great speed. Presently the boy ran up to where he had started from.

"Where is my bowl?" asked Stone Coat.

"I don't know; it has gone down somewhere," said the boy.

"Let's see who can kick this log highest," said Stone Coat.

The log was large around, long and very heavy. Stone Coat put his foot under the log and lifted it into the air twice his own length.

The boy put his foot under the log and sent it whistling through the air. It was gone a long time, then came down on Stone Coat's head and crushed him.

"Come home with me," said the boy to Stone Coat's dog.

"Now my father will have a splendid dog," thought he.

When the man saw the dog he cried out, "What have you done? Stone Coat will kill us."

"I've killed Stone Coat. He'll not trouble us," said the boy.

"My boys," said the man, "You must never go Southwest. That is where the people live who are always gambling."

The next day the little boy started off alone; about midday he came to an opening in the woods. At the farther end of the opening was a roof on posts, under the roof was a man whose head was larger than the head of a buffalo. He was shaking dice for the heads of men who came along. Crowds of men were betting in threes. When the game was lost, the big-headed man had the three men stand on one side while he played with three other men. When they lost, they stood with the first three and so on till the number of losers was large enough, then he cut off each man's head.

As the boy came, a large number of men had lost and were waiting to be killed. Hope came to them for they knew that the boy had great power.

The game began again; the boy playing. When the bigheaded man threw the dice, the boy caused some to remain in the dish and others to go high and when they came back to be of different colors. He threw; the dice became woodcocks, flew high and came down dice, all of one color.

The two played till the boy won back the men who were waiting to have their heads cut off, and the big-headed man lost his own head.



The crowd shouted, and said, "Now you must be our chief!"

"How could such a little fellow as I am, be chief? Maybe my father would like to be your chief, I will ask him."

The boy went home and told his father, but his father would not go to the land of the gamblers, he said, "You have come back from the Southwest, but you must not go to the East, bad men play ball there."

The next day the boy went toward the East till he came to a beautiful plain, a large level space where Wolves and Bears were playing ball with Eagles, Turtles and Beavers.

The boy took the side of the Wolves and Bears and they said, "If you win the game for us, we will make you chief of this country."

The boy won.

He went home and said to his father, "I have won all the beautiful country of the East. You must go there and be chief." The father and his two sons went to that country and there they lived.--This is the story.

The little boy is called POPKPÉKNOS, Quail, and is said to personify Summer or Warm Weather. He kills Stone Coat, a character known to be Ice and Cold Weather, and he also kills the Thunder Family.

THE BOY WHO LEARNED THE SONGS OF BIRDS

TWO brothers lived by themselves and supposed they were the only persons in the world. The younger was a little fellow but he did the thinking for both. Whatever he said the elder brother did. One day he said,--

"Brother, kill a turkey for me. I want two feathers." The young man killed a turkey and brought it home. When he gave it to the little boy he asked, "What are you going to do with the feathers?"

"I want them for a head-dress," answered the boy, and pulling two feathers from the turkey he gave them to his brother and asked him to fix them in a socket in such a way that they would turn with the wind.

When this was done, the little boy fastened the socket to a band and wore the feathers for a head-dress. At night he hung the head-dress on the wall over his couch but as soon as daylight came he put it on his head. One morning, when going out, he said to his brother, "I like my feathers and I am going to have a dance for them."



The young man watched till the boy disappeared behind a fallen tree. Soon he heard singing and then he heard dancing. He was frightened and said to himself, "Something is the matter with my brother."

When the boy came back, the young man asked, "What were you doing? Were you dancing behind that tree? Why did you go so far? Why didn't you dance right here with me, not go off alone."

"You don't know the songs I sing."

"I can learn them, then I can help you."

"If you want to help me, you may dance." "It isn't right for me to dance when I don't know how to sing, and haven't feathers in my hair."

"I will change places with you," said the little boy. "You may hunt small game and I will hunt deer. I have hunted birds, for from them I learn songs. Your game does not sing. But maybe I could not kill big game, I am so small, and maybe you couldn't kill birds, you are so large."

"Well," said the elder brother. "You may sing and dance all you want to, I will hunt."

The young man continued to hunt large game. Often when coming toward home, he heard his little brother singing and dancing but as soon as the boy saw him he began to do something else, as though he had not been singing or dancing. This frightened the young man and made him think that something was going to happen. Once he asked his brother,--

"Why have you stopped hunting for birds?"

"I listen to their songs," said the boy. "That is why I don't shoot them."

One day he said to his brother, "My feathers are worn out. I want you to kill another turkey."

The young man killed the largest turkey he could find and brought it home.

"Skin the turkey," said the boy, "and make me a pouch."

When the pouch was finished, the young man gave it to his brother, and asked, "Do you like it?"

"Yes," said the boy. "It is just as I wanted it to be."



While the skin was drying, the boy often put it around his body and went off into the woods. When he came back to the cabin he took the skin off and hung it up.

"You must not go far from the cabin," said his brother.

"No," answered the boy. "I will stay near home and take care of things."

Once he said to his brother, "You must stay at home, not go hunting today. I want you to learn to sing my songs. What I do now will be for the people who are to come. I will make a rule that the people to come must wear feathers and dance and sing."

The elder brother studied over this and wondered how a little boy could have such thoughts.

"Now," said the boy, "I am going to sing a song. You must listen and learn it."

He sang a song.

"What is the name of that song?" asked the elder brother.

From singing the songs of the birds the boy had grown very wise. He said,--

"It is the song the people will sing when they wear feathers on their heads (War-song). You must be careful in singing it; if not, you will fall to the ground senseless. I sing what I have heard the birds sing. I give thanks as I have heard them do when I was hunting. I dance to my songs because I hear the birds sing and see them dance. We must do as they do. It will make us feel glad and happy."

One day when the brothers were out looking around, they saw a large bird sitting on a tree. When the bird began to sing, the young man knew that his brother had learned its song for he had heard him sing it. "You are very wise," said he to the boy, "I think the Great Spirit tells the birds to teach us songs," and he began singing a song of his own, different from those his brother sang.

"Do you think I could dance to your song?" asked the little boy. "I'll try if you will sing it again."

Instead of singing, the elder brother said, "I will tell you the words of my song, they are, 'I am glad to see the day. I am thankful for the sunbeams.'"

"I know the song," said the boy. "It is different from mine. There isn't as much joy in it. When we are sad we will sing your song and gain courage. Now you must hunt for your kind of game and I will hunt for mine."



As the young man was starting off, the boy jumped into his turkey skin, and said, "Brother, I will go with you."

"Oh no," said his brother, "I go too far. You would get tired."

The boy insisted and at last the young man said, "You may go part of the way, but all of the way would be too far."

When they had gone a long distance, the young man said: "This is far enough for you to go. You must go back now."

The boy went home hopping and running exactly like a turkey.

The young man noticed that his brother was wearing his turkey skin all the time, that he wore it nights. He didn't like this and he asked him to take it off.

"You made it for me," said the boy. "I like to wear it."

The young man was fond of the boy so he didn't say any more. Afterward, when he mentioned the turkey skin, he always received the same answer. "You made it for me, and I like to wear it."

The boy played like a turkey and when he saw wild turkeys he imitated the noise they made. He was learning the habits of a turkey. The young man worried over this.

The boy no longer wore feathers on his head, and his voice began to change; it didn't sound like his voice. At last his brother told him to take the skin off.

The boy said, "I can't take it off. You will have to help me."

The young man pulled but couldn't get the skin off. It had grown to the boy's body.

Turkey said, "I shall stay with you always, but you must be careful; something is going to happen."

He was very wise now; his advice was better than ever; it was beyond the comprehension of his brother.

Once, when the young man came home, he couldn't find Turkey but the next morning he heard him on the roof of the cabin making the noise that a turkey makes at daybreak. He felt strangely; felt that his brother had become a real turkey. Soon he heard him jump down, then he came into the cabin, and said, "Brother, a woman is coming. I think she is coming for you. You must be careful. Something is going to happen to us. If you go with her, I shall follow you."



When the woman came near the cabin she saw a turkey standing in front of it. She looked at the bird but didn't say anything. Going into the cabin she said to the young man, "I have come for you."

"I will tell my brother and find out what he thinks about it," answered the young man. The woman didn't know the turkey she saw outside was the young man's brother,

He went to Turkey, and said, "A woman has come."

"Didn't I tell you one was coming? She is full of witchcraft and she will try to destroy us you must tell her that you are not ready to go, that you will start tomorrow. Something bad is going to happen to us."

The young man said to the woman, "I will go with you as soon as I can get ready."

Turkey determined to stay in the house that night. He hopped in and perched on a roost his brother made for him. The woman thought the boy was a tame turkey.

The next morning neither of the brothers could eat. The elder said, "I must go with this woman."

"It is wrong to go," said Turkey, "She has great power. It will be hard to outwit her."

When the woman and the young man started, Turkey followed them till he saw them turn and go toward the West, then he went back to the cabin. He was very lonely. The next morning he said to himself: "Poor brother, that woman has taken him away from me. She is going to kill him. I must go and see what is happening to him."

He traveled toward the West till he came to an opening in the woods. In the opening was a cabin.

"That must be the place," thought the boy.

An old woman who was in the cabin said to her daughter, "There is a turkey outside. It is tame. Maybe it has come to stay with us."

Right away the young man knew that his little brother had come. The women took a fancy to the turkey. They didn't think of trying to kill it. Toward night one of the women wanted to shut it up so it couldn't go away but the boy ran out and perched on the roof so as to see and hear everything.

The next morning, when the young man came out of the cabin his brother followed him, and asked: "Brother, how can you stay here and be abused by the old woman and her daughter? They don't give you anything to eat. They are going to kill you. I have come to tell you this and to tell you that I am going to save you."



Turkey started toward the East. As his brother watched him, he said, "I am glad he can go where he wants to."

Turkey was angry at the women. When he reached home, he thought, "I must get out of this skin, get my own form. I've been a turkey long enough," and he pulled and worked till at last he freed himself. He hung the skin up and put the feather band around his head, then he began to study over how he could free his brother. After a while he said, "This is what I will do," and going out he called to his medicine, Moose. As soon as he called Moose was there.

The boy said to it, "Go to the West, to where the old woman and her daughter live, when my brother comes out of the cabin, seize him and throw him onto your back, then run with all your strength. Take off your feathers (horns) and I will put mine onto your head; yours are too heavy to run with.

The Moose held its head down; the boy took off its horns and put his feather band in their place, saying, "When you come back, I will give you your feathers."

Moose ran off in the direction of the old woman's cabin and the boy said to himself, "He will soon come back." In a short time he heard a noise and going outside saw his brother clinging to Moose's back; he was so weak that he couldn't get off alone.

"I told you that something bad would happen," said the boy, "Now you have your punishment." To Moose he said, "Stand here a while." He helped his brother into the cabin and when he came back he changed feathers with Moose and sent him away.

"I am glad to have you back," said the boy to his brother. "We are free now from the old woman and her daughter and can live together in peace."

They lived together ever after and continued to learn the songs of birds.

From birds came all the Indian songs and dances.

The Story of Guksuwi

A long time ago there was a bird called Guksuwi. It was a large monster bird with huge feathers. It was much larger than an eagle. This story comes from the Wallace papers, and is attributed to David Hewitt, a nephew of J. N. B. Hewitt:

One day a man went hunting in the woods. While hunting he stood his rifle against an old tree and built a fire to roast some of the meat he had gotten. While he was tending his fire and cooking the meat, he heard a big noise coming. It sounded like a big wind storm, so he looked up to see if it was so.

To his surprise it was not a storm, but a *Guksuwi* flying overhead. He didn't have time to



grab his rifle. Instead he jumped into a hollow log that was lying near by. This did not fool the *Guksuwi* as it swooped down and grabbed that hollow log and began to fly away with it in its claws. Off it when, log and all, as it disappeared into the sky.

The *Guksuwi* finally landed on a mountain top. It set the log on the ground, but the man was too scared and stayed in the hollow log. He heard the *Guksuwi* fly away so he decided it was safe to come out. He slowly crawled out of the log and looked around. He realized he was in a huge nest filled with young birds. Around him lay lots of dead animals that the young birds had been feeding on.

He skinned a deer and feed the raw venison to the birds. This made him hungry so he roasted some of the venison for himself. Each time the *Guksuwi* returned to the nest, the hunter hid himself in the hollowed log. Time past quickly and every day he kept feeding the growing birds. By time the summer had passed, the birds were ready to fly on their own.

One day, one of the young birds told the hunter that because of his kindness in caring and feeding him, the bird would carry the hunter back to his own home.

“How will you carry me?” asked the hunter.

“Climb on my back,” said the bird, “and hold on to my feathers.”

The hunter did not hesitate and jumped on the bird’s back and off they went. At first the young *Guksuwi* slowly circled high in the sky. Eventually, it disappeared into the sky. The hunter looked down and could see the earth. However, it was all purple in color.

The young *Guksuwi* glided toward the earth and safely landed and said,

“Now I have brought you back to earth.”

With those words, the bird flew away. The hunter turned to see the old tree where he had left his rifle. It was still there, but it had become completed rusty.

OWL AND HIS JEALOUS WIFE

Told by John Jimison

Characters

O’ÓWA

NOSGWAIS

DZÓEGA

Owl (horned)

Toad

Raccoon

The Invisible man was the Wind

THERE was a man and wife, O’ÓWA People (owls), who quarreled every night. When morning came, all was pleasant again.



One night a visitor came and as soon as O'ÓWA saw him, he went out of the house and off into the woods. The visitor said, "It is strange that O'ÓWA went just as I came. I will go, and come another time."

After a while O'ÓWA came back. He was jealous and scolded his wife till they began to fight. He beat her and then started off, saying, "I am going to get another wife; I'll not be bothered this way."

The woman followed him, crying. At last he grew sorry and went back with her. In the morning he said, "had a dream and it told me I must kill a bear and be back before the dew is off the grass."

He started, but when out of sight he went to a woman's house and stayed there all day. Towards night he thought he would go home, but on the way he met a nice looking woman, "Where are you going?" asked he.

"I am going home."

"I will go with you."

"All right, if you can overtake me," said the woman, and off she ran, O'ÓWA after her. They ran all night toward the North. (The woman was a partridge.) About noon of the following day they came to a house and the woman went in. O'ÓWA followed, but he lost sight of her. In the house were two old men. O'ÓWA asked, "Did you see a woman pass?"

The men sat with their heads down and didn't answer. O'ÓWA repeated the question. One of the men looked up, and said, "It seems to me that I hear something."

"It seems to me that I hear something," said the other old man.

"Get our canoe," said the first man.

Going to another part of the cabin, the second man came back with a bark canoe and two basswood knives.

"Now," said the first man, "I will catch the game that has come to us."

O'ÓWA drew back. "Be careful, old man," said he, "I came to ask a question. I'll not harm you." He started to run, the old men followed him. After a time O'ÓWA turned and running back to the house got a mallet he had seen there. The first man to appear he knocked down with a blow on the head; the second he treated in the same way.

Then one man said to the other, "Get up and do the best you can. It would be strange for us to be beaten by our game."



Again they were knocked down.

O'ÓWA thought, "These men are NOSGWAIS (Toads). I cannot kill them." And he ran off.

After a while he came upon a woman's tracks and he followed them all day. When night came he thought he would soon overtake her, but the tracks were not the woman's tracks; he had made a circle. At daybreak he was far back and seeing his own tracks he said, "Another man is following the woman. When I overtake him, I will kill him."

Again he came to the house of the two NOSGWAIS men. When he asked for the woman, they caught him and threw him into their canoe, then they began to dispute as to which one should cut up the game. At last they back the canoe and left it. O'ÓWA could not get up, he was fastened to the canoe.

Towards night he heard somebody say, "You think you are going to die?"

"Yes, I think so," said O'ÓWA.

"You will not," said the invisible man. "At the end of the canoe is a string and on it hang the hearts of the two old men. Wait till dark then move and you will get loose and can get out of the canoe. I will give you light to see where the hearts are. Squeeze them and you will kill the old men. The canoe has great power, the NOSGWAIS use it when they travel. I will teach you the song that belongs to it."

O'ÓWA was so weak he could hardly speak, the teacher sang, "*Gayeihe one" Owaq dendine okho"wa"* (My canoe has started)."

When he finished singing, O'ÓWA said, "I have learned the song."

As soon as it was dark, O'ÓWA began to move and as he moved he gained strength. Looking around he saw a pale light at the end of the canoe. He found the hearts and took them from the string; as he crushed them he heard screams and groans. He put the hearts under the canoe and pounded them, then the cries ceased.

O'ÓWA lay down and slept. The next morning he said, "Now I have something to travel in and I will soon overtake that woman." And carrying the canoe outside he turned it toward the North, got into it and began to sing.

The canoe started off so swiftly that only the whiz of the air could be heard. As it went on it rose higher and higher. O'ÓWA began to be afraid that the canoe was carrying him to some bad place. It went higher and faster and he grew more and more afraid. All at once he heard a scrambling behind, as if someone was trying to get into the canoe, and looking around he saw a man who said, "How fast you go! I was bound to get it, so I



jumped. You are afraid that the canoe is going to carry you away. The reason the canoe goes higher and higher and faster and faster is that you keep repeating the song.

You must change the words, then you can guide it. I forgot to tell you this last night."

As the man finished speaking, he stepped from the stern of the canoe into the air and disappeared.

O'ÓWA now sang, "My canoe is going down! My canoe is going down!" In a flash the canoe came to the ground.

"This is not what I wanted," said O'ÓWA, "I wanted, to come lower but not to the ground."

Again he sang the first song; the canoe flew up like an arrow and off toward the North faster than before. As it went along O'ÓWA saw the tracks of the woman ahead. Higher and higher went the canoe, the wind whizzed frightfully.

"I am getting too high," thought O'ÓWA and he changed his song to, "My canoe must go lower! My canoe must go lower." It came down but its speed was so great that O'ÓWA was troubled and began to sing, "My canoe must stop! My canoe must stop!" He came to the ground, but he had lost the woman's tracks and he was far from his own country.

Again he sat in the canoe but this time he sang, "Let my canoe travel just above the trees." The canoe obeyed but it soon came to an opening. Then, as there were no trees, it came to the ground.

O'ÓWA thought, "I will go back to my wife," and he began to sing.

The canoe rose in the air going higher and higher as it went toward the South. It went up till it struck the Blue. The strength of the canoe was in the fore end and as it struck against the Blue it broke and the canoe came down, O'ÓWA fell in at the smoke-hole of his own house.

"Get up!" screamed his wife, "You have put the fire out."

He couldn't move, she pulled him up, and asked, "Where have you been? You said you would be back before the dew was off the grass."

The woman was jealous. From words they began to quarrel and fight. At last O'ÓWA said, "I'll not stay here."

The canoe had such power that if broken it soon became whole again. The man sat in it and began to sing. The canoe floated away and soon was over a village. Then O'ÓWA



sang, "Let my canoe come down." It came to the ground, and O'ÓWA left in and went to the village. To the first man he met, he said, "I have come to get men to go to war."

The man said, "I will call the people together."

When the people had assembled O'ÓWA said, "An enemy is coming. I want volunteers to go against him."

Ten men agreed to go. (The people of this village were Raccoons)

They traveled for a long time but found no enemy to fight. At last they met a man and captured him.

The man said, "A captive is always permitted to sing his last war-song."

The party talked it over, and said, "That is fair and according to rule."

They released the captive and forming a line on each side let him walk through, singing as he went. He sang, "*Djinónehe, Ágadyéngwâq oyâ'de*," repeating the same words all the time.

The chief said, "He sings, 'I wish there were a hole!'"

"No," said the captive, "that is only the way the song goes."

As he walked he rubbed the ground with his feet to see if he could find a hole. At last he found one and dropped into it. The men grabbed at him as he was disappearing, but caught only the end of his tail. It broke off and that is why woodchucks have short tails, for the captive was a woodchuck.

When Woodchuck got away O'ÓWA scolded and abused the Raccoon men. They got mad and pounded him till they thought he was dead, then they left him and went home.

O'ÓWA's wife was angry at his delay, and taking a basswood knife she started off to find him for she thought he was making love to some woman. When she found his canoe, she took a club and broke it to pieces, then went to the village and asked where O'ÓWA was.

The men who had killed him said, "His body is over there not far away, you will find the pieces."

One of the men said, "I will go with you."

The woman found O'ÓWA's body and left it where she found it. She went home with the Raccoon man and became his wife. When she found that he already had a wife, she was



jealous and began to quarrel with the woman and then to fight with her. The two fought till both died.

Raccoon felt sad and lonesome and soon he began to cry, and he cried till he changed to a dove and still he cried and Indians called him the crying dove (mourning dove), and that dove cries yet.

The Woman Who Married an Owl

This interesting tale of transformation was collected by J.N.B. Hewitt in 1888. Powerful spirits were often said to be able to transform themselves into many forms. This is why you are to be careful about strangers you meet in the woods. They might not be human. They might be these powerful spirits. Then again, they may be bringing you a great lesson from the spirit world. One never knows for sure. You always have to pay attention.

One day a Skarure family went hunting. The father and mother took their son and daughter with them as they headed out from their home on a long hunting trip. The first they had to make was a hunting lodge of wood poles that they covered with large sheets of bark. In the front they made an enclosed entrance. The father was a good hunter and it was not long before the front entrance was full of deer and bear meat that was dried and cured.

One day, the mother felt something itch in her hair and asked her daughter to see if she had head lice. Sure enough, the daughter found a louse and the mother told her to kill it.

“After awhile, I will kill it,” her daughter said and carried that tiny louse out side. She found a leaf and wrapped the louse inside it. She then placed the rolled leaf in a fork in a tree, and then headed home.

When the father came home from his hunt, the daughter raced to see him. She told him that while hunting for lice in her mother’s hair, she found something very strange. She ran and got the folded leaf and opened it to show her discovery to her father. To her surprise he said that it was the kind of louse that only owls have. He was visibly concerned. He asked if her mother had stayed near the lodge while he was away. Both the children said their mother would leave during the day. He became very suspicious of his wife, but he said nothing.

In fact, the next day he went hunting as usual. He came across some turkeys who were having fun running and rolling themselves down a steep hill. He watched them for a while then magically transformed himself into a turkey so that he could talk with them.

“I have a basket at home,” he said to the other turkeys, “Let me go and get it, and you can



play with it.”

He raced to his hunting lodge and returned with a large seed basket. “Get in,” he told the turkeys, “and I will pull you down the hill.”

They all jumped in the baskets and he pulled them down the hill and they all went running back to the top of the hill for more. He then told them to cover their heads the second basket ride. They jumped in and he tied a skin cover over the top of the basket. He then picked up the basket and headed for home. There he called his children and opened the baskets. One by one the turkeys came out and they killed them all and soon all the turkeys were dressed for cooking. The hunter noticed that his wife was gone and he asked the children where she went. They said that she took a basket and went to dig tubers. He decided to go look for her.

Before he left he placed a gourd bowl in the each corner of the room, filled with water. From the rafters he hung the body of a weasel, head downwards. He then told his children, “If the weasel vomits blood when I am gone, you will know that I am dead. But if there is no blood, then you will know that I’m still alive.”

He placed all of the meat outside the door to the lodge and locked the door behind him. He told his children, “Now, do not open the door, no matter who or what comes by and tries to get in.”

That night, after he was gone in search of his wife, a bear came to the lodge and began to eat the meat stored outside. The bear approached the door to the lodge and called out, “Grand children, open the door. I have returned.” The children would not unlock the door.

Soon after, a lynx came by and began to eat the meat as well. After it got full, it went up to the door and said, “My children, open the door for me. I have returned.” But the children knew better than to open the door.

Next came a wolf. It too ate it’s fill of meat. Then it said, “Open the door for me, I am in a hurry to come in.” The children would not unbar the door.

Suddenly a Stone Giant, called Thuneyarhe, came by and ate up all of the meat. He tried to knock the door down. The boy told his sister to climb on his back and together they disappeared into the ground, right near the fire place. Just as they sunk below the surface, the Stone Giant burst his way in. He looked around and shouted, “Where have the humans gone?”

One of the bowls of water began to mutter horse sounds. The Giant struck it with his powerful war club, shouting, “Where have the human beings gone?”

The next gourd bowl made sounds and he smashed that one too. He repeated his demand and the next two gourd bowls gave a similar response. He grew impatient and sat still for



a moment. He concentrated on the floor and used his powers to see through things to try and locate the children. He saw their tracks by the fire and he transformed himself down through the same hole they had entered the earth.

The two kids emerged from the ground and rushed up a tree. Just as quick, the Giant burst forth from the earth in the same spot and began to strike the tree, hoping to knock the children to the ground. But they held on tightly and he grew impatient and disgusted. Giving up, he walked away. The children saw their moment to escape, so they climbed to the top of the tree.

It was there that something magical happened. They ascended into another world. They stepped into this other world to find that it was much like the earth, some parts were good, some were not. The new world was inhabited by a nation of owls. They came across a palisaded village. Inside that village a great council was taking place. Inside that council, they saw their mother.

Much to their surprise, their mother did not respond to them. In fact she said that they were not her children, saying that she never gave birth to any children. She sent some ruffians to beat her children and send them away. One captured them and placed them in a basket and carried the basket to a tree that hung over a stream. He tied the basket to the top of the tree so that if the children tried to escape, they would fall in the water and drown.

The children stayed in that basket for a night and the next day until a hunter came along and freed them. He took them to his mother's lodge. Along the way they camped and cooked some venison. The next day they reached the lodge. It was there that they learned about what had happened. It seems that their father was killed by the Owl People because he had tracked down their mother and found her with her lover - an Owl Man. In a rage, their father killed the Owl Man. Their mother escaped and fled to the Owl People and told them of the killing of her owl lover. Their father followed her to the Owl world and tried to talk her into going back with him, but to no avail. She had him killed by some Owl-Warriors. She then lived openly with one of the owls who had murdered her husband.

Not having a family to return to, the children decided to stay with the hunter and his mother. The boy grew to be well known and respected for his mind and spiritual powers. He became the principle war-chief of the owl nation. He organized a large war party and ventured into the country of the Owl People to avenge the death of his father and to kill his mother for the shame she brought on the family. However, his rage had grown so strong that once he started killing, he could not stop himself. Before he realized what he was doing, he had exterminated that entire race of owl-people. That is why, to this very day, the owl people exists no more



A BOY was once told that he must not shoot wrens, for the wren is a strange bird, difficult to hit and mysterious in its ways. One day he went out to hunt when the sun was already beyond the middle of the sky. He soon saw a wren and although warned he determined to try his luck in killing it.

He shot arrow after arrow, but no use, he could not hit the bird. Sometimes it dodged the arrows, sometimes it flew to another tree. All his efforts were vain.

At last he hid behind a bush and waited till he had an excellent aim, then he let his arrow fly. It just grazed the top of the bird's head, scratching the skin. The wren flew away fluttering. The boy watched till it disappeared behind a log at some distance in the thicket, then he ran forward quickly.

As he got near the log he heard groans and low cries of pain, and looking over the log he saw a man lying on the ground, apparently in great pain. His scalp was gone and the whole top of his head was covered with blood.

The boy, terribly frightened, ran home and told what had happened. People hurried back with him to aid the wounded man, but they could find no trace of him; the wren had flown.

The wren is to this day called "the bird without a scalp."

It had turned itself into a man to avoid being captured while stunned by pain.