



## HAUDENOSAUNEE CLAN STORIES

The **Snipe** is a shore bird of the SANDPIPER family, native to both America 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.

The **Black Bear** is one of eighteen known subspecies that can be found throughout the United States and Canada. Despite their name, black bears can actually appear in a variety of colors. There are brown black bears, white black bears, and even the blue glacier bear. Black bears have a heavy body, short tail, rounded ears, plantigrade feet (i.e., both heel and toe make contact with the ground when walking in a manner similar to humans), and a hind foot with five toes. They are much quicker than their appearance would suggest with recorded speeds being in excess of 40 kilometers per hour (over 25 miles per hour) for a short distance. Adult Weight: Males: 125 to 500 pounds common, depending upon age, season, and food. Adult Length: 50 to 80 inches, nose to tail, depending on sex. Most arise a half-hour before sunrise, take a nap or two during daily activities, and bed down for the night by an hour or two after sunset. For food, bears like a mix of fruit, nuts, acorns, insects, succulent greens and meat.

White Tail **Deer** are a member of the cervids family, which include deer and their allies, including familiar moose, elk, and caribou. The cervids include deer and their allies, including familiar moose, elk and caribou.

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



## *A Turtle Clan Story* - THE DAWN DANCE

Many moons ago, when all the Animals and Birds were special friends, it was the habit of the Hawks to awaken the Turtles who slept in the mud, and tell them that the Sun was rising, so it was time to get up. It happened that the great old Turtle used to sleep longer than most Turtles. As time passed, the younger Turtles did not want to disturb their Elder. Day after day, the Turtles slept later and later. An old Hawk saw what was going on and decided to do something about it.

Early the following morning, the Hawk circled above the ground where the old Turtle slept. The Hawk swooped down with a screeching cry, trusting his voice would awaken the sleeping Turtle. But the ground under which he dozed did not stir.

With his strong beak, the Hawk dragged a juicy branch on top of the Turtle's sleeping place. He called his friends, the Woodpeckers, and invited them to dinner. They pecked and pecked into the branch and their long bills poked into the mud where the Turtle lay. The juicy branch tasted so good that, unbeknownst to them, they had etched a pattern into the sleeping Turtle's back. Suddenly, he felt the rhythmic tattoo on his hard coat. He poked his tired head into the air and asked, "Just what do you think you are doing?"

The Woodpeckers jumped back, for the Hawk had not told them about the sleeping Turtle that hid in the mud. To appease the startled Turtle, the Elder Woodpeckers sang a song to honour him.

When the other Turtles saw the pattern in their Grandfather's hard coat, they wanted the same pattern on their backs. Early each morning, when the Sun began to rise, the Hawk carried pieces of juicy branches to the places where the Turtles slept, so the Woodpeckers could eat while they etched the patterns on the sleeping Turtle's backs.

The Turtles were so grateful for this service, they danced while the Hawks sang and Woodpeckers drummed their beaks into the nearby trees.

## *A Wolf Clan Story*

Many moons ago, the Wolves inhabited a world of peace where living in harmony was their way of life. During the time that Grandmother Moon smiled upon her animal creatures, the Wolves gathered to honour her beaming, round face. Two leaders of each Wolf pack, the dominant male and female, climbed to the highest place in their area to alert all the Wolves of this great chanting ceremony. While standing in the moonlight, their bodies outlined against the sky, the male raised his head to sing in praise and thanksgiving. His voice carried into the night the message that it was the chanting time for all the Wolves. The female reinforced his chant and, before long, the entire night was filled with the chorus of animal voices for all of the world to hear.

It happened that two people heard the songs that floated through the cool, crisp air and found themselves uplifted with feelings of joy and peace. As they were about to return to their people,





they saw the Wolves perform their thanksgiving dance. The movements were so graceful and their chanting so inviting, that the two people also joined the Wolves to express their feelings of peace. To this day, when Grandmother Moon smiles upon her animal creatures, the two leaders of each pack climb to the highest point in their area to alert the other Wolves it is time to chant and to dance of PEACE.

### *A Bear Clan Story* – ABOUT A BEAR WHO LEARNED A HARD LESSON

They say this happened a long time ago when legends were told around the Council Fires. It seemed that a big Bear loved to eat, but did not want to work for his food. Time and again, he saw fat Bears who just lay around doing nothing. Why was he so hungry and they were not?

He went up to them and asked, “Why are you so fat when you don’t work for your food?”

“Don’t ask us. Why don’t you ask the Turtle how he stays so fat?” the Bears suggested. “You’re just too lazy to work,” they sniffed at him.

“I’ll visit the Turtles and ask them how they stay so fat.”

Before long, he saw a Turtle basking in the Sun. He walked up to the Turtle and asked why he was so fat without working. The Turtle said, “You are skinny because you are too lazy.” The Bear was disgusted with the Turtle and especially since the Turtle was supposed to be so wise. So, Bear decided to ask the Wolves how they stayed so fat and happy and just laid around.

“We work hard to stay full and happy,” replied the Wolves. “Why are you so lazy?” they asked. “Go ask the Beavers why they are so fat and happy”, the Wolves told the Bear, who was getting thinner each day.

Ah! The Beavers know many things. Surely, if I visit them, they will let me eat with them and tell me the secret of staying fat without working.

When he reached the beaver dam, he saw how happy they were and especially how fat they looked. He went to the oldest and fattest and asked, “Tell me, old Beaver, what is your secret for staying fat without working?”

The old Beaver took Bear aside and told him that working to be fat was unnecessary. All he had to do was go to the water and wait until it was cold enough to freeze. When this happened, he had to make a hole in the ice and put his tail through the hole. Now, fish are very inquisitive. When they see his tail, they will nibble at it and, when he felt the nibble, all he had to do was pull his tail out. There would be fish attached to it and have all he wanted to eat.

The lazy Bear waited for the cold time. He hurried to the water and dug a hole in the ice large enough for his tail to slip through. He sat and sat, waiting for the nibble. This took a long time and the Bear was quite hungry. In his mind he saw large fish tugging at his tail. Presently, he



felt something and quickly tried to stand up. But he couldn't move. He struggled and struggled and discovered to his horror that his tail was frozen in the ice. He rocked back and forth until, with a tug, he freed himself. Lo and behold, when he looked back, his tail had broken off and was stuck in the ice.

It happened that some wolves, Turtles and Beavers had been watching the foolish Bear and to what lengths he would go, to get out of work. He was so hungry, thin and sad. He returned to his family and talked with the Elder Bear who had great wisdom.

"I only wanted to eat and grow fat without having to work as hard as you do," sobbed the Bear.

"You have learned a great lesson. Work is for everyone who enjoys being healthy and happy. From now on, all your descendents will have short tails just because you were too lazy to work for your food."

"What can I do?" sobbed the Bear.

"You can dance and sing, to begin with," said the wise old Bear

All the Turtles, Wolves, Beavers and Bears gathered to see what kind of dance and song the Bear would do. . . . and before long, everyone chanted the song of the Bear.

### **A Beaver Clan Story – THE CHANT AND DANCE CONTEST OF THE MUSKRAT AND BEAVER**

Late in the season, when the trees were dressed in their full colorful regalia, the forest creatures gathered to watch the contest between the Muskrats and the Beavers. The contest was to see which one could make the largest family circle – the Muskrats or the Beavers. All the forest creatures came to see who had the largest family tree. As each Beaver joined the circle, he or she would beat their tails against the ground. The thumping grew louder as the circle increased in size. The Muskrats chattered in unison as the circle increased in size.

Soon, the air was filled with the voices of Muskrats and the ground shook with the thumping of Beaver tails. Thus, the Beavers drummed while the Muskrats chanted from dawn until sunset. It has been said that both the Beaver and the Muskrat families rested for days following this family gathering.

Mother-Earth was happy that so many spectators came to watch the contest.

### **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 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, Cattaraugus Reserve

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.

### HOW BEAR LOST HIS TAIL

Back in the old days, Bear had a tail which was his proudest possession. It was long and black and glossy and Bear used to wave it around just so that people would look at it. Fox saw this. Fox, as everyone knows, is a trickster and likes nothing better than fooling others. So it was that he decided to play a trick on Bear.

It was the time of year when Hatho, the Spirit of Frost, had swept across the land, covering the lakes with ice and pounding on the trees with his big hammer. Fox made a hole in the ice, right near a place where Bear liked to walk. By the time Bear came by, all around Fox, in a big circle, were big trout and fat perch. Just as Bear was about to ask Fox what he was doing, Fox twitched his tail which he had sticking through that hole in the ice and pulled out a huge trout.

"Greetings, Brother," said Fox. "How are you this fine day?"

"Greetings," answered Bear, looking at the big circle of fat fish. "I am well, Brother. But what are you doing?"

"I am fishing," answered Fox. "Would you like to try?"

"Oh, yes," said Bear, as he started to lumber over to Fox's fishing hole.

But Fox stopped him. "Wait, Brother," he said, "This place will not be good. As you can see, I have already caught all the fish. Let us make you a new fishing spot where you can catch many big trout."

Bear agreed and so he followed Fox to the new place, a place where, as Fox knew very well, the lake was too shallow to catch the winter fish--which always stay in the deepest water when Hatho has covered their ponds. Bear watched as Fox made the hole in the ice, already tasting the fine fish he would soon catch. "Now," Fox said, "you must do just as I tell you. Clear your mind of all thoughts of fish. Do not even think of a song or the fish will hear you. Turn your back to the hole and place your tail inside it. Soon a fish will come and grab your tail and you can pull him out."

"But how will I know if a fish has grabbed my tail if my back is turned?" asked Bear.

"I will hide over here where the fish cannot see me," said Fox. "When a fish grabs your tail, I





will shout. Then you must pull as hard as you can to catch your fish. But you must be very patient. Do not move at all until I tell you."

Bear nodded, "I will do exactly as you say." He sat down next to the hole, placed his long beautiful black tail in the icy water and turned his back.

Fox watched for a time to make sure that Bear was doing as he was told and then, very quietly, sneaked back to his own house and went to bed. The next morning he woke up and thought of Bear. "I wonder if he is still there," Fox said to himself. "I'll just go and check."

So Fox went back to the ice covered pond and what do you think he saw? He saw what looked like a little white hill in the middle of the ice. It had snowed during the night and covered Bear, who had fallen asleep while waiting for Fox to tell him to pull his tail and catch a fish. And Bear was snoring. His snores were so loud that the ice was shaking. It was so funny that Fox rolled with laughter. But when he was through laughing, he decided the time had come to wake up poor Bear. He crept very close to Bear's ear, took a deep breath, and then shouted: "Now, Bear!!!"

Bear woke up with a start and pulled his long tail hard as he could. But his tail had been caught in the ice which had frozen over during the night and as he pulled, it broke off -- Whack! -- Just like that. Bear turned around to look at the fish he had caught and instead saw his long lovely tail caught in the ice.

"Ohhh," he moaned, "ohhh, Fox. I will get you for this." But Fox, even though he was laughing fit to kill was still faster than Bear and he leaped aside and was gone.

So it is that even to this day Bears have short tails and no love at all for Fox. And if you ever hear a bear moaning, it is probably because he remembers the trick Fox played on him long ago and he is mourning for his lost tail.

### **THE BOY ADOPTED BY A BEAR**

(based upon by a story by Lucinda Thompson (Tuscarora), 1888)

A Skarure uncle and his nephew lived in the same house. Once, while out in the forest, they came across a vast cavern in a mountainside. The uncle did not like his nephew very much so he ordered the boy to enter the cavern. It was dark inside the cavern so the little boy was afraid to go very far. He came out after only going a short distance. But his uncle was angry with him, and would whip him and send him back. This happened several times.

Finally, the boy headed into the dark sections of the cavern, winding his way through the cave. The boy went deep into the cavern but sat down and started to cry. His sobbing grew louder and louder. Echoes of his cries reached his uncle who was busy covering up the entrance with large rocks. Once the uncle sealed the entrance, he walked away, leaving the boy locked in the cave.



After a difficult journey in the dark, the little boy made his way back to the entrance. To his surprise, he found that his uncle had sealed it up. Desperate, the boy started to cry again. For a long time, he wandered in the dark and cried continuously.

He was startled to come across a small woman who came from within the depths of the cave. She asked, “Ku, what has happened to you, my grandson?”

He told her what had happened and she took sympathy on him. She said, “I will try to help you.”

She took the boy by the hand and they headed toward the mouth of the cave. When they reached the opening, she began to remove the rocks. Soon, she was able to free them from the cave.

In a voice that was the loudest in the forests, she called forth to all of the animals to come forward to her. Soon, every kind of animals showed up in pairs, a male and female of each kind.

She then asked the assembly of animals, “Who will care for this boy?”

The deer replied, saying, “I will care for him.”

But the small woman responded, “You will not be able to do it because you feed upon grass and browse. This boy likes to eat meat. Besides, you have no place for your bed.”

The wolf then said, “I can do it.”

But the small woman replied, “Neither can you do this, for you would eat him!”

One by one she rejected each of the animals that offered to take care of the abandoned boy. Finally the bear said, “I will try to care for him.”

“Yes, you can do for him,” rejoiced the small woman.

So the two bears took the boy to their home inside a large tree. They lived in a place that was much like a human house. There were large bark bins of various nuts - chestnuts, red-oak nuts, walnuts, butternuts, swamp-oak nuts and bechnuts.

At first the young bears that lived in that tree house were afraid of the human boy and would flee to the corner of their lair. Slowly they became more accustomed to the boy and they all began to play together.

One day, they decided to go and look for cranberries. They would rough house along the way, but the bears were stronger than the boy and they would begin to hurt him in their bear play. The bear mother would get after them, whipping them if they were too rough with the boy. Eventually the bears got the point and they played more carefully with the boy and learned not to harm him.





The boy began to look more like a bear each day. Long dark hair began to grow on his body.

The bear-mother said, "Your uncle is about to come for you, and he will have some dogs with him, dogs with four eyes. When he comes, I will try to foil his efforts to see you."

Suddenly the dogs could be heard running toward their lair. The bear-mother threw out a bundle of partridge feathers that magically turned into living partridges in an attempt to divert the dogs. But the dogs kept coming. The bear-mother then threw out some oil, but that did not stop the dogs. In a last ditch effort, she placed rotten wood on her feet and placed her feet at the entrance to their house, hoping to distract the dogs by the bad smell of the rotten wood.

The dogs ran right up to the tree and tried to jump into the hole that was the entrance to the bear house. "I can do no more. I will head out to meet the dogs, but I will be killed. Take this pack of oil and rub it on the body of the boy. The oil will remove all of the hair on his body," she told them. "Each of you must follow me, but make sure that the boy is the last to leave," the bear-mother said.

Out the hole she ran. The boy watched as a man outside the tree struck the mother bear in the head. He saw the bear spirit leave her body and run away. One by one, the same thing happened to the young bears. As each bear cub was knocked down by the boy's uncle, their spirit also left their bodies and fled away. Finally, the boy jumped out of the bear's lodge and his uncle recognized him and did not kill him.

"Had I known that it was them who cared for you," said the uncle, "I would not have killed them. I wished you had come out first."

The uncle took the boy back to their first home. He went back to gather up the bodies of the dead bears.

He returned and washed the boy's body. He rendered the bear fat into grease and rubbed that grease on the boy's body. After a few days, the dark hair on the boy's body began to fall out and eventually his skin was like that of any other human.

### **A RACE BETWEEN BEAR AND TURTLE** *(collected by Jeremiah Curtin)*

An old man was going along, slowly and surely, by himself. After a while he met a man, who asked, "Where are you going?"

"I am going to the East to see what kind of people live there."

"You will never reach that place," said the stranger, "It is far off and you are too old and fat for the road."

Each man went his way.



Soon the old man met another person, a lean man, who asked, "Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the East to see how people live in that place."

"You will never get there," said the lean man. "You are too fat, you can't travel. How do you keep so fat?"

"When I come to a village and find people lying around, I bore a hole in each one who pleases me, and suck his fat out. That is my way of keeping fat."

"I'll try it," said the young man. "I am too lean."

Each went his own road. Soon the lean man came to an opening and at the edge of the woods saw an animal asleep. He crawled up, carefully, and began making a hole in its body near the tail. The animal sprang up, hit the man a heavy blow with its heels and ran off.

"The next time I see that fat, old fellow I'll pay him for fooling me," said the lean man. He went farther and met the old man a second time. "How do you keep so fat?" asked the lean man.

"I do it by eating fish. I put my tail through a hole in the ice; a fish bites. I pull the fish out and eat it. That is how I keep fat."

"I'll try that," thought the lean man. He traveled on till he came to a river and found a good place to fish. He made a hole in the ice, stuck his tail into the hole, and waited, waited till his tail began to bite and ache, then he tried to pull it out, but it was fast in the ice. He pulled till at last he pulled his tail off; left it in the hole. He went his way, but through losing his tail he was changed, was another kind of person. When summer came he traveled around till he met the fat man.

"Where are you going?" asked the lean man.

"I am going East to see who lives there."

"You will never reach that place," said the lean man, "You are too fat. Come and run a race with me."

"Very well, you may run on land, I'll run in the water. We'll start tomorrow."

The fat man collected a number of his people and posted them in the river from the starting place to the end of the course, and told each man to stick out his head when the runner came almost up to him. The wager was heads.

They started. The lean man ran with all his might, but every little while the fat man stuck his head out of the water, he was always in advance. When the lean man came to the goal the fat man was there before him.





"You've won the race," said the lean man.

"Of course I have!" said the fat man, and seizing the lean man by the neck he dragged him to a rock and cut his head off.

The fat man's friends came out of the river, looked at the dead runner, and said, "Oh, what a fool! Oh, what a fool!"

The lean man was a bear. Before he lost his tail, he was a fox. Since that time all bears have been stub-tailed. The fat man was a turtle. As all turtles look alike, he easily deceived the lean man.

### **A WARRIOR CARED FOR BY WOLVES**

*(collected by Jeremiah Curtin)*

Among the Senecas there was a war chief named GANOGWIOEO". Once, with ten men, he went on the warpath to the Cherokee country. They found the Cherokees on the watch and could do nothing.

Then the chief said to his men, "I'll go alone to their village." And after dark, leaving his men in the woods, he went to the Cherokee village.

In the first cabin he came to, he found an old woman and her granddaughter. They didn't see him. He crept into a little place where they kept wood.

After dark the old woman said to her granddaughter, "Maybe GANOGWIOEO" is around here. I'll shut the door," and she spoke a word of warning to ODJÚ, her granddaughter. The chief heard this.

After a while the girl said, "It is time to sleep."

The chief heard this also and heard the girl going up the ladder to sleep above, meanwhile talking with her grandmother, who was below.

The old woman fastened the door of the little wood house, with bark strings and fastened the chief in, leaving the door to the cabin unfastened.

After waiting till the old woman was asleep, the chief went into the cabin. The fire had burned down to coals but he could see the ladder that the girl had climbed. He went up. The girl was not asleep and was about to scream when he said, "If you scream I'll cut off your head. The chief of this village has a daughter. If you will get her to come into the woods with you I will spare your life."



ODJÚ said, "In the morning, as soon as the grass is dry, I will go to the chief's house and ask his daughter to come with me to gather wood."

Threatening to come back and kill the girl if she failed to do as planned the chief left the cabin.

Early the next morning, ODJÚ went to the chief's house and said to his daughter, "Come with me and gather wood." (This was the custom in those days.)

The chief's daughter was willing to go and they started. As soon as they came to the forest the Seneca sprang out of his hiding place and ran toward them. ODJÚ stood still, but the chief's daughter screamed and ran toward home. GANOGWIOEO<sup>n</sup> caught her, scalped her, and then, giving a war whoop, ran away. Men rushed out of their cabins and pursued him.

The Seneca saw that among the men following him there was one good runner. He hid in a ravine and when the runner came to the entrance of the ravine he shot him with an arrow and pulling off the man's scalp held it up before the people who were following.

When the Seneca came to a second ravine another runner was ahead of the rest. He aimed at the man, but his bowstring broke. The pursuer saw this and rushed into the ravine. The Seneca ran swiftly, but the Cherokee overtook and closed with him. A second and a third man came, then others; they bound GANOGWIOEO<sup>n</sup>, led him to the village and summoned the people to assemble.

Among the Cherokees there were two women who were looked upon as the head women of the tribe. Each woman had two snakes tattooed on her lips--the upper jaws of the snakes were on the woman's upper lip, and opposite each other, the lower jaws on the lower lip in the same way. When the woman opened her mouth, the snakes seemed to open theirs.

These women said, "This is the way to torment him; tie him near a fire and burn the soles of his feet till they are blistered, then let the water out of the blisters, put kernels of corn inside the skin, and chase him with clubs till he dies."

When GANOGWIOEO<sup>n</sup>'s feet were blistered, the women stripped him and tied a bark rope around his waist.

One old man said, "I want to hold the rope."

The people stood in two lines and at the end of each line were many people. The Seneca had to run between the lines. He ran so fast that he pulled the rope out of the old man's hand, then plunging to one side; he broke through the line and ran with all his strength toward the place where he had left his men.

When running he thought he was going to die, for he was naked and unarmed, far from home, and his feet were raw, but he evaded his enemies and, when night came, crept into a hollow log.





In the night he heard steps on the dry leaves, and thought the Cherokees had discovered his hiding place.

Whoever it was came up to the tree and said to someone who was with him, "This man is our friend."

Then he called to GANOGWIOEO<sup>n</sup>, "You think that you are going to die, but you will not. We will take care of you. Stick out your feet."

The chief put out his feet and right away he felt someone licking them.

After a while one of the strangers said, "We have licked his feet enough. Now we must get him warm, we will go into the tree and one of us lie down on each side of him."

It was very dark in the hollow log, but the man felt someone lie down on either side of him, and soon he was so warm and comfortable that he fell asleep.

Just before daylight the strangers crept out of the log and told the man to stick out his feet. They licked them again, and then said, "We have done all we can now. You will go on until you come to a place where you put a piece of bark. Raise the bark up, you will find something under it."

When the man came out of the log, he found that his feet were better, he could walk comfortably. At midday he came to four posts holding up a bark roof. On the ground, under the roof, was a large piece of bark. He raised the bark and found a piece of flint, a knife and an awl, then he remembered that his men had put those things there a couple of years before, when on the warpath. He took them and went on.

When it began to grow dark he looked for a hollow tree, found one and crawled into it. In the night he heard steps on the dry leaves and a voice said, "Our friend is here."

Then someone said, "Put your feet out."

He did so and again they were licked.

Then the stranger said, "That is enough, we will lie near our friend and keep him warm."

They went into the tree and lay down, but before daylight they crept out, and, after licking the man's feet again, said, "About midday you will find food."

The man went on till he found a bear that apparently had been killed only a few minutes before; it was still warm. When he had skinned the bear and cut out some of the meat, he saw, not far away, a smouldering fire, he blew it and it blazed up. He cut meat into small pieces and roasted it on sticks. When night came he lay down, and soon he heard steps on the leaves as he had the preceding nights, then a voice said, "Our friend is lying down; he isn't going to die; he has plenty to eat. We'll lick his feet."



When they finished, they said to him, "Nothing will happen to you now; you will reach home in safety." And they went away.

The next morning the man, taking some of the meat, went on toward home. That night his friends came again.

They said, "Your feet are well, but you will be cold," and they lay down one on each side of him. Before daylight, when going away, they said, "At midday you will find something to eat and to wear."

The man traveled on till toward midday, then found two young bears, just killed. He skinned the bears, cooked some of the meat, tanned the skins and lay down, very tired.

The next morning he made leggings of the skins, took what meat he wanted and went on.

That night the friends came to him, and said, "Tomorrow you will find something to wear on your feet."

About midday the man came upon two fawns, just killed. He tanned the skins and made moccasins. When night came, he made a fire, cooked meat, ate, and then lay down.

Soon he heard a voice say, "Our friend, you will reach home tomorrow. Now we will tell you why we healed your feet and cared for you. Always when you have been off in the woods hunting and have killed game, you have given the best part of the animal to us, and kept the smallest part for yourself; we are thankful. In the morning you will see us and know who we are."

When daylight came the chief saw two men, as he thought. As soon as he stood up the men took leave of him and started off. Wanting to see his friends as long as he could he turned to look at them and in the twinkle of an eye he saw that one of them was a white and the other a black wolf.

The chief reached home as his friends, the wolves, said he would.

## **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.

### THE BIRD MEDICINE

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 (*otgo*)" for him."

### Background on Clans

The clans of each of the nations are as follows:

**Seneca Nation:** turtle, wolf, bear, snipe, hawk, heron, deer, beaver.

**Cayuga Nation:** turtle, wolf, bear, snipe, eel.

**Onondaga Nation:** turtle, wolf, bear, snipe, deer, beaver, eel.

**Oneida Nation:** turtle, wolf, bear.

**Mohawk Nation:** turtle, wolf, bear.

**Tuscarora Nation:** turtle, wolf, bear, snipe, beaver, eel, deer, white bear

Original Clans of the Seneca Nation, based upon the Chiefs titles as specified by Roll Call of the Great Law of Peace on the Condolence Cane are as follows:

Clan	Number of Chiefs	Titles for Chiefs
<b>Turtle</b>	2 titles	Skanyadariyoh Kanokareh
<b>Snipe</b>	3 titles	Shadekaronyes Kanonkeridawih Deshayenah
<b>Wolf</b>	1 title	Deyohninhohhakarawenh
<b>Pigeon Hawk</b>	1 title	Shakenjohwaneh





**Bear**

1 title

Shodyenawat

Notice that the **Beaver Clan** (Hodigengega), **Deer Clan** and **Heron Clan** do not have a chief, according to the Great Law. This would indicate that these clans came to the Senecas after the Great Law was established. Some believe that these clans resulted from the adoption of other native nations into the Seneca Nation in the 1600s and 1700s. As an example the adopted Huron did have Turtle, Wolf, Bear, Beaver, Deer, Hawk, Porcupine and Snake Clans. The Huron/Wyandot turtle clan was divided into three sub-clans: Big Turtle, Striped Turtle, and Mud Turtle. Some lists also note a Box Turtle and Little Turtle designation as well. It is known that our ancestors respected those clan lines when adopting captive Hurons. Members of the Huron Beaver and Deer Clans might have been adopted into the Seneca Nation, but allowed to keep their family clanship.

Among the Cattaraugus Seneca, the Deer Clan sits with the Bird Clans because oral history states that the Deer Clan was once called the Killdeer Clan.

According to the translation published in *Concerning the League*, the Seneca chief's titles included the following, with the three Snipe clans actually listed as three different clans named after a small shoreline bird:

- \* Turtle Clan: Skanyataiyo
- \* **Snipe Clan**: Shadekaronyes (Tshatekaehyes)
  
- \* Hawk Clan: Shakenjohwaneh (Shaketsyona)
- \* Long Turtle Clan: Kanokareh (Kanokai)
  
- \* **Sandpiper (Snipe of the sand) Clan**: Deshanyenah (Ha)Nishayenenha
- \* Black Bear Clan (Hodidjionni=ga): Shodyenayat (Shatyenawat)
  
- \* **Killdeer Clan**: Kanonkeridawih (Kanhkitawi)
- \* Wolf Clan: Deyohninhohhakarawenh (Teyonihhokawe).

1736 Seneca clans were listed as follows:

**Plover**  
**Bear**  
**Tortoise**  
**Eel**  
**Deer**  
**Beaver**  
**Potatoe**  
**Falcon**  
**Lark**  
**Partridge**



## Tuscarora Clans

Lewis Henry Morgan, as the primary scholar to examine Haudenosaunee culture in the 1840s, listed the following clans among the Tuscarora:

**Large Turtle**  
**Small Turtle** (also called the land or sand turtle)  
**Yellow Wolf**  
**Grey Wolf**  
**Bear**  
**Beaver**  
**Snipe**  
**Eel**  
**Deer**

Henry Schoolcraft noted in 1846, that the Deer Clan had already died out at Tuscarora. Certainly by the 1890 census among the Tuscarora showed that not one person identified with the Deer Clan. Yet, today, the Deer Clan is one of the largest groups within the Nation.

In 1947, Floyd Lounsbury noted that some Tuscarora had by then identified themselves as members of the White Bear Clan. The story was that the clan was descended from two white women adopted into the Tuscarora Nation while they resided in Pennsylvania.

In 1973, Clinton Rickard claimed that the Eel Clan had also died out. Today, there are no Eel Clan people among the Tuscarora. The Wolf Clan has less than a dozen people left.

## Grand River Clans

At Grand River Territory, the Longhouse people identified the following clans within the community:

**Turtle:** Mud Turtle, Snapping Turtle (Big Turtle) and Swamp Turtle (Small Turtle)  
**Wolf**  
**Beaver**  
**Deer:** Deer, Big Deer, Ball (Small deer rolled up)  
**Eel**  
**Hawk**  
**Heron**  
**Snipe:** Snipe (Plover), Small Snipe (Sandpiper)  
**Bear:** Bear (baby), Suckling Bear, or Big Bear





## The Clans in Every Community Have Different Moieties

A moiety is half of the clans, linked together for ceremonial and political purposes. As the Haudenosaunee, or People of the Longhouse, the moieties divided the families in that house into two groups that help one another. Each community has a different arrangement of moieties.

In 1666, a French document described the clan moieties as:

- a) Gueyniotitishesque: Turtle, Wolf, Bear and Beaver
- b) Ouichiniotitishesque: Deer, Grand Plover, Wild Potato; Small Plover, Kilion (Hawk?)

Other moieties are as follows:

- Tonawanda Seneca Longhouse**
  - 1) Wolf, Turtle Bear, Beaver
  - 2) Snipe, Hawk, Deer, Heron
- Coldspring, Allegheny Longhouse**
  - 1) Wolf, Turtle, Bear, Beaver
  - 2) Snipe, Hawk, Deer, Heron
- Seneca Longhouse, Six Nations Reserve**
  - 1) Wolf, Turtle, Beaver, Small Turtle, Heron
  - 2) Deer, Eel, Bear, Snipe (small and large), Ball, Hawk
- Onondaga Longhouse, Syracuse**
  - 1) Wolf, Turtle, Snipe, Beaver
  - 2) Bear, Hawk, Deer, Eel
- Onondaga Longhouse, Six Nations Reserve**
  - 1) Wolf, Turtle, Beaver, Small Turtle, Heron
  - 2) Deer, Eel, Bear, Snipe (large and small), Ball, Hawk
- Sour Springs Longhouse, Six Nations Reserve**
  - 1) Wolf, Heron, Snipe (large and small), Beaver, Hawk
  - 2) Turtle (all sizes), Deer, Ball, Bear, Beaver, Eel, Hawk
- Lower Cayuga Longhouse, Six Nations Reserve**
  - 1) Wolf, Heron, Snipe
  - 2) Turtle (all sizes), Deer, Bear, Ball, Beaver, Eel, Hawk



## CONTINUATION OF THE CLANS (by Maisa Tahmont, Tonawanda Seneca)

Conditions in the villages= seem to worsen. Small wars between the tribes broke out. Many persons were killed. Women went about continually weeping. >Right Hand= (De-hae-hiyawa-kwo) felt that something had to be done about all this dissatisfaction among the people. So he came among them again - to tell them about the >Great Spirit= whose handiwork had formed our natures - who was merciful and everything he had was given the people was altogether good. That he was the cause of Life of everything on earth. The people, the animals, shrubs, trees, grass, flowers, water, birds and all living things. He has given us control over all things so that, our flesh and also our minds shall live. So then, let us understand that, verily all the above things have different clans. Different animals make up different types, which make-up the different clans, as we may call it. The many kinds of trees - the plants. They are a clan, belonging to the same group.

The moon stars, sun all belong to the clan of light.

>Right Hand@ (De-hae-hiyawa-kwo) told the people, that it seemed to him, we should imitate the way of the Great Spirit. There should first be a certain number of clans - the people divided into groups, thru the clans= to become brothers= and cousins. To follow this course said he, we shall again live our families and our children, speak mellow words, encourage kindness and cheer up other minds and those who sorrow. That the sisterhood should then, be responsible for all this - spreading goodness everywhere (De-hae-hiyawa-kwo) now makes this proposal personally. He remarked at this point, that the matter now rests with the people.

The entire body of people marveled at the kind of wisdom, that this young man put forth. So they considered this matter seriously and carefully. They did arrive at an agreement, to accept the proposition and confirmed that this was good.

The people then questioned, how shall we go about this matter of forming the clans? The elders again considered the matter repeatedly - several sessions took place to discuss this matter of diverse clans. The people finally turned back to the man who proposed it. He was so gifted with a wise thinking power. >Right Hand= or (De-hae-hiyawa-kwo) agreed and vowed that he would arrange matters so that - there shall exist, diverse clans.

Said he, the female sex shall be the principal ones in this new set-up because they are the ones that control the birth of new human beings upon this earth. Now she who is the eldest one in each of the families (Ga-wa-gee-yah) shall lead her entire uterine family. When the people are all assembled we will depart hence, and go thither to the place where flows a stream and there in that place, we will separate the body of people. On the next day when the sun will not yet have risen when it shall come to pass that all that still remains incomplete shall be accomplished. All the inhabitants were notified and all came together in great wonderment.

They then traveled a long way following right to where a river flowed along. The leader stopped, went down to the river and stood by a tall tree, by the waters edge, took a looped





