

*Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation
Upper Columbia River
Book of Legends*



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Native Language Edited by Matilda "Tillie" George

Prepared for Bonneville Power Administration
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Executive Summary

The Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation (Colville Confederated Tribes History/Archaeology Program presents the following compilation of legends. They represent events associated with Traditional Cultural Properties within the Grand Coulee Dam Project Area, in the traditional territory of the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation. The events described and the list of informants who supplied the actual stories or legends are key elements in the fifty-eight compiled legends. This book of Legends augments our oral traditions. Most of these Legends are from the Columbia River, Sanpoil River, and Kettle River between Grand Coulee Dam and the Canadian Border. In order to show continuity with the surrounding areas one legend from Omak Lake and one from the Nespelem River are included as well.

The Book of Legends reinforces the historical value of Salish place names and the validity of the legends, many of which can be mapped. No corrections were made to the original printed material. The legends are presented as originally published with the single exception being that Matilda "Tillie" George added and corrected (proper spellings and translations) Indian names associated with the legends.

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Introduction

*"That's what I tell my kids. I tell them, if I could remember all the stories; I tell them it's kind of teaching more of how the land began for Indians".
Hazel Burke, 1980.*



Figure 1. The Storyteller

The Upper Columbia River Book of Legends is a link to our past. These legends are not considered “myths” by the people but rather are our spiritual and religious beliefs that connect us with the land.

Our elders passed down these legends through the generations to their children and grandchildren. We are forever grateful to our ancestors and elders for their contributions and knowledge. We would not have this opportunity to learn about our legends and traditional stories if it was not for those that came before us. Each

legend tells a story, provides historic information, relates to resource management, and provides moral and spiritual guidance. These stories and legends witness our ancestral claim to the land, to the mighty Columbia River and its tributaries, and to the resources found here. These landmark legends define our home.

The Book of Legends is part of the Grand Coulee Dam Project sponsored by the Bonneville Power Administration and the Bureau of Reclamation as part of their responsibilities to comply with the National Historic Preservation Act. Our intent is to compile Native American stories from previously published sources. Many of these publications are scarce or out of print. Each story is reproduced here exactly as originally published. These are not all, or even most, of the published stories or stories archived by the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation. Tribal elders still hold most stories exclusively for their families.

These stories were collected as early as 1900. It is important to once again make these legends available to tribal members to perpetuate our culture and to the public to educate them about our traditions. As early as 1916, Christine Quintasket recorded the stories of her people, but she was not published until 1927. Christine Quintasket also wrote under the name of Mourning Dove or sometimes used Humishuma, the Colville-Okanogan term for “mourning dove”.

Anthropologists such as James Teit and Verne Ray came to the Colville Indian Reservation and quickly identified the stories and legends as a valuable asset to their research, which greatly facilitated their understanding of the Indian way of life. Other researchers, educators,

archaeologists, anthropologists, and historians came to the Colville Indian Reservation to document the stories from our elders. The list includes Randy Bouchard, Dorothy Kennedy, Anthony Mattina, Marion Gould, Ruth Lakin and Ella E. Clark . Some of their informants were William Burke, John Tom, Bob Covington, Peter Noyes, Eneas Seymour, Clara Moore, Jim James, Lucy James, Christine Sam, Louie Pichette, Johnnie Francis, Madeline Desautel, Albert Louie, Martin Louie Sr., Joe Covington, and Nancy Wynecoop, just to name a few.

Unfortunately, the elders that were documented and recorded are now deceased. Their contribution and generosity will not be forgotten; the “Book of Legends” will be our reminder of those who came before us and their knowledge will be perpetuated and passed to succeeding generations.

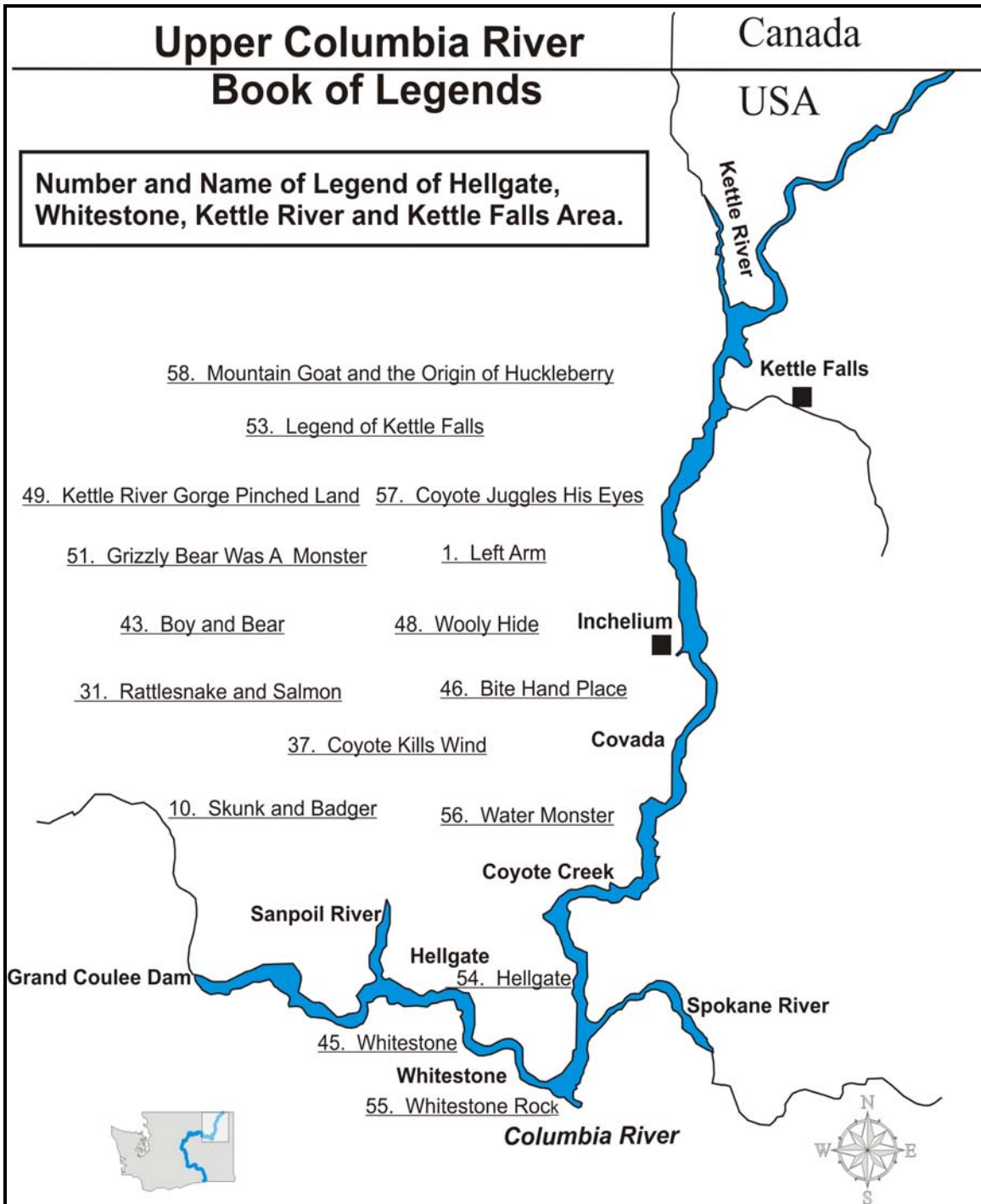


Figure 2. Legends associated with the Upper Columbia River above the Sanpoil River

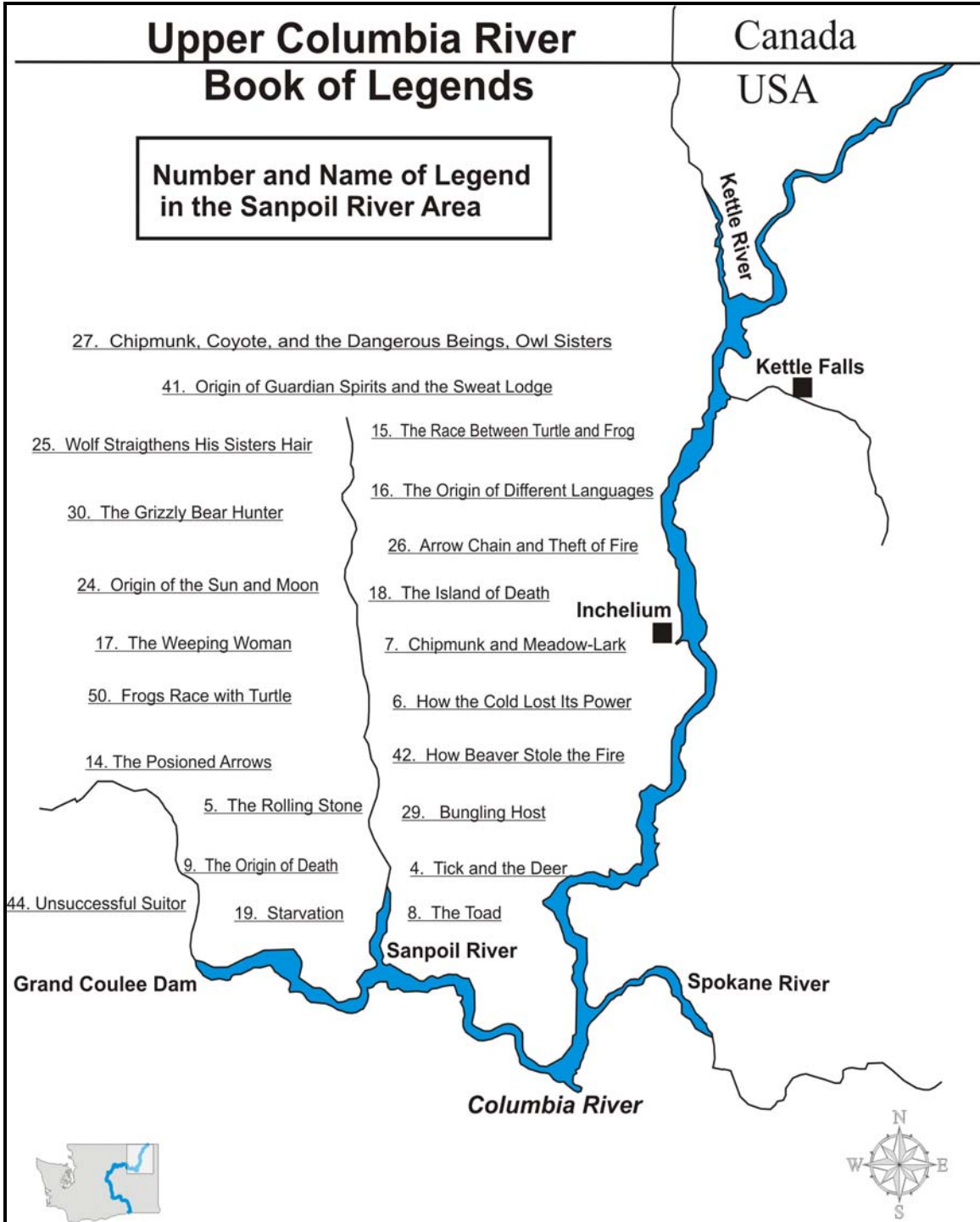


Figure 3. Legends in the Sanpoil River Area

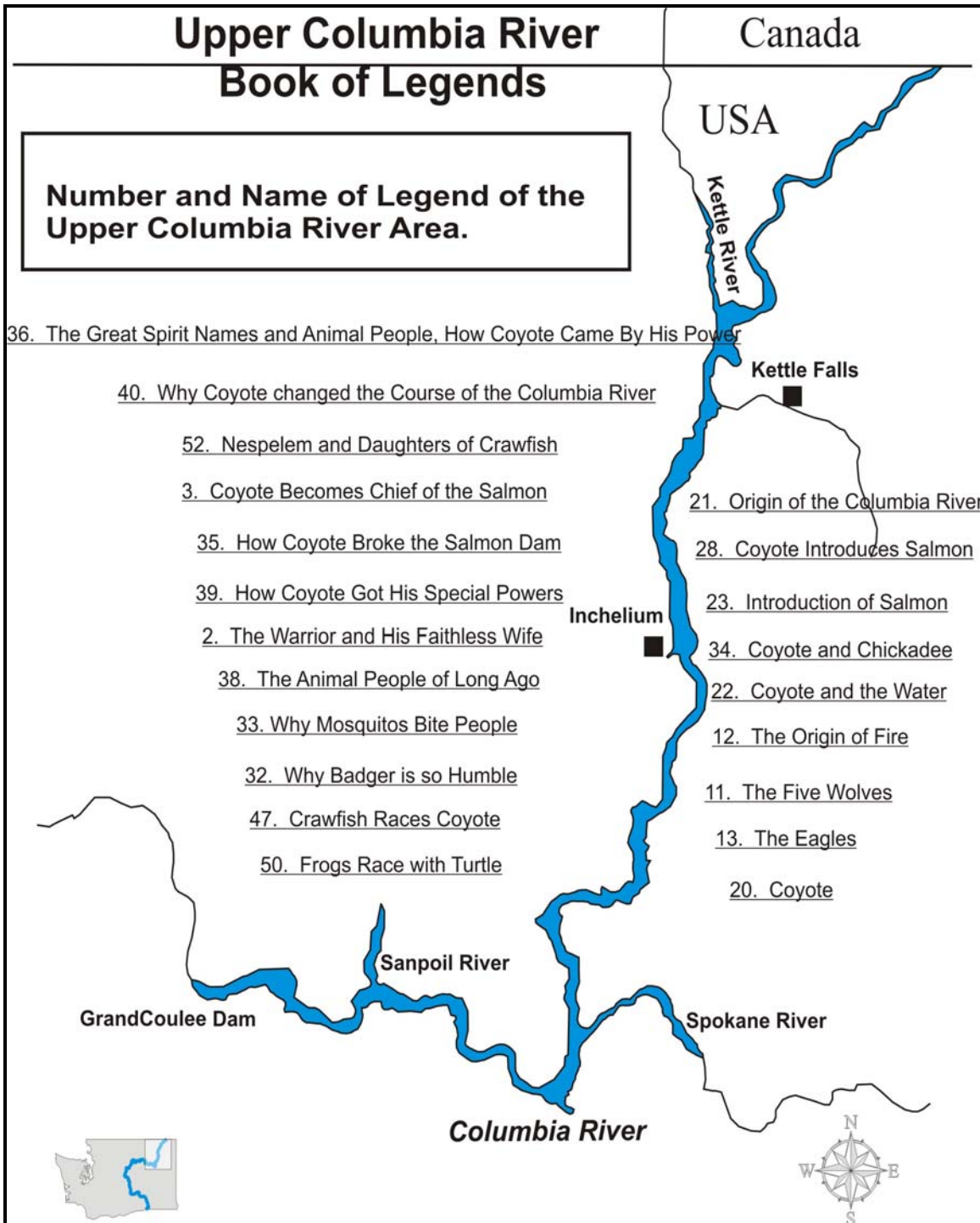


Figure 4. Legends generally associated with the Upper Columbia River

I. Folk Tales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes, Okanogan and Sanpoil Tales

(By Marian K. Gould, Edited by Franz Boas, 1917)

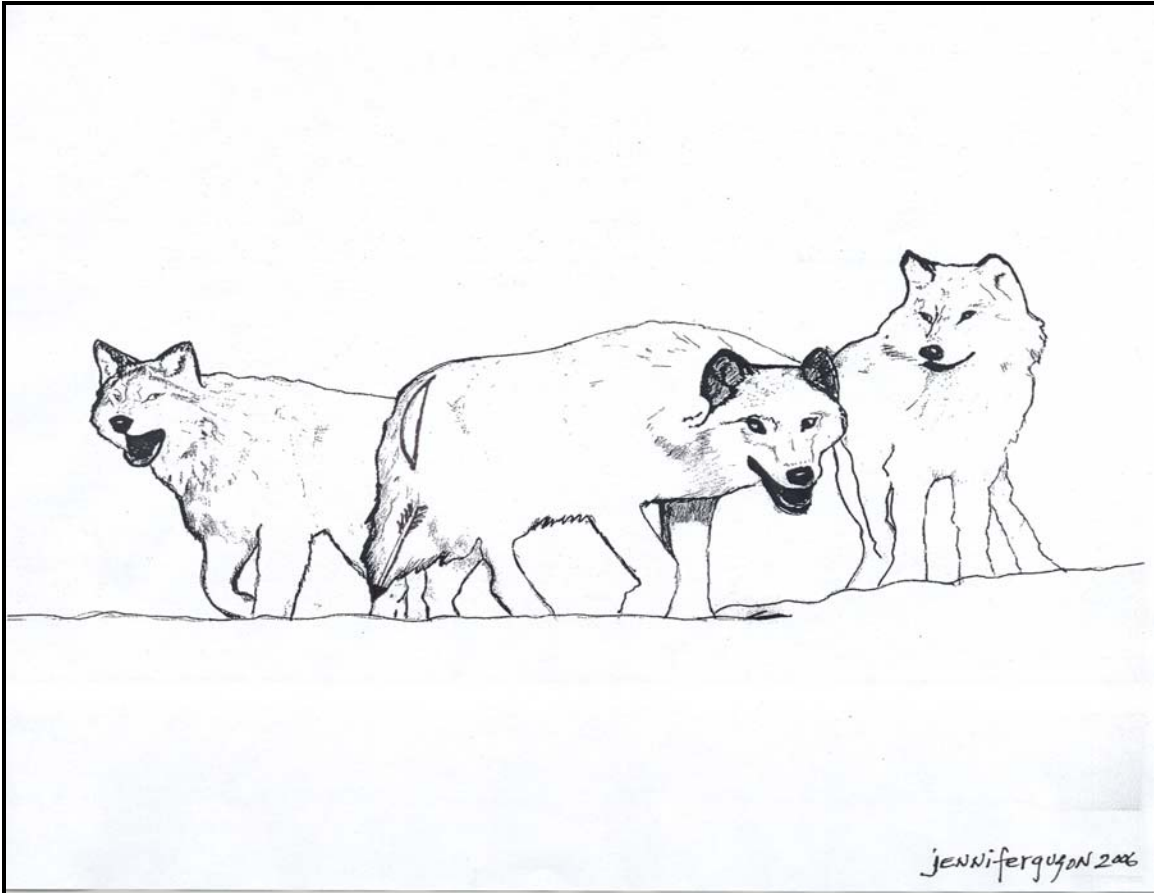


Figure 5. Three wolf brothers

1. Left-Arm (kc'ík^wa?)

Left-Arm (kc'ík^wa?) was taking a sweat-bath, and a dense cloud of steam was escaping through the top of the lodge. A short distance away some enemies saw the cloud of steam, and surmised that Left Arm was taking his bath.

They stole up to his home and killed his parents. His sister was carried away captive. Left-Arm and his brothers,

who had been out hunting, followed the enemies, and overtook the war-party while they were sitting around a camp-fire. The young woman was in the center of the circle. Left-Arm had changed himself and his brothers into three wolves. Their bows and arrows had become wolf-tails. They howled and their sister, who recognized their voices, replied by singing. This made her captors suspicious and they moved on, all the time watching her closely. The wolves followed them northward until the enemies camped again. They covered the girl with a buffalo robe.

Finally the brothers lost the trail of the enemies, and resumed human form. One of them put on his grizzly-bear cape, and was thus enabled to scent the trail. Soon they came in sight of the camp.

The enemies were asleep and had piled their weapons together. Before dawn the brothers stole into the camp, selected weapons and threw the others into the river. Then they attacked the enemies and killed them with their own spears.

The oldest brother (not Left-Arm) took the woman and escaped with her across the river. When the fight was over, all but one man was killed. He was spared to return and tell his tribe what had happened.

Left-Arm and his brother set out to find their brother and sister who had crossed the river. Left-Arm jumped into the water to swim across. He was wearing his bear-skin robe. It caught on a snag, from which he could not disengage it, so that he was in danger of being drowned. Suddenly the thought came to him, "Why am I so foolish? I can turn into a frog, and the water will not hurt me." He did so, and remained in the water, calling for his brothers. They heard him, brought the canoe, and took him in.

Later on, Left-Arm fell in love with a maiden named Ring-around-the-Ankle (k'ən'pɔ'inxn). She was carried away by enemies from the Columbia River country to a place near Kettle Falls. Left-Arm set out to search for her and wandered about a long time. He owned a bone charm covered with rattlesnake-poison. Instead of carrying it on his person, he had embedded it under the neck-skin of his wolf-dog. Therefore, his luck turned.

Ring-around-the-Ankle carved a rock near the falls so that it resembled a canoe. Finally, Left-Arm found her and tried to escape with her. However, they were overtaken and captured.

Left-Arm was bound hand and foot, and beaten with switches of the service-bush. They were kept prisoners for five years. Finally they succeeded in making their escape. They lived on the mountains, hunting moose and other game.

One day, Left-Arm was wounded while hunting and he knew that he was going to die. He told his wife to take the wolf-dog and to return to her people. Then his spirit passed away.

Ring-around-the-Ankle did as Left-Arm had told her. The dog ran away and joined the wolves. As it was still carrying the bone charm, Ring-around-the-Ankle tried to persuade it to return but she did not succeed.

2. The Warrior and His Faithless Wife

In early days there were plenty of buffalo. Once a year the Okanogan, Sanpoil, Spokane, Moses, and Colville tribes joined and crossed the mountains to hunt.

One white moon (January), the Sioux pursued and captured a chief's daughter. They kept her captive for three years. One night the young woman dreamed that a spirit told her to take the chief's sharp knife and the buckskin dress of the chief's wife. She obeyed and fled, taking also three horses.

The next morning, the fleetest braves were called on to pursue her. The maid fled swiftly. After a while she came to a river. She saw the braves coming. Then she took off her robe, tied it into a bundle on her back, and swam the river. The braves did not overtake her. She reached her home and told her story.

Her brother wanted to revenge her capture. He took his band of braves and his wife, and started the journey. On the way his braves deserted him. Still, he went on. After a while they saw the Sioux chief's son. The Okanogan warrior said to his wife, "When I try to capture him, take hold of his feet". His wife looked at the Sioux and saw that he was very handsome. She turned traitor and caught her husband's feet. Then the Sioux cut his throat and left him. He carried the woman off as his slave.

The husband recovered and lingered in the neighborhood for a while. He killed all the Sioux who came his way. He was discovered by a Blackfoot tribe who had been held prisoners by the Sioux. They treated him kindly.

After a while he returned home and raised a large war-party, which was joined by Blackfoot warriors. There was a

pitched battle, in which he was captured and killed. The Sioux burned his body, but his heart could not be burnt. Some friendly Indians wrapped his heart in a buffalo-skin. The spirit of the buffalo resuscitated him.

Then he went to the chief's tent. He saw his wife sitting at the feet of the chief. He drew his dagger, pulled her head back by her braids and cut it off. Then he went away to his own people.



Figure 6. Coyote becomes Salmon Chief

3. Coyote Becomes Chief of the Salmon

In the beginning Coyote (sn k'a?líp) had great power. He said to himself, "Why remain in seclusion when I have so much power?". He became restless and wanted to travel. He journeyed down the Columbia River, and there he met Chickadee (Ĉəsqaʕqn'a?)

Chickadee was a warrior, dressed in his beautiful beaded war headdress of which he was very proud. As soon as Coyote saw him, he thought, "I will kill him and take his head-dress."

So, he killed Chickadee and took his quiver of arrows and his beaded head-dress. He put them on and felt very brave and proud. He thought himself very handsome, much handsomer than Chickadee ever had been. He stepped about, shaking his head from side to side, and resolved to travel close to the river, so that he might see his reflection.

As he came around a bend of the river, he saw blue smoke in the distance rising from a tent which seemed warm and comfortable. He thought, "I will call and see if there is a beautiful maiden to admire me". To his disappointment, he saw only twelve children. They all spoke at once in reply to his questions, and he could not understand them. They were the Willow-Grouse (sʷəʃ sʷáʔs) family, who spoke their own language. They were trying to tell him that their parents were gathering berries. Then Coyote became angry and thought they were calling him names. He went out, gathered pitch, and put a piece on the eyes of the children. When their parents returned, they were all blind.

Then the mother determined to have revenge. She suspected who had done it, as they had seen Coyote tracks nearby. She said to her husband, "Do you remember the high cliff by the river? We will hide behind some bushes and scare him as he comes along the edge of the cliff."

As Coyote was going along the trail, he was singing his war-chant. All at once there was a roar that scared him. He gave a jump and fell over the cliff. He knew that he was in danger of death; quickly, he turned himself into a basket which floated lightly on the water below. It drifted down with the current.

At that time there were two sisters who lived by the river. Nearby was a solid rock dam, which they guarded

with jealous care. No one was allowed to come near. Silver-salmon were kept within the dam as their food.

Coyote knew of these salmon, and made up his mind to release them. He waited until morning. The younger sister, Killdeer (stinícxn) , went down to get a salmon for breakfast. She saw the basket-dish floating on the water. She landed it, and took it to her tent. The elder sister, Robin (ʔ'w'is ʔ'w'xa?) , said, "No, sister, do not keep the dish. Throw it into the river. It may bring us misfortune." The younger one would not give it up. She ate out of it. Each day after her meal she left some salmon in it when she put it away.

Every day at this time of the year they went to pick berries. When they returned they would find the dish empty. The elder sister became alarmed, and insisted that the dish be thrown into the fire. When she did so, it made a loud report, and a little boy came out of the fire. The younger sister was delighted and kept him, although the elder sister objected. They made a bow and arrows for him, so that he could amuse himself while they were away.

Each morning after the sisters had left home, the boy worked at the dam with a hard rock instrument he had made. After he had been there one month, the girls did not find him when they came home in the evening. They ran to the dam, and found that he had taken the form of a man. He was digging at a hole that he had made in the dam. They tried to crush him, but he had a piece of horn on his head. Just then the water broke through and separated him from them. He called to the girls, who were weeping on the bank, "Women were never intended to guard salmon."

He started up the stream and the salmon followed him. As he went away, he turned one sister into a water-snipe,

the other into a Killdeer. They always live near the water and eat fish.

Coyote traveled up the river with the salmon. Whenever Coyote met people, he made a salmon jump out of the water into his arms. Then he cooked it and asked the people to eat.

At one place he met a number of girls picking berries. They were very beautiful and he decided to select one of them for his wife. He winked his eye, brought salmon from the water, and feasted the girls. They were pleased, and their parents wanted him to take one of the maidens, so that they might always have salmon to eat. He fell in love with one of the girls, who had a fine voice, and who was in the habit of using it to hear her words repeated by the echo.

When Coyote asked her to be his wife, she refused him with scorn. He became angry, and started back down the river, taking the salmon with him. He stopped at the Forks of the Similkameen, about five miles from the Okanogan. There, he formed falls to keep the salmon from going up. Then he made falls in the Okanogan, Kettle, and Columbia Rivers, because in all these places the maidens refused him.

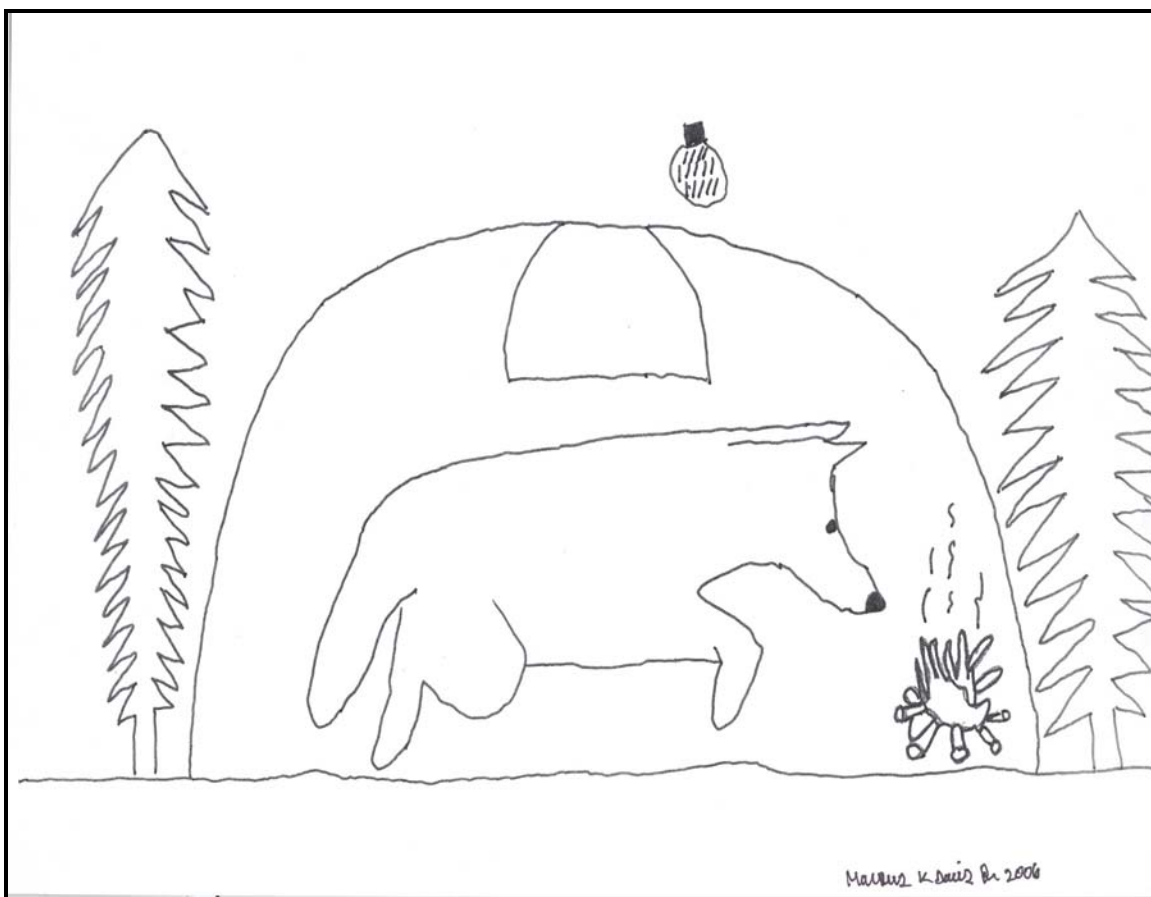


Figure 7. Coyote lying by fire

4. The Tick and the Deer

Coyote (sn k'a?lip) lived in a tent alone. There was no prospect of food; everything was covered with snow. He stirred up his fire and lay down near it. He wanted to sleep, but was too hungry. He wished for some bones with sinew. Just then he heard a noise. He went to the door and looked out. He found a bag of bones in front of the tent. He took them in and made some soup. They lasted for several days. Then he was hungry again.

He made another wish. He wanted deer-ham with chunks of meat. He heard another thump. He found another bag of bones. He thought he could have plenty to eat by

making a wish. He wished for a bag of fat, and it came also. He puzzled over it. He thought that someone must bring this food.

Near him lived a queer old wizard, misinformed, with many arms on his body. He knew of Coyote's wish, and carried the food to him. Coyote decided to watch and see who came. The next time when he wished, he stood close by the door, looked out, and saw the wizard disappearing from sight. He followed him to the top of the hill.

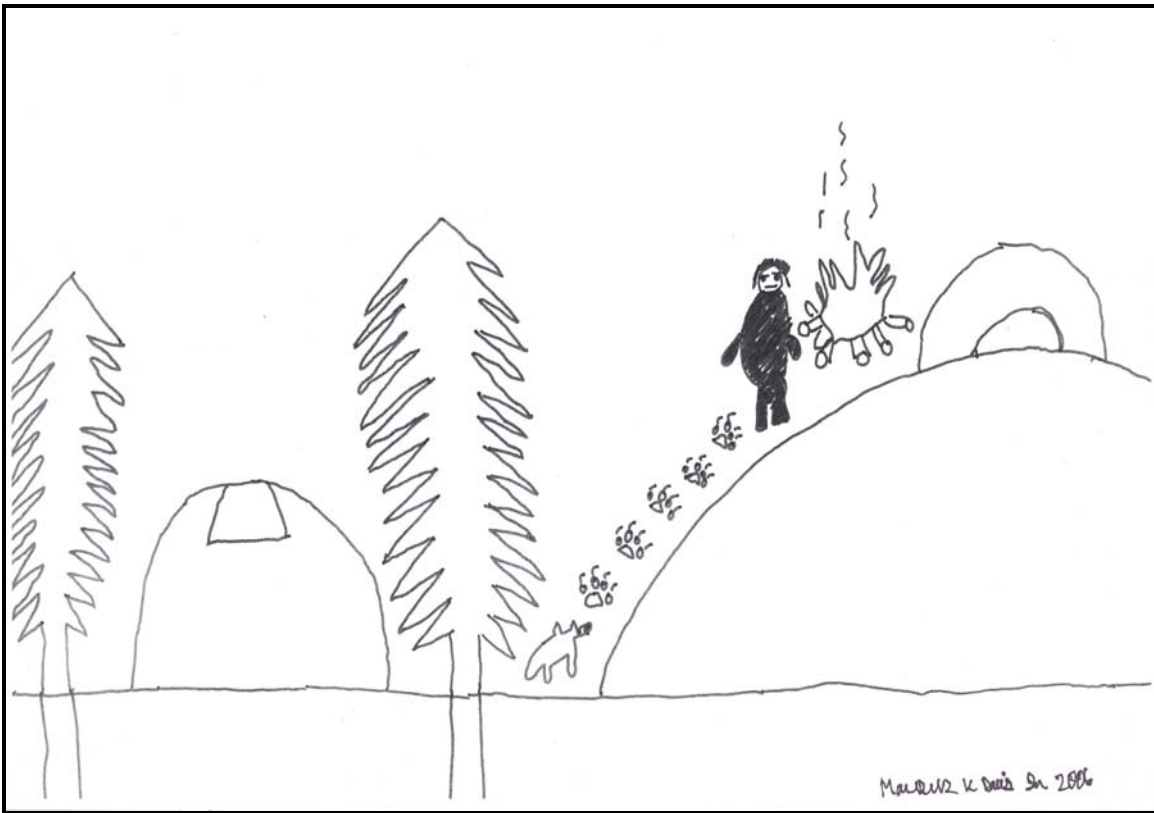


Figure 8. Old man warming his back by the fire

There he saw a tent and around it a platform for drying meat. Coyote went near and found an old man warming his back by the fire. He offered to carry water for him if he should be allowed to live there. Although he was not allowed to live with the old man, he was given a tent close

by. After three days he thought that if he should kill the old man, all the provisions would be his.

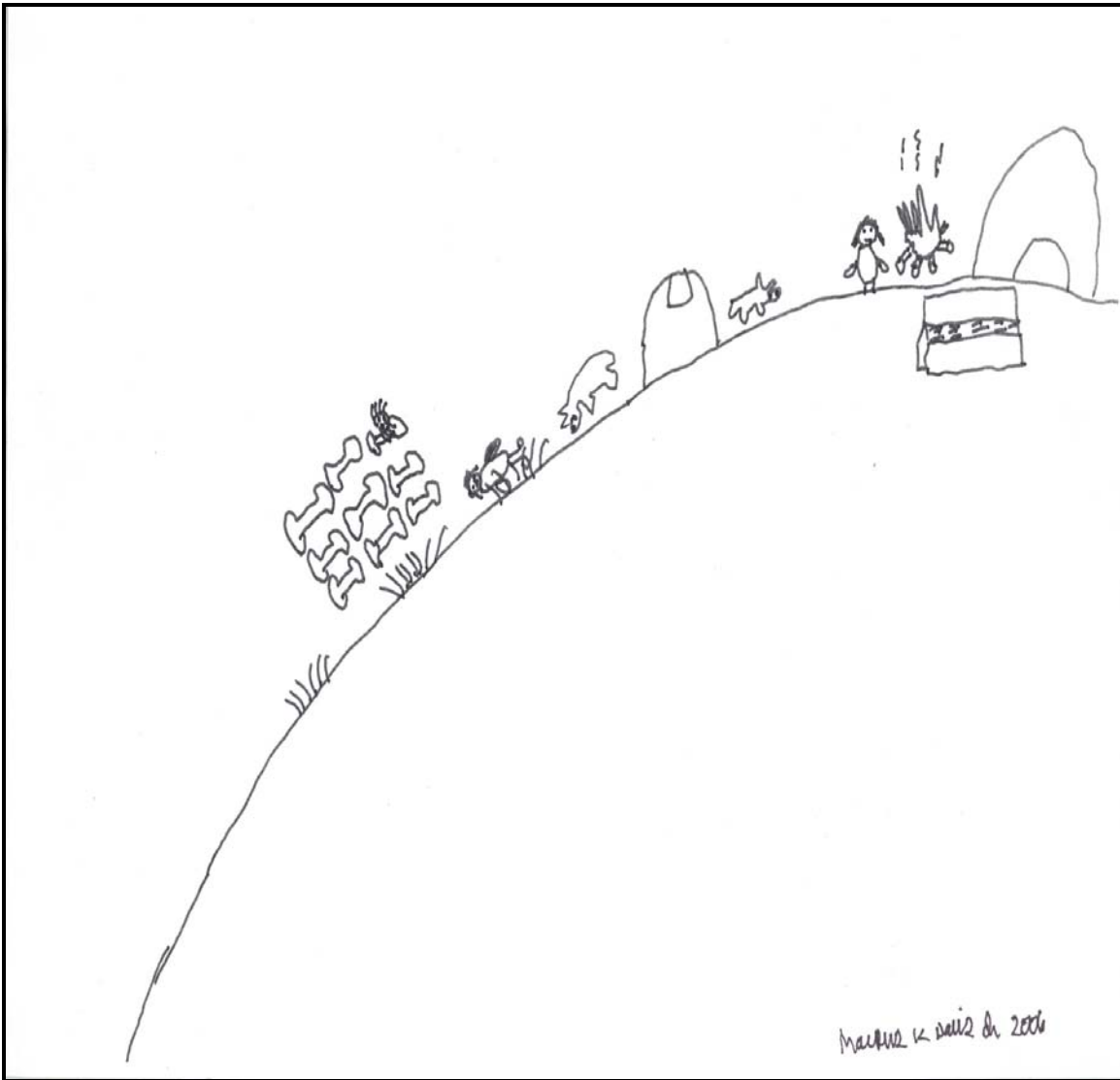


Figure 9. The bones stood up and scattered

Therefore next morning he followed him to a pile of rocks, and pounded him flat. He threw the body into the sagebrush. Then he went back to the tent. He was astonished to see all the bones jump up and run away. The old man had revived, and had resuscitated the deer-bones. As the last deer ran away, the old man caught its tail and hung on.

Coyote turned him into a wood-tick (kek'íl'xkn'), and said that in the spring of the year it would live on deer.

5. The Rolling Stone

Cricket and Grasshopper were half-brothers. Cricket went to hunt and found a spot where the grass was nice and green. Through this place ran a trail which was cut deeply by the tracks of heavy animals. Cricket fell into one of these.

After a while he heard the tramp of a buffalo-bull. Just as the bull was about to step on him, he rattled his wings. This frightened the bull so, that he ran down the road and jumped blindly over the cliff. Thus he was killed. Cricket ran after him and saw what had happened. He descended and began to feast on his horn.

Grasshopper searched for Cricket and seeing the fresh buffalo tracks, he thought that his brother must be dead. He cried aloud and Cricket heard him. He called to him to come down and eat. They were enjoying their feast when they heard a whining cry.

It was Coyote, who was mourning for the buffalo. "Oh, my brother is dead!" he wailed. When he looked over the cliff, he spoke to Cricket and told him that the buffalo was his half-brother. He begged Grasshopper and Cricket to allow him to carry them away. Through his magic power he obtained their consent and he carried them on his back to the green meadow. He left them and returned to the buffalo.

Cricket and Grasshopper were suspicious and flew back. They met Coyote, who was returning to the buffalo. He was displeased to see them and compelled them to go

back. By his will-power, he caused them to wish to stay in the meadow. Then he returned to the dead buffalo.

Coyote cut up the meat and built a fire to cook some of it. While he was busy, an old, old woman came along and told him that he was too great a chief to prepare his own food. She flattered him and persuaded him to allow her to work for him. He lay down with one eye open. When all was ready, he closed both eyes. When he opened his eyes again, he saw the old woman running off with the meat. He changed her into a rolling stone. Then she took revenge by pursuing him. He ran and ran. She followed. He was tired and ran into a badger-hole. The stone rolled on to the mouth of the hole and penned him in.

Coyote thought of his magical power. He wished for five things: a crowd of Indians, about twelve dogs, twelve tents and a dozen canoes. These were to be crossing a wide river in the canoes.

The noise of the moving people was audible at the place where the boulder was. Coyote wished the rock to become a woman again and she began to move. Then she arose and went off to see what caused the noise. She was the grandmother of Cricket and Grasshopper. Coyote came out of the hole and staggered away.

6. How the Cold Lost Its Power

Northern-Lights had five sons: Cold, Colder, Coldest, Extreme Cold, and Most-Extreme-Cold. The youngest son acted as scout. He seared the leaves and grass, and returned to report that he had gone as far as he dared. Then the eldest

son would finish the work. The other sons stayed in the north with their parents

They lived in an ice-lodge and could not endure heat of any kind. They were jealous of Extreme-Cold and guarded him well. By and by Extreme-Cold became restless and traveled southward. His mother, Northern-Lights, warned him not to speak to any human being. He would kill every one he met. The Indians were much troubled by him, as he came at any season, whenever he wished. Therefore the great chief called a council to try and regulate the season.

The people could not devise any way of reaching the lodge of Cold. Finally South-Wind (ḡaṣpc'ín), a shaman of great power, was selected to attack him. He set out and saw Extreme-Cold approaching. Everything perished before him. When he met South-Wind, he tried to exercise his power, but it did not avail him. Nobody had ever been able to withstand him. South-Wind held out his hand and addressed Cold as his nephew. He said that he lived in the south, and that Northern-Lights were his sister. He asked the way to his sister's house. Cold consented to take him there.

When they reached the ice-lodge, Cold was full of steam. They went in, and South-Wind claimed to be the brother of Northern Lights. She said she did not remember him and her husband declared that they had no relatives. They let him stay all night and planned to freeze him while he slept. Then the Cold family went to sleep. South-Wind gathered pitch-wood and set it on fire. It thawed everything around it and the Cold family perished in the flames. The shaman broke the power of the cold and thus the seasons were regulated.

7. Chipmunk and Meadow-Lark

An old woman (stə́mtima) had warned her children, Chipmunk and Meadow-Lark, not to go too far into the woods because a hairy monster might kill them. One day the children disobeyed. The monster shot Chipmunk, and, when trying to seize him, scratched his back. The boy made his escape and hid in his grandmother's tent. She put him first into a basket, then into a bag, but he would not sit still.

Soon the monster (sp'aŋta?) arrived and searched for Chipmunk. The old woman denied having seen him. The boy's sister, Meadow-Lark, flew to the pole of the tent, and sang, "Look in the clam-shell under the blanket in the bosom of grandmother!" The monster took out the shell and found Chipmunk. At the same time he saw that the skin of the old woman was very fair. He asked her, "What did you do to make your skin so white?"

She replied that she dropped hot pitch on it. He asked to be treated in the same way. The old woman heated some pitch and held the monster down with two forked sticks. Then she poured the pitch over him, so that he died.

8. The Toad (smiʔn'ap)

A woman was sitting in the doorway of her tent. Her long hair was hanging down over her face. A young man wished to see her face. When he inquired why she kept her hair down, she said that the sun hurt her eyes. At the same time she put her arms around him, holding him fast. He had to carry her wherever he went. After walking a long distance, he built a fire and stood so near the fire that her back blistered. Then her arms relaxed and the youth cut off

her hair. He saw that she had no eyes, no nose, no mouth and looked like a skeleton. He threw her into a pond and there she became a toad (smi?n'ap).



Figure 10. The Origin of Death

9. The Origin of Death

A man had two daughters and one son. During the maturity ceremonies of the elder daughter, she was secluded. The father discovered his son in the tent of the girl, and killed him by driving a sharp point of deer-antler into his ear. On the following morning the boy was found dead. The body was put into a canoe, covered with shells and beads, and was deposited in a cave. At this time the girl

asked for her dress and for her comb, and disappeared in the cave where the body of her brother had been put. The Fox, the Hawk, and the Eagle tried to bring her back, but they succeeded only in taking hold of her cape. The father did not tell what had happened.

Three days after this, the Vulture lost his daughter. He asked the chief for power to restore his daughter to life. The chief replied, "You voted at the council that people should not live forever. This decision cannot be changed because the sorrow has come to one of you yourselves."

10. Skunk and Badger

A Skunk (sn'əkstíya) was traveling along. He found Badger (yux^wyeç^wútxn), who, being afraid of Skunk, pretended to be dead. Skunk tied his feet and put him on his shoulder. While they were traveling along, Skunk said, "The only thing I am afraid of is whistling." Soon Badger whistled, which scared Skunk so much that he dropped him and the pack of valuable goods that he was carrying. Badger untied his feet, took the pack, and ran home.

One day, when the people were gambling, Skunk appeared. Badger was betting the goods which he had taken away from Skunk. All of a sudden, Skunk overcame the gamblers by his scent and ran away with the stakes.

11. The Five Wolves

An old woman and her grandson lived near a river. The grandson wished to cross the river and called the Deer to take him across. Finally an old buck allowed him to mount his back and carried him across. While they were in the water, the boy cut the throat of the buck with a flint knife and killed him.

The old woman skinned the buck. Five wolves took the scent of the meat, and came intending to steal it. The old woman dressed a piece of rotten wood in skins and made it look like the boy. Then she wished herself, her grandson, and the meat to be carried to a ledge on the face of a cliff. This cliff is pointed out close to the Okanogan River, near Oroville, Washington. When the wolves arrived, they attacked the tent but found that what they believed was a boy, was only rotten wood. They were unable to reach the ledge. They tried to jump up but soon wearied.

Then they begged for some of the meat. The grandmother told the boy to wrap a hot stone in some suet. He threw it down into the mouth of one of the wolves, and thus killed him. Thus all were killed except the youngest. When he caught the hot stone, he could not swallow it and the fat burned the sides of his mouth. Therefore, wolves have dark marks at the side of the mouth.

The grandmother and the boy continued to live on the ledge. Finally, the boy had used up all his arrows and had no feathers to make new ones. In order to obtain feathers, he caused the golden eagle (*məlqn'ups*) and the bald eagle (*pəqəlqín*) to quarrel by telling one that the other one claimed to be swifter and stronger than he. The two eagles fought and the boy gathered their feathers. He told his

grandmother that he would join the people who were going to make war on the sky. He was transformed into a chickadee (Ĉəsqaŋn'a?).

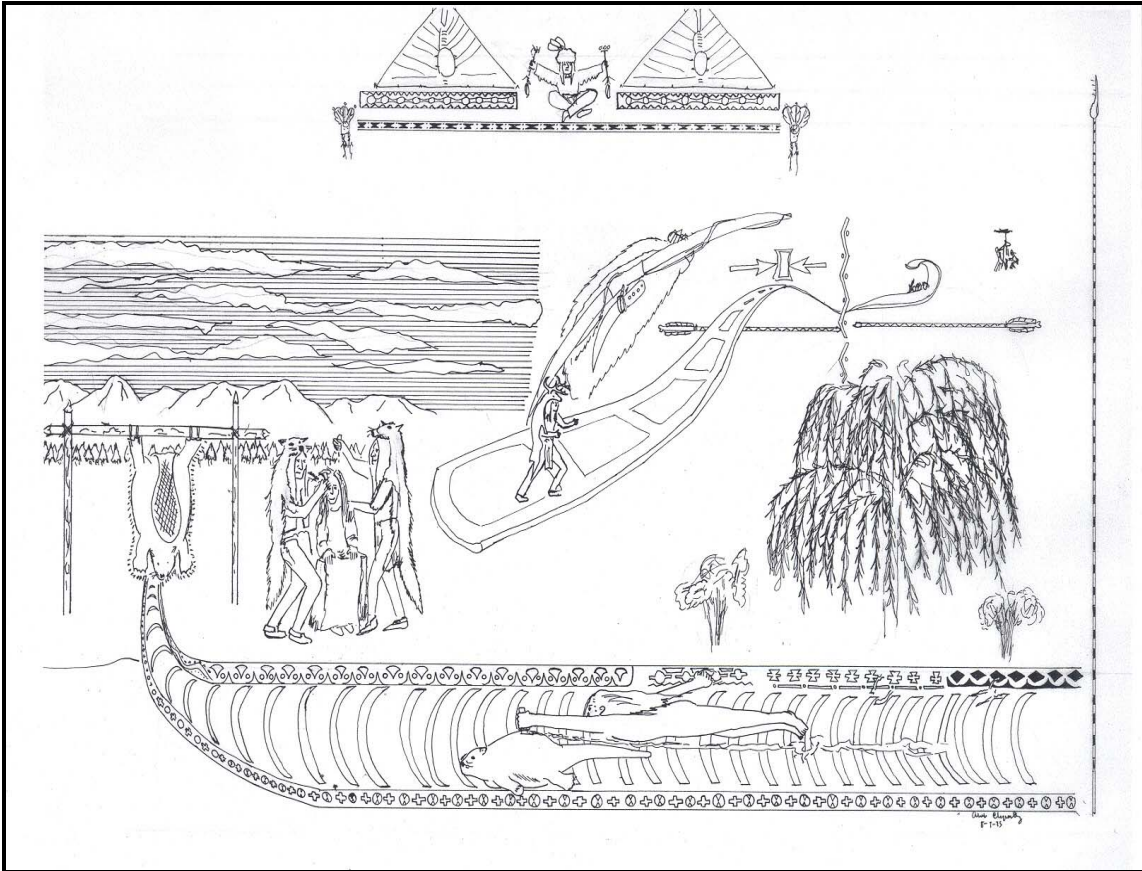


Figure 11. Beaver steals fire

12. The Origin of Fire

Once upon a time, it rained until all the fires on earth were extinguished. The animals held a council and decided to make war against the sky in order to bring back the fire. In spring the people began, and tried to shoot their arrows up to the sky. Coyote tried first, but did not succeed. Finally the Chickadee succeeded in reaching the sky. He continued to shoot, making a chain of arrows, by means of which the

animals climbed up. The last to climb was the Grizzly-Bear (kila'wna), who, on account of his weight, broke off the arrows and could not join the other animals.

When the animals reached the sky, they found themselves in a valley near a lake, where the people of the sky were fishing. Coyote wished to act as scout but was captured. Then the Muskrat dug holes along the shore of the lake and Beaver and Eagle set out to obtain the fire. Beaver entered one of the fish-traps and pretended to be dead.

They carried him to the chief's house, where the people began to skin him. At this time the Eagle alighted on a tree near the tent. When the people saw the Eagle, they ran out, and at once Beaver took a clamshell full of glowing coals and ran away. He jumped into the lake and people tried to catch him in nets, but the water was drained through the holes Muskrat had made. The animals ran back to the arrow-chain, which they found broken. Then each bird took a quadruped on its' back, and they flew down with them. Only Coyote and the Sucker were left above. Coyote tied a piece of buffalo robe to each paw and jumped down. He sailed down on the skin, and finally landed on a pine-tree.

On the following morning he showed off his wings, but was unable to take them off again and was transformed into a bat. The Sucker had to jump down and was broken to pieces. The animals fitted his bones together and since some were missing, they put pine-needles into its tail. Therefore, the sucker has many bones.

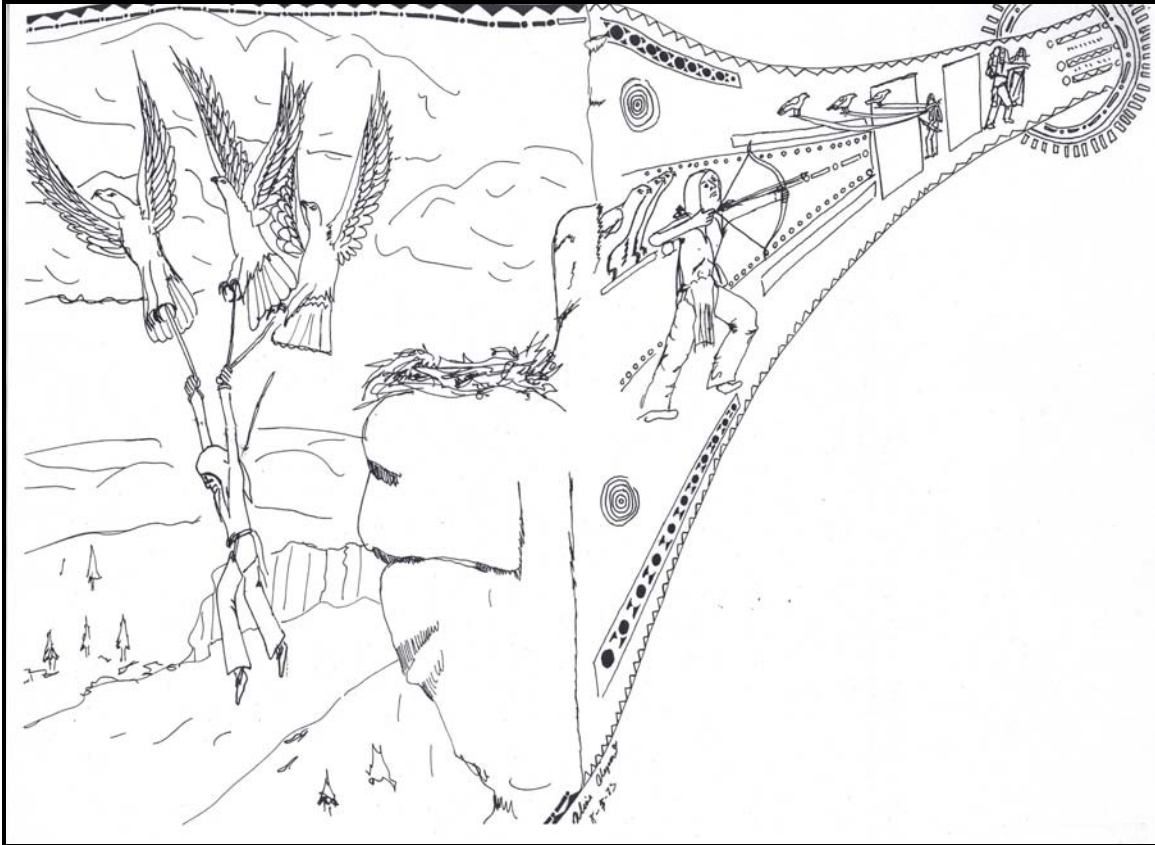


Figure 12. Hail-Storm carried gently down by the Eagles

13. The Eagles

Bald-Headed Eagle (pəqəlqín) fell in love with the wife of his elder brother Hail-Storm (sc'əc'al'úsn't). One day Bald-Head found an eagle's nest between Omak Lake and Omak Creek. He asked his brother to accompany him and to get feathers for a head-dress. The brothers made a rope, and Hail-Storm let down his elder brother to the ledge on which the eagle's nest was located. There his brother deserted him. He found the young eagles in the nest, and a dead groundhog which the old eagles had left there. When the mother eagle returned, she attacked the man, who, however, succeeded in catching her wing and tying her. Three days

later the male eagle appeared, and he tied him also. Then he tied the young eagles to the same rope, jumped down, and was carried down safely by the eagles. After he had returned, his friends killed the treacherous brother.

14. The Poisoned Arrows

An old woman warned her daughter not to go up a brook when picking service-berries, because a female grizzly bear (kila'wna), lived there and would attack her. Since berries grew thick and large there, the girl disobeyed. While she picked berries, the grizzly killed her. Her unborn child was laid upon a rock and left unharmed.

When the young woman did not return, her grandmother searched for her and found the infant boy. She took him home and cared for him. She named him Hesken (x̄əsq'in). When he was a year old, she told him of his mother's death, and always kept the idea of revenge before him.

When he was twelve years old, she wanted to test his courage, and sent him at night to a rock of supernatural power, which he was to mark with a painting of his own design. The next day she went to look, and found that he had drawn a grizzly bear's head.

A summer and winter passed. Then he was sent across two mountain-ranges, across two valleys, and to a high peak. There he built a monument, and remained twelve days without eating or sleeping. Then his guardian-spirit came to him in the form of a bird, and a song was given to him. He became very brave. He was told by a voice where to find

poison with which to tip his arrows to revenge his mother's death.

He returned to his grandmother. She inquired what he had learned, but he refused to tell her until after he had revenged his mother. She suspected that he had obtained power, and she instructed him in the knowledge of magical power that she herself possessed.

Then she sent him to a distant mountain on which dwelt in a cave a huge supernatural snake. "When you enter the cave," she said, "do not be afraid, although his eyes shoot forth lightning and his tongue flame."

The boy went to the cave and saw the great snake, which lay coiled in the center. The Snake spoke to him; and he answered, "I am not afraid of you, for you are the spirit of my grandfather, and I have come to you for poison with which to tip my arrows to avenge my mother's death."

The Snake saw that he had courage and knowledge. He took a tooth from his mouth and offered it to him. The boy refused it. It was not what he wanted. He put his arms around the Snake's neck and begged for the real poison. Another tooth was offered him, but that also was refused. He begged for the deadliest one the Snake had. Then the Snake gave him a front tooth, saying, "Touched with that poison, a victim gives one look and dies."

Hesken (xəsq'in) returned home, and cut wood for his bow-stave, and service bushes for his arrows. He made arrows, and covered the flint tips with poison taken from the snake-tooth. His grandmother asked why he made five arrows when he needed but one. He replied that he needed five. She asked, "Why don't you make more, then?" He replied, "I need but five."

In the spring of the year he climbed a mountain, and on the summit found a dim trail made by five sisters. He did not see any tracks, and waited under a pine-tree, after while he climbed the tree, but saw nothing.

Upon descending, he met an old woman named (skəm'xist), who told him of a war-dance to be held at her house. He begged to be allowed to accompany her. She refused because there were five sisters there who did not like strangers. Finally she consented to let him go along, and told him to stand behind her back.

When they stepped into the lodge, there was a heavy growl. Three of the sisters asked if there was a human being near. When the sisters saw Hesken (xəsq'in), they tried to frighten him, but the old woman (skəm'xist) defended him. The eldest sister, grizzly (kil'awna), began a chant telling of her intention to destroy every human being in the spring. The old woman (skəm'xist) told the others to bring salmon and give Hesken (xəsq'in) something to eat.

They gave him camas. He thought, "Camas that is what my mother dug; salmon that is what my father caught." He began to grow very angry. Grizzly (kil'awna) continued her chant: "I will kill and tear to pieces every human being I meet, and scatter his body over the face of the earth." Hesken (xəsq'in) chanted after her, "I will kill and tear to pieces every grizzly bear I meet, and scatter his body over the face of the earth."

This made the woman angry, and she would have attacked him if the old woman (skəm'xist) had not been there. Before daybreak, while the bears slumbered, Hesken (xəsq'in) stole out and returned to the tree. He climbed it and waited. At sunrise the eldest sister came out of the den.

She felt depressed and sad, and the tears rolled from her eyes. As she climbed the trail and passed under the pine-tree, Hesken (x̣əsq'in) whistled. She looked up, and he killed her with one of his poisoned arrows. Then he came down, cut off her feet, and threw them to the four winds. He scattered them so far, that they could not return to devour the Indians of that place.

The next morning her sister came out and climbed the trail. He shot her in the same manner. On the third and fourth days he killed two more of the sisters. On the fifth day the last one came out, but she did not climb the trail. She turned and went off through the forest. Hesken (x̣əsq'in) did not go in pursuit. He decided not to destroy the whole grizzly-bear race. As he descended the mountain, he met a black bear. She told him that she was the old woman (skəm'xist) and was the spirit of his mother. "I was allowed to protect you from the grizzly bears. Now that my death has been avenged, I am well pleased with your courage." Then she went away. Hesken (x̣əsq'in) went back to his grandmother, and told her all she had wished to know. She gave a great feast in his honor.

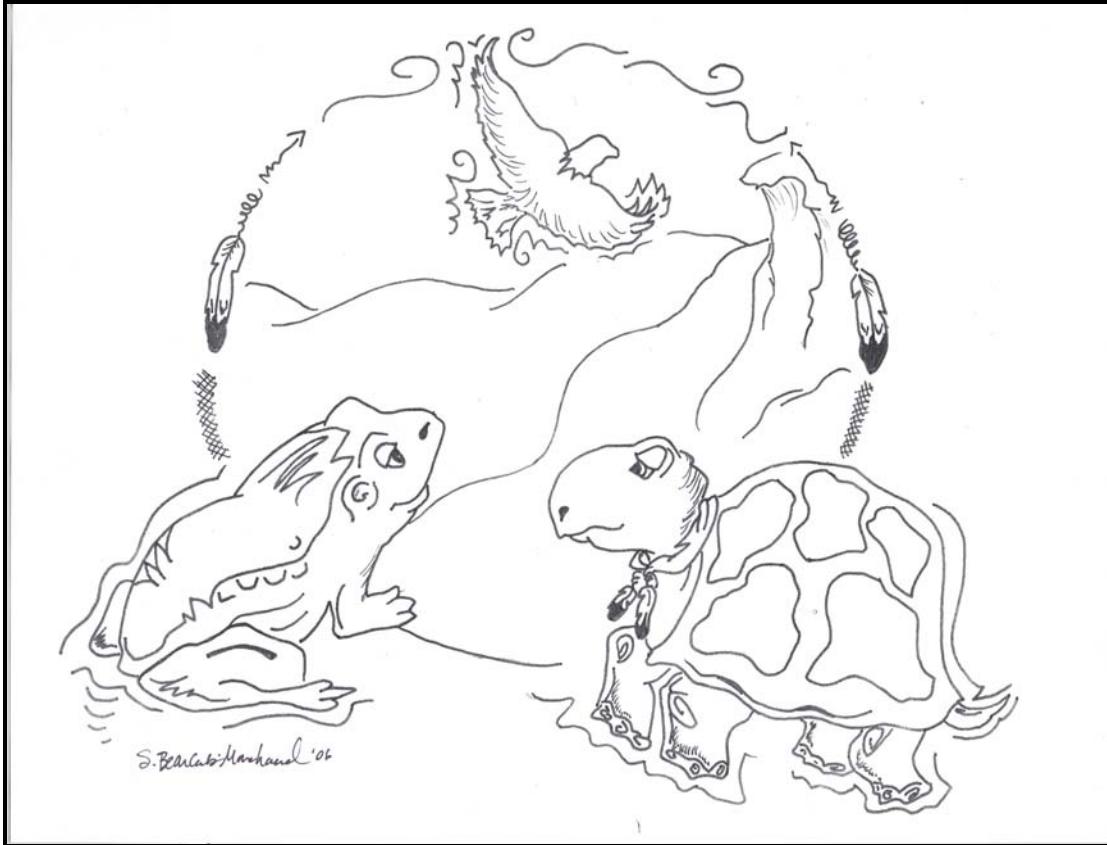


Figure 13. The Race between Turtle and Frog

15. The Race between Turtle and Frog

At one time there was a race proposed between Turtle (ʕars'ík^m) and Frog (sw'ar'ak'xn'). All the people bet that Frog would win. Mud-Turtle asked for three days to let his friends know about the race. The race-course was very uneven, low and high ground, rolling meadow.

Turtle bet his back against Frog's tail. On the third day Turtle was given head start. Frog stood there taking more bets. Finally he started, and ahead in a low place he saw Turtle going out of sight. Each time he looked ahead he saw Turtle going out of sight. He hurried faster and faster, but did not overtake him. Just as he crossed the last low ground he saw Turtle over the line. He had to give up his tail. It took

six turtles to beat him, but he lost the race. Now the pollywogs have to lose their tails before they can become frogs.

16. The Origin of the Different Languages

In a certain place in the winter months, the ducks (lululo) collected in great numbers. When any one approached them, they would rise and fly away, making a whistling-noise. One morning two hunters went down to a river to kill some ducks. They had each obtained one, when a dispute arose over the question whether the whistling-noise was made with the bill or with the wings when they rose to fly. Neither could convince the other, and the words became bitter. Finally they agreed to take it to the chief, and let him settle the dispute.

The chief heard the story, and looked at the ducks. Both of them were dead and could not make any noise. Therefore he called a council to listen to the dispute. The people came from all around to deliberate. They spoke one language and had only one chief.

The ducks were brought in, and the chief explained the question. The people said, "We do not wish to be unjust, we will go to the river and hear for ourselves. These ducks can do us no good." So they went down to the river and frightened the ducks which flew over their heads. Some of the Indians said the noise was made with the bills; part said it was made with the wings. They could not agree. Therefore the ducks were made to fly once more. The people began to quarrel violently, and separated in an ugly mood.

All during the winter the feeling grew, until in spring the mutual hatred drove part of the Indians south to hunt for

new homes. This was the first division of the people into tribes. They selected a chief from their own division, and called themselves by another name.

Finding new objects, and having to give such objects names, brought new words into their former language; and thus after many years the language was changed. Each split in the tribe made a new division and brought a new chief. Each migration brought different words and meanings. Thus the tribes slowly scattered; and thus the dialects, and even new languages, were formed.

17. The Weeping Woman

Chatalem lured away hunters by her beautiful, sad wailing. She always kept at a distance from them, so that they could not see her. They followed her until they perished.

One brave hunter followed the stream to its source. Then he camped and built a sweat-house. Every morning at dawn he heated rocks and took a bath. One morning, when he came back to his tent, he saw a beautiful woman sitting in the doorway. He fell in love with her, and made up his mind to ask her to remain. However, as he approached, she rose and floated away like a cloud, wailing. He was strongly tempted to follow her, but he turned and went the other way.

Later on, she came to him when he had killed a deer. He heard her voice, but did not see her. He thought of her often. He also thought of his wife and children whom he had left at home, and tried to forget her.

One day in mid-winter he slept soundly. When he awoke, she was cooking for him. Then for the first time he saw her back. She carried a child with its head down. She told him she had come to keep him company. When he left for home, she told him to come back alone, and promised to meet him at the entrance of the forest.

In the fall of the year he prepared to go hunting. His wife wished to accompany him. At first he refused her request; but when she insisted, he told her that she might go as far as the forest.

The next year she desired to accompany him again. As before, he refused her request, but she insisted. She went as far as the forest, but then she would not return. She followed him and heard a wailing sound. She asked him what it was, but he would not tell her. Then came a high wind and a terrible storm. The man's mortal wife was killed. This made the hunter angry, and he returned at once to his own people, and did not go back to the weeping woman.

18. Təmtəmni? or the Island of Death

There was once a camp by a river. Among the people there was a handsome man, who was a brave warrior and a great hunter. He had two children. His wife was beautiful, and he loved her dearly. One day he met a very plain maiden. She attracted him. He took her for his wife, and put her in another tent. He took most of his meat to her.

Then the first wife and his children grew hungry. The younger child cried. Then the mother sent her son to his father for meat. The boy went to the tent and stood in the doorway. When his father asked him what he wanted, he

said that they were hungry. He was sent back without any food, and the new wife laughed.

The boy returned, and told his mother that he had been rebuffed and scolded, and that his father's new wife had laughed at him. His mother listened to his words, took a deer's antler, and whittled three sharp bones out of it. With two of these she killed her children while they were asleep. The last one she drove into her own breast.

In the morning the grandmother of the children came with food, and found them dead. She raised a wail, and the people came to see what had happened. Then the father was grieved. He took his bow and arrows and left the camp.

He crossed the plain, and came to a river in which was a large island. He saw canoes and camps on it, but he did not see any signs of life. He became sleepy. One tent on the island was open. A woman came out, boarded a canoe, and paddled across. He recognized his first wife, who took him across. They landed, and she pulled the canoe up on shore. She took him into the large tent. Inside there were only skeletons. He saw his children's skeletons. Then he saw that his wife too was a skeleton. He looked at himself, and he saw that he had no flesh. He had crossed the River of Death.

19. Starvation

One winter there was a very heavy snow, and the people were starving. A man lived alone with his wife and children. On account of the snow he was unable to kill any game. One night when he returned, he heard his wife saying to the children, "Your father may bring us some nice meat to-day." He felt very much downcast when he heard this,

and went back without entering the tent. He lay down to sleep, and in his dream he heard a voice saying, "Don't leave this place! Awake, and look towards the rising sun!" When he awoke and the sun rose, an elk appeared which he shot. Whenever he needed meat, an elk would appear. In this way they lived through the winter.

II. Folk-Tales of Salishan and Sahaptin Tribes, Okanogan Tales

(By James A. Teit, Edited by Franz Boas, 1917)

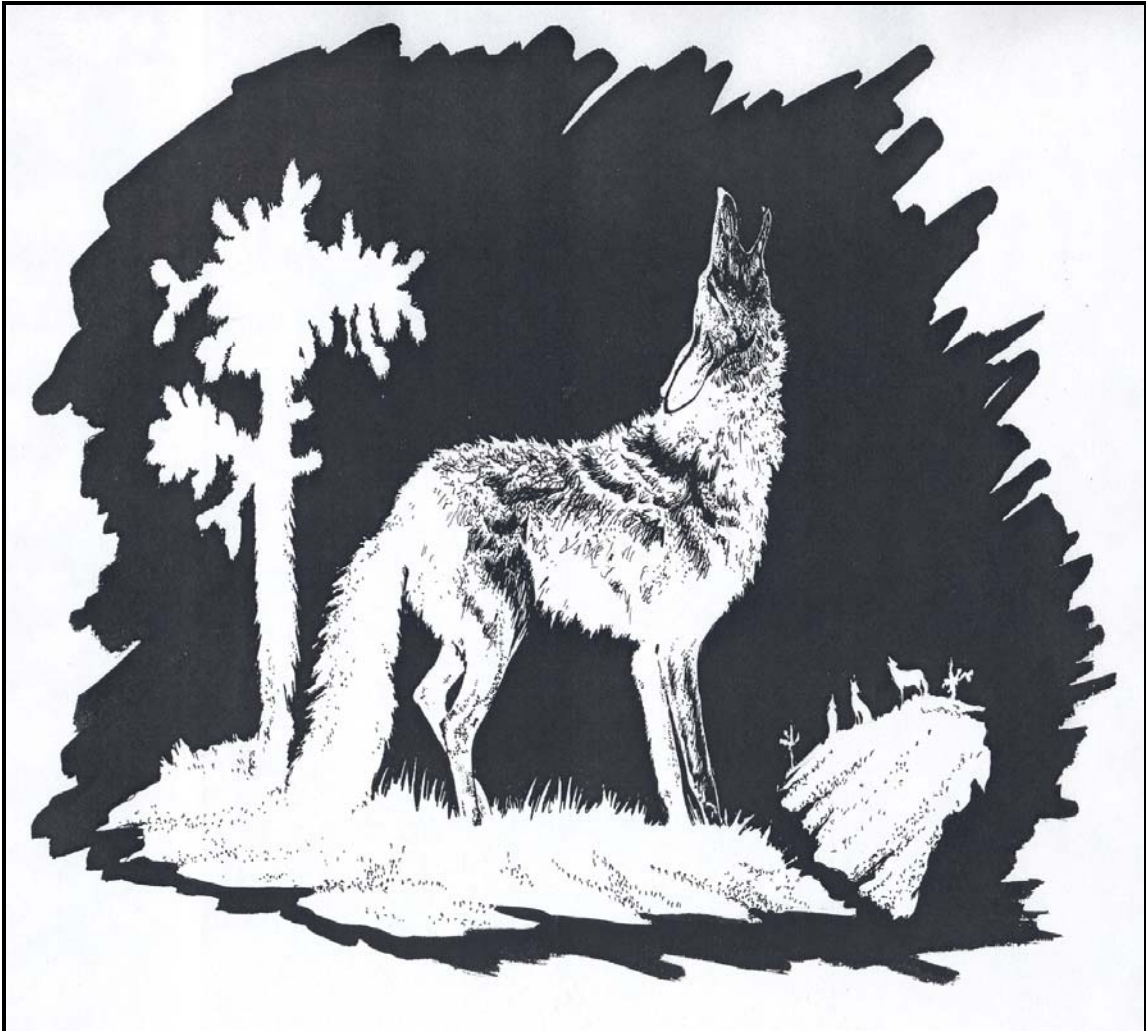


Figure 14. How Coyote got his name and power

20. Coyote (snk'a?líp)

Coyote (snk'a?líp) was sent by Chief to set the world in order. Chief saw that the people were having a hard time and were preyed upon by many evil beings. They were about to be killed off. Chief did not want the people to be

exterminated, so he sent Coyote to help them. He endowed him with great magical power, so that he could surmount all obstacles. He gave him power to transform evil beings, and he gave him wisdom and cunning. He also gave to Coyote's excrements the power to be his friends and advisers. He told him to travel all over the world and to set it right. Coyote had to travel much and to work hard. Chief said that when Coyote's work was finished, he would meet him, see his work, and then give him a rest.

21. Origin of the Columbia River

Coyote (snk'a?líp) was traveling, and heard water dropping. He said, "I will go and beat it." He sat down near it, and cried, "Hox-hox-hox hox!" in imitation of water dripping. He tried four times, but the noise never ceased. He became angry, arose, and kicked the place where the water dropped. The noise ceased. He thought he had beaten it, and laughed, saying, "I beat you. No more shall water drip thus and make a noise."

Shortly after he had gone, the water began to drip as before. He became angry, and said, "Did I not say water shall not run and make a noise?" The water was coming after him, and increased in volume as it flowed. He kept on running; but still he heard the noise of water, and was much annoyed. Now he traveled along the edge of a plateau. There was no water there, nor trees. He looked down into the coulee, but everywhere it was dry. It was warm, and he became very thirsty. He heard the noise of water, but saw none. Then he looked again down into the coulee, and saw a

small creek flowing along the bottom. It seemed a long distance away. He went down and drank his fill.

He ascended again, but had barely reached the top when he became thirsty. He heard more noise of water, and, looking over the edge, saw a large creek running.

He went down, drank his fill, and ascended again, but had not reached the top when he was thirsty, as before. He thought, "Where can I drink?" The water was following him. He went to the edge of a bench and looked down. A small river was now running below.

He descended and drank. He wondered that much water was running where there had been none before. The more he drank, the sooner he became thirsty again. The fourth time he became thirsty he was only a little way from the water.

He was angry, and turned back to drink. The water had now risen to a good-sized river, so that he had not far to go. He said, "What may be the matter? I am always thirsty now. There is no use of my going away. I will walk along the edge of the water."

He did so; but as he was still thirsty, he said, "I will walk in the water." The water reached up to his knees. This did not satisfy him; and every time after drinking, he walked deeper, first up to the waist, then up to the arms. Then he said, "I will swim, so that my mouth will be close to the water, and I can drink all the time."

Finally he had drunk so much that he lost consciousness. Thus the water got even with Coyote for kicking it; and thus from a few drops of water originated the Columbia River.

22. Coyote and the Water or Rain

Once Coyote was traveling somewhere south of the Columbia River. He was going down a coulee in which there was no water. The weather was very hot, and he felt very hot and dry. He saw a large rock, and said, "I will rest in its shade."

When he did so, the rock began to crack and lean over, and Coyote became afraid and ran away. After a while he saw a tree, and thought he would rest in its shade. He sat down under it; but it began to creak and lean over, so he ran away.

He looked at the sky, but saw no clouds. He said, "I wish a cloud would come!" Soon a cloud came up and shaded him. He said, "That is not enough. I want many clouds." Soon the sky became overcast, but it was still hot. Then he wished for rain. A little rain came. He said, "I want much rain." It began to pour down.

He said, "I want a creek, so that my feet may be cool." A creek ran, and he walked in it. He said, "That is not enough. I want a river, so that I may be cool and drink easily." A river ran then. It reached to his chin, and carried him away to a distant country, where he floated ashore quite exhausted, and lay on the bank. The ravens, crows, magpies, and buzzards came to feed on him, thinking he was dead. He got up and chased them away.

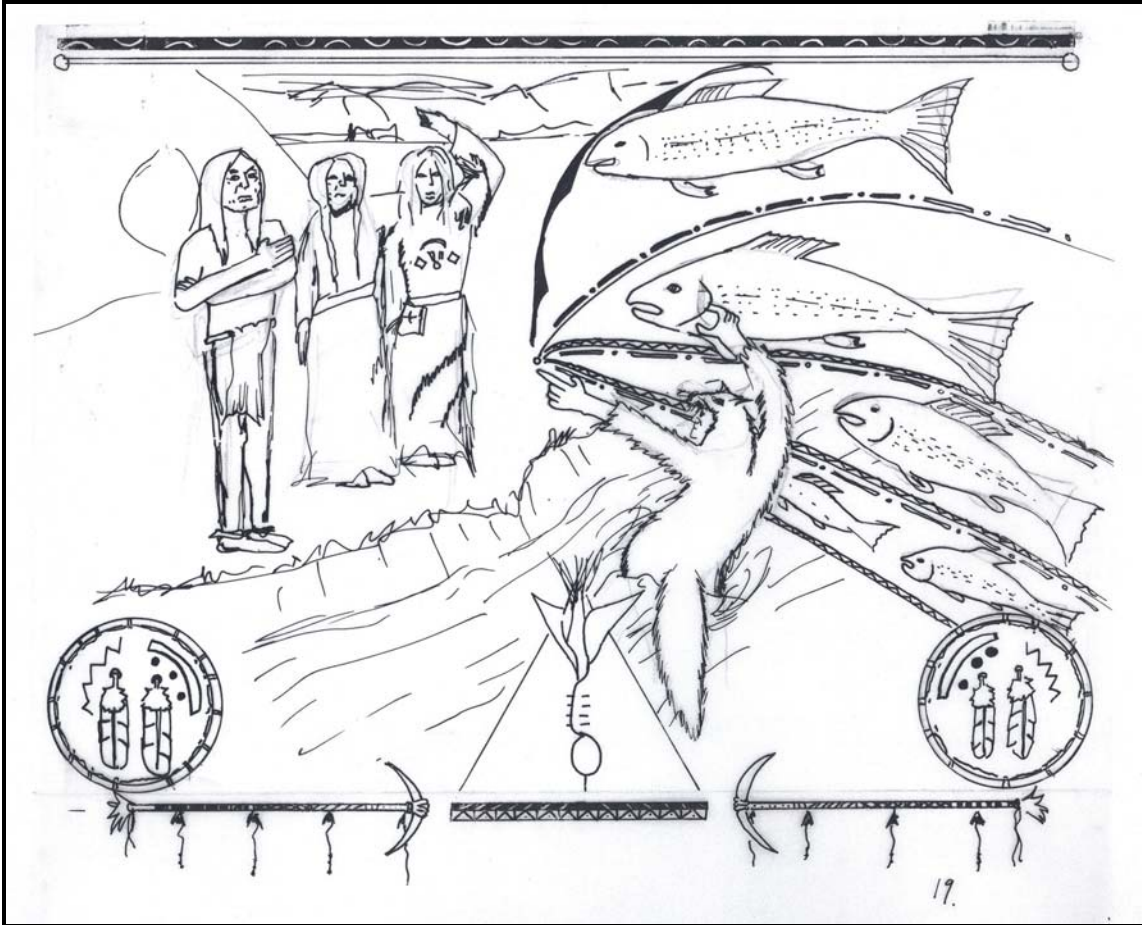


Figure 15. Coyote steals salmon

23. Introduction of Salmon

Now, there was a large river, and Coyote floated along in it. After drifting a long time, he regained consciousness. When he discovered himself in the middle of a large, swift-running river, he became afraid, and changed himself into a small canoe.

Now, away down below, somewhere above the place where Portland is now, and where there is a fall in the river, there lived the two (we'lwil) sisters, who owned a weir that extended across the stream. Below the weir the river was full of salmon; while above it, in the interior, there were none.

The Indians above the weir knew nothing of salmon at that time. They lived on game, roots, and berries. Coyote which still had the form of a canoe bottom up, struck the weir and remained there.

In the morning the two sisters came out to clean the weir of driftwood which had floated against it, for the river was very high. They saw the small canoe bottom up; and the younger one said, "We must save it. It will make a fine dish for us to hold our salmon in." The elder sister said, "Do not touch it. It has been made by some one. Possibly it is Coyote."

The younger sister took it home and put boiled salmon into it. Then the sisters went out root-digging; and when they returned, the salmon in the dish had disappeared, and also some of the fish that they had been drying.

The elder sister said, "I told you!" The younger sister became angry, and tried to break the dish on a rock. As she was about to do so, the dish in her hands assumed the shape of a baby, which began to cry. She took pity on it, and said, "Oh, he will make a nice younger brother for us!" Coyote grew fast; and when the women went root-digging, they tied him up in the house.

When they were out of sight, he unfastened himself, and ate their roots and their dried salmon. On their return he tied himself up, and appeared quiet and meek. The women would say, "How good our younger brother is!" Coyote planned to break the women's weir and to let the salmon pass up river.

The fourth day, when they were out digging roots, the root-digger of the elder sister broke. She was surprised, and said, "There is something wrong. My root-digger should not have broken. It was made of very strong wood. Let us go

home! Something has happened. Perhaps our younger brother has fallen into the water." They hastened home.

Meanwhile Coyote had put a sheep's-horn spoon on his head and was breaking the weir. It was nearly broken when the women arrived. The elder one said, "I told you so! We have been fooled by Coyote." They rushed at him, and beat him over the head with sticks; but he kept on working faster than ever. The horn spoon protected him from their blows. When the weir was broken, he ran up the opposite bank, and the king-salmon were ascending the river in great numbers. The sisters sat down on the bank and wept. They cried, "You have stolen our salmon for your Coyote people! You people of Coyotes! You are all Coyote people! You are bad people!" He answered, "You thought you had a little boy, a little brother. You thought he knew nothing, but he was greater than you!" Then he transformed them into bird's sandpipers, saying, "Henceforth you shall be (we'lwil) birds, and shall run by the water's edge. You shall no longer have control over salmon. Salmon shall henceforth run up the river."

The place where the weir was is now a fall in the river. Coyote walked along the river-bank, and the salmon followed him. He became hungry, and wanted to eat salmon. He said, "I wish the king-salmon to jump ashore!" A king-salmon jumped out; but it was a rocky place, and smooth, and the fish was so slimy that he could not hold it. Thus it slipped back into the water.

Again he wished; but the shore was clayey, and the same happened. The fourth time the fish jumped on a sandy shore, and there he managed to catch it. He cooked the salmon, and, after eating his fill, wrapped the rest up and carried it on his back.

As he went along, he asked a young girl at every camp to marry him; but they all refused. Their mothers advised them to take him, because Coyote had plenty of the new, fine kind of food. Then Coyote thought, "The Similkameen girls will have me. They are rather poor." He left the salmon at the mouth of the Similkameen River, and went up alone.

He met the people above, and asked one of their daughters in marriage. All the old people gathered together to consider his proposal. He told them, "If I marry a girl here, I shall always give you plenty of salmon." They asked the girls one after another, but all refused him because he was so ugly. The old people did not like to offend him by telling him what the girls said: so they said, "You know that salmon is not our food. The back of the head of the mountain-ram is our food. We are afraid of strange food." Coyote said, "Very well, you shall have plenty of that, sheep shall be numerous here, but salmon you shall not have. You will have to travel long distances to obtain your salmon."

He returned, and made small, poor fish, such as sucker's, to run up the Similkameen River. He said, "No salmon shall run up this river." So he made a barrier to prevent them from passing. Then he led the salmon up the Okanogan River to the falls. Above this place he asked to marry a maiden, but the people did not want him: so he made a rock barrier there at the falls that the salmon should not ascend to the people above.

He returned to the mouth of the Okanogan River, and ascended the Columbia. The salmon followed wherever he went. He came to a place called q'al'ácmən (near present day Box Canyon). Here all the old people wanted to marry their daughters to him. He was glad, and made a fine salmon-

fishing place by contracting the river so that the rocks almost met in the middle.

He smoothed and flattened the tops of the rocks, so that the children could play there. He also made a salmon-weir. When he had finished, he learned that the girls would not have him.

Then he became angry, and kicked the weir, so that it broke and drifted downstream. Then he thought, "The girl alone is bad. It is not the old people's fault. They were good to me." So he left the place as he had made it, and people have always been able to capture salmon there.

Then he went up Nespe'lim Creek. Here the same happened as before. The people accepted him, and the girl was good to me. There shall always be some salmon here." His little daughter was walking with him at this place, and he transformed her into a stone.

Then he went to (spu qinx) Spokane. At a place called (sʔ'əʔátkʷ) Spokane the same happened. He made a canyon, saying, "The girl was bad; but the old people were kind, and thought much of me. People shall always get salmon here during part of the summer."

Then he went to (snxʷaʔmínaʔx) Lower Spokane. Here he asked a salmon to jump ashore. After cooking it and eating half, he threw the rest into the river. It was transformed into a rock which looks like the side of a king-salmon. There are other rocks there which were made from scraps of the salmon.

Coyote went on, and came to (sʔ'əʔátkʷ) Spokane where the town of Spokane now is. Here he found a barrier across the stream, and began to dig it away. He had dug a large hole, when he thought, "Perhaps the people above are bad and will not give me a wife. Why should I favor them?"

He went there and saw the people who refused him. Then Coyote left the hole the way it was. It forms now Spokane Falls, and not many salmon go up there. Therefore the (ski c' u?x) Coeur d' Alène have no salmon.

He returned to a place called (st' əqəm cínx) Palouse. He was hungry, and asked a salmon to jump ashore. A king-salmon did so; and after catching and cooking it, and eating his fill, he threw the leavings into the water. The pieces of salmon became rocks, which form a circle at this place, and make an eddy. He said, "Henceforth people shall find king salmon dead at this place. Some salmon of the first run will always die here."

He left the Spokane River, and journeyed up the Columbia until he reached (sǎw i?y' i?tp) Colville. Here a stream enters the Columbia, across which the people had a weir for catching fish. The latter were very small. The people expected Coyote to come, and had ordered two of their daughters to marry him. They said, "He has much fine food, which will do us good. We shall get fine large fish if you take him." They were the (q' wəftəm' ayn) Wolverine people.

Coyote had heard what they thought, so he hurried there as soon as he arrived. The old people met him, and said, "Come in and sit between your wives!" They made room for him, and he sat down between the girls, who thus accepted him as their husband. The people said, "We are very poor, and have no good fish to offer you." Coyote excused himself, saying he must defecate, and went outside. He went to the salmon, and caught two king-salmon, which he put into Wolverine's fish-trap or weir. The next morning, when Wolverine went to look at the weir, he found them, and was very glad. Each morning more king salmon were in Wolverine's weir. The people wondered. They considered

Coyote a great man, and the salmon fine food. All the people gathered there to fish.

The other people said to Wolverine, "If you had not given your daughters to Coyote, we should have given him ours." They were lying. Near this place Coyote made a dam across the river, and there he showed the people the methods of fishing with dip-nets and spears.

III. Sanpoil Folk Tales

(Verne Ray, 1933)

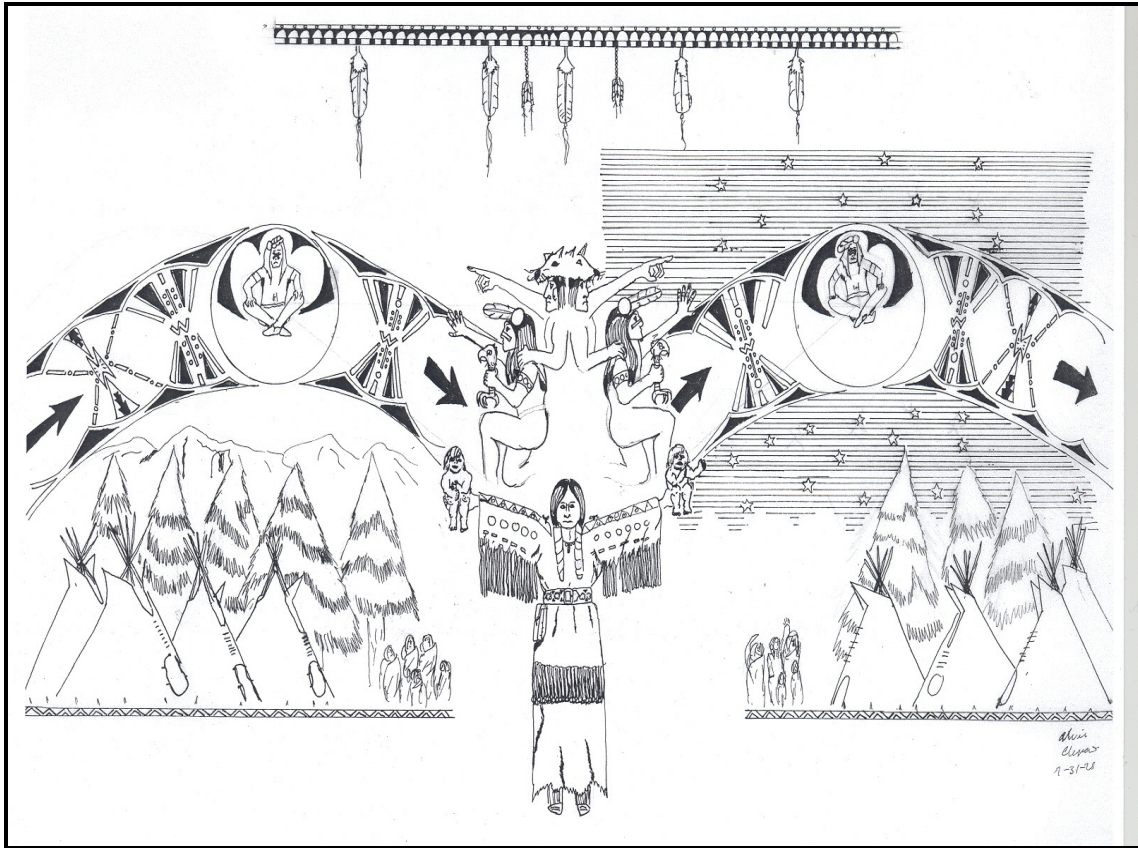


Figure 16. Sun and Moon

24. Origin of the Sun and Moon

Told by William Burke, Sanpoil, 1930

A brother and sister were living together, alone. Each day the boy used to go out and spear (ntiti?yix) salmon from the platform that he had built. One day he got stingy. He didn't take the salmon home. He cooked and ate it himself. He placed the salmon eggs around his leg and wrapped them there. When he got home he told his sister that he didn't get any salmon.

The next morning the brother went out fishing again. His sister fixed his bed. She found the salmon eggs in the bedding. Then she knew that her brother had eaten the salmon himself. She decided to leave her brother. She went away. She crossed the river. Her brother saw her. He called to her to come back. She told him that he was too stingy and that she wouldn't stay with him. Her brother told her that he would always feed her after that, and that he would never keep the salmon for himself. But she paid no attention and went on. Her brother began to cry.

She went along. She found some pitch gum and chewed on it. Then she made a tule cradle and put it on her back. She put the gum into the cradle. It was a boy. In a little while he grew up. He went fishing each morning before sunrise. But he couldn't walk; his mother had to carry him down to the stream each morning. A little while later, still before sunrise, she went and got him. One morning he was catching many salmon and his mother was very busy. She forgot to get him. When she remembered and went down she only found a pile of pitch.

She went along. She thought she would make another son. She came to a lake and gathered tules. She made five tule basket cradles of different sizes. She put them one inside the other. Then she built a fire. She put a big rock on the fire. When it got hot and began to crack she held the cradles so that a hot chip fell into the inside. It burned through one cradle and fell into the next one, then the next one, until it reached the fourth one. By that time the chip had cooled so that it didn't burn through. She tipped up the cradle and it fell into the last one. Then it began to cry. She looked down and saw that it was a baby boy with only one

eye. "That's good enough," she thought. "He can take care of me."

The boy went around and fished and hunted and caught all kinds of game. One day he said to his mother, "You ought to get a brother for me. I get lonesome going around alone all the time." So his mother got some roots called (sməts nál q^w) desert parsley. She opened the ashes of the fireplace and threw the roots in and covered them up. They started to laugh. Then she uncovered them with a stick. The first one was a girl. She didn't want a girl so she threw her away. The next was a boy, which she wanted. He was a good looking fellow.

Both of the boys had names. The younger was spux^wwaʔnika; the older was st'ik^wastəl't, one-eye. There were two brothers then. They went around together hunting, fishing. They heard that the people were trying to make a sun and moon. They decided to help. They told their mother they were going away. One was going to be the sun and the other the moon. They told their mother that if they succeeded they would not be back-home again. But she could see one in the sky in the daytime and the other at night.

The people had gathered, many of them, to put up a sun. They had sun but they were going to change it. The brothers went to the place where the people were camped. They were good looking fellows. The people started to talk about them. One of them had only one eye, but he was good looking anyway. Toad was camped a little way off from the rest. She wondered how she could get to see the young strangers. She went outside and urinated into the sky. It began to rain and kept it up until the ground was flooded and all the camp fires were put out. The brothers had no

place to go. They just stood around outside in the cold. Then they saw smoke coming from Toad's lodge. They decided to go over. When they got there they found a big fire burning and everything dry inside.

"Well, auntie," they said, "we'd like to come in and warm ourselves." "I haven't any relatives," Toad (smi?na'p) said. "Well, what should we call you then?" one of the brothers asked. Toad jumped to the cheek of the younger brother and put her arms around his neck. She said, "Call me wife. I'm your wife. That's the kind of a relative I'd like to be." The brother told her to get down and sit beside him but she wouldn't do it. The other brother tried to pry her away with a stick, but he couldn't do it. The spux^wwa?nika held his head near the fire and tried to get her so hot that she would have to move but he couldn't. That is how she got the blisters she now has on her back.

The people were still trying to make a sun. They tried many animals and birds. Something was wrong with every one. It was either too cloudy, or too hot, or too cold. Then they tried Woodpecker. As soon as the sun rose it was so hot that the rocks broke open. The people spent their time in the water all day long. They decided that Woodpecker (k^wəl^wəla'ʕkn) wouldn't do. Then they decided to put Crane up. They took Woodpecker down and put up Crane. When his bill came up the sun rose. Then came his neck. When only half of his body was over the horizon it was moon. When his bill had reached the west his feet were just rising. The people said to each other that the day would be too long. It wouldn't do. So they took down Crane. Then someone suggested that they use Coyote. "That's fine," everybody agreed. So they put up Coyote. When he rose in the morning and saw what people were doing down on

earth he told everyone. He kept this up. No one could do anything without Coyote telling everyone. "This won't do," the people said. "In times to come people must be able to do certain things without others knowing it." So they took down Coyote.

Then the people inquired about the two strangers in camp. Someone said that Toad had them. The people went after them. "All right," said spux^wwa[?]nika. "You, brother, be the sun, and I'll be the moon even though I have this Toad on me." He told his brother to be the sun because it would shine so brightly that people would not be able to see that he had only one eye. The people tried One-eye for sun. When he rose it was all right, it was all right until noon, and it was all right until sunset. "That sun will do," the people said. "Now we'll try his younger brother as moon." When he rose it was not very light, but it wasn't too cold. Toad could still be seen on his face.

Coyote had laughed at everyone who had tried to be sun. "Even I," he said, "even I couldn't make it."

25. Wolf Straightens His Sister's Hair

Told by William Burke, Sanpoil, 1930

There were two brothers. They were Wolves. They were living with their sister. Their sister had curly hair. The brothers wanted to make her hair straight. They tried to think of a way to do it. They killed one animal after another. Each time they took the oil from the animal and put it on her hair, hoping that her hair would become straight, but it stayed as curly as ever. Then they killed one kind of a fish after another, and tried the oil from each, until every kind

had been tried, but it did no good. They were trying to make their sister look pretty. That's why they wanted to straighten her hair. Finally they decided to kill the Dangerous Being, Beaver (stunx sqəl'aw'), and try the oil from him. The elder brother went to the head of the river. He found Beaver coming out of his hole. Wolf had hidden beside the river, and when Beaver came by he stuck his knife into him. Wolf (nc'íʔcn) hung onto the knife and Beaver carried him downstream.

Before Wolf left to go up the river, he told his younger brother and his sister that they should watch the sky in the east. "If the sky is a clear blue," he had said, "it will mean that I have been killed. But if it is cloudy, and the clouds are streaked, it will mean that I have killed Beaver. In that case you may go down to the stream."

Beaver carried Wolf downstream as fast as he could swim. All the bushes and all the trees along the bank called out to Wolf to grasp hold of them. He grasped each one as he passed, but everything that he took hold of came out by the roots. Finally he came to Clematis (q'əc'asnína). Clematis had come down the way from the top of the mountain to the side of the stream to help Wolf. Wolf grabbed Clematis, but soon it began to break. First it broke near the top. Wolf took a new grasp, but it continued to break, all the way to the roots. Wolf was carried on downstream. He was sure that all hope was lost now, and that he would be carried all the way to the ocean.

At home Wolf's sister was saying to her brother, "Let's go down to the stream now. See! The clouds in the sky are drifting into layers already." "No," her brother said, "the sky is still blue. We must not go down yet."

Wolf and Beaver came to Red Willow (stəkəcx^wíɫp) who said, "Hang on to me." Wolf took hold, but Red Willow broke loose.

Before Beaver had started downstream with Wolf, there had been no brush along the river. All of the bushes and trees had come to help Wolf out.

Wolf came to Joint Grass (yiʔc'íʔstn). Joint Grass told Wolf to take hold. Wolf did as he was asked. Beaver couldn't break Joint Grass. Joint Grass squeaked and squeaked and squeaked. Soon Beaver came to the surface. He couldn't break Joint Grass. He was dead.

The sky became streaked with dark lines. The girl told her brother to look at the sky. They rushed down to the river. All three went back to camp, carrying Beaver. They took the fat from Beaver and rubbed it on the girl's hair. Her hair became perfectly straight. She was a very good looking girl after that.

Then Deer came along. He saw the girl, and saw that she was good looking. He decided to try to get her. He asked Wolf if he could marry his sister. Wolf said he could. After that Deer lived with the three. They regularly went out hunting together. One day the oldest brother asked his sister to make moccasins for the three. She made three pairs: one good pair, with pointed toes; and two pairs, one for each of her brothers, simply cut in an oval shape and sewed together, with round toes. Then she gave each one his moccasins. Her husband was well pleased with his. Wolf picked up the ones she had given him, looked at them then looked at those of his brother-in-law. He saw that they were pointed and well made. That made him angry. The next day they all went out hunting. Wolves decided to kill their brother-in-law. But he managed to get away from them.

The Wolf said to Deer, "In times to come, you will not always get away from people. Sometimes people will kill you." That is why now-a-days sometimes a deer can be killed easily, but at other times gets away.

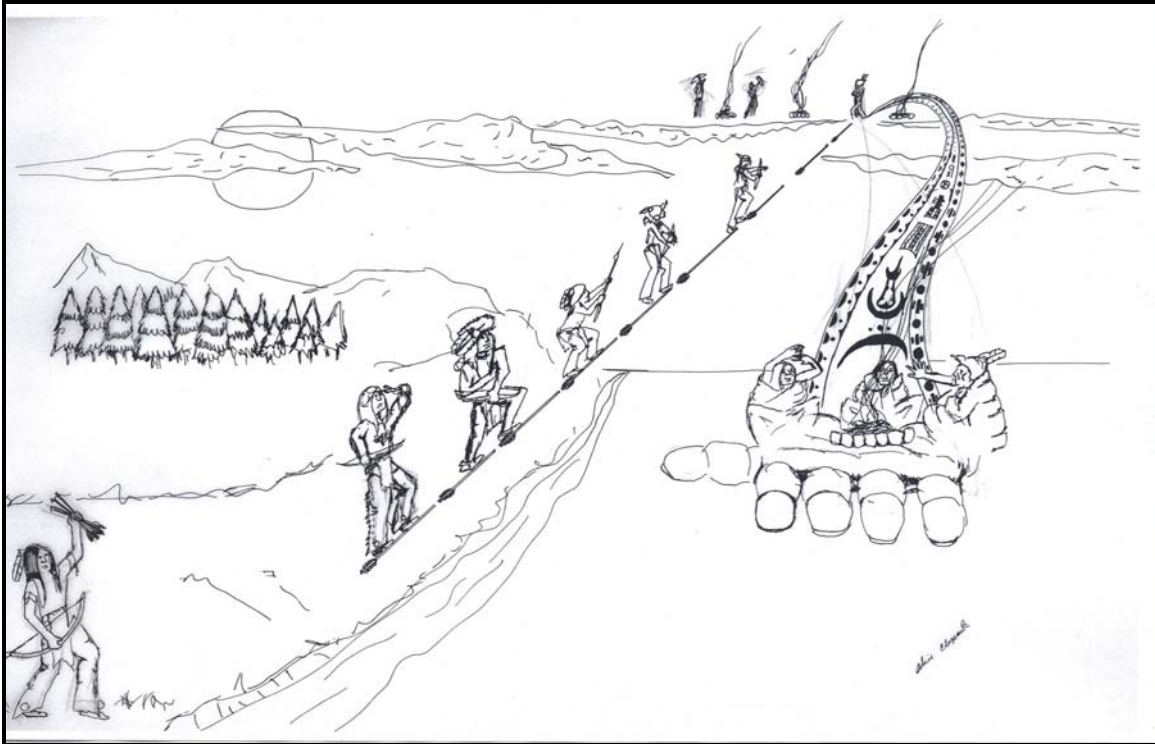


Figure 17. Chain of arrows

26. Arrow Chain and Theft of Fire

(First Version) Told by John Tom, Sanpoil, 1928

All the Animals were on the earth. They had no fire at that time. All that they could do was to travel around. The chief spoke to the people: "Let's go up to the sky country. Maybe we can get fire. Send the news around to all the people." The people all gathered together. The chief said to them. "Make bows, each one of you and many arrows. Then come together and shoot at the sky. All the

people will shoot at the sky. We'll see if anyone can hit the sky. We'll see if we can make the arrows reach the earth. Then we'll climb up to the sky country. We'll steal some fire from the sky people." The people all made long, strong bows. They made many, many arrows until there were big piles of them. Then they all came together at one place. Everyone shot at the sky. But no one was able to hit it.

Woodpecker (k^wəl^wəl'aʃkn') was going along the river. He saw Elk (sník'əʃc'aʔ) coming on the other side. Woodpecker flew over. Elk started across the river. Woodpecker flew down and lit on Elk's neck. When Elk was half way across the river he noticed Woodpecker. Woodpecker had a little knife. He cut Elk's neck with it. Elk stopped. He fell dead. Woodpecker cut him open. He took out a rib to make a bow. He made a rib bow. Then he made some service berry arrows. "What can I do for some feathers for the arrows?" he wondered. Then he saw Golden Eagle. He saw Bald Eagle. He told Bald Eagle that Golden Eagle had been talking about him. So Golden Eagle and Bald Eagle began to fight. They flew high into the air. Many feathers dropped down. Woodpecker spread out a blanket and gathered all of the feathers. He took all of the feathers, home with him. Then he fixed up all of his arrows with feathers. He had two big bags full of arrows. Then Woodpecker wondered. "What can I do for points for the arrows?" His grandmother told him to go and see Flint Rock and Hard Rock. Woodpecker went. He did the same thing again. Flint Rock and Hard Rock fought with each other. They broke up into chips. Woodpecker took all the chips home. He fixed up all of his arrows with them.

Woodpecker took his bow and arrows and went to the meeting. In two more days they were going to try again to

hit the sky. The two days passed. The people went to the shooting place. Woodpecker went along. He met Coyote. Coyote asked him why he had come. Woodpecker said that he came to look on. Coyote took Woodpecker's bow. He looked at it and said that it would shoot nowhere. Everyone made fun of Woodpecker. The chief told them to stop making fun of Woodpecker. He told them to let him shoot. It was late in the evening, nearly dark. The chief called all the people. He called Woodpecker. Woodpecker came. He laid all of his arrows down on the ground. Then he put a string on his bow. "Now, all of you watch me," he said. He shot an arrow toward the sky. Then he waited for quite a while. It didn't fall down. He shot some more arrows. None of them came down. Woodpecker shot one whole bag full. Then the people could see the end of the chain. He started on the second bag. He emptied it. He had shot all the arrows he had. The end was still quite a way from the ground. The chief told Woodpecker to take some of the others arrows. He did. Then the chain touched the ground. The chief said, "All right, now we'll eat. After that we'll decide who shall go up." They all ate. Then Eagle took the lead. He went up first. Then they all went up. By sundown all had gone up.

Woodpecker spoke: "Now, I'm not a chief - I'm just an ordinary person - but I'll say this to you: there are lots of us here. We are a lot of people. Don't stay bunched together. Go one by one around all over. That way we'll be able to get fire."

Grizzly Bear was the last one to start up. "I'll go too," he said. "I'll take some food along with me." He filled a large bag with food and fastened it around his shoulders with a pack strap. Then he started up. He took hold of the

bottom arrow. It broke in two. But Grizzly Bear was not satisfied, he took hold of the second arrow. It broke also. He pulled out six arrows that way. Then he couldn't reach the chain anymore, so he quit trying to go up with the rest.

When they all came down again they couldn't reach the ground. The birds flew when they reached the bottom of the chain. When Fish came down he fell and hit the ground. He was carrying arrows all around himself. The arrows went right through his body. That is why fish have so many bones now. When Sucker jumped down he hit on his mouth. That is why suckers now have flat mouths.

All the people got down. They all had fire. Then each one of them went home. They all had fire then.



Figure 18. Owl and the Chipmunk

27. Chipmunk, Coyote, and the Dangerous Beings, Owl Sisters

Told by William Burke, Sanpoil, 1930

Chipmunk was living with her grandmother, Snowshoe Rabbit. Her grandmother told her to go out and pick some berries. The girl didn't want to. She said that Owl (spa'ŕta) would get her. Her grandmother said that Owls didn't come out in the daytime, and not to be afraid.

Chipmunk went out. She climbed on top of a bush and cried out, "My berries are ripe, my berries are ripe," over and over. Owl heard her and thought, "I'll get her; children are

good to eat." She came to the bush where Chipmunk was. Owl asked Chipmunk to come on down but Chipmunk said, "No, I won't come down for any Owl." "I'm not Owl: I'm your grandmother." "No, you aren't. My grandmother isn't as ugly as that," Chipmunk said. "Yes, I'm your grandmother. Come on down," Owl said. "All right. If you will dig a hole and get in it and cover your head with your basket, I'll come down," Chipmunk answered. Owl did so, but every time Chipmunk started down, Owl raised the basket over one eye so that she could see her. Chipmunk always caught her and wouldn't come down. Each time Owl promised not to look, but she always did. Finally Chipmunk went down slowly and jumped to the ground. She ran over where Owl was. She ran right over Owl's back making a noise like a chipmunk. Owl heard her and jumped up and tried to grab her, but only scratched her back, making the marks that chipmunk has today.

Chipmunk ran home and told her grandmother to hide her. Snowshoe hid her in a basket, but Chipmunk was so scared that she kept running around, around and making noise; she was so scared. Then her grandmother put her under a pillow, but she still made noise. Outside Meadow Lark heard her crying and told Snowshoe to put Chipmunk in a clam shell. She did so, and heard no more noise. Then Snowshoe gave Meadow Lark a black necklace in payment. That is why Meadow Lark has a black ring around its neck.

Soon Owl came to the house. "Where is that little girl?" She asked. "I haven't seen any little girl come by here," Snowshoe answered. "Oh, yes, she did. Her tracks lead right up here. If you don't bring her out I'll eat you," Owl said. Then Meadow Lark came along and told Owl that Chipmunk was inside in a clam shell. Snowshoe was scared,

and had to bring Chipmunk out. She asked Owl not break up any of Chipmunk's joints, but just to eat the meat. Owl did so, and gave the bones back.

"Why do you want these?" Owl asked. "Oh, when I'm lonesome for my granddaughter, I'll take them out and look at them." Then Owl noticed that Snowshoe had white hands. "How white your hands are! Is your whole body that way? How did you get so white?" Owl asked. "Well, I'll tell you," Snowshoe said. "I put pitch all over some hot rocks. Then my granddaughter and I danced around the fire and after a while my granddaughter pushed me over onto the rocks. I turned over and over all my black skin peeled off and left me white." "I'd like to do that," Owl said, "let's do it." "All right, if you'll gather the pitch," Snowshoe said. Owl gathered pitch. While she was gone Snowshoe got her granddaughter and stepped over her and she came to life. Then they dug a hole in the ground and piled rocks in it. They built a fire over the rocks. Chipmunk went out and got two forked sticks and hid them near the fire. Then she went back and hid. Snowshoe stayed by the fire.

Owl returned with a basket full of pitch. She put it over the rocks. The pitch started to burn. Snowshoe said, "We'll dance around three times, then I'll push you in." "All right," Owl answered. The third time around Snowshoe pushed her in. Then she called Chipmunk. Each of them took a stick and held Owl down by the neck and by the feet. Owl cried that she wanted to turn over but they wouldn't let her. She burned to death. They covered her up with dirt and went back to the lodge.

Snowshoe and Chipmunk went to bed that night. About midnight one of Owl's eyes popped. It made a noise like a shot. Then they heard hooting, like an owl. Snowshoe

said: "In times to come, you will hoot at night, and people will tell their children that you will come and get them in your basket, but you won't go around killing people. You will be just a common owl (sní na?)."

The next morning Snowshoe and her granddaughter left camp. Coyote came and moved in. About the middle of the day three sisters (Owls), came along. All of them laughed when they saw the grave. "Our sister has left something for us to eat." They dug up the grave and started to eat, but the youngest sister wouldn't eat. Her sister told her to eat, but she wouldn't. She knew all about it, but she wouldn't say anything. The other two started to eat. After a while they found tattooing marks on the wrists and knew that they were eating their own sister. That made them angry. They started out to find who had killed her. They tracked them to their lodge. Owls rushed in to kill whoever was there. Coyote saw them and turned himself into a granite rock beside the fire. Owls saw no one, but they started to bite the rock. "Go ahead, bite me, but your mouth will be full of maggots," Coyote said. Owl looked away. When she looked back the rock was gone. Then Owl saw a bow between the mats and poles of the lodge. She started to bite it, but it flew right out the top of the lodge, and away. Owls chased it for a while and then gave up.

Owls were thirsty from eating meat. So they went down to the river to drink. Coyote was watching them. When the second oldest Owl drank, her teeth all fell out. They turned into mud hens and floated away. Then Owls were still angrier. They chased Coyote all over the country to try to get him and kill him. Coyote got tired. He defecated. Feces said, "I'll be a long house and many people dancing inside. A lot of fine pitch wood will be stuck

between the lodge poles and the mats, and along the bottom of the mats. You stay outside and watch for Owls to come. When they get here tell them all to loosen their braids and let their hair hang over their eyes. Tell them to dance with their heads down and not to look up. If they feel anything hot and burning around their necks tell them to pay no attention to it. It will be a good looking man spitting on their necks. Ask them just to keep their heads down and dance.

When they went in and started to dance Coyote lit all the pitch and the lodge started to burn. The youngest sister wouldn't go in. She knew all about it. Only the other two went in. When the fire was burning the youngest sister cried out, but they were dancing inside and couldn't hear her. Coyote said, "You make too much noise. Let me kiss you before you cry again." She let him kiss her. He bit off her tongue. This made her angry and she started to chase him. They ran for a long time. Finally Coyote was all tired out. He ran into a gopher hole. Owl sat down at the top of the hole. They stayed there for a long, long time. Coyote got very hungry. He crept up and looked out once in a while, but Owl was still there. He thought he would starve. He defecated. Feces said, "I will be a camp with many people. In the evening the spokesman will go around and tell the people that next morning camp will be moved. In the morning they will take down the lodge poles. The poles will make a loud noise when they hit the ground. The people will paddle across the river, and the paddles will make a loud noise. On the other side, when they land, the dogs will start barking and howling."

"Well, Owl said, "there must be a lot of people down there; Coyote must be having a good time." So she left.

Coyote came out. He looked around and saw that Owl was gone. He started eating grasshoppers.



Figure 19. Coyote and Salmon

28. Coyote Introduces Salmon

Told by Bob Covington, Sanpoil, 1928

On the Sanpoil River, a little way above the Columbia, an old man and an old woman lived. The old woman was so stooped that she could almost walk around on her knees and elbows without bending over. The old man was crippled, too, but he could hobble around a little better than his wife. The old people had a grandchild that lived with them. She was a very good looking girl.

One day Coyote came along and saw the old couple and the girl. He decided then and there that he wanted the girl for his wife, but he was afraid to ask the old people for her, for fear they would say no. It was early in the morning, so he decided to wait around until evening and then ask them. He sat around and lay around all day long. The old man and woman watched him. They saw that his hair was long and braided all the way down and that his forelocks were carefully combed back and that the few strands of hair in front of his ears were covered with beads. They noticed too that he was tall and strong. The old people talked about him to each other and decided that he must be a chief of some kind.

All day Coyote stayed there and said nothing. Late in the afternoon he decided to speak to the old man. "Old man," he said, "what is that thing down in the stream a way?" "Why, that's a fish trap," the old man answered. "A fish trap? What is that? What do you do with it?" Coyote asked as if he didn't know. "Oh, I catch a few bull-heads and sun-fish once in a while," the old man answered. Coyote still pretended ignorance. "Is that what you eat, then? I don't know that I ever heard of them; are they big enough to eat?" "Oh, they're not much, but what else can we do? That's all we can get to eat," the old man said. "Oh said Coyote, acting surprised. "Well," he added, "I guess I'll go up on the hill a while." It was then about an hour before sunset.

Coyote went up on the hill nearby. He saw some grouse in a tree. He picked up a rock and threw it at them and killed five. He picked them up and carried them down to where he had left the old couple. "Well let's eat," Coyote said, showing them the grouse. "What are those?" asked the

old man. He had never seen any grouse before. "Those are grouse," said Coyote. "I happened to be very lucky while I was up on the hill just now and I killed these with a rock." The old people were very much surprised, but they took off the feathers and cooked the grouse. When they were done everyone ate. It was a real feast for the old man and woman. They were used to having only the food that their little trap would bring them. "Is this the kind of food that you eat all of the time?" they asked Coyote. "Oh, no," he answered. "Sometimes I kill a few grouse, but other times I eat berries or roots or I catch some fish and eat them; not little fish, but great big real fish, longer than your arm." The old people's eyes opened wide at this.

A while later Coyote said, "Well, I'll tell you. A person shouldn't keep his feelings to himself. If you want me, I'll stop here and stay with you as long as you like; but if you don't want me, I'll go on. I can leave tonight if you wish." "Why, what do you mean?" they asked. Well I'll tell you." Coyote answered. "I want your granddaughter for my wife."

The old man and woman looked at each other but did not say anything. Coyote could tell what they were thinking though, and he decided to go away for a while and let them talk it over. He went a little way off and waited. While he was gone the old man said, "Wife, what do you think of this fellow? You saw what he did a little while ago. In a few minutes he went out and got food for a good meal. Maybe if we let him marry our daughter he'll stay here and we'll have good food to eat. You heard him talk about those big fish. Anyway, our daughter will soon be getting married to some one. She might get some one who would be no good, and this man seems to be a pretty good fellow." "Well,

husband," answered his wife, "I'll leave it entirely up to you."

Soon Coyote returned. He decided not to say anything this time, but to let the old man start the conversation. Some little time passed before the old man spoke. He had his pipe in his hands. "How I wish I had a smoke!" he said. "My tobacco ran out quite a while back." "Oh, said Coyote, "you want a smoke? Here!" He reached into his pocket and drew out a big bunch of tobacco and handed it to the man. It was real tobacco; not the mixture of grass and weeds that the old man had been used to smoking. The old man took it and filled his pipe very much surprised that Coyote should have so much real tobacco.

Soon the old man spoke up. "Say, you were talking over a proposition a little while ago. Well, my wife and I have talked it over and she has left it up to me. I have decided to let you have our daughter. We don't want you just to stay with her for a few days and then go on though. We want you to marry her and live here; or if you go away, we want you to take her with you. How are we going to know, that you will do this?" "Oh, you needn't worry about that," said Coyote. "I'm tired of traveling, I want to settle down. I'll stay here for the rest of my life if you wish. And I really want to marry the girl. Why, just a few days ago I tried three or four times to get a wife down in the lower country, but none them would marry me. If they had, I would be down there now, and you never would have seen me." Coyote had to be very careful with the way he talked because he had a queer voice, and if he hadn't changed it they would have known that he was Coyote. But the old people were satisfied now and Coyote took their granddaughter for his wife.

Coyote stayed with his wife that evening. But late in the evening he said to her, "I'm going out for a few minutes; when I come back we'll go to bed." "All right," she answered, and Coyote went out. He went down the stream to where the old man had his trap. In a little while he made it over in the form of a basket trap, piling up rows of rocks to guide the fish into it. When he had finished he called out, "Salmon, I want two of you to be in this trap in the morning, one male and one female." Then he went back.

The next morning Coyote asked the old man what time he went down to the trap. "I usually go down about the middle of the morning sometimes I find one or two little fish then," he answered. A little later just after sun-up, Coyote told the old man that he thought he should go down and look at the trap to see if any fish were in it. "There won't be any this early," the old man answered. "Well, I think that you had better go and see, anyway; I heard something during the night and I think it was some fish in the trap," Coyote said. So the old man went down to the trap. It was a little way off shore, but from the bank he could see something big moving around in the trap. He took off his moccasins and waded in. Sure enough, there were two big salmon in the trap. When the old man saw them he became so excited that he hardly knew what to do. He floundered out of the water and stumbled up the trail towards where he had left Coyote. He hobbled along, his body all bent over, and stumbled from one side of the path to the other in his excitement. When he reached Coyote he cried, "Say, there are two great big fish in the trap bigger than I have ever seen." "What?" exclaimed Coyote, "you must have something in your eyes; you must be dreaming." "No," the

old man insisted, "my eyes are clear." He rubbed them and said, "You had better come down and see."

Coyote went down with him. When they reached the trap Coyote looked in and said, "Sure enough, you're right. These are salmon, the chief of the fish. We'll take them over to that flat place there and I'll show you what to do to them." When they reached the open field he sent the old man up the hill to gather sunflower stems and leaves. "Those are the salmon plants," he said; "salmon must always be laid only on sunflower stems and leaves." The old man brought back the sunflowers and spread them out on the ground; then they put the salmon down on them. Then Coyote showed him how to prepare the fish. First he showed him how to put a stick in the mouth and then bend it back and break off the head. Next he showed him how to make long sharp pole to stick in the salmon for holding it over the fire and roasting.

Coyote said, "Now, remember this: for the first week go down to the trap and take out the salmon, but when you are fixing one to cook, never use a knife to cut it in any way. Always cook the fish over the fire on sticks the way I have showed you; never boil it. Then, after it is roasted, open it carefully and take out the backbone without breaking it. Also save the back part of the head; never eat that. If you do not do these things as I have said, either a big storm will come up and it will rain until you are drowned, or you will be bitten by a rattlesnake. One of these things will be sure to happen to you. After you have taken the back bone and the back of the head, wrap them up carefully in tules and put them up somewhere in a tree or some place where they can't be bothered. If you do as I say you will always have salmon in your trap. I'm telling you these things because I am going

to die sometime and I want you to know what to do. After this men will always place traps up and down the river to catch salmon; the man who has the first trap in the river will be chief and should always do anything that he tells you to do. After the first week you can boil your salmon or cook it any way you wish, but always take care of the bones; never leave them where they can be stepped on or stepped over." For the next few days each time the old man went down to the trap in the morning he found twice as many salmon as on the day before. Coyote showed him how to dry them and prepare them for use in the winter. Before long a large scaffold was covered with the drying salmon. The people round about saw the fish and noticed how well the old man and woman were doing. They went home and told the other people about the big red fish and the tall young stranger who was staying with the old people. Soon a bunch of them went to see for themselves. The old man and woman invited them in and gave them a feast. Then they told them how they got the fish.

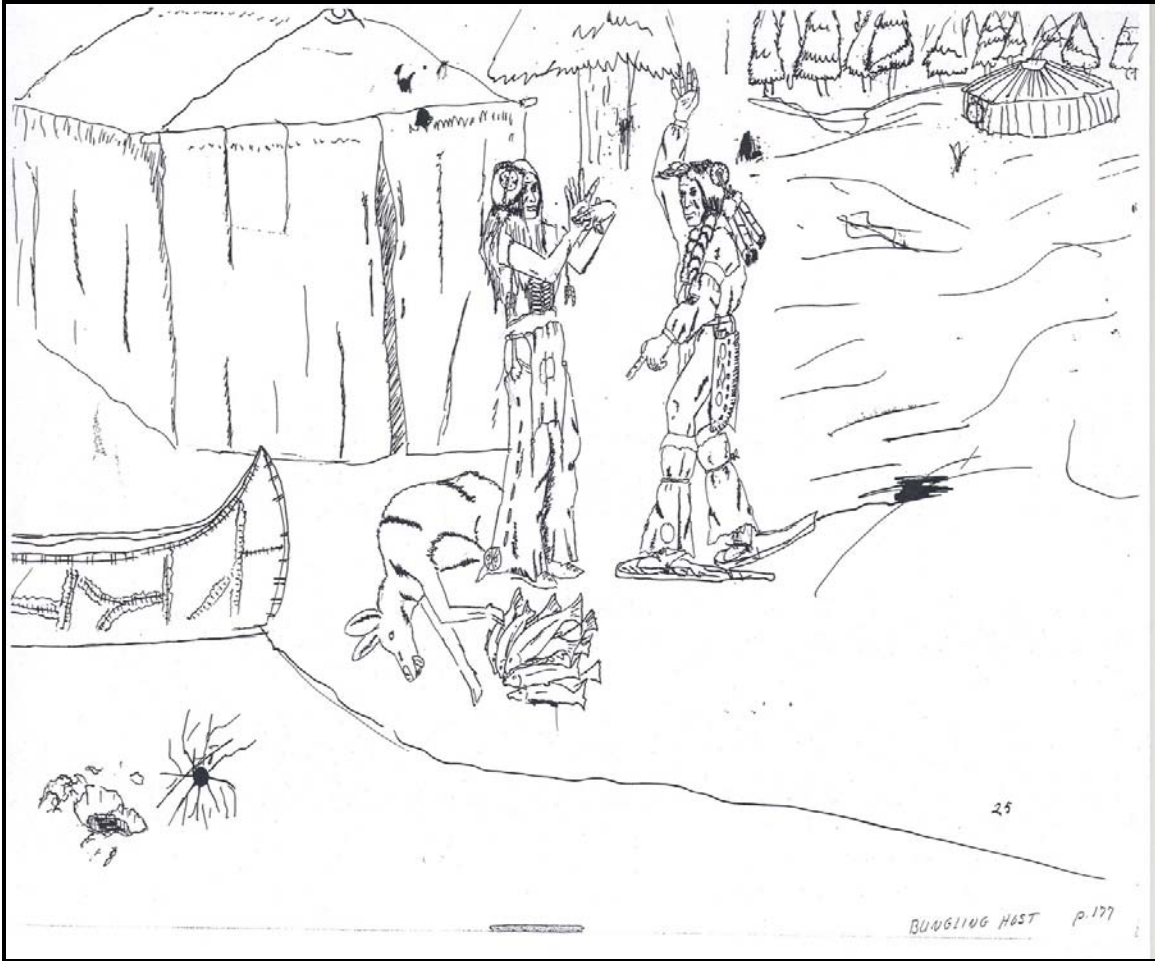


Figure 20. The Bungling Host

29. Bungling Host

Told by Bob Covington, Sanpoil, 1928

Coyote, (snk'aʔlíp) was married and had a family. All of his children were boys; he had no daughters at all. He gave all of his boy's names.

One day Kingfisher, (c'ər'ís) said to himself, "I guess I'll go over and visit my friend Coyote." He went to Coyote's house, which was not far away. Coyote greeted him. It was winter time. Coyote had nothing to give his friend to eat but a few rose berries. Kingfisher looked at

them. He didn't want to eat them but neither did he want to embarrass his friend. So he ate a couple of them, slowly. After a while he went home.

A few days later Coyote decided to return the visit. He went over to where Kingfisher lived. "Well, friend," said Coyote, "you came over and visited me so I thought I'd come over and visit with you." "Sure," said Kingfisher, "come on in." Soon Kingfisher called one of his sons. "Son," he said, "go out and get me a couple of willow poles about as long as my arm." The boy went out and soon returned with the willows. "Are these all right?" he asked. "Sure, those are fine." his father answered.

"Now," thought Kingfisher. "I'll show Coyote how we eat." He flew up to the top of the poles of his lodge. Coyote wondered what he could be doing. Soon Kingfisher flew down onto the ice nearby where he had cut a small hole through to the water. He pulled a sucker out of the hole and put it on one of the willows. A little later he came back into the house with both poles full of suckers. They took the sucker from one of the poles, cooked them, and had a good meal. When Coyote got ready to go home Kingfisher handed him the other string of suckers and said that he had better take them with him. Coyote thanked him and went home.

Not long after this visit Kingfisher said to his wife, "Well, wife I think I'll go over and see Coyote again. I know just what he'll do when I get there, too. I've got him trapped. He'll try to do just as I did and get some suckers, and all he'll do is to fall down and break his head." "Oh, you don't know what you are talking about," his wife said. "Well, you'll see if I'm not right," he answered, and went off. Sure enough, soon after he got to Coyote's house, Coyote

said to his youngest boy, "Son, I guess you had better go out and get me a couple of willows." "What do you want with them?" the boy asked. "Never mind," Coyote answered, "you just go out and get them." The boy went out and brought back two willow poles. Then Coyote began to scramble up the center pole of his lodge, using his hands and feet to climb with. When he reached the top he sat there for a few minutes and then jumped down.

Kingfisher and Coyote's sons and his wife waited inside for quite a while and then Kingfisher said, "Boys, you had better go out and see what has happened to your father. He has been gone a long while." The boys went out and found Coyote lying on the ice where he had fallen. They came back inside, crying, and said, "We haven't got any father any more. He's lying dead out there on the ice." Kingfisher went out and found Coyote. Sure enough, he was dead. Kingfisher jumped over him a few times and he came to life again.

Coyote rubbed his eyes and said, "Hmm, I must have been asleep, I thought that I was in the house." He looked around and then added, "Oh, yes, I was catching suckers. That's funny. This never happened before." Kingfisher said to him, "You had better go in the house. I'll catch the suckers." Coyote went in, and before long Kingfisher came in with the two strings of suckers. They cooked one string and ate them. When Kingfisher started to go Coyote offered him the other string. "No," Kingfisher said, "you keep them. We've got lots at home." When Kingfisher had gone Coyote said, "I knew that's what he would do. That is why I did it.

30. The Grizzly Bear Hunter

Told by Bob Covington, Sanpoil, 1928

An old man spent nearly all his time hunting grizzly bears. In those days there were lots of grizzlies in the mountains. He had become a big grizzly bear hunter. One day he said to his wife, "Now, wife, someday I may get killed when I am out hunting. But whatever happens, don't come to look for me. No matter how badly hurt I am, I have a good chance to get well. So you just stay away, at least until two days have passed."

Later on they were camping on the Sanpoil River near Keller. It was late in the afternoon, but the old man told his wife that he was going up in the hills for a while. He said he would be back before long. Night came but he did not return. His wife wondered what had happened but she didn't go out. During the night she heard many noises in the hills. All kinds of animals seemed to be there. She heard coyotes and wolves and crows and all the rest of the birds and animals. Then she was sure she knew what had happened. When morning came she started out. She could still hear the cries of the animals and she followed them. They became louder and soon she was nearly there. She crossed a little hill and then looked down into a small meadow below. All the noise had disappeared but she saw her husband sitting there in the center of the clearing. She rushed up to him but he didn't turn around. She went around in front of him but he turned so that his back was again toward her. Then he said, "Why didn't you stay home as I told you? I'm hurt, but I'm all right just the same. Now you go on away."

His wife went away, but she didn't go home. She stayed just on the other side of the hill. As soon as she was out of sight of her husband she heard the cries of the animals again. She stood it as long as she could and then rushed back. When she reached the open place again the noises were gone once more and her husband was still sitting in the same place. He was angry this time, and didn't turn his face away from her. "It's funny you couldn't stay away a little bit longer!" He said. She saw that he had two deep gashes cut in his face as if he had been clawed by a grizzly bear. He went home with her this time. After reaching home his wife saw that he had scars all over his body which look like the claw marks of a grizzly. But they were all healed up. Only the cuts on his face were still open. His wife asked what the meaning of it all was. He said, "I told you once. I was in a fight with a grizzly bear." Then she told him that she wanted to know about all the animals she had heard.

Then he said, "Well, I'll tell you. If you had done as I said, and hadn't come, these gashes on my face would have been healed up too. When I was hurt all the animals came and rubbed by body and my arms and legs and healed the scratches. Then they were going to fix my face, too, but you came and they all ran away."

IV. Coyote Stories

(Edited by Heister D. Guie, 1990)

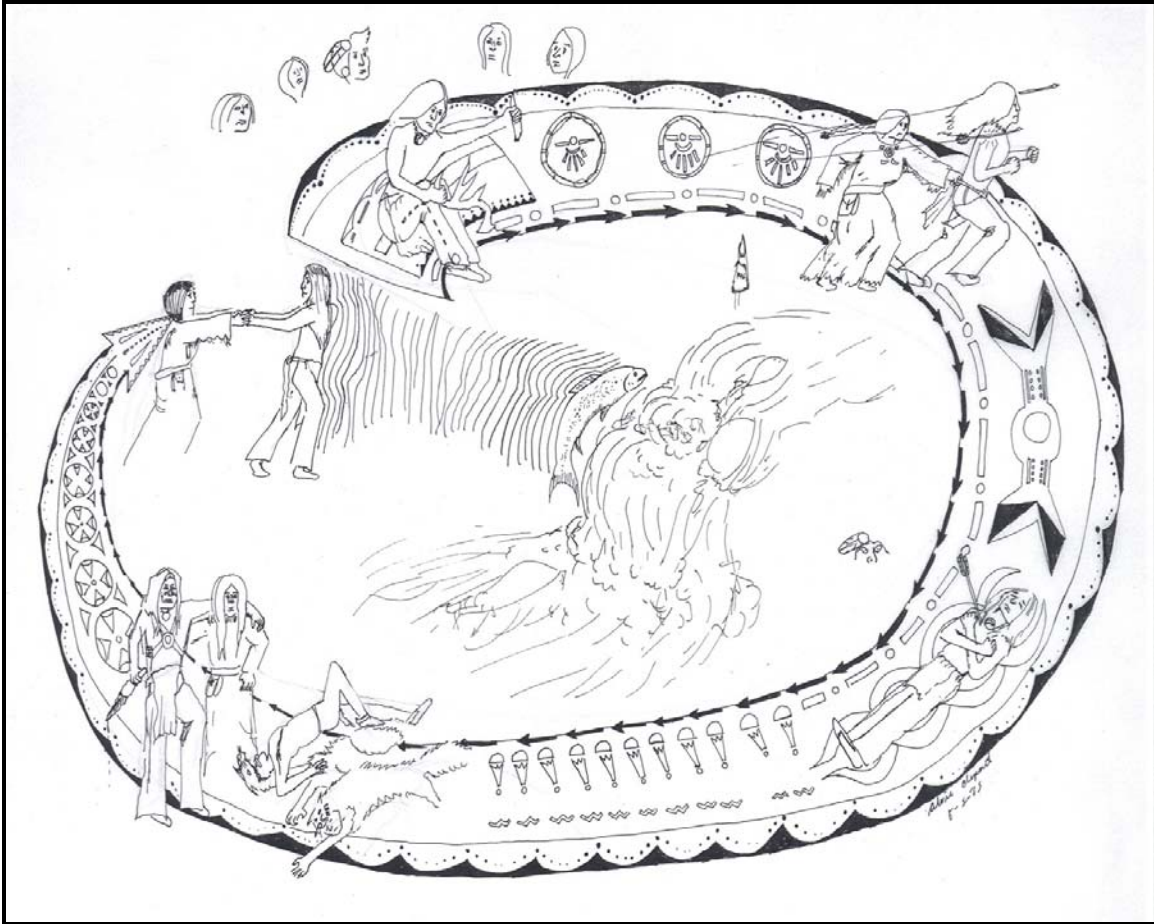


Figure 21. Salmon makes war and wins the maiden

31. Rattlesnake and Salmon

Told by Mourning Dove, Okanogan, 1933

The Lodge of (nti ti? yix) Salmon was in the cliffs above the Big Falls of the (sx^wanít^w). Salmon heard of a beautiful girl who lived in the Kalispel country. Many warriors were trying to win her, Salmon heard, and he decided he would win her himself. So he went to her country and made war

on the people. He beat them and took away the maiden. He brought her home with him. She loved Salmon from the first. She loved him for his read handsome face.

Many warriors wanted to kill Salmon and take his bride, but they did not know how to get at the pair in the lodge above the roaring falls. But near Salmon's lodge lived (ḫaʔḫaʔúla'xʷ) Rattlesnake. He was an old man. He envied Salmon. He decided to kill him. He made war arrows, singing as he worked. And then, one sun when he had finished the arrows, Rattlesnake strung his bow and stepped outside his bough covered lodge and sent an arrow into Salmon's head.

Salmon tumbled from his cliff home into the river. His body floated down the river. Salmon's wife cried. The three Wolf brothers had been watching. They saw Salmon die. They took Salmon's wife to their own camp. There she was made to work, to be a slave, and she was watched night and day by the wives of the three brothers. She was unhappy; she felt very bad.

The river carried Salmon's body a long way. Finally it was washed upon a sand-bar, to bleach in the sun. Soon only the skull and the back bone remained.

(k'wík'wax'a'naʔ) Mouse, the Sly One, came there to the sand-bar one day with her sister. They were looking for something to steal. They found what was left of Salmon. Mouse was very sad, for Salmon had been her chief. She went to a camp near-by and stole some salmon oil. With that oil she greased the skull and back-bone every sun for many suns. After awhile the flesh began to grow around the bones. Slowly Salmon was restored to life by the oil Mouse rubbed on him. At last he could get up and move around, and after many moons he became strong again. Then he

went back to the Big Falls, to his home. As his wife was not there, he went over to Rattlesnake's lodge to ask about her. He heard Rattlesnake singing.

"t'aŋpani?, nlaŋpatk^w ! I shot him, and he ran down the cliffs!" And Rattlesnake sang this: "I shot him! He was a chief, but he is a chief no more!"

Salmon walked into Rattlesnake's lodge. Out of the corner of one eye, Rattlesnake saw him, but he did not let on that he saw, and he changed his song. He pretended to be mourning Salmon's death. Salmon said nothing. He stooped and picked a piece of blazing wood from the fire and touched it to the dry bough lodge covering. He jumped outside, and the flames leaped up. Rattlesnake was trapped. He could not get out; he was burned to death. From one of Rattlesnake's eyes crawled a small snake. It was Rattlesnake's mystery power.

"Always shall you crawl on your belly," Salmon told the little rattlesnake. "That is my revenge."

Then Salmon started in search of his wife. He found her in the camp of the three Wolf brothers. Two of the brothers he killed and he told the third, the youngest, to get out of that country. He told him to go into the timber country and never come back. Wolf went. He was the first of the timber wolves. That is how the race of timber wolves originated.

Salmon and his wife did not return to their lodge in the cliffs. He took her into the water below the Big Falls, where they would be safe from the enemies they had among the Land People.

The arrow-point that Rattlesnake shot into Salmon's head stayed in his head. All salmon have arrow-points like that in their heads today.

32. Why Badger Is So Humble

Told by Mourning Dove, Okanogan, 1933

One time Fox (x̣ʷəʳʷilx̣ʷ) and Coyote (snk'aʔlíp) were living in the same lodge. The hunting was poor, and they became very hungry. They hunted hard every sun but did not find any game. At last Fox decided to leave that county and hunt somewhere else, but Coyote did not feel like going. So Fox left and Coyote stayed.

Coyote had nothing to eat but insects and leaves, although in a large camp not far away there was plenty of good food. Coyote knew it was useless to ask for food there, as those people hated him. But he intended to get some of that food. He began to scheme. The hungrier he grew the harder he schemed. Finally he had a plan.

Now, in that camp where the food was plentiful lived Badger (yux̣ʷyex̣ʷu'txn). He was a handsome person, was Sharp Claws, and he was a proud warrior and a good hunter. Much of the meat he killed he gave to poor persons. He was such a good hunter that many of the old people wanted him for a son-in-law. But Badger did not wish to marry any of the maidens in that village. He thought that sometime he would find a better wife in a far country.

One sun when Badger's four sisters went to the river to take their bath they came upon a pretty woman. She was sitting on the bank, painting her face with many colors. The sisters liked her appearance. They invited her to their lodge. They hoped that their proud brother would like her and make her his wife.

When Badger returned from hunting he was pleased to find the new woman in his lodge. He asked her to sit by his side, to sit in the place that was given to a wife. The woman smiled and said: "I am willing to be your wife, but first I must take some dried meat to my aged parents. Your sisters must go with me and help carry the meat."

Badger agreed to that, and the next sun the pretty woman and the sisters of Badger carried big packs of dried meat to the lodge that the woman said was the home of her aged parents. There the woman told them: "Wait outside while I take the meat in to my parents. They do not like to meet strangers."

The sisters waited outside while the meat was carried into the tepee, and they could hear talking, as if two or three persons were talking. Then, after all the meat was stored away in the lodge, the door-flap was thrown back and out stepped Coyote. He had been the pretty woman. He laughed over the joke he had played on Badger and the sisters.

The sisters were very angry, but they were unable to punish Coyote. They went home. They told Badger of the trick. He was angry and ashamed. It hurt his pride to be fooled in that way. He and his sisters did not want the people to find out, but somehow the people learned of what had happened.

A few suns later Badger wanted to take a sweat-bath. He went to the sweat-house. Some people were there. As he walked up, he heard someone say: "The proud, the handsome Badger is coming. He would not take a woman of his own tribe. He liked Coyote better! We do not want to sweat-house with him."

Those words shamed Badger. He turned from the sweat-house and went to look for Coyote. He found Coyote and chased him out of the country. Then he came home. He was proud no longer. He humbled himself before all the people and took from among them a wife. And he has been humble ever since, as $y\acute{a}\chi^w y\acute{a}\chi^w u'txn$ Badger.

33. Why Mosquitoes Bite People

Told by Mourning Dove, Okanogan, 1933

There were five brothers. The smallest was ($s\acute{a}l'a'qs$) Mosquito. He was lazy and greedy, greedy for blood. When his brothers killed game, they always gave him blood for his share. He never cooked it, he like it uncooked.

Each night the brothers made Mosquito go to their sweat-house to seek ($su?mix$) medicine-power as he was the only one of the five who had not received medicine-power. One night he heard voices whispering as he walked toward the sweat-house, and he was afraid. He ran and told his brothers. They called him a coward and whipped him. Then they made him go to the sweat-house to spend the night. Mosquito crawled in there and cried himself to sleep.

Late in the night Mosquito was awakened by shouts and cries, the cries of his brothers. Enemies were killing them in their lodge. Soon the enemy people came to the sweat-house to kill little Mosquito. They jabbed their spears into the sweat-house. Mosquito daubed red paint on the spear-points. Believing the red paint was the blood of the boy, the enemies went away.

Next morning, after Sun trailed high, Mosquito sneaked out of the sweat-lodge and went to his brothers' tepee. There he found them. They were dead.

Mosquito felt very sad. He cried and cried. After awhile he walked down to the river and made a canoe. Then he floated in it down the river, and he cried all the time. He sang his song for the dead. He stuttered when he talked or sang; he could not help it. The song he sang was:

"O-O-O! La-la! cpa? puli? qa'qca !" ("O-O-Oh! La-la! The-They kil-killed m-my brothers!")

He floated a long way down the river. He came to a big camp. The people saw him, and they shouted: "Come ashore and eat (†əx'w†a'x'w) choke-cherries," but Mosquito did not stop. He floated on in his canoe and sang his mournful song.

He came to a second encampment. The people there shouted: "Come here, come here, səl'a'qs! Come and eat ollalees (berries)."

"O-Oh! N-No!" Mosquito answered, in his stuttering voice, and he floated on down the river. He came to a third encampment. Many people were there.

"There comes, (səl'a'qs) mosquito they said. "He likes blood."

Some of the people called to him to come and eat. Mosquito refused, and he was floating on by when they told him they could give him some uncooked blood. At that, he turned his canoe and paddle to shore. He tied the canoe fast, so it could not drift away, and went to the feast. While he was eating, filling himself with blood in his greedy way, some of the people shoved his canoe out on the river. The current carried it way. Then they told him that the canoe was gone.

Mosquito did not want to lose the canoe. He ran. He could not run fast, his stomach was too full. In his haste, he tripped and fell on a stick, which pierced his stomach and let out all the blood. From the wound flew a little fly. It alighted on a cottonwood tree.

“O-Oh! The-They kil-killed m-my brothers!” it sang.

The people heard the song. They spoke to the little fly: “When the future generations come, you will sing your song for the dead, and you will live on the blood of men, on the blood of people,” they said. “That shall be your revenge for the death of your brothers.”

34. Coyote and Chickadee

Told by Mourning Dove, Okanogan, 1933

While roaming the hills one sun, looking for food, Coyote met Chickadee, who was carrying his elk-rib (su?mix) medicine bow. Chickadee was very proud of his bow and the short stubby arrows that it used. Coyote thought he would like to have that bow, so he made fun of it.

“That bow is not good, Chickadee (c’esqaqne?), he said. “And such short, fat arrows. They cannot fly far, cannot kill anything. People will laugh at you for carrying such poor weapons. You had better throw them away.”

“My bow and arrows may look poor and queer, but I like them,” answered Chickadee. “And you think they cannot shoot far. I will show you. Go to the top of that ridge and walk slowly along it. Go there, and I will show you.”

“I will go silly c’esqaqne?” Coyote said. “That bow cannot put an arrow half way to the top of the ridge,” and he started off. He was laughing.

Coyote felt gay. He trotted along, thinking about many foolish things, and by the time he reached the top of the ridge he had forgotten why he was there. He sang as he walked along the top of the ridge. He was enjoying the bright sunlight and the sweet smell of the air. All at once he heard a noise like that of a strange wind, and he stopped to listen.

“Eh-ahel!” he said. “That must be the spirits of other snows whispering to me.” The words were but out of his mouth when one of Chickadee’s arrows was in his ribs. It killed him.

Chickadee went after the arrow. He pulled it out, but he did not keep it. “Caw! I do not want that arrow. It smells bad,” and he threw it away. He went on from there. He was going to a big council, a council of all the Animal People.

A few suns later Fox came upon the body of his twin brother. He knew that Coyote had been into mischief. He stepped over the body three times, and that brought Coyote to life.

“Eh-ahel! I have slept long, coyote (snk’a?líp)! If I had not walked over your trail, you would have slept forever. You should know better than to contend with the little boy. His bow is powerful, and his arrows travel as the lightning. They reach the life, no matter the distance. My heart is sad with your mischief.”

“Where did c’esq aqne? go?”

“He is on his way to the big council. The people are talking of making a trail to the Upper World Land,” and with these words Fox left Coyote.

Coyote picked up the arrow that had killed him, and started after Chickadee. He followed fast on the trail, and in a few suns he caught up with Chickadee, who was quite surprised and not at all glad to see him.

“We shall gamble for the bow and the arrows,” Coyote spoke. “We will throw arrows at a mark, not using the bow. The winner will take the weapons.”

Chickadee had no wish to gamble, but Coyote coaxed and coaxed, and finally Chickadee said “All right.” Chickadee thought he would win easily. But Coyote asked his

(sq^was tin’k) medicine-power for help, and it moved Chickadee’s eye from the mark when the boy threw an arrow. Chickadee could not hit the mark, and Coyote hit it every time, winning the stout bow and the powerful arrows. Then they gambled some more, and Chickadee lost his fine clothes of feathers, his weasel skins, and shell beads, even his hair ornaments, everything, and he was naked.

Coyote dress in Chickadee’s clothes and went his way. He took the bow and the arrows. He would go to the council camp of the Animal People and help them build a trail to the Upper World Land, he said to himself. He was in fine humor. He threw his head from side to side to make the wampum rattle on his hair braids. He laughed at the picture of poor Chickadee, naked by the trail.

Pretty soon Coyote came to a small tepee. He heard Children quarreling inside. He went in. No one was to be seen. By the fire were some red knick kinnick berries. Coyote stepped outside the tepee and threw a stone along

the ground. It made a noise like his walking on the trail. Then he peeked through the door-flap, and he saw a swarm of little children come out from beneath a bed of skin robes. The children began to quarrel again, over the best way to roast the red berries.

Coyote stepped back into the lodge. The children dove for their hiding place. All but one slipped under the skin robes. That one Coyote caught.

“Let me show you how to roast the berries,” Coyote said. “Come out. I will not hurt you.”

The children believed him. They came out. Coyote told them to bring all of the berries to him. He dug a hole in the coals of the fire, and, when the boys and girls started to hand the berries to him, he grabbed the children, too. Only one child got away and hid where Coyote could not find him. Coyote shoved the other into the coals to roast along with the berries. There he left them. As soon as Coyote had gone, the child that had escaped hurried to dig his brothers and sisters out of the coals, but they were dead.

Then Mother and Fathers, (sq^waq^wa^lq^w) Prairie Chicken, came to the tepee. It was their home. They brought big packs of bugs and berries for their children. When they saw what had happened they sat down and cried. Chickadee was coming down the trail. He heard the crying. He went into the tepee to see if he could help. He felt sorry for the parents. He called to his mystery-power; he asked it to help him. Then he sprinkled ashes on the bodies of the children and stepped over them three times, and the little boys and girls came back to life. And they were as well and happy as if nothing had happened to them.

The parent wanted to pay Chickadee. He told them how Coyote had tricked him and taken his fine weapons and

his good clothes. Right away Mother and Father Prairie Chicken guessed who had killed their children. They flew out of the tepee and followed Coyote's trail. Soon they caught up with him. They flew on by and to a high cliff above the river. There they hid and waited.

Singing, Coyote walked along. He felt good. But he was not to feel good very long, for, when, he reached the edge of the cliff, Father Prairie Chicken flew at his face, and Mother Prairie Chicken darted between his legs. Blinded by the one and tripped by the other, Coyote lost his balance and pitched off the cliff. As he fell, the parents swooped after him and stripped off Chickadee's clothes and snatched away the medicine-bow and arrows, which they took to Chickadee, who started again for the council.

As he fell, spinning over and over, Coyote called to his (sq'w'a'stin'k) medicine-power. "Pess-pess qu-lupe! ("Come, come out!") he begged. "What shall I make myself into? A leaf?" Immediately he became a leaf, and the wind carried him high in the air and whirled him around and around until he was dizzy. He did not like that, so he said, "What now shall I make myself into, a pine needle?"

He became a pine needle and began to fall. Faster and faster he fell. He was almost to the river when he grew frightened and changed into cottonwood dust. Up again he was taken by the wind, wa-a-a-y up! The wind puffed him so high that he hardly could breathe. He did not like that. Once more he wished himself into a pine needle, and he fell, faster and faster, toward the river. Just above the water he wanted to slow up. He wanted to be a leaf again, but in his excitement he made a mistake. He wished himself into a (spə ks henemn) a pounding-rock (pestle), and he plunged, ker-glump! To the bottom of the river.

There, on the bottom of the river, Coyote was helpless. He could not move and he could not change into something else. His power was no good to him under water. After awhile he became hungry, and he was sitting like a rock, which he was, when along came (nsa'p mətək^m) Water-Bug.

"Take me to dry land," Coyote begged. "I cannot drag you," Water-Bug answered. "You are much too heavy. I could not even budge you."

"Get all your relations," Coyote urged. "All of you working together can drag me out of this place. I will pay you well for your work."

So Water-Bug got all of his relatives to come and they pulled and tugged and pushed Coyote to dry land, and then he changed himself from a rock to his regular form. His heart was glad, and he gave all of the water-bugs hard coats of many colors, so that they could hide among the sharp river rocks. From that sun the water-bugs have had an easier life in their rock houses.

After he paid the water-bugs for their work, Coyote started once more for the council camp of the Animal People.

V. Tales of the Okanogans

(Edited by Donald Hines, 1976)

35. How Coyote Broke the Salmon Dam

Retold by Mourning Dove, Okanogan

Told by Long Thresa, (Tee-qualt)

The people were dying from starvation. The great Monster-deities of the warm-land South had built a mighty dam which closed the trail of the salmon coming up the (ntəx^wítk^w) Columbia River. This caused the people to dance the prayer-dance day after day, night after night. They wanted to find out how to open the salmon trail so that their main source of food might come back to the rivers again, might reproduce in the mountain streams. Although they prayed and danced, none obtained power to break the dam.

Coyote (snk'al'p) heard and came to the rescue of the famished people. He volunteered to go to the warm-country and break the bridge of the Monsters. The people were glad. Coyote started on his long journey to the warm-land. After many sundown's, he drew near the dam, close to the Big Water (Ocean). Coyote now changed himself into a (təkc'en) cooking basket, or food retainer. He got out upon the water and floated down the (sɔ́^wáʔnət k^w) Columbia River.

There were two sisters, Snipe (wəl'wi.la) and Little Snipe (stəriqxn). Who watched the big dam for the Monster deities? They killed many salmon as the fish came to the bridge or dam. The younger Snipe saw the (təkc'en) the small basket. This made Little Snipe very glad, and when

they returned to their tepee, she used it as her eating dish. When she filled it with salmon, it would become empty before she knew it. Her sister scolded her for being so greedy. Little Snipe quit eating before she had had enough, setting the (təkc'en) small basket away with food in it. But when she went for it, the food was all gone. It was always so. It was Coyote who ate the salmon.

As the sundown's passed, the sisters grew suspicious of the (təkc'en) cooking basket. The older sister threw it in the fire. As the basket struck the fire, it turned into a baby boy, crying. Little Snipe begged her sister to keep the baby as a little brother. Older sister Snipe (wəl' wí.la) refused; but after many times refusing she agreed to keep the baby as a little brother. The sundown's continued to come and go, and the baby brother grew rapidly. He was bright in actions. The Snipe sisters found much pleasure in playing with the baby. When they went to the dam to catch salmon, they would tie him to the tepee pole with a string. They were afraid that their little brother might fall into the (ntəx'ítk^w) Columbia River. They did not know that as soon as they were gone, the baby would turn into the Coyote that he was running to the upper side of the dam, he dug with all his might. He would dig until he thought it time for his sisters to be going back to the lodge, when he would again be a baby tied to the tepee pole.

For many sundown's, Coyote thus worked in secret. One morning he saw that the breaking of the big bridge was near finishing. When his sisters went down to catch salmon, he took a (x'á^wq^w) wooden spoon, put it on his head, and set out to finish his work. As his paws scratched at the dirt, his sisters came back to the tepee. The string was there, but

their little brother was gone. Little Snipe (stəríqxn) cried. They began looking for the baby and found the tracks of Coyote, leading down to the dam. The sisters hurried to the dam only to find Coyote breaking it away. Snipe and her little sister took sticks and began striking Coyote over the head. But Coyote worked all the harder. They could not hurt him for the (λ'aʳqʷ) wooden spoon. The sisters in their excitement forgot to call the Monsters, and before they knew it, the dam broke loose. The freed salmon started towards the snow-country, swarming up the (ntəχʷítkʷ) Columbia River.

Coyote took a staff and began the return journey back to his own people, bringing with him a great hoard of salmon. He traveled for many sundown's; coming to a branch of the (ntəχʷítkʷ) Columbia River he stopped. Leaving part of his salmon there, he started up the Okanogan River with the rest of his herd. He traveled a long ways until he came to a branch of the Okanogan. There he divided his salmon herd, taking part of it up the (sməłkmín) river. Arriving in the (sməłkamín) White Swan country, Coyote asked for a wife of the tribe, but the women whom he asked laughed at him. They said to Coyote, "We do not eat salmon which is ready to die we are accustomed to eating only the back of the necks of the mountain goat."

This insulted Coyote. He answered them, "You (sməłkmín) people! In the future you will go far to get the rotted salmon as you call it."

Coyote now turned back from the (sməłkamín) country, leaving it rough and rocky along the river. He left it so no trail could ever be made available for the people where he traveled. Leading his salmon back to the Okanogan, Coyote

built a falls in the (sməlkamín) above its mouth. The salmon have never passed these falls.

Coyote continued up the Okanogan in search of a wife. As he reached the outlet of the (nsuʔús) Osyooos Lake, he found a tribe of people; he asked for a wife. The people being hungry, they gave him a wife and he let the salmon spawn and hatch in the narrows of the lake. The salmon breed their young there to this day.

Coyote soon grew tired of his (nsuʔús) Osyooos wife and taking part of his salmon, continued up the Okanogan. When he reached the Penticton tribe he asked for a wife and was promised one later. He left a few large salmon and went on up the Okanogan Lake to the (nk'əma'pəlqs) tribe (Vernon, B.C.). But the nk'əma'pəlqs only laughed when Coyote asked for a wife. This angered Coyote. He said to them, "You will go far and sore-footed before you get your salmon."

Coyote turned back down the, bringing his salmon with him. When he reached the Pentictons, his intended wife had another man. Coyote left only the salmon which strayed off, and came on down to Dog Lake. There he made a falls Okanogan Falls, B.C.. Leaving the rest of this part of his salmon herd there to breed for his Okanogan wife, Coyote

went back to the (ntəx'wítkw) Columbia River where the largest of his salmon were. This is why no salmon reach the sməlqamíx and nk'əma'pəlqs people, while Pentictons have only a few strays to spawn for them.

Coyote now traveled up the (ntəx'wítkw) Columbia River, leading his herd of big salmon towards the snow-country. He came to the Sanpoil River. He traveled up this

river for a ways when he found an encampment of people. He asked the people for a wife, and they gave him a young maiden. Coyote was pleased. He stopped the salmon, part of the big red kind, to spawn and hatch there. Thus, the Sanpoil tribe still enjoys the best of salmon as food.

But Coyote grew tired of his Sanpoil wife and, taking part of his salmon, continued snow-ward, up the (ntəx'wítk^w) Columbia River. He came to the Arrow Lakes, where he found the Arrow tribe (Lakes or sən ʕ^wíckst) Coyote asked for a wife, but the Arrow Lakes (sənʕ^wíckst) people laughed at him. They said, "We do not care for salmon. Our food is the good porcupine, which only the great mountains give us."

Coyote spoke angrily, "After this your tribe will tip many canoes in reaching where you can eat salmon." Coyote made the trails mountainous, rough and rocky, leaving only a way for canoes to travel down the vicious, many rapids of the river whose channel he formed.

Coyote turned back down the Columbia River till he came to the mouth of the Spokane. He went up this river to the (qəl'spíləmx) Kalispel tribe where he asked for a wife. The Kalispels (qəl'spíləmx) laughed. They said, "We do not eat salmon. Our food is the good camas."

Coyote became angry. He answered the Kalispels, "You will travel far and wear out many moccasins in trading your prized camas for salmon." Turning back down the river with his salmon, Coyote made a trap, or falls in the river, so the salmon could not pass Spokane Falls, Washington.

Coyote continued back to the Columbia River he traveled till he came to the (nɣ^wiʔyaʔpitk^w) Kettle River.

Coyote went up this river in search of a new wife. When he reached (nsəsq'aʔcín') Canyon Gulch, Curlew, Washington, he found a village of people. He asked for a wife. The people laughed at him. They said, "We do not eat the rotted salmon which is ready to die from making eggs. We eat the fish of the river which is white."

Coyote answered them, All right. Your fish will always be white but after this they will have many bones, Northern pike minnow, and you will travel far to get the salmon. Coyote turned back down the river with his herd of salmon. He built the high falls on the (nq'aʔpet'kʷ) Cascades, B.C.. No salmon has ever passed these falls.

Coyote reached (ntəxʷítkʷ) Columbia River, where he made a great waterfall, Kettle Falls (sʰxʷənítkʷ) for his salmon. He did this after the people Colville (sxʷiʔyíʔtʰpx) there had given him a handsome maiden as a wife. A large encampment, a big village, was built at the falls. Coyote said to these friends, "After this, people will come from the different tribes to beg salmon of you. They will bring many kinds of food to trade for your salmon."

Soon Coyote forgot his charges, the salmon, and went on his way in search of more adventures. He left his salmon at the great Columbia River; Kettle Falls to come and make eggs there each year, left them there where the people traveled from distant places to catch salmon as they come up from the Big Water (Ocean). It has been so since Coyote broke the great dam of the Monster-deities of the Big Waters (Ocean) back in the time of the Animal People.

36. The Great Spirit Names the Animal People, How Coyote Came By His Power

By Mourning Dove, Okanogan

The Great Spirit called all his people together from all over the earth. There was to be a change. He would give names to the people, and the Animal World was to rule. The naming was to begin at the break of day, each one having the right to choose his or her name according to who came first to the Spirit Chief's lodge. The Spirit Chief would also give each one their duty to perform in the changed conditions.

It was the night before the New World. Excitement was among the people. Each one desired a great name of note. All wished to be awake and first at the lodge of the Great Spirit Chief. Everyone wanted power to rule some tribe, some kingdom of the Animal World.

Coyote (snk'a?líp) was of a degraded nature, a vulgar type of life. He was an imitator of everything that he saw or heard. When he asked a question, when he asked for information and it was given him, he would always say, "I knew that before! I did not have to be told." That was Coyote's way. He was hated by all the people for his ways. No one liked him. He boasted too much about his wisdom, about everything. Coyote went among the anxious people, bragging to everyone how early he was going to rise, how he would be the first one at the Spirit Chief's lodge. He bragged of the great name he would choose. He said, "I will have three big names to select from: there is Grizzly Bear (kila'wna) who will be ruler over all running, four-footed animals; Eagle (malqa?nu'ps) who will lead all the flying

birds; Salmon (nte tiʔyix) who will be chief over all the fish of every kind.”

Coyote’s twin brother, who took the name of Fox (x̣ʷaʳʷílʷ) said to him, “Do not be too sure. Maybe no one will be given his choice of names. Maybe you will have to retain your own name, Coyote (snk’aʔlíp). Because it is a degraded name, no one among the tribes will want to take it.”

This angered Coyote. He answered back to his brother, “I am tired of that name! I do not want to take it! Let someone else carry it. Let some old man or some old woman take it who cannot win in war as I can. I am going to be a great warrior in the New World. My brother, I will make you beg me when I am called Grizzly Bear (kil’awna), Eagle (malqaʔnu’ps), Salmon (ntetiʔyix.)”

Fox (x̣ʷəʳʷílʷ) laughed. He said to his brother, “Go back to your lodge! Go get your sleep, or you will not wake in time in the morning to select your name.”

Coyote went to his tepee in anger. He determined not to sleep that night. He would remain awake so as to be the first at the Spirit Chief’s lodge for the name he wanted. As Coyote stooped to enter his tepee, his five children all called in one voice: “ləʔíw father!” Their hungry and eager little faces were filled with the expectation that he had brought something home to eat. Coyote had no food. The children, their hair combed back and tied in a hard knot on the top of their heads with strips of buckskin were disappointed. The mother, Coyote’s wife Mole (pəlpə’lyaxal’qs) sat on her feet at the side of the doorway, a good woman, always loyal to her husband in his mischief-making and troubles. Never jealous, she was always useful in his adventures. From her

place at the doorway, she looked up at Coyote and said in a disappointed tone, "Have you no food for the Children? They are starving! I can find no roots to dig."

"Eh-ha!" grunted Coyote sarcastically. He answered his wife, "I am no common person to be spoken to in that fashion by a mere woman. Do you know that I am going to be a great Chief at daybreak tomorrow? I shall be Grizzly Bear (kila'wna). I will devour my enemies with ease. I will take other men's wives. I will need you no longer. You are growing too old, too ugly to be the wife of a great warrior, of a big Chief as I will be."

Coyote's wife, accustomed to his abusive language, turned to her corner of the lodge, took some old bones, and placed them with water in the (†əkcín) cooking basket. With two sticks she lifted hot rocks from the fire and dropped them in the (†əkcín) cooking basket. The water boiled and there was poor soup for the hungry children.

Coyote ordered his wife to gather plenty of wood for the tepee fire where he would sit without sleep all night. Half of the night passes; Coyote grew sleepy. His eyes would close however hard he tried to keep them open. Then he thought what to do. He took two small sticks and braced his eye-lids apart. He must not sleep! But before Coyote knew it, he was fast asleep. He was awakened by his wife, Mole (pəlpə'lyaxal'qs) when she returned from the Spirit Chief's lodge, when the sun was high in the morning sky. Mole, (pəlpə'lyaxal'qs) loved her husband and did not want to lose him. She wished him to remain Coyote, did not want him to become a great chief only to leave her for younger and more handsome women. This is why she did not call him at early morn.

Coyote jumped up from where he lay. He hurried to the lodge of the Chief Spirit. Nobody was there, and Coyote thought that he was first. He did not know that the people had all chosen their names and had scattered everywhere over the earth. He went into the lodge and spoke, "I am going to be Grizzly Bear (kila'wna). The Chief answered, "Grizzly Bear (kila'wna) was taken at daybreak!"

Coyote said, "Then I shall be called Eagle (malqa?nu'ps). The Chief answered Coyote, "Eagle has chosen his name. He flew away long ago."

Coyote then said, "I think that I will be called Salmon (nteti?yix)." The Spirit Chief informed Coyote "Salmon (nteti?yix) has also been taken. All the names have been used except your own: Coyote (snk'a?líp). No one wished to steal your name from you."

Poor Coyote's knees grew weak. He sank down by the fire in that great tepee. The heart of the Spirit Chief was touched when he saw the lowered head of Coyote (snk'a?líp) the mischief-maker.

After a silence the Chief spoke, "You are Coyote, snk'a?líp! You are the hated among all the tribes, among all the people. I have chosen you from among all others to make your sleep, to go to the land of the dream visions. I make a purpose for you, a big work for you to do before another change comes to the people.

You are to be father for all the tribes, for all the new kind of people who are to come. Because you are so hated, degraded and despised, you will be known as the Trick-person. You will have power to change yourself into anything, any object you wish when in danger or distress.

There are man-eating monsters on the earth who are destroying the people. The tribes cannot increase and grow

as I wish. These monsters must all be vanquished before the new people come. This is your work to do. I give you (sq^wa'stink) powers to kill these monsters.

I have given your twin brother, Fox (x^wə^swíl^w) (su?mix) power to help you, to restore you to life should you be killed. Your bones may be scattered; but if there is one hair left on your body, Fox can bring you back to life.

Now go, despised Coyote Begin the work laid out for your trail. Do good for the benefit of your people." Thus, Coyote of the Animal People was sent about the earth to fight and destroy the people-devouring monsters, to prepare the land for the coming of the new people, the Indians.

Coyote's eyes grew slant from the effects of the sticks with which he braced them open that night when waiting for the dawn of the name-giving day. From this, the Indians have inherited their slightly slant eyes as descendants from Coyote.

After Coyote had left the lodge of the Spirit Chief, the Chief decided to give to the Animal World and to the coming new people the benefit of the spiritual works of the Sweat-house.

But there was no one left to take the name, so the wife of the Spirit Chief felt pity for the animals and people, and she took the name of the Sweat-house. A spirit, she cannot be seen. But she is there! The pole-ribs of the sweat-house represent the wife of the Chief Spirit. Her songs are still sung by the present generation. She still hears the sorrows, the woes of her people, in the chant which goes up from the cone-shaped structure.

37. Coyote Kills Wind

By Mourning Dove, Okanogan

Coyote (snk'aʔlíp) grew tired of his own country. One day he told his wife, Mole (pəlpə'lyaxal'qs) that he wished to travel. He took her and the children to the lodge of his friend, Badger (yux^wyeḡ^wu'txn) and asked him to care for the children. He said to Badger, "I am going away to hunt the enemy, going where there is great danger."

Coyote gave Badger a small sack to hang on his tepee pole. He said to Badger, "Should this pack fall from the pole, you will know by that sign that I am killed. But if it does not drop down, then you will know that I am alive."

Leaving this sign-token with Badger, Coyote went traveling. He had traveled for a few sundown's when he heard singing on the trail ahead of him. As he drew close to the brow of the high cliff, he saw that someone was sweat-housing on the edge of the cliff. Drawing nearer, he noticed the beautiful buckskins of the sweat-house singer. As was his way, Coyote wished to obtain the clothing through mischief. He asked to sweat-house with the one singing inside, who happened to be Wind (sníw't).

Wind (sníw't) said to Coyote gladly agreed. Taking the water basket, he ran down to bring the water. When he returned, he lifted the door flap of the sweat-house on pretense of giving Wind the water. Instead, he threw all the water on the hot rocks and quickly closed the door. Wind was scalded and burned to death.

Coyote took all the buckskin clothes of Wind, which were decorated with beads and fine shells. Putting them on, he resumed his journey. He had not gone far until he

wished he had wind to blow his clothing. He wanted to hear the jingling of the ornaments. Wind arose; not swift, but it rattled the shells. Coyote laughed! He wished for higher winds to come. The wind came stronger. Coyote was lifted off his feet and taken into the air. He was carried to the top of the cliffs which hang over the falls (sx^waʔnít^w) of the big river. Coyote caught hold of a small bush overlooking the falls, which happened to be Hemp and her sister. Hemp (sp'icən) and her sister took all the clothes belonging to Wind off of Coyote. They held Coyote down under the edge of the cliff.

When Coyote had wished for the high winds, Wind came back to life. He followed on the trail of Coyote. When Wind came to Hemp and her sister, he asked them, "Where is Coyote?"

The women answered, "Coyote fell into the waterfalls and was drowned." Satisfied, Wind took his clothes and went on his way.

After Wind was gone, Hemp and her sister pulled Coyote up to the top of the cliff. Coyote was glad. He asked the two women what they wished as pay in return for shielding him from Wind. Hemp requested water. She said to Coyote, "We merely exist. We suffer all the time from thirst. Only the moisture from the falls keeps us alive."

Coyote said, "I will give you water." Coyote now walked a short distance from Hemp and her sister. He threw his water on the rocks and there came a stream of good water. It is thus that hemp grows only where there is wet earth.

Coyote left Hemp and her sister, continuing on his journey. He had not gone far till he came to a great encampment of people by a lakeside (Arrow Lakes; sn^ʕictx).

He told them that the enemy people were coming. This scared them, and they gathered their weapons and their canoes in readiness for war. Coyote then called on his (sq'wastín'k) power and put all the people to sleep. He took their weapons and food, which he loaded into one canoe. Then, breaking all the other craft, he paddled the loaded canoe out on the lake.

Soon the people awoke from their sleep, and found all their canoes broken, and Coyote gone with their weapons and food. They made new canoes and went in pursuit of Coyote. When Coyote saw them coming, he made a fog with his (sq'wastín'k) power, and was lost to sight. The people could not find him. But Frog-woman (sw'ar'akxn) urged her people to follow the trail of Coyote.

As Coyote was far ahead, he thought that he was safe. He went ashore and fell asleep. Soon the people caught up with him, guided by Frog-woman (sw'ar'akxn). They killed Coyote while he slept. They took all their weapons and food away, leaving his body to rot by the lakeside.

It was many moons later when Panther (sw'aᵑ) was traveling the mountain tops of the county. He went from one mountain to another; and as he came close by the death place of Coyote he thought to go down to the lake and drink. When he came there, he found the remains of Coyote. Panther (sw'aᵑ) gathered the bones of Coyote and restored him to life. Coyote jumped up and said, "ʔíh', q'əsp ti ᵑís ʔítx (Eh! I slept a long time)."

Panther said to Coyote, "You have not been sleeping. You were killed by the Arrow Lake (snᵑíctx) people." Coyote wanted to go with Panther. Panther told him that he was traveling alone, but that Coyote could go with him

provided he did not get into mischief. Coyote promised to be good, and he and Panther traveled together. When evening came, they camped on the top of a mountain.

Panther produced a small bag of food. Coyote wished that there was more, for he was hungry. Coyote was always hungry. Panther knew coyote's thoughts and said, "There is plenty of food for both of us. You will not be hungry."

Coyote ate till he was filled; yet, still, the small amount of food remained unchanged, undiminished. Panther told Coyote to throw the leavings away, but Coyote wished to keep them. Panther) insisted that Coyote throw the remaining food away, and he did so.

The next morning Panther brought out another deer bladder of food. They both ate their fill without lessening the amount of food, as the evening before. Panther and Coyote then continued their journey.

They had not gone far until they came to the top of another high mountain. Panther showed Coyote his home and said I must now go to my children. They are hungry." He gave Coyote two arrows and said to him, "This first arrow is to kill the deer. Whenever you see a divide in the hill, you are to shoot through that divide. There you will find the deer. This second arrow is for the birds. You are not to mix the arrows. If you mix them, you will lose them. You are never to shoot the deer with the bird arrow. You are not to shoot the birds with the deer arrow."

After Panther left Coyote, Coyote thought to try his arrows. He went close to a divide of the hill and shot his deer arrow through the divide. Going through the pass, he found a deer lying dead, killed by the arrow. Coyote ate the deer and continued on.

He had not gone far until he saw a pheasant and shot it with his bird arrow. The pheasant fell from the tree. Coyote ate the pheasant then continued on his journey. Going a short ways, he saw another pheasant on a tree and shot it with his deer arrow. The bird did not fall. It still sat on the tree with the arrow sticking through it. Coyote shot it with his bird arrow. The pheasant flew away with both arrows, down the mountainside. Coyote followed the flying pheasant in search of his arrows. He came to a tepee; he went inside. There he saw Fisher (c'ər'túps) sitting by the fire with the lost arrows. Coyote wanted his arrows, but Fisher (c'ər'túps) refused him. Fisher said, "These arrows belonged to my oldest brother, Panther. I have found them and will keep them. I will give you two of my arrows. They are just like these of Panther."

Coyote took the arrows of Fisher and went on his way. Soon he forgot the rule of the arrows. He shot a pheasant with the deer arrow. The pheasant was not killed, so he shot it with the bird arrow. The Pheasant flew away with both arrows, as before. Coyote followed the pheasant to find his arrows. He came to a small tepee, and entering he found Marten (p'ap'íq's) sitting by the fire with the arrows given him by Fisher. Coyote wanted the arrows, but Marten (p'ap'í qs) said to him, "I have found the arrows of my oldest brother, Fisher I will keep them. But I will give you other arrows of my own which are the same as these of Fisher."

Coyote took Marten's arrows and traveled on. He had not gone far until he again broke the rules of the arrows and lost them. This time he searched for them in vain. He was glad to return home to his wife and children. He found Badger crying because his friend Coyote was dead. The little

sign-sack had fallen from the tepee pole many moons before. Coyote stood at the tepee door. Suddenly the youngest son of Coyote said, "la?íw! Father."

Badger said to the child, "Your father is dead! He will never return again." The child said, "No! I see my father at the doorway!" Badger looked where the child pointed. He saw Coyote peeking at them through the drawn door-flap. He said to Coyote, "You were dead! The pack fell from the tepee pole when you were killed. It fell many moons ago."

Coyote answered Badger "I was tired! I slept by the side of the water. The Arrow Lake people followed me in new canoes. Panther found my bones and helped me back to life."

Badger was glad to see his friend Coyote as were his wife and children.

VI. Indian Legend of the Pacific Northwest

(By Ella Clark, 1953)

38. The Animal People of Long Ago

Told by Peter Noyes, Colville

“Long ago, I don’t know how long ago,” began Peter Noyes of the Colville Reservation, when recalling some stories heard in his childhood, “the animals were the people of this country. They talked to one another the same as we do. And they married, too. That went on for many, many years, and then the world changed.”

A Puget Sound Indian once explained to Nels Bruseth this belief in the animal people:

“This time, long time ago, animal just same way like man. He talk, everybody understand. Fur and skin he put on and take off just like coat. Same way everybody, animals, birds, and fish.”

These two men expressed a belief once held by the Indians of the Northwest, as well as by other tribes on the North American continent, that before the Indians were created, the world was inhabited by a race of animal people. That was “long, long ago, when the world was very young and people hadn’t come out yet.”

The animal people in the myths of the Pacific Northwest Indians were giants. Mosquito, Spider, and Ant were larger than our cows. Eagle, Beaver, Fox, Coyote, and others had the characteristics of today’s animals, yet they

could reason and talk and do many things that neither animals nor people can do now. The animal people in the tribal tales lived exactly as the Indians themselves lived later. They fished and hunted, dug roots and cooked them, lived in lodges, used the sweat lodge, had headmen or "chiefs." In the myth "Origin of the Potlatch," Golden Eagle had a slave, just as the Indians who told the story had slaves. Sometimes these ancient creatures were human in shape, sometimes animal, even in the same story. When telling the tales in English, Indians today refer to these animal persons simply as "the people."

In the mythology of the Indians of the Columbia River Basin, the greatest of these ancients was Coyote. Coyote had supernatural power, which he often used for the good of the lesser animal people. He helped them in many ways, but he did many selfish and foolish things also. He often played mean tricks just for his own amusement. He was often boastful, vain, greedy, and cruel (according to our standards). An endless number of stories are still told about Coyote.

At the end of this mythical period of the animal people, "the world turned over," "the world turned inside out," or "the world changed," often quite suddenly. Human beings were created; the animals shrank to their present size, some tribes believed, and became more numerous. In other traditions, Coyote destroyed the power of the monsters and other evil beings and then changed the good ancients into Indians. He divided them into groups and settled them in different places, giving each group a different name and a different language. These good ancients became the ancestors of all the Indian tribes.

Coyote is the chief character in the myths of the Pacific Northwest, as he is over the whole western half of North America. But in the myths of the Puget Sound and Pacific Coast Indians, other characters play more important roles. The tribes living near the water, in what are now Washington, and British Columbia, told many stories about Raven. In some of them, Raven is the culture hero, the Creator and the Changer. In others, Raven is the helper of the Man-Who-Changed-Things. Mink, Fox, Eagle, and Blue Jay are other major characters in the tales of the Pacific Coast and Puget Sound Indians.

Different tribes had different heroes, but seemingly all of them believed that the world was once inhabited by mythological beings and that, in the days long past, some Changer came to transform the ancient world into the world which we know today. Among most of the interior tribes of Washington and Oregon, the Changer was Coyote. Among most of the Puget Sound and Pacific Coast tribes, the Changer was a manlike being with supernatural powers. Not only could he change himself into any form he wished, but he transformed the creatures of the mythological age into animals, birds, fishes, stars, rocks, and trees, in preparation for the race of human beings he was planning to create. The Changer has already appeared in "Mount Rainer and the Olympic Mountains" and in "Kwatee and the Monster in Lake Quinault." He will appear, under different names, in several stories in Sections III and IV.

The next two narratives give additional information about the animal people and about Coyote; many of his exploits are closely connected with the rivers, rocks, and waterfalls of the Columbia Basin. He has already appeared in this volume in "Mount Shasta and the Great Flood," "The

Peaks of Central Oregon,” and “The Seven Devils Mountains.” In some stories, Coyote is an animal, for his tail or his snout is mentioned. In others, he is a man, sometimes old and ugly, sometimes young and handsome. In a Sanpoil myth explaining the origin of the salmon ceremony, Coyote is described as tall and strong, “perhaps a chief of some kind”; his hair was worn in long braids, “his forelocks were carefully combed back, and the few strands of hair in front of his ears were covered with beads.”

39. How Coyote Got His Special Power

Told by Eneas Seymore (Seymour), Lakes

In a similar Okanogan story, the chief gave Coyote special power, which was to be in his stomach. In a Karok version, Old-Man-Above made him the most cunning of animals because newly created Man had sympathy for his disappointment; in gratitude, coyote became the friend of Man and his children.

In the beginning of the world, Spirit Chief called a meeting of all the animal people.

“Some of you do not have names yet,” he said when they had gathered together. “And some of you do not like the names you have now. Tomorrow, before the sun rises I will give a name to everyone. And I will give each an arrow also.

“Come to my lodge as soon as the darkness is gone. The one who gets there first may choose any name he wants, and I will give him the longest arrow. The longest arrow will mean that he will have the most power.”

As the people left the meeting, Coyote said to his friend Fox, "I'm going to be there first. I don't like my name. I want to be called Grizzly Bear or Eagle."

Fox laughed. "No one wants your name. You may have to keep it." "I'll be there first," repeated Coyote. "I won't go to sleep tonight." That night he sat by his fire and stayed awake for a long time. Owl hooted at him. Frog croaked in the marshes. Coyote heard them all. But after the stars had closed their eyes, he became very sleepy. His eyelids grew heavy. "I will have to prop my eyes open." So he took two small sticks and propped his eyelids apart. "Now I can stay awake."

But soon he was fast asleep, and when he awoke, the sun was making shadows. His eyes were dry from being propped open, but he ran to the lodge of the Spirit Chief.

"I want to be Grizzly Bear," he said, thinking he was the first one there. The lodge was empty except for Spirit Chief.

"That name is taken, and Grizzly Bear has the longest arrow. He will be chief of the animals on the earth."

"Then I will be Eagle." "That name is taken, and Eagle has the second arrow. Eagle will be the chief of the birds."

"Then I will be Salmon." "That name is taken, and Salmon has the third arrow. Salmon will be the chief of all the fish."

Only the shortest arrow is left, and only one name, Coyote. And the Spirit Chief gave Coyote the shortest arrow. Coyote sank down beside the fire of the Spirit Chief. His eyes were still dry. The Spirit chief felt sorry and put water in his eyes. Then Coyote had an idea.

"I will ask Grizzly Bear to change with me." "No," said Grizzly, "I cannot. Spirit Chief gave my name to me."

Coyote came back and sank down again beside the fire in the big lodge. Then Spirit Chief spoke to him.

“I have special power for you. I wanted you to be the last one to come. I have work for you to do, and you will need this special power. With it you can change yourself into any form. When you need help, call on your power.

“Fox will be your brother. He will help you when you need help. If you die, he will have the power to bring you to life again.”

“Go to the lake and get four tules. Your power is in the tules. Then do well the work I will give you to do.” So that is how coyote got his special power.

Mr. Seymore gave a unique account of the end of Coyote. Coyote and the Spirit Chief, whom Mr. Seymore always referred to as “God,” had a power contest. Unable to move a mountain except when Spirit Chief wanted him to do so, Coyote was thus defeated and was taken to an island in the ocean. He and his wife and four children can be seen there now, through a spyglass, but no one can get to them. When the world changes again, in the year 2000, Coyote will come back.

40. Why Coyote Changed the Course Of The Columbia River

Told by Clara Moore, Sanpoil, 1950

Clara Moore, who has lived all her life not far from the site of Grand Coulee Dam, relates this story. It is her Sanpoil great-uncle’s version of a tale told by many tribes along the Columbia and its tributaries. With a chuckle, Mrs. Moore states that Coyote’s prophecy is being fulfilled through the

irrigation project of the Columbia Basin. Her words here were transcribed from a wire recording made on June 30, 1950. Her impersonation of the characters, which added vitality and humor, will have to be imagined.

The last four paragraphs are from the variants related by Mary Sumerlin, a Colville, and by Rose Seymore (Rosalie Seymour), a Lake Indian, who has lived most of her ninety-four years not far from Kettle Falls. Until the building of Grand Coulee Dam, Kettle Falls was the Indians favorite fishing place in the upper Columbia.

Coyote had a tepee near the Sanpoil River. Kingfisher had a tepee there too. Four brothers, the Wolves, had a tepee there. So there were three tepees of them.

Kingfisher was having a hard time getting his fish. He could get little fishes, but not enough. They didn't suit Coyote, who expected Kingfisher to do his fishing for him.

The four brothers could get all the meat they wanted because they could kill a deer any time they wanted to. They had plenty of meat, and they gave Coyote plenty of meat. The four brothers, the Wolves, were Coyote's nephews. But Kingfisher ate no meat. He was having a hard time getting his fish.

Down at Celilo on the Columbia, four sisters had a fish trap. They wouldn't let any big fish come up the river.

Finally Coyote said, "That won't do. I've got to get busy and see into that, so that everybody can have fish. Not just the sisters. I'll have to take a trip down there and see what I can do."

It took him a long time to walk down to Celilo. Before he came to the house where the fish trap was, he tried to think how he would break the dam and bring the fish up without hurting the girls any and without fighting with

them. How was he going to fool them? Then he called upon his powers.

He asked his powers, "What can I do to get the fish up the river?" His powers said to him, "Well, that's too much work. You can't do it." "I can work all right," said Coyote, "if you will tell me what to do." One of his powers said to him, "Go down a ways and get in the water and float down. You'll be a little wooden bowl. Go down on the trap. Then the sisters will see you and pick you up and take you back to the house."

So he went down to the water and turned into a little wooden bowl. When he got to the trap, he couldn't float any longer. So he stopped right there. When the sisters came down from the hills where they had been picking service berries, they went to look at the trap and to get some water. They got down there and saw the little wooden bowl on the trap.

One of them said, "O sisters, see this little wooden bowl! Now we can have a nice little dish to put our salmon in."

Two of her sisters ran up and said, "Isn't it pretty? Isn't it lovely?" But the youngest sister stood off at one side and said, "I don't think that wooden bowl is good for us. Better leave it alone. It might be something that will harm us."

"Oh, you're always suspicious," said one of her sisters. "What is the little bowl going to do? Someone must have tipped over in a canoe up above, and this is part of their stuff. It can't harm anyone. Let's take the wooden bowl to the house."

That's what they did. So they cooked their salmon, ate all they wanted, and after supper put what was left into the

little wooden bowl for breakfast. Then they put it behind their little pantry and went to bed.

The next morning when they got up, the wooden bowl was empty. There wasn't a thing in it.

"I wonder what happened to our salmon?" asked one of the sisters. "There wasn't a thing in here."

The youngest sister said, "I told you that wooden bowl isn't good for us. You wouldn't listen. We'd better throw it away."

But the others said, "There must have been a rat or something that came and ate all the salmon. I don't think the dish had anything to do with it."

The youngest couldn't do anything with her sisters. There were three against one. So they cooked some more salmon, ate their fill, put what was left into the wooden bowl, and put it behind the pantry. Then they went up into the hills after more berries.

When they came back about one o'clock, they went to their house and looked at the little wooden bowl. But there wasn't anything in it.

The youngest said, "I told you that bowl is no good for us." The others began to believe her and walked out of the house. The youngest had the bowl in her hand. She threw it against a big rock. Celilo was pretty rocky. The girl found a big rock and threw the bowl against it to break it. When the bowl hit the rock, it dropped down on the ground and sat up as a little baby. One of the sisters ran over and picked it up. A little baby was staring at her.

"Oh, it's a little boy baby. Sisters, we'll have a brother now. We'll take care of him, and he'll grow up, and then he can get all the salmon for us. We won't have to get the salmon. All we'll have to do is to dry it and take care of it."

But the youngest sister said, "You better leave him alone. We don't want him in the house at all."

But they were three against one. They took the baby up to the house. It was a cute little baby, full of smiles. It was always smiling.

"Isn't he a cute little baby!" said the sisters. "Now we have a little brother."

So they fed it, put it in the bed in the tepee, and went back into the hills to pick berries. As soon as they were out of sight, Coyote changed himself from the little wooden bowl into a man. The man went down and began digging and digging, to break the dam that they had worked so hard to make. When it was about time for the sisters to come back, he would go into the tepee, get into bed, and change himself into a baby.

Well, that went on for quite a few days. Every day he went on digging and digging. One day he said to himself, "Today I think I'll be able to break through this dam." He was working as hard as he could. "It's about time for them to come home, but I'll stay here and finish breaking the dam. They can't harm me."

He had a wooden bowl which he put on top of his head. He kept on digging away and digging away. The sisters got back and went down after water. They saw him there, digging.

"Oh, he's a great big man, and he's breaking our trap!" cried one of the sisters.

The youngest sister said, "You think you know it all. I told you that baby was no good for us."

They picked up a stick and ran over to him. They tried to hit him over the head. But he had on that wooden bowl, so they couldn't hurt him. He gave the dam a few more

licks and it was broken through. Then he started running away from the girls.

He laughed at them. "You women never will put it over us men. Men always will put it over you."

When he walked away from them, the salmon followed him. When the dam was broken, the salmon went through the hole he had made. Coyote walked along the shore. Whenever he got hungry or tired, he would stop and call to some of the salmon in the river. A big salmon would jump out. He would catch it, roast it, eat it, and rest awhile. Whenever he stopped, the salmon stopped. So he kept coming up the river that way.

On the way down, he had stopped at the place where Dry Falls are now. At the time, the Columbia River flowed there. He had seen a family camping there and catching little fish to eat. They had two nice-looking girls. They looked good to him. He made up his mind that he would camp there and see what he could do.

He came there that evening and went to their tepee. The girls were out picking berries, so he talked to the old folks awhile. He said to the old man, "You'd better come down to the river with me. I saw a couple of salmon down there that you can have."

So they went down there and caught one and brought it back and cooked it. The girls came home. They all had a big feed on the salmon. He talked with them and then stayed over night. The next morning, he went down and caught two more and brought them up to the old man.

After breakfast Coyote asked the old folks if he could have the girls, to marry them.

"Well, I'll have to ask the girls," the old man said. So he asked them.

“No,” the girls said, “we don’t want to be married yet. We want to be free for a while.” That made Coyote so angry that he broke up the river.

“All right. If you girls won’t have me, you can go hungry the rest of your days. I’ll just take the river away from you.”

So he changed the channel and made the river run down this other way, where it’s running now.

He said to the old man, “Some day there’ll be some smart man who will run the river through here again. Years from now there will be one man who will make the water run this way again.”

Then he came on up the river. He kept coming up, coming up, coming up the river till he reached the mouth of the Sanpoil River. A girl there looked good to him. He put in Hell Gate dam to hold the salmon back for her people. The salmon couldn’t get over Hell Gate dam. It was too high; they couldn’t get over it the way he had it fixed.

But that girl wouldn’t have him. So Coyote said, “Four or five kinds of salmon will come up the big river. King salmon will go up the big river, but no big ones will come up the Sanpoil River. Steelheads first, Chinooks, then silver salmon, those little salmon smaller than the silver and red on the outside, those four kinds will go up the Sanpoil. But no king salmon, no big ones.”

Then he broke up the dam he had made at Hell Gate. Ever since then, there have been rocks and rapids at Hell Gate. He went on up the river and took his salmon with him. He went and went and went and went. He got as far as Kettle Falls. Of course there were no falls there, but people were living on both sides of the river. And he saw nice-

looking girl there. She was one of the Beaver Family, and she looked good to him in spite of her big teeth.

"I'm going to see what I can do here," Coyote said to himself.

He caught salmon for the old folks and was good to them. Next morning he asked the old man for his daughter. The old man said, "Yes, you can have her. Then I can have all the salmon I want to eat as long as I'm alive."

So that's where Coyote got his woman, at Kettle Falls. He made the falls there. That's as far as the salmon could go. He would not break those falls. He left them there. So, all these years that is as far as the salmon would go up the river.

Coyote was very good to Beaver's daughter. He gave her a beautiful fur coat, the softest and most priceless of furs. He gave her the right to live under the falls. "Whenever you see people or hear them coming," he told her, "you can hide under the falls. There you will be safe."

Coyote piled rocks across the river and cut them, so that there would always be a waterfall. He made three levels of rocks, so that there would be a waterfall whether the river was high or low. When the salmon tried to jump the falls, they could be easily caught by people fishing from the rocks.

Coyote broke down all the dams from the mouth of the river all the way to Kettle Falls. Soon the salmon were so thick that Beaver could not throw a stick into the water without hitting the back of a fish.

Then Coyote made Beaver the salmon chief. "The people of many tribes will come here to fish," Coyote said to Beaver. "You will be chief over all of them. You must share the salmon with everyone who comes. There will always be

enough for everyone. You must never be greedy with it, and you must see to it that no one else is greedy.”

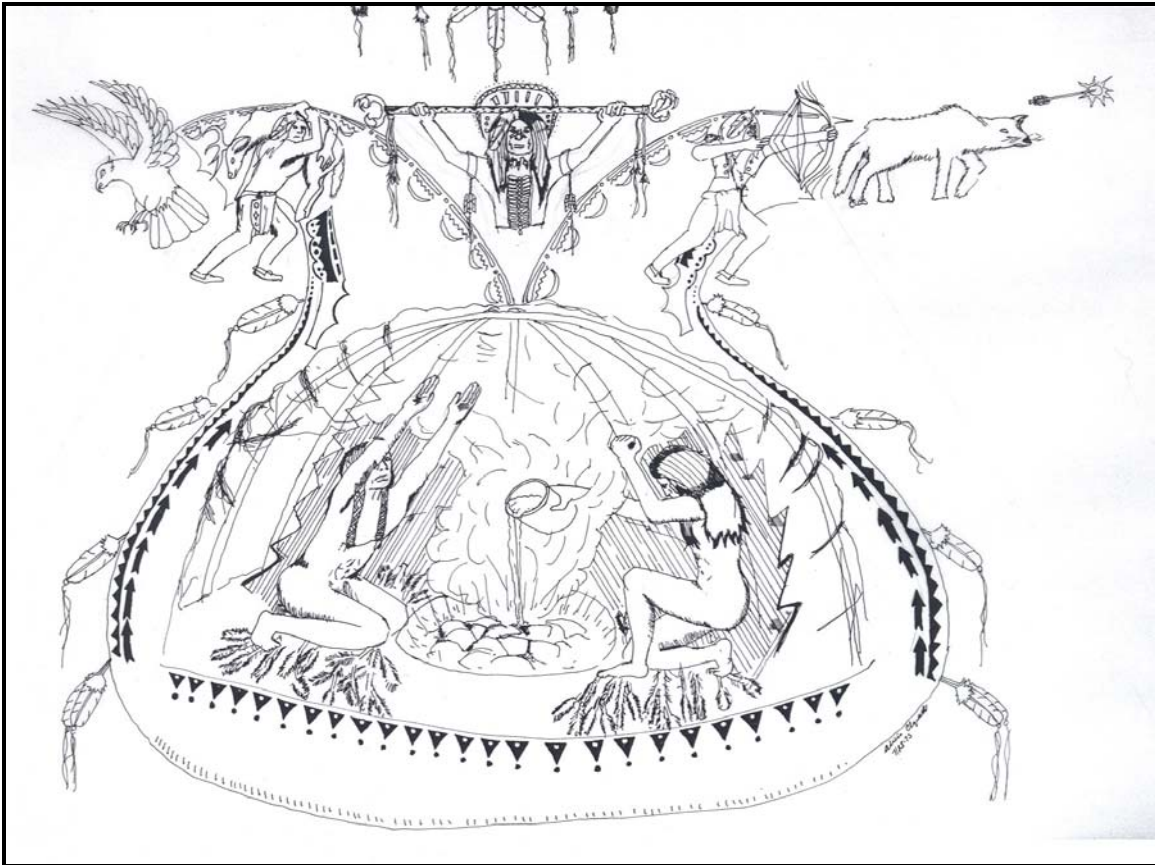


Figure 22. Sweat lodge

41. The Origin of Guardian Spirits and Sweat Lodge

Told by Chief Jim James, Sanpoil, 1930

The sweat bath was one of the most important Indian Ceremonies. It was not merely a means of cleansing the body and of healing disease; it had religious significance also. The rite included a prayer addressed to the life-giving power of the universe, a prayer for purification and strength and for good fortune in any enterprise of the moment.

Even the construction of a sweat lodge had spiritual value. Sickness of ill luck would strike anyone who built the house irreverently or abused it in anyway. A series of arches about four feet high was made by pointing into the ground both ends of birch or willow wands. This framework was covered with skins or blankets if the lodge was for temporary use only near a summer camp, for instance. It was covered with several layers of bark, earth, and grass if it was for permanent use. The entrance always faced a stream or lake. The sweating-stones were heated just outside the entrance and were rolled or carried into a pit inside the lodge. Water sprinkled on the hot rocks supplied the steam. As the bather dashed water on them, he chanted prayers to Sweat Lodge. After sweating, he plunged into the stream or lake. Cleanliness was thought to bring good luck.

This myth of the origin of Sweat Lodge and of guardian spirits was told to Verne F. Ray in 1930 by Chief Jim James of the Sanpoil.

Sweat lodge was a Chief long, long ago; but he wasn't called Sweat Lodge then. He was just called Chief. He decided to create all the animals and all the birds. So he created them and named them all. He named each animal and each bird. Then he told each one of them: "In times to come, when people have been created, they will send their children out, during the day or during the night, and you will talk with them and tell them what they will be able to do when they grow up. You will tell the boys that they are to get things easily, are to be good hunters, good fishermen, good gamblers, and so on. You will tell the girls that they will be able get things easily. At that time I will be Sweat Lodge, myself."

Then he spoke to them again: "I'll have no body, no

head, nor will I be able to see. Whoever desires to construct me will have the right to do so. The one that builds me may pray to me for good looks, or whatever he may wish, the one that made me. I'll take pity on him, and I'll give him what he requests, the one that made me. People may approach me thus: If anyone is injured, or if he is sick, or if he is poisoned, he may come to me for help and I'll give it to him. Also, when anyone is dying, he may come to me, and I'll help him then also. I'll help him to see the next world. So in this world I am Sweat Lodge, for the help of human beings."

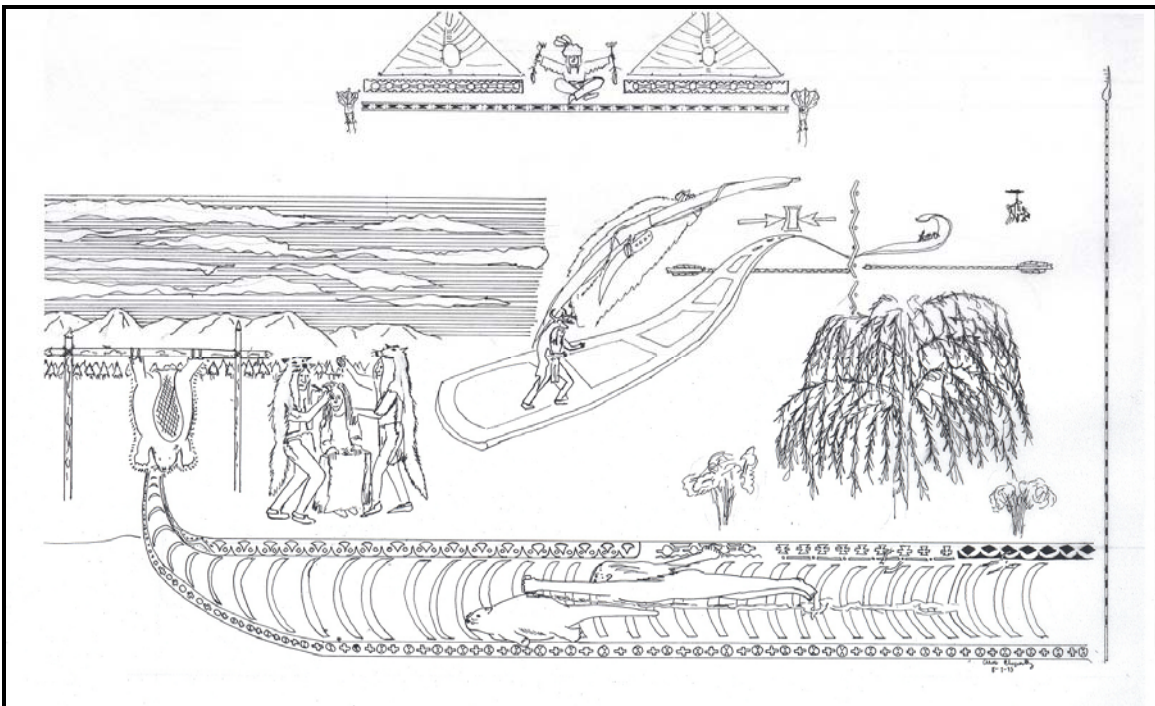


Figure 23. To the Sky People to steal fire

42. How Beaver Stole the Fire

Told by Clara Moore, Sanpoil, 1950

This fire myth is given in the words of Clara Moore, transcribed from a wire recording made in June, 1950. Now

a great-grandmother, she first heard it from her Sanpoil great-uncle. In other variants, some other "little fellow" shoots the arrows, Woodpecker or Boy Sapsucker or Wren.

In the early days of the animal people, there was no fire on the earth. The people ate their food raw or cooked it by the heat of the sun. They had no fire in their tepees.

"There is fire up in the sky," Eagle said one day. "Let us go up to the sky and get it." So the animal people had a big gathering. They came from all over the country. "We must have a war dance before we go," someone said. "Someone sing a song that we can dance to," so different ones would sing.

"Oh, that isn't good enough," someone would say. "We can't dance to that."

Magpie sang his song. It wasn't good enough. Mr. Crow sang his song. That wasn't good enough. They couldn't dance to that. Wolf sang his song, but it wasn't good enough. Then the people called on Grizzly Bear to sing his song.

"Oh, that is too ugly! We can't dance to that."

The people kept on singing until it was Coyote's turn to sing his song. It was a good enough song, but the people didn't like it.

"It's good enough," they said, "but we can never depend on Coyote. He doesn't know what he is doing. He is liable to do anything and lose out anyway.

"There are two little fellows who haven't sung yet, Mr. Bat and Mr. Chickadee, two little fellows."

So they called on them. They called on Mr. Chickadee, but his song wasn't good enough. Then they called on Mr. Bat.

"Oh, I can't sing any song."

“But you’ve got to sing.” They kept after him.

“All right. I’ll try.”

So he started out with his song. When he had finished, all the people hollered, “That’s the song we want! Sing it again.”

So they jumped up and war danced to Mr. Bat’s song. “Now we’ll have to fix a road to get up into heaven.” Of course they all had bows and arrows. “We’ll have to try to make a road of arrows to climb up on.”

They tired and tried and tried to make a road. The big animals used all their arrows, but they couldn’t reach the sky. So they came to Mr. Bat and Mr. Chickadee again.

The big animals laughed when Mr. Chickadee stepped up with his bow and arrow. He took aim and shot carefully. All the people watched. His arrow reached the sky and stuck there. He shot another arrow. It stuck in the first arrow and stayed there. He shot a third arrow, and it stayed in the second arrow. He kept on shooting. When he had emptied his two bags of arrows, the chain reached almost to the ground. He used other people’s arrows to finish the road.

Then they climbed up to heaven to steal fire and bring it down to earth. Grizzly Bear was the last one to start up the arrow road.

“I must take a bag of food with me,” he said. “There may not be any food up there.”

So Grizzly Bear started up the arrow road with a big bag of food. But he was so heavy that he broke the ladder and fell flat on the ground. Grizzly Bear had to stay at home.

When all the other people got up in the sky, Mr. Eagle was boss. He was the one who had the idea of getting the fire and bringing it down here. Like all bosses he stayed

behind, and he sent his peepers out, to look around. It was night when the people got up there.

“Who’s going to see about the fire?” asked Eagle. Then he sent people out in pairs. Dog and Frog were partners. They were too lazy to look. They lay and lay, and lay and lay, and of course didn’t find anything, they said.

Eagle got tired and disgusted. “We’ve got to do better than that. I’ll go myself. Beaver, you come along with me.” All right! Beaver traveled on water, and Eagle flew overhead. He got on a big tree close to the Sky People’s houses. Beaver swam down the river to a trap. He went into the trap and played dead.

Early next morning, a man went down to see what was in his trap. “Oh, there’s a fine beaver dead here!” So he took it up to the chief’s house.

“See this beaver,” he said. “Isn’t this a nice, soft fur? I’m going to skin him right away.”

Eagle was up in a cottonwood tree looking down. He moved, and some men saw him. “Oh, what a pretty bird! We’ve got to get that bird. We must kill it so that we can have its feathers for a headdress.”

The men went to their lodges to get their bows and arrows.

The man with Beaver took him into the chief’s house. That’s the house the fire was in, where they took Beaver. Soon they had him almost skinned. Beaver was afraid they were going to take his hide entirely off. If they took it off, then he couldn’t put it back on again.

Outside the house, Eagle was scared that the men were going to hit him. Their arrows were coming close. Just as Beaver’s skin was all off except around his jaws, the men

outside called out. "Come on and shoot. See who can hit him. Eagle's going to fly away soon."

The man skinning Beaver heard them holler. He ran out with his knife in his hand. Mr. Beaver jumped up, rolled over and over in his hide, and got it back on him, just as good as it ever was. He took the fire, stuck it under his fingernails, and rushed to the river. Everybody was looking at Eagle, way up there in the air. No one saw Beaver until he was almost in the water.

Eagle saw his partner come out of the house. He kept on dodging the arrows shot by many people until he saw Beaver going into the river. Then he flew away. "Oh, we have missed Eagle," the Sky People hollered. "We have missed Eagle."

The man who had been skinning Beaver ran back into the house. Beaver was gone. Fire was gone too. "Oh, we've lost our fire," he hollered. "Our fire is gone."

Eagle and Beaver rushed back to their people. They were gathered near the top of the arrow road.

"We have the fire," said Eagle. "Let us get down before the Sky People get here."

"The ladder is broken," the people told him. "Grizzly Bear and his bag of food were too heavy for it."

"The birds can fly down," said Eagle, who was the boss. "The little animals can ride down on the big birds' backs. The rest of you get down the best way you can."

So the little animals rode down on the big birds' backs. Coyote made his powers and turned himself into a pine needle and floated down. But soon the pine needle was going very fast, too fast to suit Coyote. So Coyote made his powers again and changed himself into a leaf. Then he floated down slowly. He made a nice landing.

But Sucker did not. He jumped from the last arrow, where Grizzly Bear had broken them. Sucker landed on a rock, face first and flattened his mouth. Suckers have flat mouths to this day, and so have to suck their food.

When all the people had reached the earth, they had a big gathering at the place where they had war danced to Mr. Bat's song.

"Who has the fire?" they asked. All looked at Mr. Eagle. "I don't have the fire," sang Mr. Eagle. "We don't have the fire," sang Magpie and Crow. "We don't have the fire," Chickadee and Bat.

They all sang with their hands spread out, open. Then Beaver stepped out in front. He spread his hands out, wide open "I am holding what we went after. I am holding what we went after."

His oldest daughter looked at his third finger, and there found some fire hidden in his double fingernails. His second daughter looked at his fourth finger and found some fire hidden in his double fingernails.

Beaver stored the fire in the wood of many trees. What Beaver brought down from the sky is still with us. Fire is in every tree. Whenever we want fire, we can get it from wood.

VII. Coyote and the Colville

(Published by St. Mary's Mission, 1971)

People who provided information for the book are as follows: *Mrs. Adolph, Jeanette Aleck, Francis Assisi, Louise Charley, John Cleveland, Cecelia Condon, Madeline Desautel, Eileen and Larry Emerson, Alice Irey, Smoker Marchand, Sara McCraigie, Ellen Moses, Mourning Dove, Mary Pierre, Harriet Rupp, Fr. Wilfred Schoenberg, Lena St. Peter, C.B. Suszen Timentwa, Julian Timentwa, Mrs. Cull White and Mickey Derrickson.*



Figure 24. Boy and Bear

43. Boy and Bear

Once a couple had a boy who was so mean, he got along with no one. One day the man said to his wife, "We'll go up and get our winter supply of meat. We will take our boy so he does not get into trouble." So they packed their canoe. They traveled up to the head of the Kettle River, to the camping grounds near White Mountain. There they put up their tipi.

Each day the father hunted. Each evening the woman would dry the deer meat. All their little boy would do was lick out the cooking pots and a large horn spoons. His belly grew very big. But he would not mind his parents. He would not get water or fire wood. They stayed there all fall until they had enough dried meat for the winter. The man then said to his wife, "Tomorrow we will go home."

The little boy was happy! He would see his friends again. So he helped his dad pack the canoe. The next day, as they were leaving, the father turned to the boy, "You forgot your bow and arrow." "Oh no, I put it in the canoe first," said the boy. But the father pointed to the bow and arrow, leaning against the sweathouse. (That day the father had taken it and put it there) The boy jumped out of the canoe. He went ashore and ran up the hill to get his bow and arrow. The father pushed the canoe off, leaving the boy. He turned to his wife, "We are going to leave our boy. We will not take him back among the people. He is too mean. Maybe he will learn to take care of himself up here." But the mother cried and cried. When the boy saw them, they were going around the bend in the river. He hollered, "Wait! Wait for me!" until the canoe was out of sight.

The boy decided he would have to get by the best he could. It was late in the fall. That night he slept in the sweathouse. During the night, a whole bunch of mice would come in and the boy killed them. By morning he skinned the mice and sewed the skins together into a blanket. All winter the boy stayed in the sweathouse. His father had left some dried roots and deer meat. This is what he lived on.

Spring came. The boy set out with his bow and arrow to find his people. Soon he came to White Mountain. He saw a mother grizzly with her two cubs on the mountain side. The cubs played while mother grizzly dug roots. The boy thought, "I have nothing to live for. My mother and father do not care for me. They left me to die. I will let grizzly eat me." So the boy lay down in their path.

The two cubs came along. When they saw him, they shouted to their mother, "We found us a brother! You don't want this lazy boy. His parents left him to die. All he is good for is licking pots. Let's go!"

As they left, the boy got up and ran around them. He lay down in their path again. The two little cubs told their mother they wanted him for their brother. Again she said no, and they walked on. But the boy ran around and lay in their path once more. Mother Grizzly then said, "Alright. He can stay. But you cubs will have to work. Pack a lot of water from the river. We must wash him out."

Grizzly ripped open the boy with her claws. All the pots and spoons inside of him fell out. Each time he had licked a pot or a spoon, there would be one in his belly. The little cubs brought more river water. After Grizzly washed and washed the boy inside, all he had was a little power inside to wash. His power was a small white weasel.

Grizzly washed this, too. Then she sewed him up. She told him,

“You will hunt for your little sisters, boy. I fixed you for them. They will never hunger for meat.”

So the boy lived with the bears in their cave. He hunted and killed birds and squirrels for his sisters to eat. They dug roots for him. The boy soon grew to be a man. The man grew restless and missed his people. He told Grizzly that he would return to his people. She told him, “It is your decision. But when you go hunting, never kill little cubs. They will be your sisters. You can kill old bears like me, but never kill your sisters.” The little cubs cried. Grizzly made the man handsome. Then they took him down the Kettle River. It was spring. Many people were at the falls, catching salmon.

The man made a canoe and traveled to his people, the smell of people was so different to him, it made him sick and he passed out. The people saw him. They put him in a buckskin robe and smoked him with (x̄ásx̄əs) root. When he came to, he was on the bank. He heard little children talking. “That’s the little boy who was left on the mountain to die.” The man asked about his father and mother. The children told him both his parents had died, “but your grandmother lives up on the hill with a little girl.”

The man went to his grandmother’s lodge. She was blind. All she and the girl lived on were the scraps and berries and roots that the little girl could find. Grandmother was very happy he was back. He told her, “You will worry no more. I will hunt for you. All you will do is dry the meat. You will hunger no more.”

The men in the village hunted everyday. Winter was near. But they found nothing. The chief of the village called

all his young hunters together. The boy was not going to the meeting, but his grandmother told him, "You are a good hunter. We have never hungered since you came back. You must help the village." So the boy went to the chief's meeting. He agreed to lead the men to deer.

Each day when the young hunters went with the boy, they found deer. They brought back three and four deer a day until there was plenty of meat for the winter. One day, while hunting, the boy and his friend saw a mother grizzly and two little cubs.

"Why don't you kill the cubs and mother? We'll have that much more meat, for the winter," said the friend. "We have plenty of meat. No need to kill them," the boy told his friend. But the friend kidded the boy, laughing, "That old mother bear and her cubs must be your wife and children." "Alright, if you want me to die. But I will kill them."

The boy killed the two little cubs. Then he went up to the mother bear and shot her. Mother Grizzly turned on him in anger, "I told you (pəlpolw'itciya) never to kill your little sisters! You did and now I will kill you!" Mother Grizzly then picked up the boy and tore him to pieces. The bear then went up to her cave. She became sorry for having killed the boy. She thought, "It was not his fault. I will go and awake him." So Mother Grizzly gathered up his body parts. She mixed them with dirt and put the boy together. Grizzly healed the boy, saying, "From now on, you can kill me and you can kill your brothers. You have begun to kill us. It was because of your little sisters that you became a man. You can kill us now. I give you that power." Then I came back.....

VIII. Traditional Teachings of the Colville Confederated Tribes

(Edited by Adeline Fredin and Tom Crawford, 1978)



Figure 25. The Legend of Steamboat Rock

44. Unsuccessful Suitor

By Lucy James, Nespelem, and Christine Sam, Sanpoil

In the old days, long before there were humans on this earth, the animal people walked and talked and ruled these lands. In those days, Columbia River flowed down the old channel past Steamboat Rock, instead of the way you see it today.

At that time Coyote heard of this beautiful girl who lived in the valley near Steamboat Rock. She was the daughter of Eagle, the Chief there. Coyote fell in love with her, and would watch her as she worked around her parent's camp. Their camp was near the place where the river and the Grand Coulee meet.

The Eagle girl saw Coyote and knew he wanted her for his wife. She was happy because she loved Coyote too. Coyote made his camp close by, but was afraid to ask the Chief for his daughter. He knew they would not want such an ugly one for their son-in-law.

Coyote stayed around that country for quite a while, but he could not get up the courage to ask the Chief for his daughter. Coyote thought, "I know, I will ask my brother Fox to go to the Chief in my place."

Coyote told Fox, "This is what you will say: "Coyote is a good hunter and will be a good provider. He is good looking and very powerful. Tell the Chief he will be very lucky to have me for a son-in-law. I will marry their daughter and they will prosper, for I will give them many presents."

The messenger went to the camp of the Chief and his wife. Fox told the Chief all that Coyote had asked him to say, and that Coyote wanted their daughter for his wife.

The Chief thought, "This is good. Coyote will bring fine things to this land." So the Chief agreed to this marriage. But the Chief's wife sat back and would not agree. She would hear nothing of such an ugly one for her beautiful daughter. So the Chief agreed with his wife.

The messenger went back to Coyote's camp. Fox said, "Coyote, I have bad news for you. They won't have you for their son-in-law." Coyote was hurt. "All right," he said.

Coyote left his lodge and called to the people. "Hear me," he said. "Come out of your lodges and hear me. I have something to say to you. You see this beautiful valley! See the river! Because your Chief will not give their daughter for my wife, I will take all of this from you. You will live on sagebrush and roots. The ground will be hard and dry. This is all you will have to live on the rest of your lives." Coyote was angry. "This is all you deserve anyway."

So Coyote took his basket of presents and went to the north end of the Grand Coulee. There he called on his power. He changed the channel of the Columbia River from Grand Coulee to the channel you see today. The salmon he changed into rocks. They can still be seen as you go through the Grand Coulee standing up against the walls of the canyon.

Today you can still see the yellow and red foods on the walls of the canyon. You can find roots and berries growing on the top of the Steamboat Rock where a basket of food landed. And you can also see the great Chief still making his home there, eating what he can.

IX. Indian Land Use and Occupancy in the Franklin D. Roosevelt Lake Area of Washington State

(Randy Bouchard and Dorothy Kennedy, 1984)

The report provides information of the legends of the Sanpoil, Spokane, Colville, and Lakes Indian Territory. This land was used and occupied by these tribes. The informants have given their versions of our history and legends. Below are some of the legends within the report. The informants that participated were Johnnie Francis (born in 1898, died in 1982), Nettie Francis (born 1909), Cecelia Pichette (born 1910, died in 1989), Salena Pascal (born in 1903), Johnnie Adolph (born in 1903, died in 1983), Louie Pichette (born in 1896, died 1990), Margaret Sherwood (born in 1904), Ellen Stone (born in 1900, died 1990), Mary Marchand (born in 1904, died 1987), Louise Lemery (born in 1899), Julia Quintasket (born in 1898), Martin Louie (born in 1906), Susan Louie (born in 1933), Albert Louie, Ed Monaghan (born in 1917, died 1993), Charlie Quintasket (born in 1909), and Joe Covington (born in 1906)

45. Whitestone (nǎ̀əlsítᵂ)

Told by Johnnie Francis, Entiat

Another legend pertaining to this same rock is known to Johnnie Francis and is summarized as follows:

Skunk (sn'əkstíya) and Marten (p'ap'íq's) lived together in a mat lodge just above Hellgate (xəl'ál'st). An Old lady who lived at Whitestone crossing (snyaʔk'ᵂtan) had two daughters; she wanted them to marry Marten, who was a

good hunter, but not Skunk. The old lady told the girls to go over to Skunk and Marten's mat lodge, but to be careful of Skunk. Although Skunk and Marten lived in the same lodge, a mat partition separated their living areas, this was necessary because of Skunk's bad smell.

The girls arrived at the lodge, but Skunk arrived home first, as he never stayed out long, he was not much of a hunter. As Skunk walked along, he made a farting sound, "p'íq^w p'íq^w." The younger girl started to giggle, even though she had been told by her sister not to do so. Skunk took both girls into his section of the lodge and cooked some food for them.

When Marten returned, he could see, through the space at the bottom of the mat partition, an extra plate of food in Skunk's section of the lodge. Marten became suspicious. When the same thing happened again the next day, Marten placed a rock outside the entrance to the lodge. The following morning, instead of going out hunting, Marten rolled the rock around so that it would sound like he was leaving. When he thought Marten was gone, Skunk began playing with the girls.

Marten could see through the space at the bottom of the mat partition. Then Skunk went out hunting, making his farting sound as he walked. Immediately Marten talked to the girls and they told him they had come to marry him. Marten warned them that Skunk was dangerous. They all decided to hide over at Whitestone Rock.

When Skunk came back and found them gone, he tracked them there but lost their tracks where they had gone into Whitestone Rock to hide. Skunk jumped around looking for them and as he did so he made his farting sound.

The younger girl giggled. Skunk pointed his tail at the rock and squirted his spray at Marten and the two girls.

It used to be possible to see a rock in the shape of Skunk, with his tail pointing at Whitestone Rock. In this same Skunk-shaped rock, it was also possible to see Skunk's spray and the shapes of Marten and the two girls. But all this is now underwater.

45. Bite-Hand Place (skw'i?íkstn)

Told by Louie Pichette, and Albert Louie, Lakes

There was a large back eddy on the Columbia, just north from Bite-hand-place (skw'i?íkstn) along the west side of the river. Here the old people used to go to gather (sp'əq'wík'n) is the Colville name for salmon that have spawned and died and are beginning to get rotten. Such fish used to collect in the back eddy here, after spawning and floating down the river.

Coyote was traveling up the Columbia River, distributing salmon to the people. When he got to Bite-hand-place (skw'i?íkstn) he created a large back eddy in the river, then he called out to a salmon to jump out of the water. He got the salmon, barbecued it, threw the bones back into the river, and after eating the fish, passed judgment on it. "Anything that floats down the river will end up here in this back eddy." Then coyote went to get a drink of water from the creek here. As he was getting a drink, Rattlesnake bit his hand that is why this place is called (skw'i?íkstn´) Bite-hand-place.

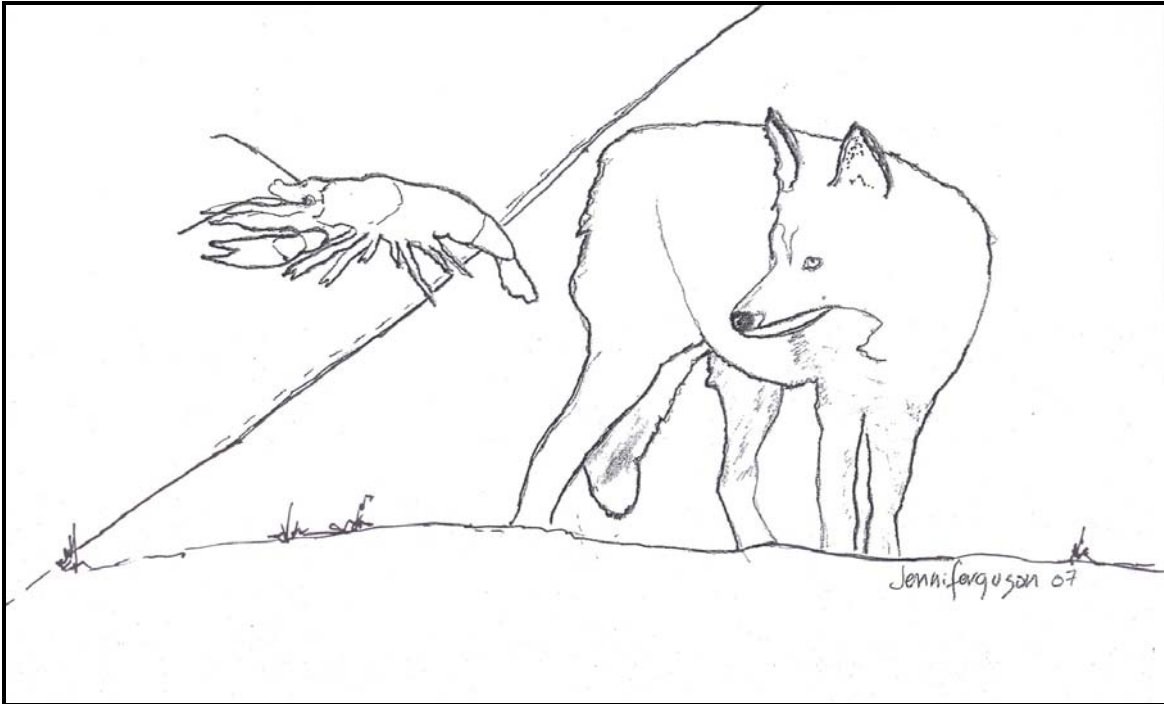


Figure 26. Crawfish and Coyote

47. Crawfish Races Coyote (nt'ət'ək'w'tiwaʔs) "small lake in the area"

Told by Martin Louie, Lakes

According to Martin Louie, there was a tiny lake here which is believed to have been the finish line in the legend of the race between Coyote and Crawfish. Martin Louie's account of this legend is summarized as follows:

Coyote was teasing Crawfish because he was so slow and because he walked sideways. Crawfish replied that actually he was quite fast, so Coyote challenged him to a race. "You go ahead and I'll follow you," Crawfish told him. So they got ready to race, with Coyote standing in front of Crawfish. "We'll race to the log in that little lake up ahead,"

Crawfish's voice telling him he was just about to pass Coyote.

Coyote kept running, but just as he approached the finish line, he turned around to have a last look for Crawfish, and in so doing he swung his tail, throwing Crawfish over the finish line ahead of him.

48. Woolly Hide

Told by Martin Louie and Albert Louie, Lakes

Albert and Martin Louie have different explanations of q'wəmqənícáʔ. Albert Louie, states his grandparents told him q'wəmkənícáʔ was the name of "A large woolly animal from the north country," however Martin Louie insists that q'wəmqənícáʔ was a mythical creature, a people-eating monster. Martin Louie's account of a legend concerning Coyote and q'wəmqənícáʔ is summarized as follows:

A people-eater named q'wəmqənícáʔ lived on the hill behind what is now known as the town of Kettle Falls. He was the only person who had serviceberry bushes and also flint, and thus things were very difficult for the people who lived around this area, for without serviceberry bushes they could not make arrows, and without flint they could not make arrow-heads or knives.

Sparrow-hawk (ʔəʔícʔic), who had one eye open all the time, used to help q'wəmqəníc'áʔ by telling him whenever anyone was about to pass nearby through skəʔp'up'ł'əm, where three trails met, one from the south, one from the east, and one from the west. After Sparrow-hawk told the

monster that someone was coming, q'wəmqəníc'a?, would eat that person and then spit out their bones. Eventually a large pile of bones accumulated at skəþp'up'λəm.

Coyote (snk'a?lip) was traveling around. He arrived at skəþp'up'λ'əm and saw the bones there, but didn't realize anything was wrong. Suddenly the monster jumped out of the brush, ate Coyote and spat out his bones. Soon after, Fox (x'əʕ'wíl'x'w) came along. Looking at the pile of bones, Fox noticed that one of them had a piece of fur on it, so he jumped over the pile and brought Coyote back to life.

"Oh, I must have fallen asleep!" yawned Coyote, but Fox told him about Sparrow-hawk and what had happened.

Coyote decided to kill the monster. He summoned the four powers in his excrement, and they agreed to help, but only after he had threatened them. One of the excrement powers decided to be rain; the second decided it would be a club; the third, a robe; and the fourth the eyes and muscle of Coyote. Then Coyote's powers told him, "Sparrow-hawk never sleeps with both eyes closed, we will make it rain constantly so that he will put his head underneath his wing to keep dry." So Coyote put on his robe and hid nearby with his club.

It began to rain heavily. Sparrow-hawk kept putting his head under his wing and quickly pulling it back out again, but the fifth time he put his head under, he left it there. Immediately Coyote jumped out from where he was hiding, smashed the monster's head with his club, and strangled Sparrow-hawk.

Coyote took the service berry bushes that q'wəmqəníc'a? had been hoarding, and threw them in all directions so that the coming people would be able to get sticks for arrows.

He also threw the flint. Then he passed judgment on the monster, saying that never again would he eat people. Finally, he kicked the dead monster in his side. Today you can still see the place where Coyote kicked the monster, there on what now is called Gold Hill.



Figure 27. Coyote on the Kettle River

49. Kettle River Gorge p'a?núla?x^w "Pinched Land"

Told by Martin Louie, Lakes

The term p'a?núla?x^w 'pinched land' is apparently derived from a mythological event that is said to have

occurred here. Martin Louie's account of a legend in which the reason for this particular land feature is explained, is summarized as follows:

Coyote was traveling along. He got to the place where the Kettle River enters the Columbia and decided to walkthrough the narrow canyon here.

But as he entered the canyon, the sides of it began to close on him. Coyote didn't know that this canyon was a people-killing monster. Slowly the walls closed until Coyote was crushed. His body floated down the river and washed ashore.

Fox happened to come past and smelled something rotten. It was Coyote's body. So Fox jumped over Coyote and brought him back to life. "Oh, I must have been sleeping!" yawned Coyote, but Fox explained that he had been killed by a monster, so Coyote summoned the four powers in his excrement and told them about this people-killing canyon. He asked for their help, two of them agreed to be the power of his right arm and the other two agreed to be the power of his left arm. Coyote's powers told him to walk through the canyon and spread out his arms when it started to close on him. "We will then transform ourselves into thunder and kill the monster," they said.

So Coyote entered the narrow canyon, and the walls began to close in on him. He stretched out his arms and thunder exploded from his hands. Immediately the canyon opened and Coyote ran back and forth inside as it filled with the roar of thunder.

"Never again will you kill people!" Coyote told the people-killing canyon.

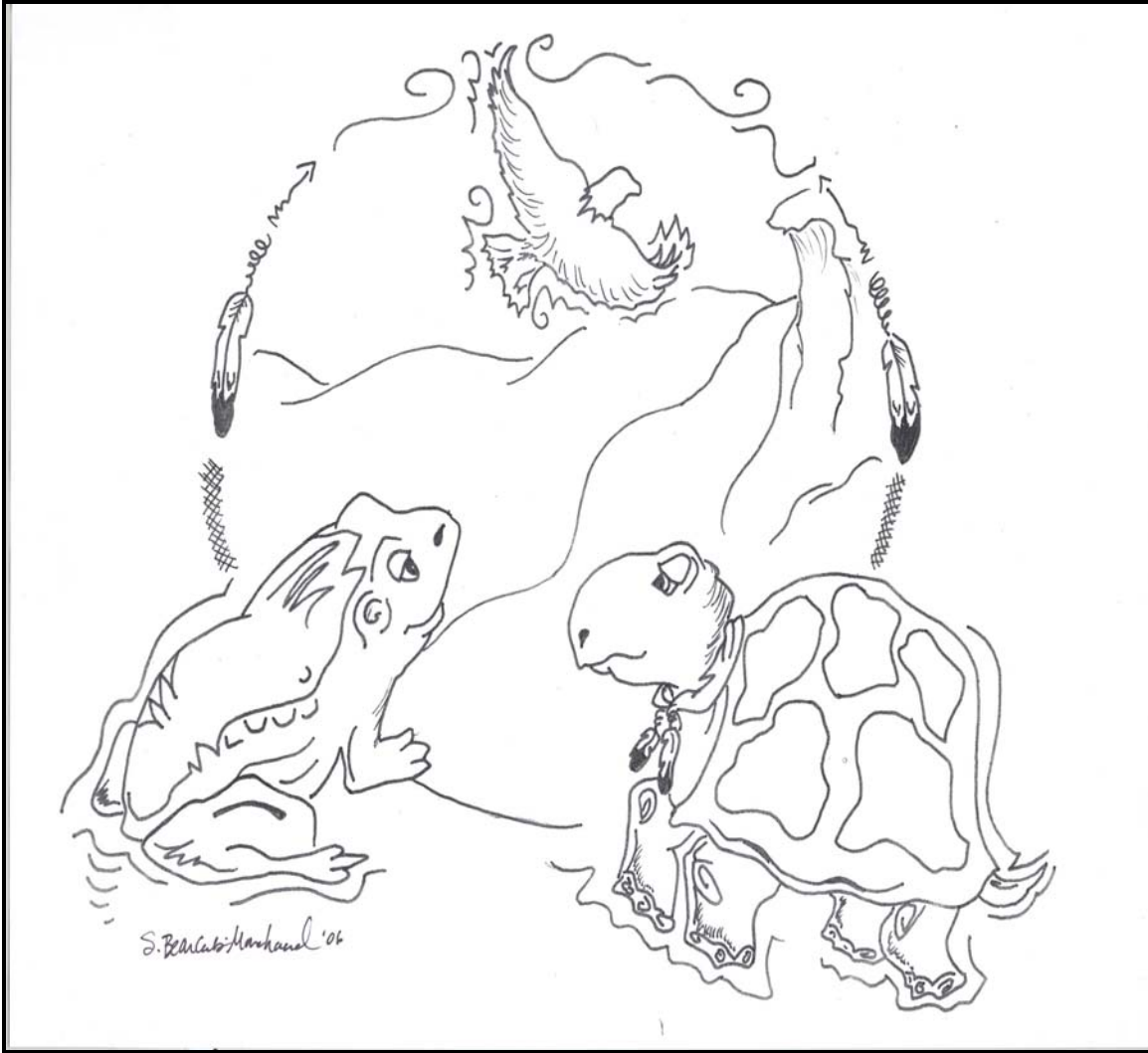


Figure 28. Frog races turtle

50. Frogs Race With Turtle

Told by Louie Pichette

There were four Turtle brothers, one of whom bet Frog (sw'ar'ak'xn') his tail that he could beat him in a race. Frog accepted the challenge, so Turtle (ʃars'ík^w) got his brothers to help him. The three brothers laid down flat on the ground along the race course the last brother was right near the finish line.

They started the race. Frog was way ahead, but Turtle yelled out, causing fog to appear immediately, the first Turtle brother started running, just as the fog cleared. But Frog soon passed this first brother, who also yelled and caused fog to appear. Just when the fog cleared, the second Turtle brother started running. Frog soon passed this second brother, who also yelled and caused fog to appear. The third Turtle brother, the one nearest the finish line, immediately started running when the fog cleared. Turtle easily crossed the finish line before Frog could catch up to him.

Turtle demanded Frog's tail, but Frog, speaking Spokane, said, "Wait a little while." So Turtle ripped Frog's tail off. This is why, today, Turtles have tails but frogs have no tails. And this is also why, from this time on, there has always been cheating in races.

51. Grizzly Bear Was A Monster

Told by Martin Louie, Lakes

At one time, Grizzly Bear was a monster. He lived in the hills from which the creek called nʔiʔsítkʷ (Flat Creek) flowed, and he killed people, buried them and piled dirt over the bodies.

Coyote heard about Grizzly Bear, so he went to nʔiʔsítkʷ. Before he had time to realize what the piles of dirt were, there along the flats by the creek, Coyote, himself, was killed and buried by Grizzly Bear.

Fox happened to be traveling past and saw the pile of dirt that was Coyote. He removed the dirt and jumped over Coyote, bringing him back to life. "I must have fallen

asleep!" yawned Coyote, but Fox told him he had been killed by Grizzly Bear.

So Coyote summoned the four powers in his excrement and asked them to help him kill Grizzly Bear. One of the powers said it would be a stick, another said it would be strength in the stick, and the third said it would be a spear.

Coyote went to where Grizzly Bear was, and walked right up to him. He jammed the stick down Grizzly's throat and then speared him. Then he passed judgment on Grizzly Bear, saying "Never again will you be a people-killer! You will just be an ordinary Grizzly Bear, now go into the mountains and eat wild rhubarb and dead deer!"

52. Nespelem and Daughters of Crawfish

Told by Johnnie Francis, Sanpoil

Formerly the Columbia River flowed southwest through the Grand Coulee. Coyote was traveling around. He heard that there were three young women living at Nespelem and decided they should be his wife's, these women were the daughters of Crawfish. So Coyote diverted the Columbia over past Nespelem by blocking the Grand Coulee with the rock ridge called *nq'a?q'a?aw's*. Coyote then told Crawfish that he would cause salmon to go up the Nespelem River if he could have his daughters, but Crawfish refused, even though Coyote had caused the Columbia to flow down past Nespelem. So Coyote blocked the salmon by creating a waterfall in the Nespelem River.

In the second variant of this legend Johnnie Francis stated that Old Lady Gopher lived on the upper side of the Nespelem River mouth and Old Lady Otter lived on the

lower side. One of these ladies was the mother of the girls who Coyote wanted (JF did not know which of them was the mother).

X. Native River: The Columbia Remembered

(William D. Layman, 2002)

53. Legend of Kettle Falls

Adapted from Ruth Lakin, *Kettle River Country*, 1987
Told by Aeneas (Eneas) Seymour, Lakes to Goldie Putnam
I am Coyote, the Transformer, and have been sent by Great Mystery, the creator and arranger of the world. Great Mystery has said that all people should have an equal right in everything and that all should share alike. As long as the sun sets in the west this will be a land of peace. This is the commandment I gave to my people, and they have obeyed me.

My people are sɔ̃^wi?yiɫpx and sn^{ɔ̃}ickst Indians, who lived near the Kettle Falls. I gave them that Falls to provide them with fish all their days. The Falls was surrounded by potholes in which my people cooked their food. When the Hudson's Bay people came they called it the "falls of the Kettle." The traders of the North West Company called it La Chaudiere.

Many generations ago my people were hungry and starving. They did not have a good place to catch their fish. One day while I was out walking I came upon a poor man and his three daughters. They were thin from hunger because they could not get salmon. I promised the old man I would make him a dam across the river to enable him to catch fish, if he would give me his youngest daughter as my wife. The old man agreed to this and I built him a fine falls where he could fish at low water. But when I went to claim the daughter the old man explained that it was customary to

give away the eldest daughter first. So I took the oldest daughter and once again promised the man I would build him a medium dam so he could fish at medium water if I could have the youngest daughter. The old man explained again that the middle daughter must be married before the youngest, so I claimed his middle daughter and built him a fine falls where he could fish at medium water.

Shortly after the father came to me and said he was in need of a high dam where he could fish at high water. He promised me his youngest daughter if I would build this. So I built him a third and highest dam where he could fish at high water. And then I claimed the long-awaited youngest daughter as my wife.

And now, because I had built the falls in three levels, my people could fish at low, medium, and high water. I had become responsible for my people, and I saw that the fish must jump up the falls in one certain area where the water flowed over a deep depression. I appointed the old man as Salmon Chief, and he and his descendants were to rule over the falls and see that all people shared in the fish caught there.

54. Hell Gate (xəl'ál'st)

By Joe Covington, Sanpoil

Hell Gate's name reflects its challenge to voyageurs and others passing through this section of river. Anthropologist Verne Ray learned that its Salish name, *n̄x̄^wər̄x̄^wər̄ús*, meant "Deep Eyes," possibly due to pot holes or kettles that looked like eye sockets, formed by the swirling waters. Coyote was said to have visited here during a long upriver journey. Joe

Covington, a Sanpoil elder, shared this story of the origin of Hell Gate:

Coyote was traveling up the Columbia, distributing Salmon. He got to Hell Gate and decided to build a falls here. Even though he was given a young woman, he got mad, so he never did complete the falls, he kicked them in three places and these are the three channels through which the Columbia used to flow here.

55. Whitestone Rock

Lieutenant Thomas W. Symons, 1881

About eight miles farther on we come to the Whitestone, a noted landmark consisting of a gigantic grayish-white rock 500 feet high, standing perpendicularly up from the water on the left bank of the river, partially detached from the rocks to the rear. It is split down the middle by some great contusion. The Indians have a legend concerning this rock of which skunk is the hero.

It would seem that in the long ago a skunk, a coyote, and a rattlesnake each had a farm on the top of the Whitestone. These were the days before the skunk was as odorous as he is now, but was esteemed a good fellow and pleasant companion by other animals. As in some other small communities, jealousies, dissensions, and intrigues arose in this one.

The result was that the coyote and rattlesnake took a mean advantage of the skunk one night when he was asleep, and threw him off the rock, away down into the river. He was not drowned, however, but floated on and on, far away to the south and west, until he came to the mouth of the

river, where lived a great medicine man and magician. To him the skunk applied and was fitted out with an apparatus warranted to give immunity from, and conquest over, all his enemies.

Back he journeyed along the river to his old home, where he arrived, much to the surprise of the coyote and rattlesnake, and commenced to make it so pleasant for them with his pungent perfumery apparatus, the gift of the magician, that they soon left him in undisputed possession of his rock home, which he has maintained ever since.

56. Water-Monster

By Louie Pichette, 1978

A Sanpoil winter village named snqílt above the rapids was located a short distance up the Columbia. In 1978, Louie Pichette recounted the following legend about the turbulent waters of the Spokane Rapids.

There was a Water-Monster who used to kill people in the rapids at snqílt. He lived under the water and he killed people by pulling them down in a whirlpool. Coyote knew this. He had a plan to beat this monster; he got a long tamarack tree and caused it to float sideways down the Columbia River.

When they reached the whirlpool, both the tamarack and Coyote were sucked down into it and then swallowed whole by the Water-Monster. Inside, Coyote could see all the animal people and the things that the monster had swallowed. Coyote took his knife and cut at the Water-Monster' heart, but the knife broke, so he cut again.

The monster died; as he did so, he opened and closed his anus, which allowed all the animal-people to escape through it. Because this Water-Monster had been killed, it became safe to travel through the rapids at snqílt, although care had to be taken, and it was necessary to use the channel on the west side of the river. XI. Occasional Papers in Linguistics No. 15, 2002

(Edited: Anthony Mattina & Madeline DeSautel, May 2000)

XI. Occasional Papers in Linguistics No. 15, 2002

57. Coyote Juggles His Eyes

Told by Dora Noyes DeSautel, Colville łaʔkłcaptík^w
(Ed. by Anthony Matina and Madeline Desautel, May 2000)

This is the first of three stories Dora told on July 20, 1970. In this story as Coyote is juggling his eyes Raven steals them and leaves him blind. Coyote stumbles around until he distracts a bird, gouges out his eyes and puts them in his own eye sockets regaining his eyesight. The bird's grandmother outfits the boy with kinnickkinnick berry eyes, and he, too, regains his sight. Coyote wantonly kills some baby pheasants and moves on. Wherever Coyote goes people transform themselves and otherwise shun him. Eventually the pheasant's parents avenge their baby's deaths by killing Coyote. Coyote remains dead about a year, when his cousin Fox brings him back to life by stepping over his remains. He comes back to life claiming to have been asleep, while Fox insists he's been dead.

Coyote was going. He took his eyes out and he threw them up in the air. And he said, come back in and his eyes came back in. Then Raven flew by and he took his eyes. He Coyote said, "Slip in!" and nothing happened. He was blind. He was going, walking around any old place, to the water, to the creek, he didn't find anything. There was brush, and he asked it, "What are you?" It told him, "I am a grey willow." And he said, "I m getting close to the river." Then he went on, and there was brush. He said, "What are you?" It told him, "I am a rose bush." My, I am not near the water." He traveled on, there was some more brush. He

said, "What are you?" It said, "I am a red willow." Well, now I'm near the water." And he fell in the water, and he drank.

There was a bird flying around there. He said, "Come here you little boy. Look at the stars, the little stars." He looked up high. The boy came and then said, "Where?" "Look there, up high." He looked there, and Coyote gouged his eyes out. Then he put them in his own eyes. And the boy started crying, and he ran away, and he cried. And Coyote went on.

Then the boy's grandmother said to him, "Come here, I'll make you some eyes from these kinnickkinnick berries. I'll give them to you." And that's why his eyes are red.

Coyote went, and there were baby pheasants running around there, in their tipi, their house. Coyote got there, and he asked them "where are you father and your mother?" And he said, "gone, they've left." He scraped the cinders away, and put the little birds there on the fire, the little ones. They died. And he put them.

He went on. He went to another living place, and went in. There was nothing there but combs lying around there, because the people had turned themselves into combs. He took one, and was going out, but there are people there. They combed him, gee he hollered, and threw the comb away. Then he went on. He went into a little living place. He went in there. My nothing but rouge powder. He took some, started picking it out, and did like this [she motions rubbing as if to rub out the color]. These other People had turned themselves into baby painting powder. "I'll take this one." He stuck it under his clothes. He was just about to leave when they grabbed him and threw him on the ground.

They shat on him. They shat on him, and that upset his stomach. Then he threw up, and then he went on.

He went up a little hill. Well, lo and behold, the birds that had the baby chicks had come back, and their children were dead. They went. They went up that little trail, and there they hid. The man told her, "I'll whack him on the head with the wing. If he won't fall off the rock then you whack him with the wing. Then he'll fall off and die." Then they went there. Coyote was coming along, he wasn't thinking. All of a sudden the bird flew and whacked him on the head. "Goodness," he said, "I pretty near fell." He had just said that when he got whacked by the mother. Then he fell over the bank, he fell down, and died.

He lay there maybe it was a year that he lay there. His older brother came by there, some relative, maybe Fox. His partner came by. He gathered the remains that were scattered about, and the hair. He gathered them, and piled them up. Then he stepped over them. Coyote woke up. Goodness, "I lay here, and I fell asleep. I've been stuck." He [his partner] told him, "look, these are your worms, they're still crawling around." Then they went away. That's all I know. Do you know more?

XII. The Geography of Memory Recovering Stories of a Landscape's First People

(Eileen Delehanty Pearkes, 2002)

58. Mountain Goat and the Origin of Huckleberry

Told by Nancy Wynecoop, Lakes

Transcription of oral history and oral culture of the Lakes Indians is rare. This story was told to anthropologist William Elmendorf by elder Nancy Wynecoop in 1935-1936 during Elmendorf field work with the Lakes Indians. This is exactly the myth as it appears in Elmendorf's field work with the Lakes Indians. This is exactly the myth as it appears in Elmendorf's notebook, with paragraph breaks added for legibility. "Myth times" was also called "the time when they made things" and refers to the creation period in Lakes Indian oral history.

Eagle (malqaʔnu'ps), person who lived at Kettle Falls, she was a very beautiful creature in myth times, her teachers decided to give her to the best runner, report was sent all over and competitors come to Kettle Falls, course led over rough ground and precipice, one precipice hung directly over the Columbia.

Mountain Goat (sɣ^wəλ'iʔ) lived far up north in the mountains, he sent his sons the eldest had already come to Kettle Falls to court the Eagle, she despised him and so did all the people, their legs, big horns, thick body, Old Goat decides to send rest of his sons and restore his honor, they brought huckleberries (st'əxáʔq) as their contribution to the doings.

When they got to Kettle Falls the people all said: "here are some of those ugly creatures coming, how can they ever run a race with their thick bodies," all the racers were out there with their contributions, the goats were so unpopular that their contribution was set aside and not grouped with the others, the other brother goat was sitting by himself despondently, the brothers planted a huckleberry bush they had brought from home in front of this brother, he ate all the berries off it and felt all spruced up and recovered his self-respect after this act of kindness.

The people finally decided to let the goats run although nobody thought they could win, at the beginning of the race the goats all grouped together while running and everybody laughed to see them do this, after running they came to the cliff and raced right across the face of the rock, none of the other animals could do that, so they won the race by a long way.

At the beginning the old grandmothers went over and were going to throw the huckleberries in the river, when they saw them go across the face of the cliff, they won the people's esteem, the grandmothers then brought the choice basket of berries over to the girl for her to taste and name, she named it the "sweet berry", from the bush the goats had planted come all the huckleberries now in this part of the country.

The goats after the race did not force themselves on the people or Eagle they just set out for home, Eagle followed after them: Eagle said that when she saw the goats in her home at Kettle Falls she thought them very shabby, but as they traveled toward home their coats became white as snow and she saw how they nibbled only the dewy tips of fresh grass, she tended carefully Old Goat and was able to

accompany the goats about the mountains. So old Goat adopted her and she married the eldest son and stayed in the mountains she builds her nest there still.

Fish Hawk (osprey), Buzzard, Water Snake, Mountain Magpie, all natives of the place all followed after the goats to marry them.

Water snake never got as far as the mountains where the sn^ʷíckst live, just to where the Kootenay hits the Columbia.

Eagle married the oldest goat.

Some of the girls followed the goats when they got up to where the old man lived. The Fish Hawk (c'ixc'í^ʷ) saw Jack Rabbit (ʷənaʔnik) "Long Ears", Rabbit was sitting in the corner and every time he moved his head his ears flopped and made her giggle, she also laughed at the old chief goat because of his appearance, instead of attitude of reverence, the boys didn't like this at all so they sent her away, she came down out of the mountains into the Columbia River Valley, can be heard screaming as she fishes there yet.

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Matilda "Tillie" George, a Colville Tribal member, certified language instructor and a fluent speaker of several Salish languages reviewed the document for all Indian words, providing the correct spellings in Salish using the International Phonetic Alphabet, the approved alphabet for the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation. Tillie's knowledge of the language and expertise in the history of the Confederated Tribes of the Colville Reservation is beyond measure. In addition to correcting Salish words, she placed some of the stories in their proper locations.

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