Adapted from the Federation of Saskatchewan Indian Nations
Wildlife Curriculum, 1992

Many of the following descriptions are currently practiced by traditional American Indians today.

I. PRINCIPLE ONE - MOTHER EARTH IS A LIVING & VIABLE ENTITY

A. **Mother Earth encompasses the sun, moon, stars, the universe, rivers, lakes, land and all that supports Life.**

1. All elements of Mother Earth and all Life forms are believed to have a spirit similar to that of Man.

2. All life forms depend on the gifts of the Creator; the sun, wind, the water, and food derived from nature.

3. All life forms are interrelated.

4. The hierarchy of existence on this planet: Creator, Mother Earth, Plants, Animals, Man. Man is totally dependent.

B. **Man and Nature are interrelated.**

1. There is a purpose for <u>every</u> Life form in existence.

2. If you alter the Life form of one, you alter the Life form of all.

3. Indian people believe in unseen Life forms.

C. **Man and all Life in nature are subject to the same environmental conditions.**

1. Man and all Life forms depend on Mother Earth for survival.

2. Mother Earth is composed of many things including food, water, shelter, space, etc., and these are all arranged to accommodate everything. The Grand Design is such that it accommodates and encompasses everything.

3. The existence of man and all Life forms depend on the quality of Mother Earth.

4. Any change in Mother Earth affects all Life forms.

D. Indian people, traditionally, were conscious as to how their activities would affect all life forms.

II. PRINCIPLE TWO - INDIAN VALUES & NATURE

A. Indian Spiritual Values are based on the Law of Nature.

1. Nature's Law of Circular Interaction is practiced in everyday life and is taught to children from a very early age.

2. Nature is the Indian people's greatest teacher. It teaches them the meanings of the Circle, Sacred Animals, Birds, the sacred number Four, etc.

3. Indian people and their relationship to and respect for nature is expressed through legends, prayer, music, dance, art, symbols, ceremonies and everyday activities.

4. Many traditional Indian people accept their position in the hierarchy. (The Creator, Mother Earth, Plants, Animals, Man) This acceptance is continually acknowledged and reaffirmed through prayer, ceremonies and rituals. Life is a Gift.

B. Indian people understand the ecosystem.

1. All Life Forms, no matter how small, are considered important and significant.

2. Indian people knew how to 'read' animal and plant life to know the state of their environment.

3. Indian people were able to foresee the cyclic patterns of Animal and Plant populations and prepared accordingly.

4. Indian people lived by Nature's Law of Circular Interaction.

C. Variations & Change

1. Any change in the environment has an effect on all Life Forms.

2. Due to changes in the environment, the numbers of Animal and Plant life are always changing.

3. The trend of continuous replacement of one natural community of life by another is considered natural.

4. Natural events, not human activities, should affect the rate and direction of succession of ecosystems.

D. **Adaptation is Natural & Continuous within all Life Forms.**

1. The changes in Mother Earth determine the changes that take place within Life Forms over generations.

2. Animals and Plant life adapt to Mother Earth's changes to maintain their respective numbers.

3. All Life Forms are vulnerable to environmental change. There are no isolated ecosystems.

E. **Consumptive and non-Consumptive Recreational values of Nature.**

1. Nature-based consumptive/non-consumptive recreation was inconceivable to Indian people.

2. Hunting and Fishing were not seen as recreation.

3. Indians, because of their knowledge of the environment, eventually were utilized as guides for contemporary hunters.

4. Consumptive nature-based activities, such as hunting and fishing, still provides food and other products for many Indian families.

F. **Indian people have always acknowledged the intrinsic value of Nature. Their values were based on this knowledge.**

III. PRINCIPLE THREE - ALL LIFE FORMS ARE INTER-RELATED

A. **Mother Nature encompasses all Life Forms.**

1. The environment is shaped and created by the Creator and modified by natural forces. It is not man's place to modify anything.

2. Each Life Form has its designated place within the environment.

3. All Life Forms were created to be able to adapt to natural changes.

B. **All Animal & Plant Life are inter-related.**

1. Every Life Form is considered a significant and contributing factor of and to environment.

2. The Indian people understood the delicate balance of the food chain of which they are a part. They acknowledged the Forces of Nature that were the ultimate source of this food chain. (Mother Earth, Sun, Rain, Wind, etc.)

3. Indian people studied and new the interactions that took place within Nature. They merged into these interactions with as little disturbance as possible. They new the impact that human activities had on Nature.

4. Indian people studied the behavior of animal life and the seasonal changes of plant life to give them insight into the cycle of Nature. Indian people adapted accordingly.

C. Social & Political Values of Indians were based on Nature.

1. Historically, Nature determined the development, movement and size of Indian societies.

2. Politically, on the national, regional and local levels, animal/plant life issues affect Indians.

3. To the Indian people, living off the land was a right given to them by the Creator.

D. Mother Earth is not for Sale.

1. Traditionally, the distribution and abundance of animal/plant life affected the well-being of an Indian society.

2. Throughout history, food, shelter, clothing and other necessary products of Indian people were supplied totally by animal and plant life.

3. Indian people, traditionally, see Mother Nature as a Life-Giving Force and that her gift of life was for everyone and not only for those that could afford it.

4. Traditionally, some animal and plant life were used for barter or exchange.

E. **It is a Natural Law that the Life Forms (animal and plant life) are given the capability to reproduce in numbers greater than their habitat can support for they must support other Life Forms.**

F. **Mother Earth was designed to accommodate all Life Forms (plant, animal, human life) adequately.**

1. Carrying capacity should be determined by climatic, geological, biological and/or behavioral factors and not by human activities.

2. The carrying capacity is looked at globally, not regionally.

3. Competition among domesticated animal and plant life as well as human life has deteriorated the carrying capacity of Mother Earth.

4. The carrying capacity is terminated in many areas where man has altered the environment.

IV. PRINCIPLE FOUR - CARE OF MOTHER EARTH

A. **Traditional Conservation and Preservation of Animal and Plant Life does not include management or man's intervention.**

1. Indian people's conservation practice with plants and animals was based on "take only what you need and be thankful."

ACTIVITY 4-2: **FISH BRACELETS**

OBJECTIVE(s): After completing the activity, students will be able to:

- experience the art of Native American beading.
- understand the history, importance and use of beads in Native American culture in the Pacific Northwest.

MATERIALS:	
40 looms	red, blue, white, and black beads
40 needles	40 barrel fasteners
70 crimp beads	40 bracelet patterns
thread or fishing line	

BACKGROUND INFORMATION:

BEADS

All North Americans Indians seem to have shared an appreciation for beads. At least eight thousand years before the Europeans crossed the Atlantic, Indians were making, wearing, and trading beads of shell, bone, pearl, teeth, stone, clay, metal, and fossil crinoid stems.

In North America, the grandmother of beadwork is quillwork. Quillwork is an intricate process of stitching the dyed hollow quills of porcupines onto hide in detailed patterns. Quillwork is unique to North America. A similar art form never developed in Europe or Africa although the hedgehog, a relative of the porcupine, is native to these continents. The grandmother of quillwork is paint, originally earth ochers rubbed into hide in broad color areas or finely delineated in pictographic forms of animal relatives and sacred images.

The best known shell bead was wampum: small, cylindrical, centrally drilled white and purple bead made primarily of the quahog clamshell. Strung on leather thongs, or woven into belts with sinew thread, wampum was sometimes worn as decoration but later developed far greater significance as currency. Wampum also was used for objects commemorating major political and ceremonial events.

Europeans exchanged glass beads for beaver pelts in North America, for spices in Indonesia, and for gold, ivory, and slaves in Africa. Beads mirrored the culture of which they are a part that they tell us a great deal about the social, political, economic, and religious lives of the people who have made and worn them.

Imported glass beads were first introduced to the North American native populations by Christopher Columbus in 1492. This exchange had a significant economic and aesthetic impact on Indian material culture. The earliest glass beads were gifts from explorers and missionaries, but in the sixteenth century the small seed beads became an important medium of exchange in the expanding North American fur trade. The availability of these small beads, along with the introduction of trade cloth and thin steel needles, led to the decline of age-old decorative techniques, including quillwork. Beadwork became the predominant Indian craft.

Two types of common glass beads are the pony bead and the seed bead. A pony bead is any bead of size 8/0 or larger. The pony bead got its name because these beads were shipped in packs on horses to hard to reach mountain and plateau regions. The most prominent colors were white, light blue, black, and red. Seed beads are any small colored bead which falls between sizes 18/0 to 10/0, the latter being the larger size.

PROCEDURE:

1. In this activity, students will learn the art of Native American beading. Each student will make a bracelet using a fish pattern design.
2. Instructors will need to assist students in setting up their looms. Students should follow the fish pattern design to create their bracelet. Students will need to be extra careful when using the needles.

CONCLUSION:

Instructor should discuss the history, importance, and use of beads in the Native American culture. Instructors should lead the discussion by using the following questions:

1. How were beads introduced into the Pacific Northwest Indian culture?
2. What did the Indians of the Pacific Northwest use before beads were introduced?
3. What did the Indians trade with the Europeans in order to get beads?
4. How was this trade harmful to native salmon runs?

Introduction to
Legends of Native Indians
Concerning the Columbia River and the Salmon

For centuries, Indian tribes from northeastern Washington to central Oregon have related traditions and stories of magical delight which teach us lessons of human understanding and empathy for the animals, nature, and the Earth. In many instances, there are several versions of the same basic story. Following are just a few of the many legends. Indian tribes relate a story of a rock bridge that at one time spanned the Columbia River. There are also stories of how salmon came to be in the Columbia River and how the Great Stone Bridge was destroyed, among others. In all instances, there is the underlying teaching which acts as a springboard to provoke curiosity, discovery, and respect of the animals and the environment.

An Indian Legend
Loo-Wit, the Fire-Keeper and the Making of Mt. St. Helens

Many, many years ago, when the Earth was young, the Great Spirit Creator made sure that everyone on Earth had all they needed to be happy. It was a time when all the trees, animals and birds were able to talk, just like the people.

There was plenty of food and plenty of land for all the people. But although everyone should have been happy, two brothers began to argue. Instead of working together, each wanted to control the land. As the Creator watched, it made him sad. Soon the brothers would make war.

So, one night as the brothers slept, the Great Spirit carried them away to a new country. As the sun began to rise, the Creator gently awakened the brothers. They were amazed at what they saw. There was a beautiful river (the Columbia) and tall mountains which reached into the clouds. It made their hearts warm and good. Lying next to each brother was a bow and a single arrow.

"You must each take the bow and arrow I have given you and follow my instructions," the Creator said. "Aim your bow high into the air. Shoot your arrow in opposite directions; the land for you and your people will be where your arrow falls. You will each be a great chief in the land I have given you, and you must live in peace. The river shall divide you."

The brothers obeyed. As the older brother pulled back the string of his bow and aimed his arrow, he arched it high over the river. His arrow landed to the south of the Willamette River. He gathered his people and traveled to this new land. He and his people would later be known as the Multnomahs.

As the younger brother took aim, his arrow went north of the great river. He and his people became the Klickitats.

Although the two peoples were separated by distance, there was a Great Stone Bridge which connected them and lay across the great river between them.

This Great Stone Bridge would remain there as a sign of peace between the Klickitats and the Multnomahs. "This bridge," said the Creator, "is a sign of peace. It will remain as long as your hearts are good. It will be here so you can visit each other. But if you ever again fight, the bridge will fall, and you will be separated from each other and forced to stay on your side of the river."

For many years and many seasons, the Klickitats and the Multnomahs remained at peace. But slowly the people began to look with greed at the other's land. "The land to the south

is better than ours," said the Klickitats. And the Multnomahs said, "The land to the north is more beautiful than what we have." Once again the two peoples began to quarrel.

When the Creator saw this, he was again sad. He wanted all people everywhere to live together in peace. It made his heart sad to see quarreling and fighting. He did not want to destroy the Great Bridge. So the Creator darkened the skies and took fire away from the people. Now fire was very important. It gave them warmth when the rain and the cold weather came. And they used the fire to cook with. But now there was no more fire. And the people suffered.

"Please give us back the fire," the people begged. "We will live in peace." The prayers of all the people touched the Creator. There was only one place on Earth where fire remained. And that was at the lodge of Loo-Wit. She was not greedy and had stayed out of all the quarreling, so fire had continued to burn in her lodge. But although her heart was good and beautiful, she was an old, old woman. The Creator said to Loo-Wit, "I have heard the prayers of the people. Will you share your fire with the people? In return, I will give you whatever you wish."

Loo-Wit thought for only a minute, and then replied, "I want to be young and beautiful."

"And so it shall be," said the Creator. "Take your fire to the Great Stone Bridge which is over the river. You must keep the fire burning, and let all people come to you to get fire for their lodges. You must remain at the Great Stone Bridge to remind the people that their hearts must stay good."

And Loo-Wit followed the instructions of the Creator. She took her place at the Great Stone Bridge. The prayers of the people were answered. When the people came to the Great Stone Bridge to get fire, they saw before them a beautiful young maiden - not an ugly, toothless, old woman. The peoples' hearts were once again good, and they were at peace. Loo-Wit radiated like the sunshine. And the people were in awe of her beauty.

One day the chief of the people from the north and the chief from the people of the south came to the Great Stone Bridge. And when they saw the beauty of Loo-Wit, they both loved her. And they began to quarrel over who would marry Loo-Wit. When the Great Spirit saw the two chiefs arguing, he became angry. He had had enough of this fighting. He changed the chiefs into two great snow mountains. The chief of the Klickitats in the north became Pa-toe (Mt. Adams). The chief from the peoples in the south, the Multnomahs, became Yi-East (Mt. Hood).

But the two great mountains still remembered their old quarrel and continued to keep alive their old rivalries. And on occasion, when the Great Spirit was called to another part of the World, the mountains would take up their quarrels. This time, as mountains, they would stomp the ground and shake the Earth. Sometimes they would throw great white-hot stones at each other, setting fire to forests and killing off the animals. The

people living around the Pa-toe (Mt. Adams) and Yi-East (Mt. Hood) would have to hide or flee out of the country to avoid being destroyed from the anger of the mountains.

During one of the wars between Pa-toe and Yi-East, as they were spewing rocks and liquid fire, Loo-Wit did her best to save the Great Stone Bridge from destruction. She stayed by her post, but she was badly burned and battered by the large hot rocks. And when the Great Stone Bridge broke apart and fell into the river below, she too fell.

Loo-Wit was heartbroken that her beauty had caused such pain and destruction. When the Great Spirit returned from his journey, it was too late to prevent the terrible crash of the Great Stone Bridge. He heard the moan of Loo-Wit where she had fallen. When he learned how brave she had been and how she had remained at her post, he said he would reward her for her trustworthiness. Loo-Wit no longer wanted to be a beautiful young woman. So the Great Spirit took pity on her and changed her into a beautiful young mountain, which we know today as Mt. St. Helens. Because of her faithfulness, Loo-Wit was allowed to keep the fire within herself which she had once shared on the Great Stone Bridge.

For many years she slept peacefully, withdrawn from the main mountain range. And we are told that we humans should treat the land with respect. If we don't, some day Loo-Wit will wake up and let us know how sad the Creator is with our behavior. So it was said, long before 1980 when Loo-Wit awoke and we had the Mt. St. Helen's eruption.

Adapted from Keepers of the Earth, Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest, and Legends of the Klickitats

An Indian Legend
Koyoda and How He Brought Salmon to the Columbia River

Many years ago, before the Great Stone Bridge was destroyed, Koyoda, half-god and half-man, served the Creator by helping the people of the Earth. He gave the people mouths and taught them to eat. He also taught the people how to grow and prepare maize (corn) and other foods so they would have plenty to eat during the cold winter months. And he also gave the Law to the people so they would know how to be good and to live in peace with each other.

At a time when the two great snow mountains, Pa-toe (Mt. Adams) and Yi-East (Mt. Hood) were carrying out one of their terrible battles, they destroyed the great in-land sea. This happened when Loo-wit was still guarding the Great Stone Bridge. During this particular fierce quarrel between the mountains, the animals had been killed or fled in terror. The forests around the mountains were burned. The berries and the maize which would have served for the Indian's winter food supply was buried beneath the ash. Thoughts turned towards Koyoda, and the people sought him out. Since Koyoda had given the people mouths and taught them how to eat, surely, he would help them as they faced starvation. Messengers were sent to find Koyoda, but he had already heard of their hardship and was on his way to help.

Koyoda listened quietly as the leaders complained of their situation and blamed Koyoda for their situation. Why had he given them mouths to eat with? At first Koyoda was angry, for eating should be a blessing and they were cursing the person who had given the blessing. But it wasn't long before the leaders saw their error, and they asked Koyoda to forgive them for complaining and to help them. He told them, "Give me one of your best war-canoes and six of your best young men. There is no food here. The animals are gone and the maize and berries are buried under the ash. We must follow the river down to the old sea until your fish can be found. Then we will drive at least part of them back up the river."

The people quickly found the best of the remaining canoes and named six braves to join Koyoda on this journey down the great river Columbia. Taking a few small food supplies which was willingly shared by the villagers, Koyoda and the six braves started on their quest. This was the first time anyone had gone down this great river. No one had any idea where it would lead after they passed under the Great Stone Bridge. Would they be sucked down to the center of the Earth? What awaited them once they entered the great dark hole under the mountains?

Although each man was terrified, they determined to make the journey with Koyoda. At first the river flowed swiftly and smooth. There were no sharp turns or rocks to create dangerous swirls in the river. Nothing seemed to disturb their progress.

As they reached the great tunnel under the bridge, darkness came upon them and they were frightened. The darkness seemed to surround them as they rounded that first bend. The noise of the rushing water was deafening. Suddenly the canoe rammed head on into a stone wall or an island in the middle of their path. As the canoe jerked violently, cold water splashed over the sides of the canoe and everyone was thrown overboard. The swirling water rushed over them. Gulping for their every breath, all except one managed to pull themselves to safety. The canoe was also saved, but the paddles and what little supplies they had taken from the village were lost.

Before leaving on this journey, Koyoda had carefully wrapped his fire flint and some cedar bark in buckskin and tied it in his hair. Carefully removing it, he was able to use it to start a small fire. The men found driftwood all around them, and before long a good fire was burning. As they warmed themselves, the braves mourned for their lost companion.

They knew they could not remain on the banks of the river for long, for the people back home would soon be starving. After finding pieces of driftwood which could be used for make-shift paddles, they climbed into the canoe and started on their way. Koyoda noticed a hole in the hull which had been made when the canoe first hit the obstruction in the river. But the hole was high enough, so that even with everyone in the canoe, their combined weight did not push the hole below the water level and they could stay afloat.

Because of the darkness, the party of braves and Koyoda decided to leave their fire burning on the banks so the light from the fire could help to guide their way. Suddenly in the dim of the light they saw a moving figure and realized it was their lost companion. He was clinging to a piece of driftwood alongside a rock wall at the edge of the river. A shout of joy filled the air as the braves paddled to rescue their brother. But as they pulled him to safety, their canoe settled deeper into the water, so that the water poured through the hole in the hull. They had no supplies and nothing to bail out the in-rushing water. Their canoe soon began to sink. Suddenly and unexpectedly, Koyoda jumped into the river. As half-god and half-man, Koyoda could take different forms and he became a great beaver. As a beaver, he took the canoe in tow, and gently guided them down the river. Before long, they passed through the darkness and entered into bright sunlight and more quiet waters.

But as their eyes became accustomed to the light, they were shocked at what lay before them. Everywhere the land was devastated. It was worse than their own land. In addition to the destruction caused by the fire, ash and lava, the waters of the great in-land sea had hurled through the mountains and destroyed everything before it. In all directions, everything was flooded. Silence overcame the group as they looked in horror at the site before them. Koyoda, in the form of a beaver, was still guiding their direction, and after spotting a small island pushed them to shore. Thoughts of food soon broke the silent trance and as they reached shore the braves gathered wood as Koyoda changed back into a man and caught a few nice fish which had not been lost to the great destruction on this side of the bridge.

After regaining their strength from the hearty meal, they found a balsam tree and gathered some pitch to repair the hole in their canoe. Soon they were on their way and Koyoda felt certain they had found the lost fish. But he had no idea how to get them back through the mountain.

Just as dusk began overshadowing the day, the party sighted another small island. A small stream of smoke was rising upwards to the clouds, and they were certain they would find another camp. But it was too late to investigate that night, so they wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down in the bottom of the canoe to sleep.

But while they slept, the waters continued to flow and pushed them past the channel of the Willamette. They continued to drift. Suddenly, as they awakened from their night's sleep, there was a deafening roar from the waters as they tumbled through the channel between the hills. Caught in the pull of the current, the braves could do nothing but try to keep their canoe upright. But it was to no avail. The canoe overturned and all were once again thrown into the swirling rumbling waters. This time, there was no island, for they were on the bar at the mouth of the great river and entering the ocean. Instantly, Koyoda changed himself into a beaver and gathered his companions. They road on his back to the safety of a sandy beach. The beach extended as far as the eye could see. In one direction was the great river they had just traveled down in search of the lost fish. It carried the waters from their own sea. In the other direction, they saw a number of faint smoke columns spiraling to the clouds. Surely this meant a large village, and perhaps this village had plenty of food.

During their last overturn, the canoe was damaged beyond repair, so they decided to walk to the village. They had never before seen the roar of ocean waves as they rolled upon the beach. After a short time, they wondered if they had angered the God of this great water, because the waves began to roll in from the sea and seemingly drive them further towards the bank. Before long, they found themselves climbing the rocky cliffs to avoid being showered with the spray of salty waves. The young men cried out to Koyoda, and he succeeded in casting a spell on the waves, and they once again began to recede back into the ocean.

As they walked along the moist sand, they noticed dead fish all around them. These were the fish from their own homeland. They also found parts of canoes, pieces of wigwams and other relics from their own homes which had been carried away by the great river.

Upon reaching the village, they were ushered into the presence of the chief, who ended up being an acquaintance of Koyoda. Koyoda had once saved his life from an enormous bear. After embracing, the chieftain ordered a feast of salmon and venison. Koyoda and the chieftain talked late into the night, and Koyoda told him how they had journeyed down the river to find the lost fish.

At early dawn, Koyoda rose to greet the light of a new day. His friend led the party to the seashore and pointed toward the horizon. Everywhere there were dead fish. "There are your fish," said the chieftain. "See the seagulls? They are feasting upon their dead carcasses. Your fish were carried down to here by the great flood. They could not live in our salty water. I have an idea. Take some of our great white birds, the Klickitats, and with them, drive the salmon back up the new river over which you came. The salmon can live in fresh water, for that is where they are born."

Koyoda thought this was an excellent plan. The next morning, he called together his party to start the journey back to their village. He called the great white birds and the dogs of the sea and asked for their help. They were delighted with his offer and a new adventure. They gathered a great host of salmon and began to drive them into the river. Koyoda and his companions followed behind the seagulls and the sea dogs in a new canoe, given to him by the chieftain of the ocean village. All along the journey, you could hear the cry of the gulls as they called out, "Klick-tat, klick-tat."

As the party reached the country beyond the Great Stone Bridge, some of the gulls liked it so well, they begged Koyoda to let them stay there always. So Koyoda, with his enchanted power, changed them into Indians and they settled at the base of Pa-toe, whose name was then changed to Klick-tat, in honor of the gulls. This is why the Klickitat Indians claim to be brother to the gulls. Each year, the seagulls, brothers from the sea, follow the salmon to Klickitat country and visit their distant family members.

When Koyoda's party reached the village, the salmon had already found their way through the mountains. All the people were well-fed and were preparing salmon for the winter food supply. The Great Spirit instructed Koyoda and his friends the gulls and the sea-dogs, to drive the salmon up the river twice each year for six years. Afterwards, the salmon would learn the way themselves and return of their own accord.

And that is how the salmon were brought to the Columbia River. Thereafter, the people along the great river always had plenty of salmon to eat. The mountains were at peace, and Loo-wit guarded the Great Stone Bridge.

Adapted from Legends of the Klickitats

An Indian Legend
Salmon Boy

Many years ago there was a young Indian boy among the Haida people who had no respect for the salmon he ate. From the time he was very little, he was taught that after eating his fill, whatever was left over of the salmon, including all the remaining bones should be returned to the river. The salmon who swam upstream had offered their bodies for food. By returning the bones to the water, the circle of giving and receiving would continue. The salmon meant life to the people. The people showed respect for the salmon through prayer and reverence and by doing this act of obedience. Then the circle would not be broken.

But the boy didn't care. He would carelessly step on the bodies of the salmon that were caught by the stream, and after eating his fill, he wouldn't think twice about throwing the bones onto the ground and into the surrounding shrubs. Many times his parents and the villagers told him the spirits of the salmon were not pleased. He must not break the circle of taking from the river and giving back a gift in return. But the young boy did not listen, nor did he care. This made the spirits of the salmon very sad.

One day, when his mother had prepared a hearty meal of salmon, the boy shoved it away in disgust. He threw it on the ground, even though the meat was good. Then he went down to the river to play with the other village children. But as he stepped into the river, the current swept him off his feet and he felt the rapids pushing him into a deep hole. He could not swim, nor could he escape. He sank down to the bottom and drowned.

As he sank to the bottom, the spirits of the salmon, the Salmon People, moved to his side. They had left their bodies for the animals and the people to eat, and their spirits were returning to the ocean. They were not angry with the boy for how he had treated their bodies, but they moved to his side. They would take him to the ocean, so he could more fully understand who they were and how to care and respect them. The spirit of the child went with the Salmon People, for he now belonged to the salmon.

When the Salmon People reached their home in the ocean, they appeared like humans. Their village reminded the young Indian boy of his own village. There were children playing and laughing next to a stream which flowed behind the village.

The young boy began to learn many things from the Salmon People, and he was ready to listen. When he was hungry, the Salmon People told him to go to the stream and catch one of their children. You see, the children were actually salmon who were swimming in the stream. But he was also cautioned that once he had finished his meal, he must return the bones and everything he did not eat to the river again. The Salmon People told him, if he obeyed, then their child would come back to life again.

This time, the young boy was respectful of the salmon he ate. And he always remembered to return the bones to the water. And each time, a child came back to life again. One afternoon, the young boy heard a faint cry and he went to investigate. He found a small child limping in pain because one of its feet was missing. Then he realized that he had not thrown all the bones from his last meal back into the water. He had missed a fin, and that was why the child was limping. He quickly fell on the ground and began to look for the missing fin. It wasn't long before he found it. He threw it in the water, and as he did, the young child was healed.

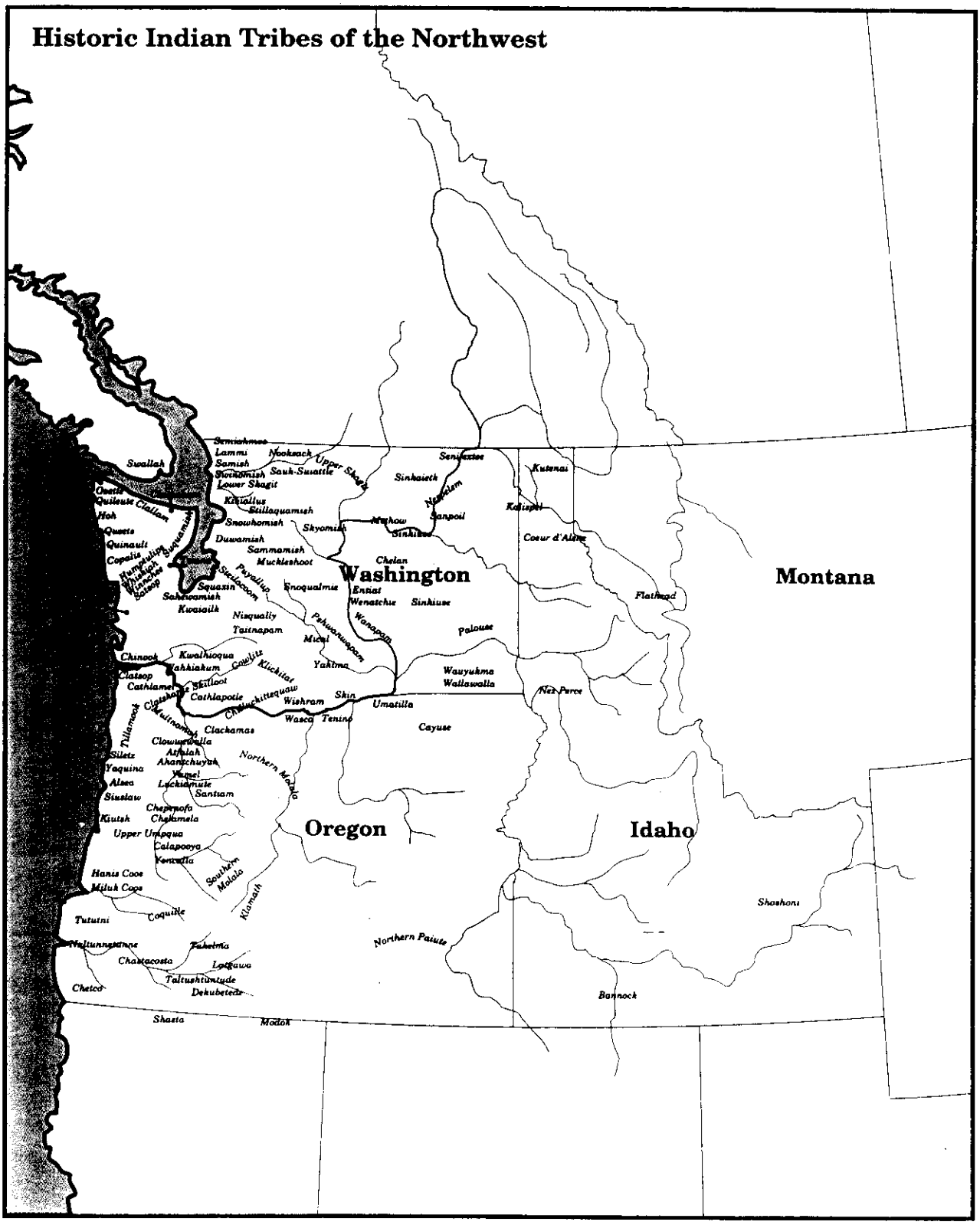
After the winter months had passed and the spring rains were beginning, it was time for the Salmon People to return to the rivers from where they had come. The boy swam with the Salmon People, for he belonged to them. As they swam up the river and past his own village, his very own mother caught him in her net. He felt himself being tugged to the shore and he remembered what she had tried to teach him when he was still a boy. He also thought about all he had learned from the Salmon People.

When his mother had pulled him from the net, even though he was in the shape of a salmon, she noticed a copper necklace that was around the head of the salmon. It was the same necklace she had given her son. She carried this "salmon boy" back to her wigwam. She spoke gently to him and held him close. Gradually, the boy began to shed his salmon skin. It wasn't all at once. It was a slow and sometimes painful process. First his head emerged, and then his arms. And finally after eight days, all his outer salmon skin was shed and he was human again.

The young boy stayed at his village one season. He knew he could not stay for a long time, and he wanted to make every minute count. He taught the people everything he had learned when he lived among the Salmon People. He taught them about the great circle of life and of death. And he talked to them about the spirit world. He taught them about giving and receiving and giving back again. Everyone came to listen to him. In addition to teaching the people, he was also a healer and helped the villagers when they were sick.

One afternoon, salmon boy was standing next to the stream where he had first joined the Salmon People. As he looked out over the water, he saw a huge old salmon floating down the river towards him. It was a time when the old salmon who had made the journey upstream, but were not caught by humans, came drifting back down to the ocean. As the boy looked at this one old salmon, so tired and worn by its journey, he suddenly looked right through its sides. And he knew, it was his own soul. Salmon boy took his spear and thrust it into the old salmon. And as he did so, the boy died. The people of the village, who had gathered around the salmon boy, remembered what they had been taught. They placed the boy's body into the river. It circled four times, showing the sacredness of this occasion, and then sank. Soon salmon boy's spirit joined the Salmon People, and he went back to his home in the ocean.

Adapted from Keepers of the Animals



Adapted from A Guide to the Indian Tribes of the Pacific Northwest, by Robert H. Ruby and John A. Brown.
Copyright© 1986, 1992, by the University of Oklahoma Press.
Reprinted with permission.

Cathlapotle is an ancient Chinook town site located beside the Columbia River on what is now Ridgefield National Wildlife Refuge.

While much of the Chinook legacy has been lost to floods, development, and looting, Cathlapotle offers a rare opportunity to learn from the challenges and achievements of those who lived on this land before us.

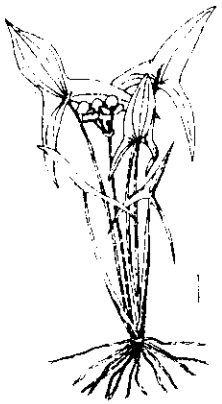
Some Facts about Cathlapotle:

- Captain Lewis, Lieutenant Clark, and their expedition members visited the town on their trips up and down the Columbia River in 1805 and 1806.

- Lewis and Clark counted 14 cedar plank houses and estimated a population of 900 people.

- Archaeological survey, mapping, and test excavations have identified 11 probable house depressions, an extensive midden deposit, artifacts, and animal food refuse.

- The site was one of the largest and most important Chinook towns along the Columbia. With wapato—a wetland tuber—as a major trade item, the Chinook of Cathlapotle engaged in a sophisticated native system of commerce.



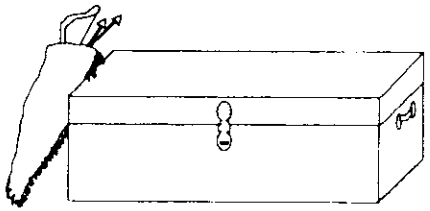
Wapato

- Radiocarbon dates on charcoal from hearths put occupation from at least 900 years ago to the 1840s.

- Cultural deposits extend as much as four meters below the surface, suggesting an antiquity of perhaps 2,000 years.

What Does the Future Hold?

Working with the Chinook tribe, the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service and Portland State University have begun an extensive archaeology and public education project at Cathlapotle.



The Cathlapotle Evironmental and Heritage Education Resources Kit will be available for use in schools by June 1995. The kit will include replicas of artifacts, hands-on activities, and a teaching guide.

Ridgefield Refuge plans to build an interpretive center which will celebrate the wetland environment and the Chinook who once lived there in harmony with nature. While the vision is present, the funds are not...yet. We hope that people who care about the preservation of cultural and natural resources will help us make this vision a reality.

Native American

Legends

2-14

THE ANIMAL PEOPLE OF LONG AGO (printed by permission from Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest by Ella E. Clark)

"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 or 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 of "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 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 the 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 preparations for the race of human beings he was planning to create. The Changer appears under different names in different stories.

WHY RIVERS FLOW BUT ONE WAY

Long ago, before the world changed, all the animal people came together for a big meeting. Eagle was the headman of the gathering. He lived up high, in the top of a tall tree. Whenever the people wanted to decide anything important, they called up to him as he sat in the tree, and he gave them his opinion.

Each of the animal people at the meeting had a chance to say what he thought. Even Raven and Mink, who were slaves, told the others what they believed should be done. Raven's opinion was so good that he became known as a wise man.

For a long time the people argued about the direction in which the rivers should flow. Should they flow up or down, or both up and down? All but Raven thought one side of all rivers should run up the mountains and the other side should run down. All the rivers should go up as far as the falls, they said, and then should turn around and come back.

"What do you think of our plan?" they called up to Eagle. "I agree with you," answered Eagle. "If the rivers go both ways, the new people who are to come will have an easy time. It will not be hard to go upstream, and it will not be hard to go downstream. What does Raven think?"

"I don't agree with you," replied Raven. "If the rivers turn around at the falls, salmon will have no chance to stop. They will go up as far as the falls, and then they will come right back again. Where will they spawn? And how will the new people catch them? I think that all rivers should flow but one way."

"Raven is right," agreed Mink. "The people will have a very hard time catching salmon if the rivers run both ways."

"I think the rivers should go but one way," repeated Raven. "And I think that at all the bends in the streams there should be little eddies. They will make the Salmon go slower. The people can fish there too."

"Raven's reasons seem very good," said Eagle in the tree. "Raven's reasons seem very good," repeated the people on the ground. So they followed his plan. That is why all rivers now run but one way. That is why the salmon go all the way up their home river to spawn.

BEAVER AND THE GRANDE Ronde RIVER (from: Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest)

The Grande Ronde River flows through the northeast corner of Oregon and the southeast corner of Washington until it reaches the Snake River. The Nez Perce Indian who permitted this fire myth to be recorded in 1891 gave an example of its practical value. In his boyhood, he and some companions when out fishing wandered too far and had to stay all night; they had salmon and hunger, but no matches. Remembering certain details from this myth, they soon kindled a fire by friction, "in the old way of the Indians."

Before there were any people in the world, the animals and trees moved about and talked together just like human beings. At that time, only the Pine trees knew how to make fire. The Pines were selfish and would not tell anyone what they knew. The other trees did not know the secret of fire. The animal people did not know the secret of fire. No matter how cold the winters were, no people but the Pines could warm themselves.

One winter it was very, very cold -- so cold that the animal people feared they would freeze to death. They begged the Pines to warm them or tell them their secret of fire. But the Pines would not tell. Again and again the animal people tried to find out the secret, but they could not. At last Beaver had an idea. He said to his friends, the other animal people, "I have a new plan, I believe it will work. I believe I can get fire from the Pine trees."

Beaver knew that the Pine trees were planning to have a meeting, a great council, on the banks of the Grande Ronde River. He decided to go to that council. The Pine trees built a big fire on the bank of the river, so that they could warm themselves when they came up from bathing in the cold water. They placed guards around the fire and in other places. The guards were to keep away all the other trees and the animals, because they might learn the fire secret.

Before the guards took their places, Beaver hid himself under the bank. There he waited and watched. After a while a live coal from the fire came rolling down the bank toward Beaver. He grabbed it, hid it under his armpit, and swam down the river as fast as he cold swim.

The Pine trees started after him. When they were close behind him, Beaver darted from one side of the river to the other, from one bank to the other. When they stopped for breath, he swam straight ahead. That is why the Grande Ronde River today winds and winds in some places and flows straight along in other places. It follows the directions Beaver took when he was running with the coal of fire.

After a while, the Pine trees were so tired and breathless that they had to give up the chase. Most of them stopped together on the bank of the Grande Ronde River. There they stand today, in a forest so thick that hunters can hardly push their way through. A few trees kept on following Beaver, but they too became tired. So they gave up the chase, a few at a time and one at a time. There they stand today, scattered along the banks of the Grande Ronde River.

One Cedar tree ran with the Pine trees. When he too had to give up the chase, Cedar said to his friends, "I know now that we cannot catch Beaver. I will climb to the top of the hill and see where he goes."

From the top of the hill, Cedar saw Beaver far ahead. Cedar watched him swim into the Snake River, where the Grande Ronde River flows into it. The trees knew and Beaver knew that they could not possibly catch him.

Cedar, from the top of the hill, watched Beaver swim down the Snake River. He told Pine trees down below him what Beaver was doing. "Beaver is giving some of the fire to the Willow trees on the west bank of the river," Cedar called down to them.

Then he watched Beaver swim across the river. "Now Beaver is giving some of the fire to the Birches on the east bank of the river," called Cedar. "Now he is giving some to the Cottonwoods."

As long as Cedar could see him, Beaver continued to swim down the Snake River and to share the fire with certain kinds of trees.

Since then, anyone who has wanted fire has been able to get it from those woods. Certain trees have fire in them and they give it to people when pieces of the wood are rubbed together in the right way.

Cedar tree still stands alone on top of a hill near where the Grande Ronde joins the Snake. He is very old and his top is dead. Old Indians point to him and say to their children, "there is old Cedar. He still stands on the spot where he stopped chasing Beaver. Because of Beaver, our grandfathers had fire.

~

A LEGEND OF MULTNOMAH FALLS

(printed by permission from Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest by Ella E. Clark)

Many years ago, the head chief of the Multnomah people had a beautiful young daughter. She was especially dear to her father because he had lost all his sons in fighting, and he was now and old man. He chose her husband with great care -- a young chief from his neighbors, the Clatsop people. To the wedding feast came many people from tribes along the lower Columbia and from south of it.

The wedding feast was to last for several days. There were swimming races and canoe races on the river. There would be bow-and-arrow contest, horse racing, dancing, and feasting. All the people were merry, for both the maiden and the young warrior were loved by their people.

But suddenly the happiness changed to sorrow. A sickness came over the village. Children and young people were the first to die from the plague. Then strong men became ill and died in one day. The wailing of women was heard throughout the Multnomah village and through the camps of the guests.

"The Great Spirit is angry with us," the people said to each other. "How often can we soften his anger?"

The head chief called together his old men and his warriors for counsel. "The Great Spirit is angry with us," he told them gravely. "What can we do to please him?"

Only silence followed his question. At last one old medicine man arose. "We cannot soften such anger. If it is the will of the Great Spirit that we die, then we must meet our death like brave men. The Multnomah have ever been a brave people."

The other members of the council nodded in agreement -- all except one, the oldest medicine man. He had not attended the wedding feast and games, but he came in from the mountains when he was called by the chief. He now rose and, leaning on his stick, spoke to the council. His voice was low and feeble.

"I am a very old man, my friends. I have lived a long, long time. Now you will know why. I will tell you a secret my father told me many years ago. My father was a great medicine man of the Multnomah, many summers and many snows in the past."

"When he was an old man, he told me that when I became old, the Great Spirit would send a sickness upon our people. Many would die, he said. All would die unless a sacrifice was made to the Great Spirit. It must be the life of a maiden of the tribe. Some pure and innocent maiden, the daughter of a chief, must willingly give her life for her people. Alone, she must go to a high cliff above Big River and throw herself upon the rocks below. If she does this, the sickness will leave us at once. "I have finished," the old man said. "My father's secret is told. Now I can die in peace."

Not a word was spoken as the old medicine man sat down. At last the chief lifted his head. "Let us call in all the maidens whose fathers or grandfathers have been headmen." Soon a dozen girls stood before him among them his own loved daughter. The chief told them what the old medicine man had said. "I think his words are the words of truth," he added.

Then he turned to his medicine men and his warriors. "Tell our people to meet death bravely. No maiden shall be asked to sacrifice herself. The meeting has ended."

The sickness stayed in the village, and many more people died. The daughter of the head chief sometimes wondered if she should be the one to give her life to the Great Spirit. But she loved the young warrior. She wanted to live.

A few days later she saw sickness on the face of her lover. Then she knew what she must do. Unless she sacrificed herself, he would die. She cooled his hot face, cared for him tenderly, and left a bowl of water by his bedside. Then she slipped away, alone, without a word to anyone.

All night and all the next day she followed the trail to the great river. At sunset she reached the edge of a cliff overlooking the water. She stood there in silence for a few moments, looking at the jagged rocks far below. Then she turned her face toward the sky and lifted her arms. She spoke aloud to the Great Spirit.

"You are angry with my people. Will you make the sickness pass away if I give you my life? Only love and peace and purity are in my heart. If you will accept me as a sacrifice for my people, let some token hang in the sky. Let me know that my death will not be in vain and that the sickness will quickly pass."

Just then she saw the moon coming up over the trees across the river. It was the token. She closed her eyes and jumped from the cliff.

Next morning all the people who had expected to die that day arose from their beds, well and strong. They were full of joy. Once more there was laughter in the village and in the camps of the guests.

Suddenly someone had a thought and asked aloud, "What caused the sickness to pass away? Did one of the maidens ----------?" Once more the chief asked that all the daughters and granddaughters of headmen come before him. This time one was missing.

The young Clatsop warrior hurried along the trail which leads to Big River. Other people followed. On the rocks below the high cliff they found the girl they all loved. There they buried her.

Then her father prayed to the Great Spirit, "Show us some token that my daughter's spirit has been welcomed into the land of the spirits." Almost at once they heard the sound of water coming from above. All the people looked up to the cliff. A stream of water, silvery white, was

coming over the edge of the rock. It broke into floating mist and then fell at their feet. The stream continued to float down, in a high and beautiful waterfall.

For many summers the white water has dropped from the cliff into the pool below. Sometimes in winter the spirit of the brave and beautiful maiden comes back to see the waterfall. Dressed in white, she stands among the trees at one side of Multnomah Falls. There she looks upon the place where she made her great sacrifice and thus saved her lover and her people from death.

Why Coyote Changed the Course of the Columbia River

(printed by permission from Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest by Ella E. Clark)

Coyote had a teepee near the Sanpoil River, Kingfisher had a teepee there too. Four brother, the Wolves had a teepee there. So there were three teepees 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 Cello 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 fish up without hurting the girls any and without fighting with them. How was he going to fool them? Then he made (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 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 isn'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 some 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 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'd 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 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 on 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 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 will never 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 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. 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 do 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 the 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 was no falls there, but people were living on both sides of the river. And he saw a 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."

HOW KWATEE CHANGED THE WORLD

(printed by permission from Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest by Ella E. Clark)

Kwatee went up and down the country changing things. He made deer and elk and beaver and other animals out of the early people. He was getting the world ready for the new people who were to come some day.

As he was walking along, he came to a man making a knife. He had made it out of mussel shells and was sharpening it. "What are you doing?" Kwatee asked. "I am making a sharp knife. I am going to use it to kill the man who is changing the world."

"It looks like a fine knife," said Kwatee. "Let me see it."

The man handed it to him, and Kwatee felt the sharp edge. "That's a good knife. You will kill him quick, that Changer." Then Kwatee crossed his arms over his head and moved his hands as if they were big ears. He held the knife high over his head and pushed it into the man's ears.

"Now jump into the woods, You will always jump when you run. You will eat brush. You will be Deer. You will be good food for people who are to come." And so Kwatee made Deer out of that man.

Soon Kwatee came to a man who was singing as he worked. He was singing a song about the man who was changing the world. He had made a club out of stone and was sharpening it. Kwatee sat down beside him while he finished his work.

"What are you doing?" he asked. "I am making a club. I am going to use it to kill the man who is changing the world." Kwatee watched for a while. Then he asked, "Will you let me feel your club? It looks good."

The man gave it to Kwatee, and he rubbed his hands over it. "It is a good club. You will kill him quick, that Changer. You have made a good club. It is all right up to here." Kwatee put the club behind his back and moved it up and down.

"Turn around," Kwatee said in a sharp voice. Then he stuck the club into the man's back. "Jump into the water. The club will be your tail. You will be Beaver. Do this way with your tail --flap it in the water. From now on you will always live in the river. If you see people, go into your hole and stay there. You will eat sticks. Nothing but sticks will you eat."

And so Beaver went into the water. Kwatee walked along until he came to a man who was making a spear. He was singing at his work, too. "What are you doing?" Kwatee asked. "I am making a spear out of fir wood. I am going to use it to kill the man who is changing the world."

"It looks like a very good spear. That flint point looks sharp. Will you let me feel it?. The man handed it to Kwatee, and Kwatee felt its sharp point. "It is a good spear. You will kill him quick, that man." Then Kwatee's voice changed. It was sharp, "Turn around!"

The man turned around, and Kwatee pushed the spear into him. "The spear will be your tail. You will be Land Otter. Your fur will make warm robes for people who are to come." And so Kwatee made Land Otter out of that man.

When Kwatee came to the Queets River, he found that no people lived there. So he rubbed his hands over his body until he made little balls of dirt and sweat. Then he changed them into people -- the Queets people. "You will eat fish," he told them. "But you will like anything that is good to eat." That's how he made my people -- out of his own body.

When he came to the Hoh River, he saw lots of the early people running along on the beach. "Where are you going?" asked Kwatee. "What are you going to do?" "We are going to fish for smelt." "Turn around," said Kwatee. He made a woman with a basket on her head. Then he made a man. They were the first of the new people along the Hoh River.

When Kwatee got to Lapush, he saw a man cutting wood. This man would make a cut in the log, put in wedges, and then knock the wedges with his head. That is the way he split logs. Kwatee picked up a rock. "Don't use your head. Use this." And Kwatee showed him how to use a rock to pound with.

When he came to Lake Ozette, Kwatee saw no people -- only dogs. He made up his mind what he would do. He picked up a male dog and a female dog. He put them together and changed them into people. Then he changed the other dogs into people. So there were no more dogs around Lake Ozette -- just people like us. They grew very fast. They grew big in three months. That is why the Makah are big people.

That is the end of the story.

HOW COYOTE MADE THE INDIAN TRIBES

(printed by permission from Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest by Ella E. Clark)

Long ago when the animal people walked the earth, a giant beaver monster lived in Lake Cle Elum, high in the Cascade Mountains. His name was Wishpoosh. Under his red eyebrows he had eyes like fire. He had huge, fierce, shining claws, with which he seized everything that came near him.

Lake Cle Elum was full of fish, enough fish for Wishpoosh and all the animal people too. But Wishpoosh would not let the people get any fish. Whenever they came to the lake, he seized them with his giant claws and dragged them to the bottom. Then he either ate them or drowned them.

At last the animal people were so hungry and so unhappy that they begged Coyote to help them. "O Coyote," they begged, "Free us from this monster Wishpoosh. If you do not help us, we shall die."

"I will free you from the monster Wishpoosh," promised Coyote. But Coyote know he had a hard task before him. Other animal people had tried to kill Wishpoosh, but he had killed them, instead. What could Coyote do? Though he was very wise, he could not think of a good plan.

He would ask his three sisters who lived in his stomach in the form of huckleberries. They were very wise. They could tell him what to do. But at first his sisters in the form of huckleberries would not help him. "If we tell you," they said, "You will say that you knew that already."

Coyote knew that they did not like hail. So he looked up into the sky and called out, "Hail! Hail! Fall down from the sky!"

His sisters were afraid and cried, "Stop! Stop! don't bring the hail. We will tell you whatever you need to know" Then they told him how he could get rid of Wishpoosh. When they had finished talking, Coyote said, "Yes my sisters, that is what I thought. That was my plan all the time."

Coyote made a huge spear with a long, strong handle, just as his sisters had told him to do. He fastened the spear to his wrist with a cord which he had made of twisted flax, just as his sisters had told him to do. Then he went up to Lake Cle Elum to catch some fish with his long spear. Of course, Wishpoosh, the beaver monster, saw him and tried to seize him with his huge, fierce, shining claws.

But before the claws grabbed him, Coyote drove the sharp spear into the beaver monster's side. The monster roared with pain and plunged to the bottom of the lake. Coyote was dragged down with Wishpoosh, because the spear was fastened to his wrist with the cord of flax. The two of them tore the water apart.

On the bottom of the lake, Coyote and Wishpoosh fought hard and long. They fought so hard that they shook the mountains around the lake and made a great hole in them. The waters of the lake rushed through this hole, plunged down the mountainside, and soon made a larger lake below, in the Kittitas Valley.

Wishpoosh, still roaring, was carried along with the waters. He tried to drown Coyote, but Coyote hung on. As they tore their way out of the second big lake, they cut a channel for the Yakima River. As the two fighters plunged on down the Yakima River, the waters followed them and made a big lake in the Yakima country. The monster tore through the next ridge and made Union Gap. He plunged eastward across the valley, continuing to dig a channel for the Yakima River as he went. The waters overflowed the new channel and made a big lake in the Walla Walla country.

Then the monster turned sharply toward the west, dragging Coyote after him and cutting the channel of the Big River as he went. Coyote tried to stop his journey by clutching at the trees and rocks along the shore. But the trees broke off or came up by the roots. The rocks crumbled away, and the channel which the monster tore out was made wider by Coyote's struggle. Wishpoosh dragged him on and on. The waters of the lakes followed. The monster tore through the high mountains and made the gorge of the Big River. Coyote pulled rocks from the shores and made many little waterfalls.

As they came to the mouth of the Big River, where it flows into the ocean. By this time, Coyote was so tired he almost drowned in the waves. Muskrat laughed at him. Wishpoosh was still very angry and still very strong. He seized many salmon and swallowed them whole. He seized whales and ate them. He threatened to kill everything.

As soon as Coyote had rested a little while, he made up his mind again to get rid of the beaver monster. He said to himself, "I will ask my sisters. They are very wise. They will tell me what to do."

Once more his three sisters who lived in his stomach in the form of huckleberries told him what to do. And once more Coyote said to them, when they had finished talking, "Yes, my sisters, that is what I thought. That was my plan all the time."

Coyote changed himself into the branch of a fir tree, just as his sisters had told him to do. The he floated to the beaver monster and the monster swallowed him, exactly as his wise sisters predicted. Inside the monster's stomach, Coyote changed himself back into his animal shape. He took his sharp knife and began to hack at the heart of Wishpoosh. He hacked and he hacked until the beaver monster was dead.

Then Coyote made himself smaller and climbed out through the monster's throat. Muskrat helped him drag the dead body up on the beach near the mouth of Big River. With his sharp knife Coyote cut up the big body of the monster.

"From your body, mighty Wishpoosh," he said, "I will make a new race of people. They will live near the shores of the Big River and along the streams which flow into it."

From the lower part of the animal's body, Coyote made the people who were to live along the coast. "You shall be the Chinook Indians," he said to some of them. "You shall live near the mouth of the Big River and shall be traders."

"You shall live along the coast," he said to others. "You shall live in villages facing the ocean and shall get your food by spearing salmon and digging clams. You shall always be short and fat and have weak legs."

From the legs of the beaver monster he made the Klickitat Indians. "You shall live along the rivers that flow down from the big white mountain north of Big River. You shall be swift of foot and keen of wit. You shall be famous runners and horsemen."

From the arms of the monster he made the Cayuse Indians. "You shall live along Big River," Coyote said to them. "You shall be powerful with bow and arrows and with war clubs."

From the ribs he made the Yakima Indians. "You shall live near the new Yakima River, east of the mountains. You shall be the helpers and the protectors of all the poor people."

From the head he created the Nez Perce Indians. "You shall live in the valleys of the Kookooskia and the Wallow rivers. You shall be men of brains, great in council and in speechmaking. "You shall also be skillful horsemen and brave warriors."

Then Coyote gathered up the hair and blood and waste. He hurled them far eastward, over the big mountains. "You shall be the Snake River Indians," said Coyote. "You shall be people of blood and violence. You shall be buffalo hunters and shall wander far and wide."

From the various parts of the monster Wishpoosh which he had killed, Coyote created all the Indian tribes. Then Coyote went back up Big River. But two things he forgot. He forgot to make mouths for the new people along the coast. And he forgot to open their eyes.

The first time he returned to the mouth of Big River, Coyote found the people very hungry and wandering about with their eyes shut. He felt sorry for them. Quickly he too his stone knife and opened their eyes, and cut a mouth on each face.

But Coyote was in such a hurry and his knife was so dull that he made some of the mouths crooked and some of them too big. Ever since then, the Indians along the coast have had ugly mouths.

WHY THE COLUMBIA SPARKLES

(printed by permission from Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest by Ella E. Clark)

Five stars once came down from the sky and slept beside the river, near The Dalles. Next morning four of them rose into the air and took four sisters back to the sky with them. When the sisters got to the place where the stars lived, they saw that the sky is just like this one, with grass and flowers.

The oldest of the five stars did not go back with the others, because he was still tired from the long journey. He remained lying there on the ground by the river, but he changed himself into a white flint rock, very large and thick and round and bright. It shone so brilliantly that it could be seen from a long distance.

It became a good-luck rock for the Wishram people who lived near it. The star rock brought many salmon up the river, enough for Wishram to dry for their own use and also to trade with the people who came to the narrows and to the big falls of the river. The place where the rock lay was a great gathering place for many tribes. Everyone knew the star. The Wishram became known as the Star people.

Across the river on the south side lived the Wasco people. They did not have a star, but they did have a big cup. Wasco means "Those that have the cup." Near their main village was a rock in the shape of a big cup. Into it bubbled a spring of pure, cold water. The Wasco people prized the cup very highly.

The Wasco, who were always quarreling and fighting with their neighbors, became jealous of the good luck the bright star was bringing the Wishram. One night when the Wishram people were away, some of the Wasco people crossed the river and stole the star. They wrapped it in an elk skin and threw it into the river.

When the Wishram returned from picking berries, they could not find the star. Months later, when the water of the river was low, some people of the Wishram village saw it shining on the bottom. They got it and put it back on shore. Always thereafter, someone guarded the star. But three summers later, when the Wishram were again in the Mount Adams country picking berries, Wasco men found the guard asleep one day and stole the star once more. This time they broke it into pieces and threw it into the river.

When the Wishram came back to their winter village, the star rock was gone. Angrily they crossed the river and made war on the Wasco. Some of the young men pounded the big cup until they almost destroyed it. It had been very large and deep. It is now very small.

After the star was stolen and broken, the Wishram lost the name star people and became very common people. But the broken star rock is still in the river. That is why the water sparkles in the sunshine.

.....

Coyote And The Monster Of The Columbia

(printed by permission from Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest by Ella E. Clark)

One time on his travels, Coyote learned that a monster was killing the animal people as they traveled up the and down the Big River in their canoes. So many had been killed that some of the animal people were afraid to go down to the water, even to catch salmon.

"I will help you," promised Coyote, "I will stop this monster from killing people."

But what could he do? He had no idea. So he asked his three sisters who lived in his stomach in the form of huckleberries. They were very wise. They knew everything. They would tell him what to do.

At first his sisters refused to tell Coyote what to do.

"If we tell you," they said, "You will say that that was your plan all the time."

"If you do not tell me," said Coyote sternly, "I will send rain and hail down upon you."

Of course the berries did not like rain and hail.

"Do not sent rain," they begged, "Do not sent rain or hail. We will tell you what to do. Take with you plenty of dry wood and plenty of pitch, so that you can make a fire. And take sharp knives. It is Nashlah at Wishram that is killing all the people. He is swallowing the people as they pass in their canoes. You must let him swallow you."

"Yes, my sisters, that is what I thought," replied Coyote. "That was my plan all the time."

Coyote followed his sisters' advice. He gathered together some dry wood and pitch, sharpened his five knives, and went down to the deep pool where Nashlah lived. The monster say Coyote but did not swallow him, for he knew that Coyote was a great chief.

Coyote knew that he could make Nashlah angry by teasing him. So he called out all kinds of mean names. At last the monster was so angry that he took a big breath and sucked Coyote in with his breath. Just before entering his mouth, Coyote grabbed a big armful of sagebrush and took it in also.

Inside the monster, Coyote found many animal people. All were cold and hungry. Some were almost dead from hunger, and some were almost dead from cold.

"I will build a fire here for you," Coyote said. "And I will cook some food for you. While you get warm and while you eat, I will kill Nashlah. I have come to help you, my people. You will join your friends soon."

With the sagebrush and the pitch, Coyote made a big fire under the heart of the monster. The shivering people gathered around it to get warm. The with one of his sharp knives Coyote cut pieces from the monster's heart and roasted them.

While the people ate, Coyote began to cut the cord that fastened the monster's heart to his body. He broke his first knife, but he kept cutting. He broke his second knife, but he kept cutting. He broke his third and fourth knives. With his fifth knife he cut the last thread, and the monster's heart fell into the fire.

Just as the monster died, he gave one big cough and coughed all the animal people out on the land.

"I told you I would save you," said Coyote, as the animal people gathered around him on the shore of the river. "You will live a long time, and I will give you names."

Coyote went among them and gave each creature a name.

"You will be Eagle, the best and bravest bird. You will be Bear, the strongest animal. You will be owl, the big medicine man, with special powers. You will be Sturgeon, the largest fish in the rivers. You will be Salmon, the best of all fish for eating."

In the same way Coyote named Beaver, Cougar, Deer, Woodpecker, Blue Jay, and all the other animals and birds. Then he named himself. "I am Coyote," he told them. "I am the wisest and smartest of all animals."

Then he turned to the monster and gave him a new law. "You can no longer kill people as you have been doing. A new race of people are coming, and they will pass up and down the river. You must not kill all of them. You may kill one now and then. You may shake the canoes if they pass over where you live. You will kill very few of the new people. This is to be the law always. You are no longer the big man you use to be."

The law the Coyote made still stands. The monster does not swallow people as he did before Coyote took away his big power. Sometimes he draws a canoe under and swallows the people in it. But not often. Usually the Indians take their canoes out of the water and carry them around the place where the monster lives. They do not pass over his house. He still lives deep under the water, but he is no longer powerful.

The first steamboat the white people brought up river was stopped by Nashlah. The Indians told the white men to throw food into the river and then they could go. They did so. They threw overboard sugar, flour, rice, and other things. Then Nashlah let the boat loose.

How Coyote Made the Columbia River

(printed by permission from Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest by Ella E. Clark)

Long ago, when Coyote was the big man on the earth, this valley was covered by a big lake. At that time there was no Columbia River. West of us, between the lake and the ocean, was a long ridge of mountains. But the Columbia River did not go through it.

Indians today believe that Coyote was smart enough to see that salmon would come up from the ocean if he would make a hole through the mountains. So he went down to a place near where Portland is now, and with his powers he dug a hole through the mountains there. The water went through the hole and on to the ocean.

The water in the big lake up here was drained, and the water flowing out of it made the Columbia River. Coyote got the Columbia to flow through the hole, the way it does today. Then the salmon came up the river to this part of the country. His people after that had plenty to eat.

When he dug that hole through the mountains, Coyote made a kind of bridge. You have heard about it -- a broad rock bridge that went across the river. People could walk from one side of the Columbia to the other. A long time afterward, an earthquake broke the bridge down. The rocks that fell into the water formed the Cascades of the Columbia. They make it hard for boats to go up and down river there.

THE EARTH PEOPLE VISIT THE SKY PEOPLE

(printed by permission from Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest by Ella E. Clark)

In early days, women and young girls used to go out on the prairie to dig camas roots. One day two girls went out with their mother and aunt. They dug all day and camped there on the prairie at night. The girls lay and watched the stars. They saw two beautiful ones.

"Oh, how I wish I were up there with that bright star!" wished one girl.

"Oh, how I wish I were up there with that red star!" wished the younger girl.

They said this over and over again until they went to sleep. They were awakened by a voice saying, "I am the star you were talking about." "I am the bright star," a voice said to the older sister. He was a young man. "I am the red star," the other voice said to the younger sister. He was an old man.

Then the girls went up to the sky with the stars. In the sky was quite a village, a good-sized river, a fish trap, and all kinds of fish.

The girls mother and aunt did not know that the girls had gone. So when they awoke the next morning, the mother asked, "What has become of our girls?" "They must have gone home," answered the aunt. " We must find out."

But the girls were not at home. Then the mother and aunt remembered their talk about the stars. They told the girls' father, the chief of the village. " They have gone to the other country," he said. Then he called all of the people together. Birds and animals were people in that day. Fishes also were people, and they were invited to the meeting.

The chief explained what he thought had happened to the girls. "So the question is," he ended, "How are we going to get up there?" One medicine man said, "my medicine is so strong I can bring the sky down closer. Mountain Lion can make a strong bow, and we can shoot a chain of arrows that will reach from ground to sky."

But Mountain Lion could not make a bow strong enough. Wren made a bow from a big fir tree. When Wren shot the big bow, no one could see the first arrow except Wren and Snail. The second arrow Wren shot, the other people could see. He made an arrow chain all the way from sky to the earth. Then all the people got ready for war up there. They planned how to make the attack.

Raven was planning to go along. He said to Skate, "How do you expect to do anything? You are so wide they will spear you." "I challenge you here," answered Skate. "Try and shoot me." Raven tried, but he missed Skate when he shot. Skate was lying sidewise. " Now it's my turn to shoot," said Skate. "I'll take a shot at your nose." Skate shot Raven in the nose. That's why Raven has a big hole in his nose. That's the way the argument was settled.

Then everyone climbed up the ladder -- animals and birds and fishes. All of them were human then. In the sky land they found a few feet of snow, and they could see the village. "What shall

we do?" people asked the chief. "It is very cold, and we have no way of making fire." "Robin, you go up to the village," said the chief, "get a piece of burning wood and bring it down to us." Robin flew away to the village and into the house with fire in it. The girls knew him, but they said nothing. When he got to the fire, he opened his arms wide. Fire gave him a red breast. Robin didn't go back to his people. The fire felt so good he stayed there by it.

When Robin did not come back, the chief said to Beaver, "Jump into the river. Stay away from all traps until you get to the last one. Then let the last trap catch you. You will know what to do next." Beaver did as he was told. The Sky People carried him into the house, "We have something strange here," they said. They laid him inside by the fire. The two girls from earth knew him but said nothing. Robin saw him but said nothing.

While the people were looking the other way, Beaver grabbed some of the fire, rushed back to the river, held the fire up above him, and took it to his people. They made a big fire and planned what they would do. To Mouse, the chief said, "You and your family will visit every house in the village tonight. Cut all the bow strings."

All the mice were busy all night. They cut all the bow strings. In the morning the Earth People attacked the Sky People. When the Sky People picked up their bows to fight back, they found the strings all cut. They could do nothing. The Earth People took the girls and went down the ladder Wren had made.

Everybody went down except Fisher and Skate. They were left in the sky. Fisher is something like Otter; only he lives in the woods instead of in the water.

Skate is still up in the sky. He is the Big Dipper. Fisher sometimes grabs the sun and the moon and eats a piece of them.

A LEGEND OF MULTNOMAH FALLS

(printed by permission from Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest by Ella E. Clark)

Many years ago, the head chief of the Multnomah people had a beautiful young daughter. She was especially dear to her father because he had lost all his sons in fighting, and he was now an old man. He chose her husband with great care -- a young chief from his neighbors, the Clatsop people. To the wedding feast came many people from tribes along the lower Columbia and from south of it.

The wedding feast was to last for several days. There were swimming races and canoe races on the river. There would be bow-and-arrow contest, horse racing, dancing, and feasting. All the people were merry, for both the maiden and the young warrior were loved by their people.

But suddenly the happiness changed to sorrow. A sickness came over the village. Children and young people were the first to die from the plague. Then strong men became ill and died in one day. The wailing of women was heard throughout the Multnomah village and through the camps of the guests.

"The Great Spirit is angry with us," the people said to each other. "How often can we soften his anger?"

The head chief called together his old men and his warriors for counsel. "The Great Spirit is angry with us," he told them gravely. "What can we do to please him?"

Only silence followed his question. At last one old medicine man arose. "We cannot soften such anger. If it is the will of the Great Spirit that we die, then we must meet our death like brave men. The Multnomah have ever been a brave people."

The other members of the council nodded in agreement -- all except one, the oldest medicine man. He had not attended the wedding feast and games, but he came in from the mountains when he was called by the chief. He now rose and, leaning on his stick, spoke to the council. His voice was low and feeble.

"I am a very old man, my friends. I have lived a long, long time. Now you will know why. I will tell you a secret my father told me many years ago. My father was a great medicine man of the Multnomah, many summers and many snows in the past."

"When he was an old man, he told me that when I became old, the Great Spirit would send a sickness upon our people. Many would die, he said. All would die unless a sacrifice was made to the Great Spirit. It must be the life of a maiden of the tribe. Some pure and innocent maiden, the daughter of a chief, must willingly give her life for her people. Alone, she must go to a high cliff above Big River and throw herself upon the rocks below. If she does this, the sickness will leave us at once. "I have finished," the old man said. "My father's secret is told. Now I can die in peace."

Not a word was spoken as the old medicine man sat down. At last the chief lifted his head. "Let us call in all the maidens whose fathers or grandfathers have been headmen." Soon a dozen girls stood before him among them his own loved daughter. The chief told them what the old medicine man had said. "I think his words are the words of truth," he added.

Then he turned to his medicine men and his warriors. "Tell our people to meet death bravely. No maiden shall be asked to sacrifice herself. The meeting has ended."

The sickness stayed in the village, and many more people died. The daughter of the head chief sometimes wondered if she should be the one to give her life to the Great Spirit. But she loved the young warrior. She wanted to live.

A few days later she saw sickness on the face of her lover. Then she knew what she must do. Unless she sacrificed herself, he would die. She cooled his hot face, cared for him tenderly, and left a bowl of water by his bedside. Then she slipped away, alone, without a word to anyone.

All night and all the next day she followed the trail to the great river. At sunset she reached the edge of a cliff overlooking the water. She stood there in silence for a few moments, looking at the jagged rocks far below. Then she turned her face toward the sky and lifted her arms. She spoke aloud to the Great Spirit.

"You are angry with my people. Will you make the sickness pass away if I give you my life? Only love and peace and purity are in my heart. If you will accept me as a sacrifice for my people, let some token hang in the sky. Let me know that my death will not be in vain and that the sickness will quickly pass."

Just then she saw the moon coming up over the trees across the river. It was the token. She closed her eyes and jumped from the cliff.

Next morning all the people who had expected to die that day arose from their beds, well and strong. They were full of joy. Once more there was laughter in the village and in the camps of the guests.

Suddenly someone had a thought and asked aloud, "What caused the sickness to pass away? Did one of the maidens ----------?" Once more the chief asked that all the daughters and granddaughters of headmen come before him. This time one was missing.

The young Clatsop warrior hurried along the trail which leads to Big River. Other people followed. On the rocks below the high cliff they found the girl they all loved. There they buried her.

Then her father prayed to the Great Spirit, "Show us some token that my daughter's spirit has been welcomed into the land of the spirits." Almost at once they heard the sound of water coming from above. All the people looked up to the cliff. A stream of water, silvery white, was

coming over the edge of the rock. It broke into floating mist and then fell at their feet. The stream continued to float down, in a high and beautiful waterfall.

For many summers the white water has dropped from the cliff into the pool below. Sometimes in winter the spirit of the brave and beautiful maiden comes back to see the waterfall. Dressed in white, she stands among the trees at one side of Multnomah Falls. There she looks upon the place where she made her great sacrifice and thus saved her lover and her people from death.