WASHINGTON INDIAN LEGENDS

by

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THE LEGENDS

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THESE INDIAN LEGENDS OF WISCONSIN HAVE BEEN PASSED ON BY WORD OF MOUTH AND FROM INDIAN TO INDIAN AND TRIBE TO TRIBE FOR MANY YEARS. THEY ARE RELATED IN THE SIMPLE, DIRECT DICTION OF THE INDIAN HIMSELF. THESE LEGENDS PORTRAY TO THE READER THE QUAIN'T SUPERSTITIONS AND BELIEFS OF THE WOODLAND INDIAN.

THE STORIES HAVE ALL BEEN OBTAINED DIRECTLY FROM THE INDIANS THEMSELVES. MANY OF THEM ARE FROM THE FOLKLORE COLLECTION OF THE STATE HISTORICAL MUSEUM AND OBTAINED THROUGH THE COURTESY OF CHARLES E. BROWN, MUSEUM DIRECTOR.

cuthbert d. ryan
BEARS AND BEECHNUTS

You know those funny little three-sided nuts they call beechnuts? The trees grow in many places. Whenever the nuts are plentiful and scattered over the ground in the fall many bears come. Yes, many bears. They eat the little nuts. They like 'em. Bears come from everywhere. Big black bears and little black bears. You better be away when they come, too. They are pretty hungry. Where do they come from? Why, they just come out of the creeks and the springs. Why? They live there. They just come out of the creeks and springs when beechnuts are on the ground. If you poke a long pole down into one of the springs they get pretty mad. You can hear them growl. Yes, they come out when beechnuts are on the ground.

Menomini.
DEVILS LAKE

Long years ago a good Winnebago went to the bank of a beautiful lake. He made a fast for twenty long days and offered his devotions to the Great Spirit. On the twentieth day in the midst of his offerings, the Winnebago saw an animal resembling a cat, rise to the surface of the water and swim toward him. The animal told him that he would help the Indian to live a long and happy life. Then the animal returned to the depths of the lake. The Indian lived to an old age and led a happy life. After that many others also saw the animal and they named him "wock-cheth-throc-dah", while the lake was named "to-wok-cun-chunk-dah" meaning Devils Lake. (sacred lake—no bad meaning).

Winnebago.
WHY THE INDIAN CANOE IS SHAPED AS IT IS

The Indian canoe is made as to be in the shape of a body, head and tail of the deer. It is really a totem of the swiftest runner of the woods. The front is the head of the female deer that is carved, and the tail upturned over the back, is the hind piece of the canoe. The whole is a deer totem. It is so made that this totem to the fastest runner of the woods is the swiftest runner of the streams and lakes.

Chippewa.

OBSERVATORY HILL LEGEND

On Observatory Hill an Indian lover lay down to sleep by the side of the bird mound and was borne away during the night by the great bird to join his loved one among the stars. Two stars in the heavens are pointed out by the Indians as the Indian lover and his sweetheart who are thus united.

Wingra. (Winnebago)
ORIGIN OF THE SIOUX

The founder of the Sioux tribe was a snail who was passing a quiet existence on the bank of a stream. A high flood had carried him far and left him exposed on the shore. Here the heat of the summer sun beat upon him and he became a man. He wandered about and tried to find the land from which he had come but he was soon overcome with hunger and fatigue. The Great Spirit came to him and gave him a bow and arrow and taught him how to kill and cook game. Thus equipped with a means of life he was able at last to get back into his own country. There he met a Beaver who asked him who he was and why he had come to disturb him. The man answered that this was his own land and that he had once lived there. The two got into a loud and angry dispute.

The Beaver's beautiful daughter heard them quarreling and came and reconciled them. The man was grateful to her for interference. He loved and married the girl. From this fortunate union sprang the whole Sioux tribe. They worshipped the Beaver and refused to pursue it as game.

Sioux.
HORSE HILL

(Eagle Heights)

The high hill, Eagle Heights, was known to the Indians as "Horse Hill". It was believed to be inhabited by a spirit horse. In misty weather its high form could sometimes be seen above the tree tops above this hill. At other times its neighing could be plainly heard. This hill was for these reasons called "Horse Hill". This hill is a sacred place and the Indians visited it to fast and meditate and to obtain the blessings of this spirit horse.

Winnebago.
ORIGIN OF CORN

Many winters ago the Great Spirit appeared to one of our wise forefathers and showed him a plant of the Mondamin, or Indian Corn. He told him to preserve two ears until the next spring, when he was to plant them. He was commanded to preserve the whole crop and to send two ears to each of the surrounding nations, with the warning that they were not to eat it until the third crop. The wise Indian did as he was commanded. His corn grew strong and brought forth many ears. Next summer he enlarged his ground and planted all his seed, which yielded plentifully. He then sent two ears to each of the surrounding tribes, with proper directions which they observed, and by this means corn was distributed among all the American Indians.

Chippewa.
THE WATER MONSTER IN THE CREEK

Yes, I know of those big woods on the shore of that little Indian lake at Madison. Years ago my folks camped there. It was a big thick woods. There were some springs and a creek there. There were some big marshes, too. My father's home was near Friendship, in Adams County. He belonged to old Spoon Decorah's Band.

Once he went with other Indians to the lake to trap and spear "muskrats" in the marsh. That was in the winter time. They had good luck. My father said he got a lot of skins, also some mink skins. He felt good. He said there was a big wild animal living in the lake at that time. I think no Indian ever saw it, but they knew it was there. Maybe it was just a big turtle. Such spirit animals live in some other lakes. The Indians are afraid of them. They have long tails. Some have horns on their heads. Our people call them by a name, "wakjajira".

When spring came my father was getting ready to go back to Adams County. There was still ice on the lake. One night he heard a terrible noise. The Indians who were there heard it too. It was just like a lot of explosions, he said. They heard these sharp crashing sounds for some time. They thought that they came from down by the creek. It was dark. No one wanted to go see
what the big noise was. They were afraid to go. All wanted someone else to go. The next morning my father went over to the creek. The ice was all broken up in big and little pieces. Some was pushed up on the bank. The ice stuck up in every way. The other Indians also went to see. Now they were sure some big animal had crawled up the creek that night from the lake. The old Indians were sure it was the Great Water Spirit. They didn't know why it went there. It broke all the ice in the creek. They all left the lake soon after that. The Spirit is probably in the lake yet. No Indian knows.

Wingra. (Winnebago)
Long ago the Indians had along the banks of the Menominee River a place where they collected plants for medicinal purposes. This place was somewhere near the mouth of the Pike River, or at Chalk Hills. This place was also a "medicine depository", the medicine being buried in order that it might be "inoculated" to obtain power for cures through the presence of underworld spirits who lived there, beneath the soil. This place was called "mos key kiew ah nah pa swon nog". A great number of the medicinal plants collected at this place by the Indians grew here and nowhere else.

Menominee.
LEGEND OF GREEN LAKE

Long ago there lived in the wild country far to the west of Green Lake, a fierce and powerful warrior nation. They were the Nadouessi (Dakota or Sioux). They were the deadly enemy of our tribe. For many years they never lost a chance to attack our villages, to destroy our cornfields, and to carry away our women and children. They ambushed our hunting parties. They carried away captives to their villages. None ever returned. They were tortured and killed. They warred upon us for many years.

Once, many years ago, our hunters and warriors were all away in the north on a great autumn hunt. Only the old men, women, and children were in the village. Then there set out on the war path a great war party of Nadouessi. They traveled far to reach our villages. They came swiftly and silently across Lake Apuckawa in a great fleet of canoes. These bore hundreds of painted warriors, armed with clubs, bows, and spears. At the end of Lake Apuckawa they portaged their light canoes across the land to the western shore of Green Lake. Here they launched them again. They came prepared to destroy our people.

We knew not of their coming. It was a moonlight night when they paddled towards our village. The lake was filled
with their canoes. They were very near us when we heard their fierce war cries. Our old men and boys took up their bows. We were too few and too weak to fight them long.

When they reached the middle of the lake there was suddenly a commotion in its green waters. The sky became suddenly dark. Then rose from the bottom of the lake, "wa-kja-kee-ra", (water spirits), who have always been our friends. With their great tails they lashed the waters of the lake into a green fury. With their jaws they tore the canoes in pieces. The canoes were all overturned. Soon the air was filled with the shrieks and cries of the dying and drowning Nadowessi. None escaped. All were dragged to the bottom of the lake and there devoured. A few broken canoes drifted ashore.

Our people made many tobacco offerings to the spirits for this deliverance of our village from our enemies. They built images of the "wa-kja-kee-ra" near all of them.

Winnebago.
HUNTING MUSKRATS

Two Indians were once spearing muskrats. While they were going to the marsh where these animals had their homes the old Indian said to the younger man: "The one who spears the least muskrats will have to carry all of the dead muskrats home." This the young hunter agreed to. Both were soon busy. The young hunter was wise. He hid most of the muskrats he speared and didn't let the older man know how many he got. When they were about to start for home the old man proudly showed his bundle of rats and said: "I guess you will have to carry all home." "Now just wait a bit," said the young hunter. Then he began to gather all the rats he had hidden. He had by far the larger number. The old hunter was surprised. He had to carry all of the muskrats home. When they returned to the village the people were watching. They had expected to see the young man carrying all of the muskrats. They were prepared to laugh at him.

Miami-Chippewa.
FIVE BLACK CROWS

In the long ago there lived a very old woman named Sha-bwa-cumigohe (one-who-passes-through-the-earth). She had a birch-bark wigwam. In it was a shelf on which there were many fine beautiful pots.

They were magic pots and some were wonderfully ornamented. They were not for use in cooking but were to be looked at and used as patterns in making other pots. Every Indian woman made her pots like these magic ones. Thus they formed the habit of copying these patterns over and over. It was in this way our women made pots for many going years.

Finally one year everyone went berry hunting together. Even the old Sha-bwa-cumigohe went. By chance, five little girls had been left behind. These, becoming curious, peeped at the beautiful pots. The owner had forbidden anyone to touch them, but they did a wicked thing and took them out to play with them and to make pots like them.

Suddenly a yellow wolf appeared and the girls scampered into the strongest wigwam for protection. As they ran, they toppled over the pots. Then there was a noise like a clap of thunder. All the pots were broken.

That evening Sha-bwa-cumigohe returned and found what had
occurred. At once she sought the children, and stretching forth her hand, she pronounced a curse on them. No sooner had the strange words been spoken than a terrible thing happened. The disobedient girls were changed into five black crows and flew away cawing.

These same black crows are still living and will live for all time. They will never be changed back to human beings until water will run uphill. The old woman has never been seen since and no beautiful pottery has been made by our people since that day. But almost any day in summer you can see the five black crows swinging in the top of some tall tree, cawing, uttering a mournful, caw-caw.

Chippewa.
CRAWLING STONE LAKE

One time Nanegoyo was walking near a lake when he was suddenly chased by an angry bear. As he ran toward the water, his only way of escape, he gathered up an armful of stones. As he entered the water he dropped these one at a time and used them as stepping stones. Over these stones the bear dared not to follow Naneboyo, who thus safely crossed to the other shore and escaped his pursuer.

Chippewa.
MAPLE BLUFF

Many centuries ago two Winnebagoes near the ford of the Catfish, noticed the track of a raccoon which they followed. It led them to the point on the shore of Lake Mendota at present known as Maple Bluff. They followed it to a hollow tree on that promontory. In the tree they discovered a catfish which they caught. One of the Indians, moved by some superstitious scruple refused to eat the fish; but the other, being very hungry, made a hearty meal of his catch. His appetite was no sooner satisfied than he became fearfully thirsty. He betook himself to the springs; but the more he drank, the more thirsty he grew. His agony became so intense that in desperation he waded into the lake. Then behold a new wonder! As soon as the water arose above his middle his thirst ceased, but returned again the moment he ventured into shallower water. He had become a fishified man,—and was never known to draw near the shore again.

Strange noises heard from the bluff have been for years regarded by the Red Men as made by the unfortunate Indian—at midnight beating his war drum and singing his war song in the deep water off Maple Bluff.
WHY OUR MEN ARE STRONG

When they brought a deer home, it was cooked just enough so the bones could be pulled out, then they put it out to dry. When it was dry enough they would take it in again and pick it all into fine pieces pulling out every cord or cartilage part of the meat. Then this would be dried again with occasional stirrings. When dried enough it was gathered and kept for future use. When one would take a few spoonsful of the meat, it would give them strength and it was easy to carry on long trips.

Winnebago.
THE BLACKBIRDS EAT THE CORN

One year, when our ancestors camped here, they had a corn-field near the lake. In the autumn when the corn was getting ripe the blackbirds came and began to eat the corn. They came for several days, while the men of the village were away. They ate much of the corn our people wanted for the long winter. The women and girls tried hard but they could not keep the birds away from the fields. When some of the men returned they decided to punish the bird thieves. They built a shelter of boughs and leaves in the cornfield and there waited for them. The chief of the blackbirds saw the shelter and warned his tribe to keep away. They flew high above it. To fool the birds one of the men left the shelter and went away. Soon after, the second left, and finally the third went. Then the blackbirds flew down and began to eat their fill of the juicy corn. But all of the men and women came and with sticks and stones and gun-fire chased them away.

The next day four men all with guns hid themselves in the shelter. When the blackbird tribe came and began to fly over the field three of the men left the shelter, one after the other, as they had done before. But the fourth hunter remained. When the birds flew into the corn he fired his gun and killed several
of them. The dead birds were hung from a pole in the middle of the field as a warning to bird thieves. The blackbirds never stole corn there again.

Winnebago

Mystery Places

From Sturgeon Falls down the Menominee are quite a number of "mysterious drole - haunted" places. Some of these are whirlpools or deep eddys with high banks. Some "Sacred Power" dwelt in these pools and eddys and caused the overturning of canoes and the drowning of their occupants. In passing over these places, in going up or down stream, the Indians did not dare to speak for fear of arousing the anger of the Spirit in the eddy. One of these eddys the Indians called "os kotch hey key tee", meaning "a place where speaking is prohibited."

Menomini.
ORIGIN OF THE WISCONSIN RIVER AND THE DELLS

The bed of this river was formed by an immense serpent. He was a manitou or spirit and had his home in the great forests near the Big Lake. His powers were very great and all other animals were afraid of him. Once this great serpent started to travel from his home in the forests toward the sea. In crawling over the land his great scaley body wore a great groove or channel through the forests and fields. Into this bed the water rushed. When he moved his tail great masses of water splashed from the channel he had made on to the lands about and formed lakes. Many lakes were made in this way. Other less powerful serpents made haste to get out of his way. All animal life fled before him as he traveled. They formed channels of their own as they fled in all directions from him. Thus came to be the beds of many of the smaller streams, which now flow into the Wisconsin. In places where the river flows over falls there were rocks in the path of the great serpent, so he crawled down over them. The water below them is deep. The water now rushes over them making the same loud noise that he made.

Near the Wisconsin Dells he encountered a great body of rock. Finding a crack in this he thrust his head into it and
THE SKY MAN

An Indian maiden married a fine-looking Indian who came to the village of her tribe. She didn't know that he was a sky man. She was not happy because every evening he left his wig-wam to do his work in the sky. She complained to him about his being so much away from her. She wept every day. She asked him to take her with him. He said that would be impossible, but at last he consented. He built a wigwam for her among the clouds. In one place in this wigwam there was a large bundle wrapped with buckskin and tied with cords. She asked her husband to tell her what was in it but he would not do so. Every day she asked him. He would tell her nothing, and told her never to meddle with it. One day, while he was away at his work, she thought that she would take just one peep at its contents. Kneeling on the wigwam floor beside it she finally succeeded in untying the knotted cords at one end of the bundle.

When it was open a number of shining objects suddenly poured out upon the floor. She tried to grasp them and put them back. More and more fell out and they rose and flew in all directions. Many flew out of the door and the smokehole in the roof before she could close the bundle. They were stars. When her husband returned he was greatly displeased at her disobe-
dience. He scolded her but the mischief was done. And that is why, say the Indians, there are not so many stars as there once were.

Winnebago-Fox.

ETERNAL LIFE

Once Naniboyhu was at home and beating a water drum. Four men heard it, and traveled toward the sound. They walked for eight days but the drummer seemed to be as far away as ever. All at once they came upon him. Naniboyhu gave them various medicines. He said: "That's why I was drumming, to call you." He promised to give them anything they should wish for. Three of the men asked to live until their hair was white. The fourth begged for eternal life. Naniboyhu turned him into a stone.

Chippewa.
MUKEWEJIS PUNISHES HIS NEPHEW

Mukewejis, the Great Spirit, had a nephew Wassomowin, also called Heat Lightning. Mukewejis, when he was angry could hurl his arrows (thunderbolts) to earth with tremendous force and great accuracy. He never missed his mark, whether it was a tree, a rock or a human being. His nephew also had the power of casting thunderbolts, a supply of which he always carried in his quiver. Such was his success in throwing his arrows that after a while he thought that he was as powerful as his uncle.

For a time Mukewejis tolerated the loud boasting of his nephew. Finally he became very angry. He challenged Heat Lightning to an arrow combat. This melee, when it occurred, was a tremendous affair. The flying thunderbolts which the two gods hurled at each other lighted the entire heavens. At times they seemed on fire. Mukewejis vanquished his nephew. As a punishment for his presumption and boasting he placed him high in the sky over Lake Superior. He also broke and cast away all of his arrows. There over the great lake the presence of Heat Lightning is often made known by the momentary reddening of the sky just before a storm. He may not leave his post. He often
prays his uncle Mukewejis to restore him to his former position and power, but Mukewejis refuses to listen to his pleading. So he remains high over Lake Superior.

Chippewa.
THE GEÈSE HOLD A COUNCIL

Away out in the middle of the lake the Wild Geese were holding a council. There were many of them and they were making quite a lot of noise. Wisaka sat on the lake shore. He was hungry and he wished to have some of them to roast and eat. He thought of a good way to get them. He made some strong basswood cords and entered the water. He was afraid of scaring them so he swam under the water until he got out to where they were. He was a very good swimmer. They were all talking and did not notice him. Now he was under them. He tied the cord to the leg of a goose, and then to the leg of another. When all were tied he suddenly rose to the surface of the water. The frightened geese rose into the air and carried him along. They flew for the lake shore. There Wisaka killed those which he wanted to eat and let the rest of them go. To this day the Wild Geese are always watching out for him. That is why they are so hard to get. They fear that he may be hungry and wish to kill more of them.

Mascouten.
RACCOON AND THE BLIND MEN:

Raccoon was a mischief maker. He just loved to play a joke on anyone. He lived at the top of a hollow tree near the Indian village. In this village lived two old blind men. Because they could not see they tied a cord from the wigwam where they lived to a tree in the woods. This was to guide them when they went out. They were afraid of getting lost. One day Raccoon happened to come that way. He saw the cord fastened to the tree and untied it. He tied it again to a small tree that stood on the bank of the lake. Then he climbed up into a tree and waited. Soon after this one of the blind men came out of the wigwam and with one hand on the cord walked to the lake bank. There he fell into the water. Then the other blind man also came out and followed the cord to its end. He fell into the water and on top of the other man, who was trying to get out of the lake. Each accused the other of pushing him into the water. They began to scold and to fight each other. Raccoon enjoyed their mishap very much. He laughed and laughed. The people of the village rescued the old blind men from the water. Raccoon was still laughing harder than ever. They found him and shot him and fastened his hide to the trunk of a tree. And that was the end of Raccoon.

Winnebago.
WINNEBOUJOU'S BLACYSMITH SHOP

Among the Chippewa legends, none is more popular than stories of their all-powerful Man-i-tou (spirit) Winneboujou. He was to them, what Paul Bunyan is to the Lumberjacks.

While his summer home was always on the Brule near its source (because he had to keep his eye on Ah-mik, the Beaver, a rival Manitou, who might slip across the O-ne-gum (portage) to the St. Croix and then via the Mississippi to the Gulf) he spent a part of his time in various industrial pursuits. He had his work shop near the Eau Claire Lakes, where there are yet many ancient Indian Mounds. He used the ish-piming (highest) flat topped granite peak there for his anvil.

It was here he shaped the "mis-wa-bik" or native copper that was found in the Brule river bed not far from Lake Superior, into various useful articles for use by the Chippewas, but especially spears and fish hooks for catching the giant "sen-e-sug-ge-go" or speckled trout that abounded in the clear, bubbling spring waters, particularly at the Lake Superior mouth of this always famous fishing stream.
Much of his work was done by moonlight and the ringing blows of his pe-wa-bik (iron) hammer were heard by the Indians even as far down Lake Superior as the Sault Rapids. The blows could be heard at Superior with great distinctness and were held in particular awe by the visiting Sioux, but Winneboujou was always a great friend of the Chippewas and the noise of his hammer was to them, a kind of "good medicine."

These booming noises yet echo down the Brule Valley and Lake Region, and if you have a good imagination you can hear them on the beautiful clear moonlight nights that are so famous to this region. Just try and see! Of course the big dairy farms and many luxuriant summer homes that are now in this fertile valley, and particularly the radios, have some influence on the wierd sounds, yet they are not entirely obliterated. Anyway, "Winneboujou's Blacksmith Shop" is a story dear to the Chippewas. It was always said that anyone even hearing the sound of his hammer will be imbued with industry, health, strength and manly vigor.

Chippewa.
An Indian and his wife were living together very happily. The woman became sick. She said to her husband: "If I had moonshine moccasins I would get better, even if I only saw them I would get better." The Indian went all over looking for the moccasins, but he couldn't find them anywhere. His sister went to look for the moccasins. At the lake shore she saw a kingfisher sitting on the end of a log. She asked him what he was doing and he said he was looking for something to eat. Then she asked him if he had moonshine moccasins. But the kingfisher didn't know anything about them. The girl saw a muskrat sitting on a log. She asked him what he was doing. He said he was looking for something to eat. Then she asked him: "Do you know where I could get moonshine moccasins?" "Why do you want them?", said the rat. "Well," said the girl, "my sister-in-law is sick. She says she would get better right away if she had moonshine moccasins. If she just saw them she would get better." "I have a pair," said the rat. "If you will wait I will get them for you." So the girl took the moonshine moccasins to the sick woman. When she saw them she began to get better. When she put them on her feet she got well. The muskrat never came for the moccasins.

Chippewa.
DEAD LAKE LEGEND

The Winnebago Indians, who occupied the shores of Lake Wingra and the Madison Four Lakes when the first white settlers came to this region, had a legend concerning Lake Wingra. According to the legend, the lake was gradually disappearing (its water area had been greatly reduced since their ancestors first occupied its shores, over 100 years ago) and that when the Indians left, its shores would vanish altogether.

The testimony of such mounds as have been excavated and the finding on its shores of certain characteristic types of implements and pottery indicate that before their coming an Algonkian people occupied the shores of Lake Wingra.

Winnebago.
THE SPIRIT IN THE ROCK

About Lake Wingra there was always good springs of fresh water, plenty of muskrats in the marsh, fish, turtles and ducks in the lake, and many rabbits, squirrels and woodchucks in the woods. There were quail and prairie chickens also. Some years there was a lot of wild rice and berries were plentiful.

There was a bad spirit, a wakhanda, that lived in the big rock. He only came out at night to "devil" people he did not like. Father put tobacco by the rock to keep him away from our wigwam. Sometimes we could hear the wakhanda moving about at night and making queer noises as he moved about, but he had never harmed any of our family. Perhaps he had been put in the rock by the Great Spirit for some evil deed. We do not know why.

Wingra. (Winnebago)
The giant Winneboujou was hunting in the Brule River Country. He had for weapons his powerful bow and a quiver of arrows slung over his back. In the big woods of the Brule he saw the fresh tracks of a deer, which he followed. It was a big deer and Winneboujou looking over the tree tops could trace his movements in the forest as the deer ran. The forest was so dense that only now and then could he catch a glimpse of him. Then he discharged an arrow to that spot but the tree trunks and the foliage always prevented his striking the deer.

Winneboujou followed the deer all day and shot away all his arrows he had in his quiver. So he threw away his bow. When the hunted deer reached the shore of Lake Superior it ran into the water and swam away. When Winneboujou reached the shore the deer was already far out into the lake. Winneboujou was so angry at his failure to get the deer that he grabbed up several handfuls of rocks and threw them in its direction. These, falling into the water, became the Apostle Islands lying where we see them today.

Chippewa.
wrent the stone walls by the contortions of his powerful body. The queer shapes of these rocks are due to his powerful struggles to get through them. When Indians pass through these places they must make an offering of tobacco to the great serpent spirit or harm may come to them. Below the Dells he changed his course of travel to the west, finally reaching the course of the present Mississippi. Some Indians say his present course he followed to the sea. Some day he may come back!

Winnebago.

WISHING SPRING

At Merrill Springs, on the lake shore, is the Indian Spring. This spring is inhabited by a spirit and any Indian who drinks of its waters may make a wish. If the person who drinks has a good character pleasing to the spirit his wish will be fulfilled. He must not talk while drinking. One greedy Indian wished for everlasting life and was turned to stone by the spirit.

Winnebago.
THE SKY MAN AT THE SPRING

Two Indian girls once went down to the spring in the Big Woods with their bark pails to get water for cooking. As they drew near the spring they saw someone sitting on the grass. He was a stranger and the girls knew that they had never seen him before. When they drew near he arose. He smiled at them and tried to talk to them but the young women could not understand his language. It was very musical but they could not make out a word of what he was saying. He made signs to them pointing first to the sky, then to the ground waving his arms like the wings of a bird. The girls thought he was demented. They became frightened and ran away, leaving their pails behind them.

At the Indian camp they told their brothers of their experience. These young men went to the spring and met the stranger. He was very friendly. He was clean and his face was white and shining. So also were his hands. He explained to them by signs that he had fallen down from above. He was a Sky Man. He would go back into the sky world again. Something would come and carry him up.

The brothers invited the stranger to their father's wigwam. There he remained for several days. He was very quiet and would
eat nothing. One day came a heavy rain and thunderstorm. The Sky Man went out of the wigwam. They saw him standing in the rain at the base of a large tree. A bright flash of lightning reached that spot. They saw that the Sky Man was gone. He had been carried away to the sky world by the lightning.

After that the girls sometimes thought that they could see his face in the waters of the spring. Perhaps he was watching them from his place in the sky?

Wingra.

MAPLE SUGAR

An old Indian woman once found a lump of sugar on the trunk of a tree. A tree spirit had placed it there. She ate some of it and found it to be sweet and good. She told the other Indians about it and they cut the bark and caused the sap to flow. This they gathered in vessels and afterwards cooked it in kettles. So the Great Spirit gave maple sugar to our people.

Wingar.
THE AURORA BOREALIS

In the direction of the North Wind lives the Manabai wok (giants) of whom the old people tell. They are our friends but we do not see them any more. They are great hunters and fishermen and whenever they are out with their torches to spear fish we know it, because the sky is then bright over the place where they are.

Menomini.
THE THUNDER BIRDS

These great birds have their nests on the top of the highest mountains. When the weather is stormy they fly high up in the air. When they flap their great wings you hear the crashes of thunder. When they open-and-close their eyes the lightning flashes are seen. When their wings strike the clouds it rains. When they are angry they drop their eggs on the villages and people are killed. They set fire to the forests and shatter the rocks. They carry away people, who are never heard of again.

The old birds sometimes say to the young ones, "Be careful or you will scare the Indians. You will fly very easy over their camps and villages." If the birds know that anyone is afraid of them, they are the ones they go after. They are burned or killed. If you watch for them when it storms you may see or hear the Thunderers.

Chippewa.
CRAYFISH WANTED SPEED

When Turtle came out of the water he found Crayfish sitting on the muddy lake bank. His friend asked him where he was going. Turtle said he was about to visit some relations who were giving a feast. Crayfish asked Turtle if he could go along to the feast and Turtle invited him to do so. After they had traveled quite a distance Crayfish began to get tired. He said he was so tired that he could go no further. So Turtle invited him to ride on his back. After they had been walking for a while Crayfish said, "Can't you go a little faster?" So Turtle quickened his pace. After a while Crayfish grasped Turtle's neck with a claw and said, "Can't you move faster than this? We will not get to the feast in time." So Turtle began to run to please his passenger. But Crayfish was not satisfied. Grasping Turtle's neck and pinching it with both claws, he said, "If you can't run faster than this I will not go along." Now at last Turtle became angry. Rolling over suddenly he dumped Crayfish off his back saying, "If you are not satisfied with my pace do some running yourself." And the ungrateful Crayfish had to crawl along by himself. While he was doing so a Fox met him and made a feast of him.

Sauk.
Turtle thought he was a great warrior and he wanted to fight the Indians. He decided to make up a war party and he invited the animals of the woods to join it. Deer came along and offered to join the party. Turtle asked him to show how well he could fight. Deer then started to fight a big tree but he broke off one of his horns. Turtle told him he would never do for the war party. Bear came along and wanted to join. Turtle told him to fight a tree. Bear rushed at the tree, growling. He fought hard but he broke one of his claws. Turtle said he would not do for the war party. The Indians would surely kill him. Other animals came along and offered their services, but Turtle had some fault to find with all of them. He would have none of them for his war party.

Turtle took his war-club and went alone to fight the Indians. He soon came to the Indian village. While he was planning how best to attack it some Indians who were returning from a hunt, came along and captured him. They decided to punish him. Some wanted to throw him into the fire. Finally they decided to drown him. So they took him to a lake and threw him into the deep water. He made a big splash as he went down. They thought that he was dead but he soon came up again. He then told them that the lake was his home. So his life was saved.
THE WILY FOX

The fox is a trickster. Once all of the animals living around these lakes gathered in a big council. They came together to talk about the amount of fat each member of the animal tribes was to carry to keep warm and healthy. A large kettle full of fat stood in the middle of the council lodge. While they were all talking the Fox saw his chance and jumped into the grease kettle. He remained in it but a moment. When he came out he was very fat and fine. That made all of the animals mad. The Bear and the Elk, who were near the kettle, grabbed the Fox and held him. By the orders of the council all of the fat was then squeezed out of his skin. He yelled and yelled while this was being done. He asked them to let him have just a little of the fat but they threw him out of the meeting. That is why he is so thin.

The animals entered the kettle in turn, each getting the amount of fat which the leaders of the council thought that they should have. All were satisfied. Some Indians think that this animal council took place here in these woods.

Wingra. (Winnebago)
CORN

Two Indians had killed a deer and were roasting a part of it to eat. A beautiful woman was seen to descend from the sky and light upon the earth. They concluded that she must be hungry and had smelled the meat. They invited her to eat. When she left she told them to return, in one year, to the spot where she had been sitting, and they would find there a return for their kindness and generosity.

The two men returned to the village and told the Indians what they had seen and done—but they were laughed at by their people.

When the time arrived they went to the spot where they had seen the sky woman. They found where her right hand had rested on the ground, corn growing—and where the left had been, beans, and where she had been seated, tobacco.
TOBACCO

Ma nabush was passing a mountain when he detected a delightful odor issuing from a crevice. He found the mountain to be the home of a giant, who was the keeper of tobacco. He crept into a cavern and found the giant. He asked Ma nabush what he wanted. He asked for tobacco, but the giant refused. Ma nabush saw a large number of bags filled with tobacco. He snatched one and ran out of the cavern pursued by the giant. Ma nabush climbed to the mountain tops, leaping from peak to peak, the giant following. On the edge of a high cliff Ma nabush suddenly threw himself flat on the rocks. The giant leaped over him and down into the chasm beyond. He was much bruised but he managed to climb up the face of the cliff and almost reached the top. There he clung. Ma nabush grasped him by the shoulders, and, drawing him upward, threw him violently to the ground saying "For your meanness you shall become Kahe'ene (the 'Jumper'-grasshopper) and you shall be known by your stained mouth. You shall become the pest of those who raise tobacco."

He divided the tobacco among his brothers giving to each some of the seed, that they might never be without it for their use and enjoyment.

Menomini.
Thesis Approved----July 30, 1936

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