

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

Section 1, Pages 1 - 30

This collection of items written by Miss Edna Clyne of Seattle, Washington, for William Elsey Connelley of the Kansas State Historical Society, includes a number of Native Indian stories regarding the Wyandot Tribe. Compiled by Connelley, the stories were sent to Miss Clyne so that she could revise them for inclusion in a textbook intended for elementary school students. Titles include the story of "How a White Man Became an Indian," "How We Got These Indian Stories," "How Our Country Was Made," "Making the Sun," and many others.

Creator: Clyne, Edna

Date: May 07, 1923-May 24, 1923

Callnumber: William Elsey Connelley Coll. #16, Box 22 Folder Wyandot - Miss Clyne's manuscript (Wyandot stories)

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Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

May 7, 1923

Miss Edna Clyne,
952 North 80th Street,
Seattle, Washington.

My dear Miss Clyne:-

I have been delayed in my work of going over the stories as you have them but am now beginning to do a little better. I have ten of them revised and probably spoiled, and will get the others through as quick as possible. I did two of them yesterday. As soon as I go through them and copy them I want to send them to you to be worked over or rejected, or whatever you want to do with them. As soon as we get this matter settled I want to take up the matter of finding a publisher.

I am writing to you today to know where to find you. School will be out in a month or two and you may have some plans for going away from Seattle in the summer. Please write me where you may be found after school closes so that I may send you the work I am doing on these stories.

Sincerely yours,

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

May 24, 1923

Miss Edna Clyde,
6314, 42nd Avenue, S. W.,
Seattle, Washington.

My dear Miss Clyne:-

I wrote you a few days since and had hoped to have a reply before this time. I have taken up the matter of a publisher for this text book with one of the leading publishing houses of the United States and have this suggestion from the manager:

"Let me suggest the following plan of procedure; that you complete these stories as soon as possible. After you have completed the work, forward the same to me and I will take the material up with the Editorial Department. We have a very strong Editorial force, and I feel sure that these people will be sending you some important suggestions. My plan would be to have our Editors in the Elementary Department look over your material, then return to you the material with constructive suggestions. You would then be able to pass your manuscript on to Miss Klein, and thus give her the benefit of the suggestions made by the Editorial Department. This procedure in my judgment, would cut short the time that would otherwise be lost in getting the manuscript in shape and at the same time make it possible for Miss Klein to meet to a better advantage, both the Editorial and the Commercial sides. I shall be glad to learn how this strikes you."

I think this is a good suggestion and it is my judgment that the house would like to get this book published by the first of the year. Of course there is much to do. I will have to direct the drawing of each illustration and will have to prepare a teachers section as I now think, in which teachers would have some comprehension of the Wyandot Tribe of Indians, its movements, history, its mental ability, and something on the conceptions back of these stories. I believe it would be well to include in that the true pronunciation and the true names of these characters whose names we have abbreviated and abridged. I believe teachers would be more inter-

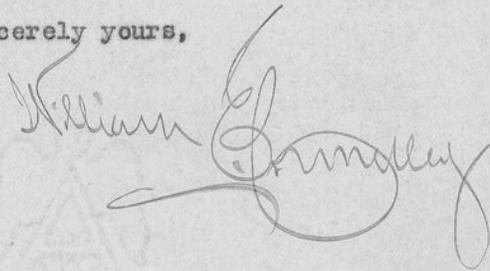
Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

Miss Edna Clyne -2.

ested and make a better job of teaching this material if they had this additional information for themselves.

To comply with the request of this publishing house it will be necessary for us to move as rapidly as possible. Please let me hear from you immediately upon receipt of this so I will know where you are and how I can communicate with you quickly. The quicker we get this book to press the quicker we will get something out of it.

Sincerely yours,



Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

HOW A WHITE MAN BECAME AN INDIAN

Once some white men were about to take away the land which belonged to an Indian named Splitlog. The land was worth a great deal of money; but Splitlog did not know the ways of the^{se} white people, and would have lost it, had not a kind white man, named Mr. Connelly, helped him.

Because of this help, the Indians became friends of Mr. Connelly. He often visited them in their homes. At last they asked him to become an Indian, too. Would you like to join an Indian tribe? This is how it was done.

First there was a great feast to which all the Indians were invited. The Indians raised corn long before the white people had ever seen any. They were very fond of it. So at this feast they had cooked the corn and the meat in all the different ways they knew. But when this feast was held they had lived near the white people for some time and had learned to eat some of their food. So there was also chicken-pie, eggs, ham, pies, cake, and other good things.

The men ate first. Hardly a word was spoken during the feast. When the men rose from the table the women took their places. They seemed more gay and talked and laughed while they ate.

When the feast was ended all went into another room. Mr. Connelly stood in the middle of the floor. The Indian Chief stood before him and said, "Now comes this white man. He is our friend. He has written down the stories of our fathers. Shall we make him a member of our tribe?"

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

2

Then the Chief turned to the Chief Woman and said, "Will you make a place for this man by your fire? Shall he become a member of your family?"

The Chief Woman took Mr. Connelly by the hand and said, "He shall live by my fire. And it is my wish that he be made Half-King of our people."

The Chief said, "For more than a hundred years there has been no Half-king in our Clan. None but good men may hold this place. See that you do as well as those who went before you. I now make you Half-King of the Deer Clan of the Wyandot Indians."

Each Indian then came up and took Mr. Connelly's hand. Many gave him presents. Some brought Indian money which is called wampum. One gave a cannon ball which he had picked up on a battle-field. One gave him the horns of a deer. A woman brought the horn of a buffalo. A very poor man handed him some feathers picked from the tail of his rooster.

Mr. Connelly then gave each of them a present and the feast was ended.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

How a White Man Became an Indian.

Once some ^{bad} white men

Splitlog was a Wyandot Indian. His house was in a forest by a fine river in the Ozark hills. He had a piece of land by a great city. This land was of great value. Some ^{mean} white ^{men} of ~~evil~~ ~~mind~~ were about to take his land without paying what it was worth. They would have done so but for a kind white man, who helped him.

The name of a certain Wyandot Indian was Splitlog. His house stood among the trees by a fine river in the Ozark hills. He had some land by a great city far from his home. This land was worth much money. Some mean white men were about to take the land away from Splitlog. But a kind white man made them pay the Indian the full value of the land.

This white man had been the friend of the Indians all his life. When he helped Splitlog all the Wyandots were pleased.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

They said he must visit them in their homes among the hills. When he went there to see them they told him beautiful stories, which he wrote down. They let him see their dances. They had him go to their sacred feasts, which no other white man was ^{ever} allowed to see. They taught him their language. Of all these things he made a record. Then they said he must be an Indian, too. He said that would be fine. And they made him a Mandan. This is how they did it.

A great feast was made. All the Indians were told to come to this feast to ~~help~~ ^{welcome} the white man. Much food was made ready, for the Indians are very fond of good things to eat. They were the first people to raise corn. It grew in their fields for ages before the white people ever saw any. They knew how to cook it in many ways. At this feast all these dishes of corn were there in great plenty. The Indians cook well all the food used by white people. They had bread, ~~pies and all kinds of meat~~ ^{meat} beef, pork, ham, chicken, turkey, eggs, pies, cake, ~~coffee~~ milk, coffee, and tea made from the spice wood.

The men ate first, and the white man ate with them. Indians ^{men} do not talk much. ~~As they did not say~~ ~~of each other~~ They said little while eating. When they were done the women went to the tables. They were merry and gay. They talked

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

and laughed as they ate. It was ³
a joy to see them so happy.

When the feast was ended all went into another room. It was quite filled with the Indians. They made the white man to stand at the center where all could see him. The Indian chief stood before him by the bright burning fire. He then said: "How comes this white man. He is our friend. We love him. He writes down the stories of our people. He saves what our fathers said of their gods before the white men came. We are met to make him one of us. We want him to be an Indian. Shall we now make him one of our tribe?"

Then the Indians cried out all in one voice: "Ho! Ho! Ho!" This was their way of saying they gave their consent.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

4

Among the Wyandots the woman is the head of the house. The chief turned to the ~~chief~~ Head Woman and said: "Will you make a place by your fire for this white man. Will you take him to be a member of your family?"

The Head Woman took the white man by the hand and said to the Indians: "He shall live by my fire. He shall be a Wyandot of the clear blood. I take him as one of my family." Then she said to the chief: "A member of my house ~~by grand father~~ was a great chief. He was a famous Wyandot. He was the law giver. He was the Head Master of all the Wyandots. He died at Detroit in 1788. Since that time no man has held his high office. ~~He says you~~ I wish this white man raised up to his place. Confer on him ^{the name and} the office ~~and name~~ of the Half-King!"

The chief then invited the white man with the name and the office of the

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

Great Chief of the Mandates of the
former days. Then ^{all} the Indians
came forward and spoke to the white
man. They made him welcome. They
said he was their brother. ~~A~~
Presents were given him. Some
brought wampum, or Indian money.
One gave a cannon ball which he had
found on a field of battle ~~where a soldier~~
where he was a soldier. The Head Woman
gave him the horns of a deer. Another
woman brought ~~the~~ a horn of the buffalo.
A very poor Indian gave him ~~the~~ some
feathers plucked from the tail of his
rooster.

The white man then gave each
Indian ^a present ~~and~~ and the ~~feast~~ ^{questing} was
ended.

And the stories told the white man
by the Indians are given here to be
read by all children.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

How a White Man Became an Indian

The name of a Wyandot Indian was Splitlog. His house stood among the trees by a clear swift river in the Ozark hills. ~~He had~~ At a great city far from his home he had some land. This land was worth much money. Some mean white men were about to take the land away from Splitlog. But a kind white man made them pay the Indian the full value of the land.

This white man had been the friend of the Indians all his life. When he helped Splitlog all the Indians were pleased. They said he must visit them ~~at~~ at their homes among the hills. When he went there to see them they told him beautiful stories, which he wrote down. They had him attend their sacred feasts, which they did not let any other white man see. They taught him to speak like an Indian. He wrote down all they told him. Then they ~~o~~ said he must be an Indian, too. He said that ~~to~~ would be fine. And they made him a Wyandot. This is how they did it.

A great feast was made. All the Indians were told to come to this feast to welcome the white man. Much food was made ready for

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

2

The Indians are very fond of good things to eat. They were the first people to grow maize or corn. They had it in their fields for ages before the white people ever saw any of it. They knew how to cook it in many ways. At this feast all these dishes of corn were there in great plenty. And the Indians cook with all the food used by white people. They had bread, pies, cakes, beef, pork, ham, chicken, turkey, eggs, milk, coffee, and tea made from the fragrant spice wood.

The men ate first, and the white men ate with them. Indian men do not talk much. They said little while eating at this feast. When they were done, the women sat down to eat. They were merry and gay. They talked and laughed as they ate. It was a joy to see them so happy.

When the feast was over every one went into the next room. It was quite filled with the Indians. They made the white man to stand at the center where all could see him. The Indian Chief stood before him by the bright fire. He then said:

"Now comes here this white man. He has long been our friend. We love him. He writes down

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

3

our stories. He says what our ~~good~~ fathers said of their gods before the white men came. We are not here to make him one of us. We want him to be an Indian. Shall we now make him one of our tribe?"

Then the Indians cried out all in one voice: "Ho! Ho! Ho!" This was their way of saying they were willing to receive the white man into their tribe.

With the Mynants the woman is the head of the family house. The Chief turned to the Head Woman and said: "Will you make a place by your fire for this white man? Will you take him to be one of your family?"

The Head Woman took the white man by the hand and said: ~~to the~~ "He shall live by my fire. He shall be a Mynant of the Deer Clan. He shall be one of my family." A Mynant of my house was a famous Chief. He was the Law Giver. He was the Head Master of all the Mynants. He died at Detroit in 1788.

Since that time no man has held his high office. I wish this white man raised up to his place. Confer on him the name and the office of the Half-King."

The Chief then gave the white man the name and the office of the Great Chief of the Mynants of the

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

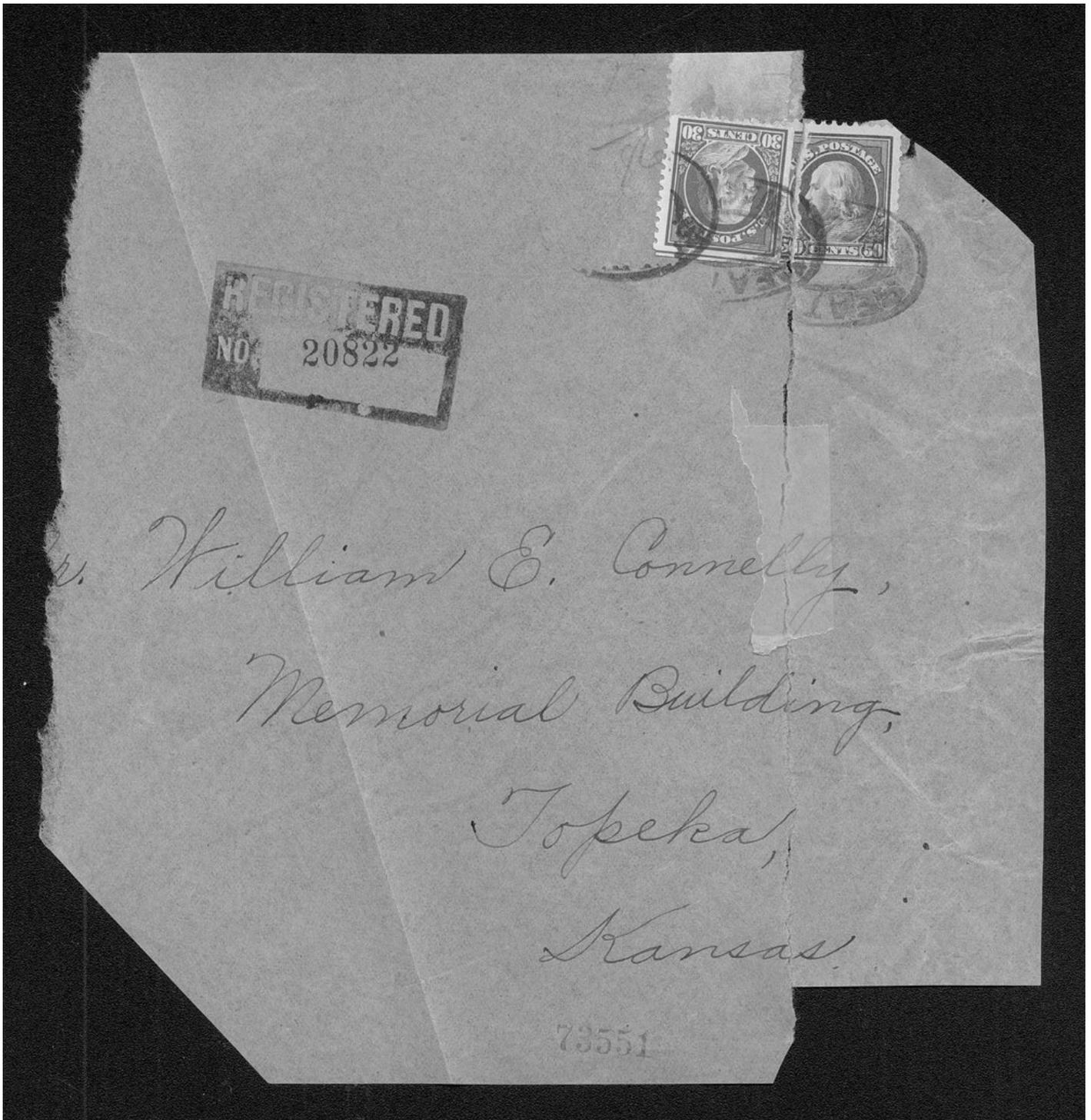
4

old times. Then all the Indians came and spoke to the white man. They made him welcome. They said he was their brother. They gave him presents. Some gave him wampum or Indian money. One gave a cannon ball which he found on a field of battle where he was a soldier. The Head Man gave him the horns of a deer. One woman brought him a horn of a buffalo. A very poor Indian gave him some feathers plucked from the tail of a rooster.

The white man then gave each Indian a present, and the ~~of~~ meeting was ended.

And the stories told the white man by the Indians are given here to be read by all children.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence



Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

3

H O W W E G O T T H E S E I N D I A N S T O R I E S

Hundreds of years before the first white people came, Indians lived in our country. During the summer the men hunted and fished. The women and children picked wild berries, dug roots which they used for food, and raised little gardens of corn, pumpkins, and squash.

When winter came the snow lay white over the land. At night the cold wind howled around the little lodges. But inside there was a bright fire. On one side of the fire the mother sat on a pile of skins on the ground weaving baskets. On the other side the father smoked his pipe and told stories to the children.

Would you have liked ~~to~~ to sit with the red boys and girls and listen to those stories? Each boy must remember the story well for the next night his father might ask him to tell it. Then when he grew up he would tell it to his boys and girls. There were no books or papers so all stories must be told.

After the white people came the fathers forgot to tell the stories to the children. At last only a few old men in the tribe knew them. Mr. Connelly found these old men and wrote down the stories as they told them to him. So now all boys and girls may read the stories which once were heard only by the red children in the little Indian lodges.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

4

HOW OUR COUNTRY WAS MADE

Long ago this world was covered with water, and there was no land. The people lived in a world above the sky. These people were Wyandot Indians.

This sky-land had no sun nor moon nor any stars. It was lighted by a large tree which stood near the lodge of Hoo-an-ne, the chief of that Upper World. Upon this tree grew large yellow flowers. From these yellow blossoms came the light of that land, and there was no night there.

No one was ever allowed to touch the Tree of Light. But one day when Hoo-wa-ne was away hunting his wife picked and ate some of the yellow flowers. At once she knew she had done a great wrong. She was afraid of what her husband might say. So she ran away to her own people, who were the Hookies.

Hoo-wa-ne came home from the hunt. When he heard what his wife had done, he was very sad. For many days he lay upon his face before the Tree of Light. He would not eat. He prayed that his wife might be cured of her sickness.

The Hookies said that the cure must be found among the roots of the Tree of Light. So they brought the sick woman and laid her on a mat beside the Tree. Then they began to dig down to the roots to find the cure for her.

The Hookies had dug only a short time when, suddenly, the Tree of Light and the ground about it sank down. The woman was caught in the roots and carried down with the Tree. The hole in the broken sky-land closed

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

5

above them, and they fell down---down---to the wide waters of this Lower World.

P A R T II.

In the Great Water which covered the Lower World, two swans were swimming. A loud peal of thunder frightened them. They looked up and saw the woman standing in the broken sky-land. She was taller than the highest tree. Her dress was of shining light.

One of the Swans said, "What shall we do with this Woman?"

"We must take her upon our backs," answered the other.

These swans were half a tree tall. They swam side by side and the Woman fell upon them. They carried her over the water.

The first Swan said at last, "What shall we do with this Woman? We cannot carry her forever."

The other Swan answered, "We will call a Council of all the swimming animals---all the water tribes."

This was the first Great Council. The Big Turtle was the leader. He did not know what to do. There was no place in all the Great Water for the Woman to live. The Tree, with the broken earth about it, had fallen to the bottom of the sea. There it lay, shining like the sun.

At last the Big Turtle said, "If you can get a little of the earth which lies at the root of the Tree of Light, you may place it upon my back. There it will grow into an island and the Woman may live upon it."

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

6

One after another the animals dived into the deep water to bring up the earth. They could not get it. Some of them were drowned.

Then the Toad said she would try. She was gone a long time. She was dead when she came up, and floated upon the water. But her mouth was filled with the earth.

The Little Turtle carefully spread the bit of earth around the edges of the shell of Big Turtle. There it grew at once into the Great Island. The Island rested upon the Big Turtle's back.

The Woman rose from the backs of the Swans and lived upon it. And this Great Island is the land in which we live today.

IV 7

MAKING THE SUN.

The Woman Who Fell Down From Heaven was lonely and sad on the Great Island. She was sorry she had done wrong. She wanted to go back to the land above the sky.

One day Hoo-wa-ne heard her weeping. She was his lost wife. He was very sorry for her. He could not take her back to the sky-land, but he told her what to do.

The Woman did just as he said. She came to a fine valley where tall trees grew. A river flowed through the valley. It was a very beautiful place, but the woman was lonely for she had no one to talk with. Then she saw a lodge from which rose the smoke of a fire. She came to the lodge and sat on a stone before the door. Out of the lodge came her mother. Hoo-wa-ne had sent her to care for his wife. So the Woman lived with her mother and was happy.

Before the Woman came the Lower World was dark. Now she was the light of it. But when she went into the lodge, darkness once more settled over the earth.

The animals did not like this darkness. They called a Great Council to plan how they might have a better light.

The Little Turtle said, "Let me go into the sky. I will put a light there to shine when the Woman goes into her lodge."

All the animals thought this a good plan, so a black and terrible cloud was called down. Red lightning came out from it. Little Turtle went into the cloud and

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

8
was carried away to the sky. There she took the lightning and kindled a great fire which we call the sun.

This sun stood still in the middle of the sky. Its light did not reach the far sides of the Great Island. At the lodge of the Woman the heat was too great. Something must be done about this.

Then the animals made the sun alive so that it could run bout the sky. The Mud Turtle dug a hole in the far west. Through this hole the sun went under the earth each evening, making night when the people could sleep. In the east he dug another hole. Through this the^{sun} came back in the morning bringing another day to the world.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

V 9

THE MOON AND HER CHILDREN

The animals were much pleased with the sun they had made until they found that he was careless. Sometimes he would go under the earth and stay there for a long time leaving them in darkness. So Little Turtle made the moon to light the earth while the sun was gone. The moon was the wife of the sun. They had many children. These were the stars which run about the sky.

One day the sun grew very angry with his wife. When he went under the earth that evening he took her with him. He planned to kill her. But Little Turtle heard about it and hurried after. When she found them the angry sun had taken away all his wife's heat and much of her light. He had hurt her so that when Little Turtle brought her back she was just the thin little New Moon, which we see now at times in the sky.

Slowly the moon grew full and round and beautiful again. She was happy about this. She thought that her husband would be pleased with her. (again) But still he was angry. This made her so sad that she shrank ^{till she became} ~~again~~ into the thin little new moon. Each time that she grew round and full her sorrow over her husband's anger was so great that she would shrink to a thin little thread of shining silver. So it is to this day, and so it must be to the end of the world.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

VI 10

MAN OF FIRE AND MAN OF STONE

The Woman Who Fell Down From Heaven had twin sons. One was good, the other bad. The good twin was called Man of Fire. The bad twin was Man of Stone.

Man of Stone was very wicked. He never did anything good. At last Man of Fire grew tired of this. He said, "Man of Stone, we have work to do. Only animals live now on the Great Island. We must make ready so that when men come they may find good homes. You take one part of the Island and get it ready and I will take the other. We will each work alone and do our best."

Man of Stone thought this a good plan, so it was done. For hundreds of years they worked, each getting his own part of the Island ready for the men who would come.

Man of Fire made a beautiful land. Everything was good. The Indians would need food, so he placed animals and birds in the woods and fishes in the streams. Beans grew upon trees and each pod was filled with beans larger than an egg.

He made the water in the rivers to flow in two directions. On one side the Indian could float down stream without paddling his canoe. When he wished to go back, he had only to carry his canoe to the other side of the river. Here the water flowed the other way and he could float up stream.

At last Man of Stone came to see what his brother had done. He was not pleased to find such a beautiful land. He made thorns and briars to grow in the woods. He sprinkled his own blood over the ground, and each drop became a sharp stone to cut the feet of the men to come. He put his great

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

VI //

hand into the rivers and stirred the water so that it flowed only in one direction as it does today. He made the beans as small as we see them today.

When the animals passed before him they became fierce and wild. He frightened them with terrible roaring and screams. Some ran into the deep woods where they still live. Others hid in holes and caves, and to this day come out only in the darkness of night to find food. Everywhere Man of Stone did what he could to spoil the works of his good brother.

Then Man of Fire went to see the the land which Man of Stone had made. Here everything was bad, Bare mountains of rock reached to the sky. The North Wind brought bitter cold and snow from his far home. Icicles miles and miles long hung from the mountains.

To the south were swamps through which no one could pass. From these swamps came ^{millions of} mosquitoes larger than crows. These mosquitoes flew over the world to torment every beast.

Man of Fire made the mosquitoes small, and drove some of the cold from the mountains. He did what he could to make the Great Island a pleasant place to live. But he was sad. He could not undo all the harm that Man of ^{Stone} Fire had done.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

VII

12

A BRIDGE TO THE SKY

The Animals were not pleased with the works of Man of Stone. The Lower World seemed turned upside down by his wickedness. So they wished to leave the Great Island and go to live with their sister, Little Turtle, in the Sky-land. But Man of Fire begged them to stay, and all the Animals except the Deer listened to him.

One day the Deer said to the Rainbow, "Carry me into the Sky-land. I wish to visit my sister, Little Turtle, and see the land in which she lives."

The Rainbow answered, "Come to me in the winter when I rest on the Mountain by the lake. I will then bring you to the home of Little Turtle."

All winter the Deer waited on the Mountain by the lake. But the Rainbow did not come.

When the Deer saw the Rainbow the next summer he said, "I am angry. All winter I stood on the Mountain by the lake. Why did you not come as you said?"

"I was afraid," answered the Rainbow. "Man of Fire does not wish me to take you to the Skyland. But you shall go. When you see the mist over the lake come to me. I will carry you to the home of Little Turtle."

One day the mist rolled over the lake. On the hill above the water stood the Deer. The Rainbow threw a bridge of shining light down to the hill-top. A path, made of all the colors of the rainbow, lay before the Deer.

The Rainbow said, "Follow the Beautiful Path."

This the Deer did. As he passed along he saw many

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

13

beautiful things. At last he came to the house of Little Turtle and lived with her in the Sky-land.

But when the Great Council met in the Lower World, the Bear said, "The Deer is not yet come to the Council. Where is the Deer?"

Then the Hawk flew all about to look for him. But he could not find the Deer in the air. The Wolf then looked through all the forest, but the Deer was not in the forest.

When Little Turtle came down in the cloud, the Bear said, "The Deer is not yet come to the Council. There can be no Council without him."

Little Turtle answered, "The Deer came into the Sky-land. The Rainbow made a fine bridge of his colors upon which the Deer walked."

The Animals looked into the sky and saw the Deer there. There could never again be a Council in the Lower World. So all the Animals went with Little Turtle into the cloud and were carried into the Sky-land, where they still live.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

VIII

14

W H Y L E A V E S T U R N R E D I N A U T U M N

The Bear was selfish and proud. Often he made trouble among the Animals. When he heard that the Deer had walked over the Rainbow Bridge to the Sky-land, he was angry. "I will punish that Deer," he said to himself.

So when he came to the Sky-land he found the Deer. "Why did you leave us to come to the Sky-land?" he asked. "Why did you not come to the Great Council? Why did you not wait till all could come?"

This made the Deer angry. He knew that the Wolf was the only animal who had the right to ask him these questions.

He said, "No one but the Wolf may ask why I did not come to the Great Council. Long enough you have gone about making trouble among the Animals. You shall never do it again."

Then the Deer made ready to kill the Bear. He arched his neck. He raised his head with its long sharp horns. The hair stood up along his back. His eyes blazed as if a fire burned in them.

The Bear was not afraid. His claws were very strong. He stood up. His deep growls shook the sky as if it thundered.

When the Great Council heard this noise they sent the Wolf to stop the dreadful battle.

All Animals must obey the Wolf. So the Deer turned and ran away. As he did so the blood of the Bear dropped from his horns. This blood fell down to the Lower

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

15

World and turned the leaves of the trees a bright red.

And now each year, when Autumn comes, the leaves
turn red. The Indians say it is but the blood of the Bear
thrown down from the Sky-land.

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

1x 16

HOW THE SWANS HELPED MAN OF FIRE

It was lonely in the Great Island when the Animals had gone to the Sky-land. Man of Fire had made a world so beautiful that he wished someone to live in it. He remembered that his mother had fallen from the Upper World with the Tree of Light. So he went to the Upper World to ask help of his grandfather, Hoo-wa-ne.

Hoo-wa-ne was kind, and gave him many good people to take back with him. These people were Wyandot Indians. Man of Fire took them down to the Great Island and became their ruler.

The Indians were happy in their new home until Man of Stone saw what Man of Fire had done. Then Man of Stone wanted some people, too. So he went to Hoo-wa-ne, and Hoo-wa-ne gave him many people also. But some of these people were wicked. When Man of Stone brought them down to the Lower World they made trouble.

This trouble spread over all the world. It became so great that the people went to Man of Fire, saying that he must help them. Man of Fire did not know how to do this, but thought the Animals might do something, if he could only find them. But the Animals had gone to the Sky-land, and he feared that he might get lost there.

He went to the two Swans. "Oh, white Swans," he said, "you cared for my mother when she fell down from heaven. You carried her upon your backs. I pray you to help me now. Give me of your down. It is whiter than the snow. It will show me the way home when I have found the

Miss Edna Clyne's manuscript stories and correspondence

IX 17

Animals in the Sky-land."

The swans made a bag of sea foam and filled it with down. Man of Fire took the bag and set out for the Sky-land. As he went along he dropped bits of the down. This made a white path which he could follow when he came back.

The Wolf saw Man of Fire coming and called a Great Council.

"Man of Fire comes to lead us back to the Great Island," said the Beaver.

"We do not wish to return to a land where there is so much trouble," cried the Hawk. "Where can we hide?"

"If we are in the Sky-land he will find us," said the Deer. "We must go to the land of the Little People."

So the Animals went quickly to the land of the Little People far under the Great Island.

When Man of Fire came he could not find them anywhere.

"Come to me," he called. "The Indians are in trouble. They call to you to help them. Let us return and bring joy to my people."

Man of Fire could get no answer for there were no Animals in the Sky-land to hear. So he followed the white path he had made until he came again to the Great Island. His sorrow was great for there was still no end to the terrible war.

But the white path he made remains still in the sky, and white men call it the Milky Way.