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PLAINS INDIAN FOLKLORE

BY
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INTRODUCTION

IN THE SUMMER of 1910 and 1911 I visited the Hidatsa and Mandan at Fort Berthold Reservation in North Dakota, my primary object being the study of their age societies for the American Museum of Natural History. During one of these sojourns I obtained from Wolf-chief the following version of the Grandson myth, Englished by Good-bird, which presents several points of theoretical interest. About twenty years later Professor Beckwith visited the same tribes, procuring a very full version of the story from Bear's-arm and some fragmentary data from Arthur Mandan.¹ In addition there are six published Crow versions,² as well as two unpublished ones in my possession; the fullest of my variants has appeared in English and is now available in the original.

The present purpose is not to present a complete comparative study, which would inevitably merge in a consideration of the Lodge Boy and Spring Boy cycle, and thence of the Twin myths of the New World, but rather to concentrate on immediately relevant comparative material and, through it, gain light on the processes of differentiation.

The inquiry, however, does raise the issue of how far a given recorded tale may be regarded as representative not only of the area and tribe, but also of the individual narrator's knowledge of the traditional form. Accordingly, the study of the Grandson myth is followed by analysis of variation resulting when formulas or tales are repeated by the same Indian, or at least by Indians of the same local group.

¹ Martha Warren Beckwith, *Myths and Hunting Stories of the Mandan and Hidatsa Sioux*, p. 52 (Poughkeepsie, 1930); *Myths and Ceremonies of the Mandan and Hidatsa*, pp. 117-141 (Poughkeepsie, 1932). My version is here published by permission of Dr. Clark Wissler, of the American Museum of Natural History.

² S. C. Sims, *Traditions of the Crows*, FM-P 85 (Anthr. Ser.), 2:301, 1903. R. H. Lowie, *Myths and Traditions of the Crow Indians*, AMNH-AP 25:52-74, 1918; *The Crow Indians*, pp. 134-157 (New York, 1935). Frank B. Linderman, *Old Man Coyote*, p. 208 (New York, 1931).

A HIDATSA MYTH

OLD WOMAN'S GRANDSON (KA'BITAWAPI'ĊĊC)

Sun and Moon were friends. Sun asked Moon, "What kind of woman, of whatever tribe, do you like best?" Moon answered, "The Hidatsa women look pleasant." Sun said, "You are mistaken, I know that all of them have their faces screwed up" [i.e., when dazzled by the sun]. Moon asked, "What kind do *you* like best?" "The women in the water are the best-looking, I like them best" [he meant the toads]. "All right, I must go and bring a wife for myself from the Hidatsa, you may bring yours from the water. When we get both in our house here, we'll gather cooked paunches, and the woman that chews best, making a creaking sound with her teeth, we shall keep; the other one we'll turn away."

In the village of the Hidatsa some women were going for firewood and found a porcupine. One of them wanted to catch it. It climbed up a tree. They got sticks and wanted to catch it, but it went higher up. One woman climbed after it. She reached toward it with her hand, the porcupine went higher still to another land, the woman following. Moon walked to a big earth-lodge, she followed. His mother was there. He said, "Mother, call your daughter-in-law (ni't'u'ka) in." She went out and saw that the Hidatsa woman was very good-looking. "Daughter-in-law, come in." She came and sat down in the rear of the lodge. After a short time Sun returned and said, "Mother, call in your daughter-in-law." She went outside and returned, saying, "There is no one there." "Look again, I am sure she is there." "There is nobody outside." "Look, perhaps she has come in by herself, look in the corner of the porch." A small, tough hide was lying there, she raised it, and found the toad. "I am here," said the toad. "Come in here, daughter-in-law." She jumped to the fireplace, urinating at each leap. She went directly into the ashes and sat down there. Moon said, "What's that? She has urinated all over the floor." He laughed at her. Moon said, "Well, mother, cook the paunch for them." She put a pot on the fire, first asking the Hidatsa woman, "What part of the paunch do you like best?" "Give me the thin one." He asked the toad, and she wanted the thickest part. The old woman sliced and began cooking these parts.

When they were all cooked, she first served the Hidatsa, who ate making a very good sound. "That's good." Then she gave the other portion to the toad, who ate as she was sitting in the ashes. No sound was heard. She knew what the men wanted to hear, so she chewed charcoal with the paunch, but soon it began running down her breast and making her black all over. Moon began to laugh at her: "This looks very bad. Every once in a while she wets the floor." Then the toad jumped on Moon's back so he could not reach her with his hands and said, "Because you dislike me, I will stay here forever." So when we see the full moon, the spot in the center is the toad.

Moon kept the Hidatsa woman, and soon his wife gave birth to a son. After a while he was old enough to use arrows, and his father made some for him. He went bird hunting. His mother warned him, "You must not shoot meadowlarks!" Soon he saw one on a rock very close and shot an arrow at it, missing it. The second time he missed again. The meadowlark flew away, saying, "You are the one that will never go back to his village."³ The boy's mother had also said, "You must not dig up a female turnip (tipsi'nna)." He wanted to know why and pulled out the long roots of one. Then he looked down on the earth and saw plenty of people and buffalo and other game. "Mother asked me not to dig it up because she did not want me to see the people and the earth down there." He was eager to tell her. "I did what you told me not to and saw a very nice country." "You did wrong. You disobeyed the two rules I gave you. We belong to that village you saw down there, that is why the bird called you names."

The boy grew up; he would shoot game, then return home. One day he said, "Mother, I am lonesome. You told me our country was down below, I want to go there." The woman said, "If you wish to go back, you had better go. On the next hunt kill a buffalo, get all the sinews, do not forget any of them." The next day the boy went hunting, killed a buffalo,

³ Literally, "His village he will never come back to," the third person evidently being used in proof, as in Crow and Paiute.

and got all the sinews except one he forgot, between the liver and the kidneys. He thought he had all and came back. She asked him, and he answered, "Yes, I have them all." She tied one sinew to another, then went back to the female turnip. They dropped one end of sinew rope through the hole; it did not quite reach the ground, nevertheless they wanted to go. The boy had forgotten one sinew. They tied the upper end to a big stone, the boy held the rope and lowered himself, the woman followed. When they got to the end of the rope, it was too high and they were afraid to jump down. When they failed to return, Moon went to find his wife, following her tracks to the stone with the sinew. He moved the stone aside and through the hole saw his wife and son hanging by the rope. He was furious, thinking that his wife was trying to get away, took a stone, rubbed it with his hands and so made it small. He spoke to it: "When I drop you, hit my wife on the head and kill her, but don't touch my son." The stone killed the woman, tearing the sinew so that the boy fell down unhurt.

The boy went around and not very far away he found a garden with corn and squashes. He would go to the garden and return to his mother's corpse, till it began to smell. He made himself a spot in a little wood to stay overnight. The next morning he went back to the garden and Old-Woman-never-dies found his tracks. She wanted to find out whether they were a boy's or a girl's, so she made a ball (ma.u'tapi) and a shinny stick (huwi'-rikihke aruwira'). "If it's a girl, she'll take this." Then she made a bow and arrows. "If it's a boy, he'll take these." When the ball and arrows were finished, she laid them in a track in the garden. The next morning the arrow was gone. "It's a boy then; he took the arrows." Next day she went up to watch. She was sitting by a tall cornstalk; soon the boy came from the hillside to the garden and to where she was seated. She got up. "What are you doing, my grandson (ma'tawapi'ca)?" "Grandmother, I am going round to look at the garden." "Grandson, my house is a little way over there, come thither." She took him to an earth-lodge, where she gave him mush and cooked corn. He liked it and was willing to stay. While she went to the garden for corn, he went out and shot a deer, bringing it into his grandmother's lodge, saying, "Grandmother, I have brought you deer to eat." She was very glad. He went again. The old woman made the deer alive again. "Get up and go, the boy did not know you." The boy similarly killed various animals, which were the old woman's servants and helped her grow plants.

One day she warned him, "You must not go to the hillside where those trees are, it is dangerous." "All right." But while she was gone, he wanted to know why she had said that, so he took his arrows and went there. When he was near the timber, two big bears came out of it, wanting to kill him. "What are you doing?" he said. They stopped. "Lie down there." They lay down. He went to the trees, made arrows from Juneberry sticks, many of them, and killed a bull snake (i'exita), tied the arrows together with the snake, and put the bundle on one of the bears. "Come, follow me, carry the arrows to my house." They got to it. "Come and look at the arrows," he said to the old woman, who was frightened and ran back again. The boy took the arrows off the bear's back and said, "Go off, be quiet, don't get wild, you must not do any harm and must stay in the timber."

"Grandson, you must not go to the Red Butte, it is dangerous." "All right, I don't want to go there." He was curious and went to the hill. He found a door on the east side. He entered and found rattlesnakes talking. They were all glad to see him. "Sit down, Grandson." He sat close by the door, first getting a flat stone, which he put on the ground to sit on. Some snakes went out. "Give him dinner, cook the inside tongue." The inside tongue was soft, spotted meat on the paunch (wi'ixiicà).⁴ Some snakes went into a hole, wanting to enter the boy's body. Because he was sitting on the stone, they could not do it. These snakes were out eagle hunting. In roasting the meat each of them put his poisoned fangs into it, hurting their own mouths. "Give it to Grandson," they said; "eat, Grandson." He took off part of it, and the blood was running through. "Friends, this is not quite cooked." He put it back into the fire, then the snakes' mouths suffered more. He burnt it and ate just a little, nothing that was poisonous. The snakes would go outside to crawl inside him, but only struck their noses against the stone and had to go back.

⁴ Probably, the spleen (Crow: pi'axi'ta).

"We are eagle hunting, we want you to tell stories now."⁵ "All right, I'll tell a story. The first stars you see are still, but toward daylight they always shake and when the shaking stops they are asleep." Some of the snakes were already asleep. They always rested their heads on wooden pillows, one on each side of the fireplace. He went on: "When the wind passes bluffs at night, it makes a sound, but toward daylight it is still, the hills are sleeping." Half of the snakes were already asleep then. "The timber of the Missouri makes a noise when the wind passes, toward daylight it always stops, these woods are asleep." Now many of the snakes were sleeping, only four were awake. "The Missouri River makes a noise at night; at daylight he stops and sleeps." Then no one replied "e" [as is customary after every sentence of a tale]. All the snakes were sound asleep. He took a flint knife and, beginning at one end, cut off all the heads resting on one log, then he went to the other log and the same way. The last snake woke up and escaped into the ground, saying, "You must not lie down and drink water, Grandson."

He returned to his grandmother's lodge and stayed there a while. She would feed him mush. Sometimes she would save some and set it beside the bedstead. Once when she was away the boy found an empty dish there and was surprised, for he had seen no one who could have emptied it. He was curious. Her bed was always covered. He uncovered it, looked in, and found a big snake on the bed. He ran back, got arrows, shot at the big snake, which had eyes like sunflowers, and killed him. He dragged him out of the bed and laid him across the fire. When the old woman came, he wanted to make her happy at his having killed the stealer of her food. When she returned, he said, "Grandmother, I killed the big snake on your bed, I know you put away some mush and he stole it, so I killed him." She pretended to be glad, but her heart was heavy. The snake spoke, "He did not know me, that is why he killed me. Take me near the garden, there shall be a lake there, and I'll stay there forever. Generations of Hidatsa shall call the lake Awa'ti pa'ruwic, Short Missouri." "All right." She bundled him up in a robe and put him near the garden, and a small lake sprang up there.

"Grandmother, I want to go hunting, I'll stay a long time, I'll go up the Missouri." He went. He found a village of Indians, all looking poor. "Why are you so thin?" "We have plenty of buffalo meat, but before we get back to camp, there's a bald-headed person who comes out of a hole on the top of a big log. He cries out "ara'p!" [meat turned sour so as to be unfit to eat], and all our meat turns sour." "Well, I'll fix it for you, so that you'll get fat. Go hunting, I'll watch." They went. He went near the log. When the hunters approached, he turned into a spider and climbed a tree. When he was close, he heard a noise inside the tree. He watched and saw the hairless man, who began to cry "ara'!" Grandson choked him. "You are mean to these people, spoiling their meat. I'll fix you. I'll not kill you, but transform you. You shall be an owl, you'll take care of children and make them grow, you'll be a quiet bird." So he sent him flying away to the timber. Thereafter these people's meat was good.

He got to another village. The people looked poor. "Why are you so thin?" "When we come close to buffalo, a raven flying in the air talks to them, saying, 'The hunters are close!' Then they run away so we can't get near." "I'll go and fix the buffalo." He went to the hills and found one buffalo. "I'll fix you so you'll look changed." When the other buffalo came near, Grandson hit him on the head several times with his robe. His head came down, and his back was raised up. Grandson picked up dirt and put it in the buffalo's eyes, nearly blinding him. "Do you see that hill [pointing at grass]? That's a man." "Yes, I see." "Now tomorrow I'll try to bring a small herd of buffalo," said the boy to the people, "so you'll kill them. I'll change myself into a buffalo and lead them. If a wounded two-year-old bull is in the herd, don't kill him, that's me, for I want to catch the white raven that scared the buffalo." Grandson went to the hills, turned into a buffalo and led the herd to the village. The Indians surrounded them and killed all except one two-year-old bull, who escaped wounded. About two miles from the village he fell down, pretending to die. Soon the ravens and magpies came. A magpie ate the fat near the arrow wound. One raven said,

⁵ It is customary to tell stories when on an eagle hunt. This is confirmed by Beckwith, 1932, p. 204.

"Don't eat, we are waiting for our chief, White Raven, then we'll all eat." Soon White Raven came. "Hurry down!" He was coming down. "I am afraid of Grandson, I can't come down to eat this buffalo." "No, this is a buffalo, come down." "Well, let one of you with a big bill strike it and see if it is dead." So one bird struck it between the horns with his bill. It hurt, but the buffalo did not move. "It is dead." "No, I am afraid. Let another big-billed one come and hit it on the leg bone." So another bird hit the leg bone; still it did not move. "It is dead, come down, hurry, and eat first." He came very slowly. Before he had reached him, Grandson caught him by the legs and plucked off all his feathers. "Don't kill me, let me go into the air again!" "No, you are making it too hard for the people, I'll fix you." "I won't do it any more. Well, Grandson, when I come to the village, people will know that they are to look out for something." So Grandson agreed and threw one feather into the air, which turned into the white raven, and he painted its body black. "You are a bird, and if anything is thrown away, then you may eat it as your food." Lots of ravens would come near the village in the old days and like dogs they would eat anything they could find. After this change the people hunted and no one warned off the buffalo.

Grandson went to another village. The people looked poor. "Why are you so thin? Have you nothing to eat?" Yes, but look, our mouths are very small, and our eyes too." He opened both their mouths and eyes to look like other people's, then they were all right. He came to another village. The people there were also thin. "What is the trouble?" "Our food is elk, but when we hunt them they kill us with sharp teeth and run fast. We are afraid to hunt them." He went to the timber and caught an elk. "Show me your teeth." All were like the two big teeth now. "Your teeth are dangerous, I'll fix it." So he cut out all except two. "All the generations to come will be like it." He saved only two of them. With his bow he struck the elk below its eyes. "You must not kill people, you are their food." So the eyes of elk became weak.

Once Grandson found water and lay down to drink. As soon as he touched the water, a rattlesnake entered his mouth and went up to his brain. Grandson pretended to be dead. He stayed there all summer till fall. His body was all rotten, the bones were exposed, but the snake was afraid to leave till he was surely dead. It grew very tired and looked through the skull. "I know, he's dead now, but I'm afraid; Grandson is very smart." After a while it said, "I'm foolish, but I'll go out." As its head came out, Grandson caught it with his right hand. The snake said, "Grandson, don't kill me, I have the power to make chiefs, I'll make you a chief." No, I'll kill you." He picked up a round stone and filed its nose with it. The rattlesnake then had a long flat nose, he made it smaller and smaller. "Don't kill me." "Yes, I'll kill you. You are mean." "No, I have power to give you. When people make ceremonies for me, you shall be the leader." "No, I want to kill you." He got very close to its eyes. "If you don't destroy me, I'll make people have plenty of honor marks." "Well, I am afraid you'll harm some people." "No, I'll be gentle and do no harm." He kept on rubbing. At last he said, "You must be very quiet, don't harm people, don't come out of your hole often, stay in the ground otherwise." The snake went away, but came out again saying, "But if people disobey my rules, I'll harm them." "Stop!" The rattlesnake went away.

Grandson returned to his grandmother. "Where have you been?" "Oh, I have been far away and now I am back." He stayed by some trees and found the Two Men (*bats'eru'pa*) butchering buffalo cows. "Hello, Grandson!" They opened one cow and found a calf fetus, they took it and offered it to the boy. He was afraid. The foolish one of the pair chased him with it, though his friend warned him. Grandson climbed a tree. "I give you the calf," said the Foolish One and hung it on a branch of the tree. "Take it away," the Clever One said, but the other refused.

After a year or after four years the Two Men came back to the same spot. "Here we were butchering and Grandson was scared of the calf. Let us see the place." The calf was still there, also the boy, but he was very thin. The kind-hearted one threw the fetus away and said to his mate, "You did wrong to scare him." The Two Men had both been trying to be the old woman's lovers, but she had refused. "Here is a good chance. Her grandson is here

now. If Grandson gives a ceremony, we can get her." They agreed to ask for a ceremony. "Grandson, if you are willing to give us a ceremony, we'll take you down from the tree." "All right." "We'll teach you what to say: 'I'll give you a ceremony, your daughter-in-law shall be my grandmother.'" "All right." He said these words. "We'll give you our magic bow." They took him down. One of them shot an arrow over the hill. He took the boy there and they found the arrow had killed a buffalo cow. They butchered and with the fat greased the boy all over. They burnt incense and held him over it, then he was restored—fattened up and able to walk. "You shall collect hides, we'll help you, sending you buffalo so you may have lots of hides. Next year we'll make a ceremony and come to your grandmother's lodge."

When Grandson was strong again, he came back to his grandmother. "Where have you been staying? I thought you were dead." "Grandmother, I met the Two Men, they had killed a cow and were butchering. They opened the inside and gave me the liver and I ate it. Then they took out the calf fetus and gave it to me, but I was afraid and climbed a tree. They hung the calf on a tree, and I stayed up there. They came back and said if I were willing to make a ceremony they would take me down. They taught me and said they wanted you to be their daughter-in-law." "Well, those men have been pursuing me, but never succeeded; now they have their chance. All right, I am willing to be their daughter-in-law, but I'll make them do something hard afterward."

So he went hunting and got hides, and his grandmother carried them in, her elk and deer servants helping her tan. They finished whatever was required for the ceremony. He went out and called out, "Two Men, I promised you a ceremony. Now I am ready and I ask you now to come to my grandmother's lodge and also to bring your friends." These words the Two Men had taught him. After a few days Grandson knew they were coming. The day was smoky, and he thought it was a sign that they were coming. Pretty soon he heard someone singing. He did not go out. Soon the sound came closer. The third time it was closer still. The fourth time they came directly outside and sang. The leader opened the door, carrying a buffalo skull. All of his friends followed him, some in human, others in animal shape. The last one to enter said, "Of course, I always start on a war party." He got grass to start fire; it was First Worker (Itsi'kawa'hiric). His forehead was painted with white clay. When the fire was built, the house was full of friends. Grandson looked at his grandmother, she seemed to have turned into a young woman. She had taken one of her servants, a mole, rubbed herself all over with it, and thus changed it into a young woman with the grandmother's face. She changed herself into a spider and thus climbed up the rear post behind a basket, watching the people.

All sat round close by the fireplace. They distributed corn and other food to the guests all night. They gave medicines to Grandson—one of them, which rested on a post, was the magic bow, with sweet grass tied to several points on it. Other medicines were a wildcat head skin, a magic robe, and flint arrowheads. Perhaps there were other sacred articles, but I forget the rest. Each medicine had its own song. There were over ten medicines. The men taught Grandson the songs all night long. When they were over, one of the Two Men said, "All right, son, send your grandmother to be our daughter-in-law." "Yes," said the mole, "I am willing to be your daughter-in-law." "All right, you shall go first to First Worker." "My father-in-law, stand up." "All right." She went out, followed by First Worker, who was carrying out one of the medicines. "Father-in-law, where is your medicine?" He got close to her, she smelt of the earth and he knew she was not the right one. He did not give her the medicine, but walked back. "Father-in-law, why won't you pass the medicine to me?" "Because I smell that you are not the one we want." He returned to the Two Men with her. "Friends, this is the wrong one. We were giving you the medicine and wanted to do what is right, but your grandmother is cheating us." The boy also knew it was not his grandmother. He said, "Grandmother, come down yourself." She came down from behind the basket. The mole was gone, no one knew where. The old woman put on her robe and burnt incense, she smoked herself over it, she went forward, and went out first with First Worker. He followed her a little distance. She asked for his medicine, he gave it to her. She put it to her breast, praying. "Father-in-law, I'll receive all good things

from you. You are my father-in-law." "Yes, I'll give you all the good things to help you. You are my daughter-in-law." Both returned inside again. Then First Worker said, "Friends, this is our true daughter-in-law, and I promised her all good things. Rain will come here and crops will be good, and she'll get lots of good things. I wish you'd all do the same way, making her your daughter-in-law."

She took one of the Two Men outside and did the same as before with First Worker, and similarly with the other man. All gave her good wishes and promises. Before she was through with the last man, daylight had come. One of the Two Men said, "Pretty soon it will be morning, so we must stop. We'll give medicines to our son." One of them burnt incense and put the medicines round in a circle. "Son, come here and stand in the circle." He obeyed. They burnt incense and lifted him over it. "I wish my son to be just as I am. He shall go all over the world and anything he wants shall be very easy for him. Come, my friends, you'll help him too." "All right." The second one did the same way. He said, "My son, if anyone holds this ceremony, they must do thus. If they want a child to grow, let them burn incense and hold him over the smoke, and he'll grow strong." He held the medicines over the incense and handed them to the boy. "Now, friends, we have gone through everything nicely. Now I want to finish. All of you, go where you came from."

This was the Two Men ceremony, *bats'e ru'patiki*, held before my time.

The grandmother said, "Grandson, bring me your magic bow, I want to examine whether it's the real one." She smelt it. "Grandson, this is not the real one, but as I said, I'll make it hard for them. Try to find these Two Men and see what kind of a bow they have. I'm sure one of them has a bow with things tied to some spots on it, that's the real bow. Pick it up, run away, and come back to me. I'm sure they can't catch up." He went to look for the Two Men. Their magic bow used to kill animals, they always shot it over a hill with a magic song and always killed an animal. Grandson went all round and found the Two Men, chasing an animal. They recognized him and said, "Come on, son." They roasted meat and gave it to him. Afterward they went out, he noticed the bow with things tied to it, and ran away with it. "Son, you must not do that." They chased him, they got close, but he reached the lodge in safety. She shut the door. "It is well, I wanted to make it hard for them, for they cheated you." They asked her for the bow, but she refused. "You cheated my grandson, now he'll keep the right bow." They went away.

Grandson took out and used the bow, and it worked. In the winter the old woman made a snowstorm come and made a flute for the boy. When he blew it, the storm grew worse. In the deep snow many animals died. The Two Men got hungry, for without their bow they could not kill game. Toward spring they begged for the bow again. "We are poor, we are nearly dead, we want the bow. We'll fix it so you can have one magic bow and we the other." "No, you cheated me, so I'll keep it now." The men kept on asking and said, "We'll surely die." She said to her grandson, "Ask them for a ceremony, then they won't die. Ask if they are willing to give us the Corn ceremony. I wish they would get me my basket cover, the skin of the antelope that stays north. His skin is like an old tanned skin, for he is the antelope chief and always stays there. The antelope visit here in the summertime and return in the winter." The boy said to the Two Men, "Now, give me the Corn ceremony, then you'll find you won't die. I wish you would bring the skin of the antelope from the north for my grandmother's basket cover." They agreed and promised a feast and the antelope skin in question and wanted to give the ceremony in the same place.

They hunted and gathered hides. They went for the antelope that never comes south and asked another antelope they met how to find him, for it was very hard, and they told him all the trouble they had. He said, "Yes, there are four kinds of us antelope, and that chief knows everyone—the antelope near the Missouri, the prairie antelope, the bad-sands antelope, and the antelope from the top of the hill. I want to help you, but I'm afraid he might recognize you, for he knows there are only four species. Say you belong to the other side of the mountains. Say to him, 'We never come here because it is too far, but we heard of you and came to visit you.' Keep saying this, and pretty soon he'll believe you. I'll try to transform you." The antelope rubbed his body all over one of the Two Men, turning him into an antelope. In the same way he transformed the other. When he was done, they

were a little larger than the ordinary antelope. "Now, I want to teach you how to urinate, put your legs in front this way." One of them did it right, like the antelope; then the second also. "Throw dirt on your left leg, and do thus." The antelope himself began, and they too did it pretty well. "I think he'll smell you." So he got tall brush sage and rubbed it all over them, then they smelled like antelope. "I am sure he'll ask you to ease yourselves. Raise your tails and do it." They did so. He said, "It is pretty good." Then he said, "I'll rub your throats with mine, then you'll be able to make a call." He himself called out "ta, ta, ta, ta!" They did the same way. He said, "I am sure he'll ask many questions. He might say, 'You are not antelope, I've never seen any larger than other antelope, maybe you are some other kind.' Then you must say, as I told you, 'We come from the other side of the mountains, and there there are antelope of our size.'" When he was done, he sent them north. "You'll find him on a big flat place. He's as big as an elk. Don't be afraid, do as I have taught you. If you make a mistake and perhaps you'll use your own ways of acting, he'll know you."

They went north. As they got closer, the antelope chief said, "What are these two antelope? They are different." "We are from across the mountains." "I want to examine you. Go round where the wind blows, I want to smell you. . . . It's true, you smell of antelope. Ease yourself. Pass water. All right. Now go a little way and call out." They called like antelope. "You are true antelope." They watched him for a few days till he should fall into a deep sleep one day, but he was always awake. But one warm day they found him asleep. Now they took out their bows and arrows, turned back into men and shot him. All the other antelope ran away. They skinned him and took the hide.

Grandson gathered corn for the Two Men ceremony. Old-Woman-never-dies thought they would never be able to get the hide of the antelope, but they did. They wanted to hold the ritual in Old Woman's lodge. When the time came, Grandson, his grandmother, and her friends—the blackbirds, crows, deer, geese, and others—gathered together and waited for the Two Men; they brought some friends, who sat down in the lodge. They had the basket for the old woman, with its cover already finished. She had told them to paint black round the mouth of the cover. She saw it and was very glad. "Don't let it touch the ground, hang it on the post!" They did so. When the ceremony was to start, the Two Men hung up hides from the stringers of the lodge. The grandmother gathered squash blossoms. "This blossom has a song." She taught it to the Two Men. Wape'ri, which grows on the corn, was part of the medicines, there was a song for it and also for corn. A blackbird with red-topped wing had a song of his own, and so did the beans and sunflower seeds. She taught all these songs to the Two Men. They got up and distributed meat to the old woman and her friends. She said, "You people, hereafter you shall keep this ceremony. Anyone may be invited to come in. I have plenty of friends here, birds and vegetables; these will take their places. People, when eating the feast, will grow well." She asked the Two Men, "How shall I carry my basket?" They discussed it. Then they said, "You told us to paint the top black; we have nothing to say about the basket, go ahead and do as you please, for you have more power concerning the basket." "Well, anyway it was hard to get the skin, but you got it. I am glad to have that cover." Then she said, "People, hereafter give offerings to corn. It is food, but it likes offerings. Give food to the medicines. When you do this, the corn singer will feed the medicines and the rest he will keep for himself and his friends. I wish you people would keep these rules I give you. Corn should be kept inside the ground and it'll last longer if you keep it in there [i.e., in the cache pits]. I know what corn likes best, it likes to eat a paunch and the fat covering the paunch. You must not throw away corn on the ground lest it suffer, but gather it and keep it right."

She rose, came forward, took the magic bow, burnt incense, and held the bow over it. The Two Men cried when they saw the bow. "Don't cry, your hard times are over now, you'll never have hard times now. This bow belongs to your son." When she was through, she said, "I'll return this bow to you," and she gave them a song with it. "You can go with it all over the edge of the world." She went to the door, raised it, and put a stick against it to keep it open. She sang a song, staying in the rear. "Now all of you, my sons and friends, go home to your own places."

To this ending of the tale the narrator added the following explanatory statements:

Three times, at my father's suggestion, I made offerings to Old-Woman-never-dies.

First Worker joined in different ceremonies as servant, though he knows more of the ceremonies than others. Some people dreamt of him, how to paint on war parties. *Batse-ru'watsec* (Nu'mak-ma'xana) belongs only to the Mandan.

Grandson said to the people, "I want to go to heaven again and become the Morning Star. There my name will be Young-man-during-the-daytime." Morning Star never shows up when buffalo cows are calving, because Grandson was afraid of the fetus.

I have heard of offerings to Grandson consisting of a black yearling calf's skin, also including feathers. These were tied to offering poles. I have never seen this myself, but merely have heard of it.

DISCUSSION

The Hidatsa norm.—Plains Indians have been subject to so many influences, especially during the period of extensive visiting back and forth, that we must first make sure that a particular story represents the tribal norm. Fortunately this point can be settled with complete decisiveness. From a tabulation made for other purposes⁶ it is clear that of the many parallels among Plains tribes only the Arapaho, Gros Ventre, Arikara, and Crow variants are pertinent for close comparison—the Crow and Arikara obviously more so than the two others. For a finer comparison, however, the versions from one tribe must be separated. In order to keep the material as homogeneous as possible, I am accordingly tabulating Professor Beckwith's and my Hidatsa versions (H1 and H2, respectively, in table), as well as my four printed Crow counterparts. I am omitting Mr. Simms's story as fragmentary and Mr. Linderman's as not generally accessible. I note, however, that the former contains the rectum-snake motif; and the latter the following items: porcupine decoy; Sun as the hero's father; meadowlark and root-digging taboos; old woman's test of child's sex; her tabooing of red corn; the dragon husband; bear conquest; vessel tilter; sucking monster; rectum snakes; calf-fetus episode.

From this collation of Wolf-chief's and Bear's-arm's Hidatsa variants and the Crow versions by Plenty-hawk, Scratches-face, Grandmother's-knife, and Yellow-brow, it is obvious that the two Hidatsa stories are closer to each other than either is to any of the Crow equivalents. This result, strengthened by inclusion of the Linderman version, would be even more manifest if segment VI had not been greatly retrenched in the table to economize space. The hypertrophy of this part among the Hidatsa—it occupies only one-fifth of the entire tale in the fullest Crow variant,⁷ but well over one-third in Bear's-arm's and not far from one-half in Wolf-chief's—is a vital point, as is their agreement on the Moon's paternity. For Sun and Moon play radically different roles in Crow belief, and the disproportionate emphasis on the Two Men episode is due to the distinctive Hidatsa feature of explaining ritualistic origins by a loose connection with popular folk tales.⁸ As a result the two Hidatsa versions, structurally, are monstrosities in which the hero suddenly recedes into the

⁶ Lowie, *Myths . . .*, p. 12.

⁷ Lowie, *The Crow Indians*, pp. 149-153.

⁸ *Idem*, *Sun Dance of the Shoshoni, Ute, and Hidatsa*, AMNH-AP 16:416, 1919.

DISTRIBUTION OF GRANDSON-MYTH ELEMENTS

Elements	Occurrence					
	H1	H2	Cr1	Cr2	Cr3	Cr4
I. Prologue in heaven						
Celestial debate as to best-looking women.....	+	+	+	-	-	+
Moon and Sun dialogue.....	+	+	+	-	-	-
II. Events before Grandson's birth						
Porcupine decoy.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Moon marries Indian girl.....	+	+	-	-	-	-
Sun marries Indian girl.....	-	-	+	+	+ ^a	+
Sun brings frog (toad).....	+	+	-	-	-	-
Eating contest of frog and woman.....	+	+	+	-	-	-
Frog jumps on Moon.....	+	+	+	-	-	-
III. Events before Grandson's descent to earth						
Taboo against shooting of meadow larks.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Taboo against digging turnips (or buffalo chips)...	+	+	+	+	+	+
Rope made of buffalo sinew.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Fatal lack of one sinew.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Spider helps make rope.....	+	-	+	-	-	+
Speech to rock.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
IV. Life with Old Woman						
Old Woman gardener adopts boy.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Old Woman tests unseen child's sex by bow and shinny games.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Old Woman taboos red corn for child.....	+	-	+	-	-	+
Boy kills Grandmother's helpers.....	+	+	+	-	-	+
Blackbirds.....	+	-	+	-	-	+
Deer.....	+	+	-	-	-	-
V. Heroic exploits						
Boy kills Grandmother's dragon husband.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Boy tames (or kills) bear.....	+	+	-	+	+	+
Boy kills snakes who crawl into people.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Snakes are hunting eagles.....	+	+	-	-	-	-
Flat stone seat thwarts snakes.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Boy borrows rabbit's eyes.....	-	-	-	+	-	+
Snakes have log pillow.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Snakes put teeth into food.....	+	+	-	-	+	+
Arrows watch over boy.....	+	+	(+ ^b)	-	+	+
Storytelling (hypnotic).....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Warning by snake survivor.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Survivor crawls into boy.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Boy overcomes snake, files nose.....	+	+	+	+	+	+
Boy overcomes toppling tree.....	-	-	-	+	+	+
Boy overcomes clashing coulée.....	-	-	-	+	+	+
Boy overcomes sucking monster.....	-	-	-	+	-	+
Boy assists several abused villages.....	-	+	-	-	-	-
Boy kills vessel tilter.....	-	-	+	+	+	-

^a Inferentially.^b In other context.

DISTRIBUTION OF GRANDSON-MYTH ELEMENTS—(Continued)

Elements	Occurrence					
	H1	H2	Cr1	Cr2	Cr3	Cr4
Boy kills Fire-moccasins	—	—	—	+	+	—
Boy kills knife ogre	—	—	—	+	—	—
Boy kills Long-arms	—	—	—	+	—	—
Boy kills dangerous beaver	—	—	—	—	+	—
VI. The Two Men adventure						
They scare boy with calf fetus	+	+	+	+	+	+
Boy climbs tree	+	+	+	+	+	+
They demand Grandmother (speak of marrying her)	+	+	+	—	+	+
Old Woman exacts special medicine in return	+	+	—	—	—	+
They and Old Woman start ceremony	+	+	—	—	—	—
Old Man Coyote joins Two Men	+	+	+	—	—	+
Old Woman as pumpkin dupes Two Men	—	—	+	—	—	+
VII. Disappearance of Grandson						
He becomes (morning) star	+	+	+	+	+	+
Old Woman becomes moon	—	—	—	—	—	+

background, the Two Men and the Old Woman usurping and retaining the center of the stage.

In short, the Wolf-chief and Bear's-arm versions correspond to the Hidatsa norm and no other.

The Crow norm.—In defining the character of the Grandson story we must pass beyond the limits of the table and consider its *functional* aspects in the general cultural setting. For the Hidatsa the myth is merely one of a series of hero tales; for instance, it is considerably shorter than Bear's-arm's narrative of Charred Body and the Twins (Spring Boy and Lodge Boy)⁹ and in no way outstanding among accounts of ritualistic origins. But among the Crow "Old Woman's Grandchild" is definitely the most generally known hero story, probably unrivaled in popularity except by a few of the Old Man Coyote episodes. Elements of the narrative have become proverbial: a person persisting in a hopeless undertaking is compared to the woman who climbs after the porcupine; a self-willed child, to Grandson in his character of ignoring an elder's warnings.

In a purely quantitative sense the aggrandizement of the Grandson myth has a simple explanation—contamination by the Twin story of Spring Boy and Lodge Boy.¹⁰ It is a striking fact that of the exploits tabulated under V in the table, the Hidatsa ascribe to Grandson only the bear, the snake, and the dragon episodes. Not that they are unfamiliar with the destruction of Fire-moccasins, the vessel tilter, the sucking monster, and the knife ogre, but

⁹ Beckwith, 1930, pp. 22–52.

¹⁰ Beckwith, *ibid.*; Lowie, *Myths . . .*, 74–98; Washington Matthews, *Ethnography and Philology of the Hidatsa Indians*, USGGS-MP 7:63–70 (Washington, 1877).

these motifs appear—both in Matthews' and Beckwith's versions—as feats of the Twins. In the Crow Twin myth they may also, along with others, be credited to Spring Boy and Lodge Boy, but they need not be. It is suggestive, indeed, to compare the variants of both stories by the same narrator. Plenty-hawk, whose Grandson story adds only the vessel-tilter incident to the universal dragon-slaying and snake adventures, credits to the Twins the conquest of the vessel tilter, toppling tree, clashing coulée, Fire-moccasins, and other adventures. But Grandmother's-knife, whose repertory of Grandson deeds is reasonably full, cuts down the terrestrial exploits of the Twins to a minimum. Both informants embodied explicit statements on the matter in their tales. Says Plenty-hawk: "There used to be many dangerous beings on earth, but these boys [Spring Boy and Lodge Boy] killed them all." And Grandmother's-knife thus comments on the *Twins'* conquest of the sucking buffalo: "Before Old Woman's Grandchild there were many bad animals. This buffalo alone was left now."¹¹

If the Twin myth were under special consideration, it would be easy to show that the contamination has been *mutual*. Indeed, the confusion of the two stories is a fact of which Crow informants are well aware in the abstract, even when themselves guilty of the error they deplore. Nothing, of course, is easier than to transfer any deed of derring-do to a popular hero, even though it was originally attached to a different character. What is more to the purpose is to point out that the Grandson cycle may well have derived increments from other sources than the Twin tale, say, from the Blood Clot myth.¹²

This expansion of the story, however, must be correlated with the conception of his mission. Now, so far as I can see, the Hidatsa do not regard their Grandson as *the* savior of humanity; he is simply the son of a great being, hence himself capable of sporadic feats of power. But of his Crow counterpart it is said that "Whatever evil beings there had been on the earth he had destroyed," just as the departing Blood Clot of Blackfoot myth declares, "Now I have rid the world of all the monsters." And this unequivocal deliverer role in turn should be connected with his descent from the Sun, not the Moon, for these celestial beings figure quite differently in our two tribes.

The Hidatsa consider the Sun as a helper of the Dakota, while Moon, a male deity, is their own protector.¹³ Among the Crow the Moon is rather consistently feminine—at least twice she is identified with Grandson's adoptive grandmother¹⁴—and plays a subordinate part in religion. The Sun, however, is the greatest of all deities, the closest approximation there is to a Supreme Being; in one tale in which he is worsted by an orphan boy the characters of the story are, interestingly enough, described as Hidatsa, suggesting the provenience of the tale.¹⁵ It is therefore quite natural that the offspring of this god should be *the* hero above others. Not a single version known to me

¹¹ Lowie, *Myths . . .*, pp. 83, 96.

¹² Cf., e.g., A. L. Kroeber, *Gros Ventre Myths and Tales*, AMNH-AP 1:82, 1907; Clark Wissler and D. C. Duvall, *Mythology of the Blackfoot Indians*, *ibid.*, 2:53, 1908.

¹³ Beckwith, 1932, p. 133.

¹⁴ Lowie, *Myths . . .*, pp. 59, 92, 157, 187; *The Crow Indians*, p. 153.

¹⁵ Lowie, *Myths . . .*, p. 99.

makes him the child of the Moon, while characteristically both Hidatsa narrators identify him as such.¹⁶

Another marked discrepancy between the Crow and the Hidatsa versions relates to the grandmother. The Crow for the most part unequivocally regard her as a hag identified with the evil beings whom Grandson is to exterminate, and she is occasionally equated with the witch Hi'cictawia. She is constantly pondering how to rid herself of the boy; her pretended warnings are deliberately based on her knowledge of their contrasuggestive force; her rejoicing over his safe return from adventure after adventure is felt and sometimes expressly branded as hypocritical: "She had thought that he was not coming back and was glad, then he came back." In the light of this attitude, her willingness in segment VI (see table) to yield on his behalf to the Two Men's importunity is a glaring contradiction. Now the Hidatsa do not exhibit any such inconsistency. The old woman, intelligibly enough, grieves over the death of her husband; hostility is at best faintly adumbrated in Bear's-arm's mention of her concealed displeasure over the killing of her blackbirds and her coming to be afraid of the boy. There is certainly no suggestion of any plotting to compass his death, no hint that her great joy over his return from the Two Men is insincere. Accordingly, her subsequent avenging of his wrongs and wholehearted helpfulness in the final adventures do no violence to probability.

It is also well to point out that the formally parallel warnings in the Grandson and the Twin stories are psychologically antithetical. It is the true parents of Lodge Boy and Spring Boy that issue these admonitions to the twins, and of course they are bona fide, lacking any contrasuggestive mental reservation. In other words, there has been a radical reinterpretation of the same items, either by the Crow or the Hidatsa.

The Crow norm, then, involves the hero's solar descent, his conception as the deliverer of mankind, the correlated expansion of his activities, the malevolent—but inconsistently drawn—character of his grandame, the complete absence of anything like a ceremonial origin and, in conjunction therewith, the attenuated form of the Two Men segment.

Plenty-hawk's version (Cr1).—This narrative strikingly demonstrates the danger of resting content with a single variant of an important myth. If his were the only Crow version, we might reasonably infer that this tribe had merely taken over and abbreviated a Hidatsa rendering. For to a very considerable extent that holds true. Here is the solitary adequate Crow equivalent to Hidatsa segments I and II. Like Cr4, it has the otherwise lacking prologue in heaven, but is unique in introducing Moon as a male and an interlocutor, following this up with the characteristic rivalry of the frog-woman and the Hidatsa beauty. Yet one notable deviation there is: Plenty-hawk's Crow sensibilities balk at letting Moon play a dominant part, so he fathers his hero upon Sun.

The paucity of exploits definitely aligns this variant with the Hidatsa pattern, but this negative characteristic might be accounted for on the assump-

¹⁶ Arthur Mandan's fragmentary statements make the Hidatsa hero a Sun child, but he is half Mandan and generally less authoritative an informant.

tion of an imperfect memory. More decisive are the explicit references to the Hidatsa scene: Hidatsa women are pronounced the best-looking—a curious statement for a Crow narrator to make—at the very beginning; Hidatsa girls are represented as going for wood; the heroine's tribal affiliation is underscored in connection with the eating contest and her pregnancy; and—most suggestive of all—the dragon's ultimate resting place is specifically assigned to Hidatsa territory, to the "Short River," exactly as in both Hidatsa versions, but in none other. The Two Men episode, characteristically Hidatsa, shows five of the significant elements as against only two in the corresponding part of the much ampler Scratches-face variant (Cr2).

Of course, specifically Crow parts are not wholly absent. The grandmother bewailing her dragon husband is made the creator of Crow mourning customs; and Plenty-hawk's snake adheres to the uniform Crow warning, telling the boy to beware of sleeping in the daytime, instead of following the Hidatsa cliché about not lying down to drink. The spurning of lunar paternity has already been cited. Yet, by and large, the Plenty-hawk version is that of a man reproducing a Hidatsa norm, but unconsciously interweaving Crow details or independently assimilating the tale to a Crow scene (old woman's mourning). Considering that any adult must have heard the story over and over again from different narrators and that the text is not fixed as sacrosanct, variations are expectable; the wonder is, rather, that certain features remain immutable even in phraseology.

The Two Men segment.—This is an especially instructive segment; embodying the origin myth for certain Hidatsa ceremonials, it is naturally briefer in the Crow tale. But what is astonishing is the complete pointlessness and obscurity of the Crow versions at this stage. The conquering hero who has been hitherto blithely defying all comers is frightened out of his wits when the Two Men, in a spirit of harmless waggery, offer him the calf fetus. And if we are willing to ignore this on the score that everyone must be afraid of something, there is the strange bargain with the Two Men offering to release him from the tree in return for the grandmother's favors, a strangely unconvincing object of desire; and then out of a blue sky appears Old Man Coyote, identified with First Worker by both tribes, to claim his share. All this is in part absurd, in part enigmatic.

Grandmother's-knife seems to have felt the need for some sort of rational adjustment, so after cryptic references to one of the men's marrying the old woman he makes the boy's *father* release the treed hero, who in revenge for his sufferings promptly kills his two tormentors as they try to go up to the sky. Plenty-hawk attempts a lame excuse for Old Man Coyote's appearance: the Two Men wanted to make him their "little father" in good Crow fashion by surrendering marital rights to him. The old woman tricks the three of them by turning into a pumpkin, Old Man Coyote belatedly discovers the deception and leaves, and the narrator lightly passes on to the snake episode. Scratches-face has Grandson come down the tree by himself after the fetus has rotted and fallen to the ground, whereupon, incensed at the hunters' "crazy" actions, the boy turns into a star. Yellow-brow, whose account sur-

passes the others in amplitude, unconvincingly minimized the grandmother's sudden benevolence by saying that if she had really loved the boy she would not have cheated the Two Men! More logically he makes the trio flee to escape from Grandson's vengeance.

Now, while it is not possible to explain everything in this farrago of oddities, some of the utterly meaningless elements become intelligible from the *Hidatsa* point of view. First of all, the intrusion of Old Man Coyote into Cr1 and Cr4 is no longer inexplicable. For we must remember that in the *Hidatsa* versions the entire Two Men adventure has its climax in the transfer of ceremonial privileges. But in such a conveyance Old Man Coyote, who is equated with First Worker, is supposed to have specific duties such as fetching water and tending the fire.¹⁷ In other words, he appears because it is necessary to have a ceremonial attendant. As Wilson has explained, this does not involve any indignity; it would be quite consistent with the servant's getting access to the old woman as a compensation for his labor, just as in Bear's-arm's version he receives as his fee a traveling outfit.

Secondly, the ceremonial scheme of the village tribes of the upper Missouri explains the primary mystery of the grandmother's role in the transaction. A ritualistic conveyance involved the surrender of a woman to the donor, who figures as the recipient's "father" and the woman's "father-in-law." But the surrender need not involve actual congress; it was according to some informants largely a mere formality, an interpretation borne out by a Crow story of possibly *Hidatsa* origin.¹⁸ Further, single men were allowed to borrow a clansman's wife for the purpose.¹⁹ Grandson is unmarried and the only woman he can conceivably offer in the prerequisite manner is his grandmother, who accordingly becomes the Two Men's "daughter-in-law" (Wolf-chief). Characteristically, neither of the *Hidatsa* variants features the sexual aspect of the transaction, which for all we are told may have been a pure formality; Plenty-hawk and Yellow-brow, however, having apparently grasped the notion of mutual double-crossing from the *Hidatsa* stories, use the pumpkin feature in connection with actual congress. If there were several additional *Hidatsa* versions all lacking this particular element, we could confidently pronounce it a Crow addition.

At all events, however, the Crow Two Men segment is in essence a "survival," a slight remnant of a *Hidatsa* model.

Chronology.—Can we conclude that the entire story is a fairly recent loan from the *Hidatsa*, as has been granted for the Plenty-hawk version? Hardly. First of all, the three other variants here studied differ far too much from either known *Hidatsa* version as well as from one another. If the differences were wholly negative—such as the loss of the ceremonial part—the discrepancy would not be significant; but in reality there is not merely diminution but also, as already indicated, substitution and modification. The mingling of Twin and Grandson elements, so neatly separated by the *Hidatsa*, bears

¹⁷ Beckwith, 1932, pp. 132, 139. George H. Pepper and Gilbert L. Wilson, *An Hidatsa Shrine and the Beliefs Respecting It*, AAA-M 2:320, 1908.

¹⁸ Lowie, *Myths . . .*, p. 189.

¹⁹ *Idem*, *Societies of the Hidatsa and Mandan Indians*, AMNH-AP 11:228 f., 304, 1913.

witness against great recency of derivation. The identification of the old woman with the moon by two informants, with the witch Hicictawia by another, directly contradicts the basic Hidatsa conception of Grandson as Moon-child, as does the persistent assertion of Sun's paternity by the Crow. The contrasting characteristics of the old woman in the two tribes have been sufficiently stressed. Indubitably and differentially close, then, as the Hidatsa and Crow myths are to each other, their similarity does not result from the Crow having first heard the tale among the Hidatsa in, say, 1850 and brought home a garbled replica. That may conceivably apply to the initial segment and the Two Men episode, but not to the plot as a whole.

But if the borrowing dates back further than that, there are certainly indications that it was more largely from the Hidatsa to the Crow than in the reverse direction. With complete consistency all Crow versions describe the old woman as a gardener raising squashes (or pumpkins) and corn, and the Hidatsa women are recognized as the best-looking, as much so in Yellow-brow's as in Plenty-hawk's narrative. However, there are two alternative explanations. The story may have been taken over in the earlier period of renewed relations between the Crow and Hidatsa; or it may not have been borrowed at all, but preserved since the days preceding the schism. In conjectural chronology, the question is whether the story was borrowed by the Crow, say in 1750, or whether their seceding ancestors carried the outlines of the plot with them in possibly 1500. So far as the horticultural milieu of the tale goes, it would be helpful to know whether the seceders left a group already in the gardening stage. If so, that would account for the anomaly of a Crow horticultural technique exclusively devoted to the raising of tobacco;²⁰ and the retention of some planting, even though for noneconomic purposes, might facilitate the memory of corn planting and accordingly the retention of relevant passages in a myth.

The assumption that the myth was already known to the parental tribe does not, of course, exclude much later loans during the subsequent rapprochement. It is also important to recognize that if the story is ancient *both* tribes must be reasonably suspected of additions during the period of separation. Specifically, it seems certain that the elaborate ceremonial scheme distinctive of the Hidatsa as compared with the Crow was evolved subsequent to the schism, under the stimulation of the Mandan and Arikara, or in collaboration with them. Accordingly, the relevant part of the myth—segment VI—belongs to this later era.

The relative age of the several constituents evidently differs and can be estimated even tentatively only on extraneous considerations. Important among these, undoubtedly, is the range of distribution. For example, the ignoring of elders' warnings against the quest of dangerous beings is so widespread as to be unquestionably old; and if only the Crow grandmother exhibits contrasuggestive intent such subtle cunning must be secondary. Similarly, of two episodes, such as the slaying of a dangerous beaver, and the

²⁰ I am, of course, aware of the Californian occurrences of tobacco growing to which this explanation would not apply.

destruction of a sucking monster, the latter is presumably older, being found elsewhere and even outside the Plains area.²¹

It is naturally much more difficult—often impossible—to decide upon the original setting of an incident. For example, Mänäbus, Blood Clot, and Grandson all allow themselves to be swallowed by a monster, organize a dance inside, and finally liberate the victims. To which of these cycles, then, shall the episode be assigned as an original ingredient? With our present theme the confusion of the Grandson and the Twin plots has been noted. Here the evidently close connection of the relevant Crow and Hidatsa cycles enables us to use the sister tribe as a control, but only to a certain degree. Considering that the vessel tilter and Fire-moccasins fail to appear in both Hidatsa Grandson versions, although appearing both in Hidatsa *and* Crow variants of the Spring Boy and Lodge Boy myth, we must assign these figures to the original Twin cycle. Similar reasoning applies to the Long-arm episode of the Twin story, which appears in all known Hidatsa and Crow Twin versions. It does crop up in one Grandson variant, but the whole point of the incident is the rescuing of one brother by the other, so that the narrator is obliged to drag in a brother for Grandson in a transparently artificial manner. But in other episodes the problem is not so readily resolved, the intrinsic suitability of most exploits for any hero cycle permitting almost unlimited opportunities for shifting. Thus, the rectum snakes are factors in both Hidatsa and my four Crow versions of Grandson, as well as in Simms's and Linderman's variants. Yet they crop up likewise in two Crow versions of the Lodge Boy and Spring Boy story, as well as in the Arapaho equivalent.²² The preponderance of evidence nevertheless suggests that they form rather a part of the Grandson myth, at least so far as the Crow-Hidatsa are concerned.

In determining the age of particular parts of the story we can be easily misled by startling resemblances of specific character unless we take into account the totality of details.

Thus, the rectum-snake episode shows such overwhelming agreement in detail that recent borrowing by travelers between the two tribes seems at first plausible enough. Yet when the incident is studied in greater detail doubts arise. The escaping snake's warning has crystallized, we have seen, into a cliché distinct from its Hidatsa equivalent. Again, the sleep-suggesting imagist "stories" told by the boy are, at first blush, amazingly alike; but here, too, a characteristic difference appears: in the Hidatsa stories the phenomena of nature themselves—butte, water, wind, trees—give an object lesson of sleeping; in every Crow counterpart the people fall asleep under the conditions described. Again, the Crow recount the storytelling contest in two ways. In one, the hero begins. In the other the snakes start, the boy keeping awake with the help of a rabbit's eyes specially borrowed for the purpose; but, this arrangement does not occur in the known Hidatsa versions, although it is used three times among the Crow (once in the Twin cycle).

²¹ Leonard Bloomfield, *Menomini Texts*, p. 185 (New York, 1928). Wissler and Duvall, *op. cit.*, p. 56.

²² Lowie, *Myths . . .*, p. 81. Simms, *op. cit.*, p. 303. G. A. Dorsey and A. L. Kroeber, *Traditions of the Arapaho*, FM-P 81 (*Anthr. Ser.*) 5:341, 1903.

My conclusion is that there may well have been recent borrowing, bringing about such highly circumstantial parallels as the cooking of the snakes' fangs, but that time must be allowed for the no less marked tribal differences. With regard to this particular part of the myth I suggest that a relatively colorless conception of rectum snakes may be a comparatively old ingredient, but that this was subsequently made more graphic by additional details, that during the period of renewed contact the innovations were borrowed in both directions, leading to a mutual leveling of this episode.

As for the myth in its entirety, I incline to the view that its outlines antedate the secession of the Crow. The distinctive features of the Crow norm seem to me too numerous and, above all, too radically different in the basic interpretation of the principal characters to be explainable on the alternative hypothesis, especially as the differential cannot be traced to alien contacts, say, with Blackfoot or Shoshone. With proper appreciation of the sources of error, I tentatively propose the following as integral parts of the ancestral story (so far as our two tribes are concerned): a celestial father; porcupine decoy; woman's flight from sky with son; her death at husband's hands; adoption of boy by an old woman; his manifestation of miraculous powers but in restricted number of exploits; his ultimate ascent to the sky. The Hidatsa, either adhering to a fixed pattern or evolving it later, combined a larger series of exploits with Spring and Lodge Boy, and came to give to the Grandson story the ceremonial twist *sui generis*. The Crow, for some reason or other, made the Grandson their special hero, a change probably to be correlated with his solar descent, and came to attach to his myth sundry incidents previously or elsewhere credited to the Twins. They also independently reinterpreted the character of the old woman, who became a malevolent hag and was variously equated with the moon or with a familiar witch. When intercourse was resumed, it facilitated loans back and forth, producing the numerous striking resemblances in detail.

SOME CASES OF REPEATED REPRODUCTION

THE WATER FETCHER'S COMMUNICATION

In 1910 and 1911 I witnessed initiations into the Tobacco society of the Crow Indians. At one stage of the performance a man with a creditable war record was sent for water. After ceremonial preparations he dashed off, filled a vessel, and returned, thereupon reporting in a very low tone of voice to the owner of the initiation lodge.

Gray-bull, who had repeatedly served in this capacity, three times dictated to me the tenor of the water fetcher's (ak'i'cde) communication.²³ Unfortunately I am unable to give the intervals between successive recitations. Nevertheless the variants present some points of interest.

(a)

1. du'xi-ra.u-m he're bare'ky. 2. mirəxba'ke kuc basu'-m dapi'u-m icta'xia burutsi'ky. 3. kamba'ku'k. 4. o'pe awu'saru'ec ba'wi-m ahu'-m matsa'tsk a'xe ba'tsua ahu'-m matsa'tsk. 5. karako'm bo'k ace' ba'wi-m ma'-baku'pe' ha'm-netk. 6. i'tsikya'ta o'pe da'kurutu'k.

Translation

1. On a war party they went, among them I went. 2. The people [person?] toward [post-position] they ran, they killed, his gun I took. 3. Then I came back. 4. The tobacco you [plural] had planted when I reached, it was abundant extremely; round about the chokecherries were abundant extremely. 5. Then I came, the camp when I reached sick people there were none. 6. Peacefully the tobacco you were harvesting.

(b)

1. ba'tsue o'ce i'tsikya'ta bi'uk. 2. ba'isande²⁴ ha'mnetk. 3. du'xi-ware-m ba'rapi'ok da''kce wa'ritsky. 4. barase' i'tsi-m kam-bo'k. 5. o'pe awu'saru'ec awa'kak o'pe ahu'k. 6. o'pe awa'ke wi'awak bo'm o'pe apa're watsa'tsk. 7. apsa'roke i'tsikya'te a'ra' kuk ba'tsue i'tsikya'ta diru'suk.

Translation

1. Chokecherries ripening [i.e., the summer] safely we shall reach. 2. Sickness there is none. 3. I went on a war party, someone was killed, a coup I struck. 4. My heart being good [i.e., happy] I arrived. 5. The tobacco you planted I saw, the tobacco was plentiful. 6. The tobacco to see I wished, I came, the tobacco was growing excellently. 7. The Crow well were faring, chokecherries in safety you were eating.

(c)

1. du'xi-ware'ky i'tsikya'ta ba'rapi'u icta'xia burutsi'ky. 2. karako'm bo'ia²⁵ (ʔ) aratci'rusec awa'ka-m ba'tsue ahu'k. 3. a''xe bice'' ahu'k. 4. karako'm bo'ek bo're ace'' ahu'k. 5. bo'ra ace' ba'wi-m apsa'ruke i'tsikya'ta a'ra'kuk.

Translation

1. I went on the warpath, in safety [i.e., without loss] they killed someone, his gun I took. 2. Then I came, your gardens when I saw, the chokecherries were plentiful. 3. Round about buffalo were plentiful. 4. Then I came, when I came (ʔ) and the camp I reached, toward camp I signaled. 5. When I came and the camp I reached, the Crow well were faring.

²³ R. H. Lowie, *The Tobacco Society of the Crow Indians*, AMNH-AP 21:153 f., 185, 1919. I have corrected the orthography in the present paper and to some extent the translation.

²⁴ As an alternative synonym word, ba''kupe' was given by the informant.

²⁵ This seems to me almost certainly a misreading of bo''ra; unfortunately I do not have access to my original transcription at the moment.

Evidently the form of the report is not fixed, for the same informant's versions reveal variations. But the substance is identical, being composed of three themes: the speaker's war experience; his inspection of the tobacco garden and its environment as he returns; and his auspicious findings. The emphasis is throughout on the rosy side of life: a successful raid; a plentiful crop of the weed believed to ensure the tribal welfare; abundance of food generally; and the prosperity of the people as foreshadowed by the inspection. What, then, is the nature of the discrepancies?

Apart from purely verbal differences, the initial cue "war raid" would present a seasoned brave, such as Gray-bull, with a number of possibilities, narrowed only by the need for eliminating untoward events. Of the four conventional feats of bravery recognized by the Crow, versions (a) and (c) introduce the capture of a gun, the other variant the striking of a coup. Since Gray-bull himself had in addition successfully led raids and cut horses from their pickets, the omission of these feats is not due to personal reasons. The failure to mention horses, however, may be due to archaizing, since some origin myths made the first tobacco planting pre-equestrian.²⁸ Quite naturally a lucky raid includes a killing, but characteristically without loss of a Crow. This concomitant is understood in the first two versions, made explicit by the term *i'tsikya`ta* in the last. The "signaling to the camp" would be out of place in the second version, but would be as appropriate in the first as in the third, since *acis'-buxu'euk* seems to imply signaling that the homecomers are bringing booty.

Since wild vegetable fare was of subordinate importance, the mention of buffalo in a single variant contrasts sharply with the appearance of cherries in each version—twice in version (b). However, this otherwise curious fact is readily explained: The season for the tobacco harvest is "when the cherries are ripe"; the phrase *ba'tsuə o'°ce* is a cliché for designating the summertime; and like other standardized designations of seasons it appears prominently in prayers for long life and happiness.

The word *i'tsikya`ta*, already discussed in a special setting, is another cliché. Though requiring different translation according to the context, it invariably denotes a satisfactory situation, being simply the adjective *i'tsi*, good, with an adjectival suffix commonly denoting diminutiveness or affection. Thus, in a prayer the suppliant says, "*i'tsikya'ta baku' wiawak*," In safety I want to return; and elsewhere we find, "*i'tsikya'ta bawara'pic bi'awuk*," Safely we'll take revenge (compare above).

The three versions are of some interest as illustrating in miniature the type of changes to be expected when the same individual reproduces, untrammelled by the necessity of letter-perfect repetition, the essence of a traditional pattern. Evidently the informant clings to some stereotyped expressions, but he has the choice of explicitly stating or merely implying some circumstance; he may amplify by adding a specific image (such as the abundant buffalo, or the peaceful eating of cherries, or the signaling), he may choose between symbols (coup or gun-capture).

²⁸ Lowie, *The Tobacco Society*, pp. 186, 188.

A BATTLE WITH THE DAKOTA

The foregoing comparison was prompted by Dr. Lindgren's summary of Professor Bartlett's experiments on white subjects, each of whom reproduced after fifteen minutes, and subsequently at various intervals, a North American Indian tale he had read.²⁷ It has been recognized for some time that individual storytellers within a tribe vary appreciably in their rendering of a tale; and this fact evidently affects intertribal comparison. But it seems equally important to ascertain how far the same individual departs from the norm as received by him. This would affect not only the evaluation of folk tales, but of "historical" traditions as well.

A good illustration is available. In 1910 I bought a sacred shield belonging to Yellow-brow, then in the prime of life, and his father. Several years later Yellow-brow gave an account of its history, terminating in the description of a battle with the Dakota.²⁸ In 1931—without the slightest reference to this shield—the same informant launched into a long tradition, which similarly culminated in an account of hostilities, but with the *Cheyenne*. The native text, except for one prayer, has remained unpublished, but significant passages connected with the battle have been presented in English.²⁹

Both times the narrator doubtless tried to picture the same occurrence. For one thing, the warriors prominent in both accounts almost entirely coincide in name; for example, Wants-to-die, Plays-with-his-face, Double-face, Young-white-buffalo, Passes-women. Secondly, both descriptions feature the nervousness of Double-face before battle, with some identical details, such as his desire to cry and to sing both sacred songs and those of the Big-dog society. Yet the enemy in the fuller report is the *Cheyenne*, not the Dakota tribe; the entire context differs; and along with amazing identities there are notable discrepancies not due to mere absence of items in the shorter narrative, which as a matter of fact embodies highly characteristic traits lacking in its rival.

I suggest the following explanation. Asked for the history of the shield he had sold me, Yellow-brow was primarily concerned with its validation as an object possessing supernatural power. Accordingly, he set out in characteristic Crow fashion, deriving it from a revelation in a vision. The visionary, after himself profiting from the shield, made replicas for his three sons and one nephew, bidding them above all to protect the women and children in camp rather than go on raids. Now, in his later version the battle follows the destruction of Dangling-foot and his small body of Crow by the *Cheyenne*, whence the thirst for revenge on the part of the survivors. Another good informant, Grandmother's-knife, also ascribed this massacre to the *Cheyenne*.³⁰ But in the earlier of the Yellow-brow accounts Dangling-foot is not mentioned; there is merely a generic reference to the enemy's having destroyed a detached company of Crow. Inasmuch as "enemy" was almost coterminous

²⁷ F. C. Bartlett, M. Ginsberg, E. J. Lindgren, R. H. Thouless, *The Study of Society, Methods and Problems*, 363 seq., 1939.

²⁸ R. H. Lowie, *The Religion of the Crow Indians*, AMNH-AP 25:415-418, 1922.

²⁹ *Idem*, *The Crow Indians*, pp. 230-236, 332-334, 1935; *Crow Prayers*, AA 35:440 ff., 1933.

³⁰ Lowie, *Myths . . .*, p. 185, 1918.

with "Dakota," the informant naturally glides from the generic term into this specific description, adhering to the identification throughout. Even his conclusion, once more summing up the case for the value of his shield, is that ever since its acquisition the *Dakota* were repelled by the Crow.

This seems to explain very simply the shift from Cheyenne to Dakota, or vice versa.

Further, once launched on his glorification of the shield, Yellow-brow naturally enhanced its dignity by linking it with a stirring tradition of victory that probably had an original connection with quite different circumstances. However, when simply narrating what he regarded as the most striking events in the past of the Crow, he enlarged, indeed, on the battle, but the shield, however important to him, did not loom in his memory in that context, presumably because it did not really belong there.

This seems a factor to be reckoned with. A mind replete with the traditional lore often had alternative sequels for the same stage in a story. The lore, for example, may harbor two ways of escaping from a pursuing ogre; and a narrator conversant with both may choose one or the other according to individual preference or momentary caprice. That this is not pure guesswork is shown by an experience with Yellow-brow when he told the Old Woman's Grandson story. He actually told one episode in the briefer of two mutually contradictory forms current among his people, then corrected himself, retracing his steps so as to bring in a prerequisite element for the longer version.³¹

THE SLEEP-INDUCING FORMULAE

Stylistically the sleep-inducing formulae used by Grandson (p. 4), and according to some raconteurs also by the snakes he visits, are of great interest. The two Hidatsa and my four published Crow variants may be supplemented by the following Crow versions: an unpublished anonymous Grandson text dictated to me probably in 1916; an unpublished Grandson text dictated by Plenty-hawk in 1931, which differs appreciably from the printed version he had told me before; the three forms of the episode introduced, respectively, into the Twin cycle by Plenty-hawk and Gray-bull, and into the Old Man Coyote cycle by Grandmother's-knife.³² The total number of comparable formulae is thus increased to eleven, which follow.

PLENTY-HAWK VERSIONS

(a) 1931 GRANDSON TEXT

1. The rain is dripping fast; we sleep well, don't we?
2. At the river when we pitch camp, we hear the cicadas (¶) calling and doze off, don't we?
3. When it's windy and the tent flaps flap together, we sleep well, don't we?
4. When it is windy and the pine needles rustle, we sleep well, don't we?

(b) 1914 (¶) GRANDSON MYTH

1. Whenever they moved camp by the riverside where there was plenty of shade, people would go swimming and in the shade they could not help but sleep.
2. On windy days they came to the tipis and heard the wind blowing. Then they would cover up with blankets and could not help but sleep.

³¹ Lowie, *The Crow Indians*, p. 109.

³² Lowie, *Myths . . .*, pp. 36, 81, 93; to be compared with occurrences in the Grandson tale, pp. 56, 62, 72.

3. When a big crowd of people moved toward the mountainside, they would hear a rustling in the pine trees. Then they could not help but sleep.

4. Late in the fall there are long rainy days. We would lie inside and put blankets over us and hear the rain strike the tipis, then we could not help sleeping.

(c) 1914 (?) TWIN MYTH

1. When a big crowd of people move and reach a river, they are always eager to get there. When they arrive, there will be a big shade and the river will be high. We'll smell the river and see the trees and the leaves floating down and the blackbirds singing over the river. After all have camped, everybody will go in for a swim and, sitting down afterward in the nice shade, they will fall asleep.

2. In the fall when the leaves have all turned yellow and are falling off, there are sometimes rainy days. They will be out somewhere far along in the evening and get wet, and when they get home they will take a blanket and cover themselves. When they have lain thus for a while, they can't help falling asleep.

3. Late in the fall when the days are windy, they will be out and come back home and lie inside. They will hear the wind blowing, then they can't help falling asleep.

4. When they move to the mountains and camp near the pines and the wind strikes the trees, they can hear the rustling in the pines and can't help falling asleep.

GRANDMOTHER'S-KNIFE VERSIONS

(a) 1916 OLD MAN COYOTE TALE

1. When we go along and take a rest under the tall grass and the wind moves, we almost fall asleep; and when we do sleep, it's fine, isn't it?

2. It's fine when we are by the riverbank with ripples, isn't it?

3. Right in the mountains where the streams come out, it's nice to lie under the pines and hear the wind blowing through the needles and the water running. It is fine, enough to put a man into a dead sleep, isn't it?

4. When the day is cloudy, the thunder makes a low rumble and the rain patters against the lodge, then it's fine and nice to sleep, isn't it?

(b) 1916 (?) GRANDSON MYTH

1. In the fall when it rains, we can hear the rain on the tipi, and we shall sleep well.

2. When we sleep among the pines with the wind blowing and we hear the sound of the pines, we sleep well.

SCRATCHES-FACE VERSION

1. In the spring when cherry and plum blossoms are in bloom, when we kill a deer we cook it on the sunny side of a cherry-tree thicket. In the fall when it is cool we are out a long time and when we come back to our tipi and find it warm we go to sleep right away. Do we?

2. When out hunting in the mountains, when we have killed buffalo or deer toward evening and build a fire and cook, while we are cooking it grows dark. We are very tired. We take our cooked food and eat it. Rain comes and when we lie down to sleep, we sleep right away.

ANONYMOUS VERSION 1916 (?)

1. In the spring in the daytime when there is a little breeze we are wont to sleep well.

2. In the summer when the raindrops rattle on the tent we are wont to sleep well.

YELLOW-BROW VERSION

1. In the fall whenever there is a little wind, when we lie in some shelter, when dried weeds rub against each other and we listen, we generally get drowsy, is it not so?

2. In the daytime when it drizzles and the rain strikes the lodge pattering, we remain lying on the side, and warming our soles, then we fall asleep, is it not so?

3. At night when we are about to lie down, listening to the wind rustling through the bleached trees, we do not know how we get to sleep, but we fall asleep.

4. Having sought a hollow among the thickish pines, we make a fresh camp there. The wind blows on us, and we, rather tired, lie down and at the same time keep listening to the rustling pines, until we fall asleep.

GRAY-BULL VERSION

1. When we move early and camp late in the evening, we usually fall asleep and sleep soundly.
2. On windy days when we do not move and lie in the tipi we sleep soundly.
3. When after being out on rainy days all day we come back in the evening and sit by the warm fire, we sleep for a long time.
4. When we have been out from early in the morning, hunting and butchering buffalo till evening, we are tired and go to sleep right away.

BEAR'S-ARM (HIDATSA) VERSION³³

1. There is a high butte. You can hear the wind rustling over the butte. Then in a moment the rustling ceases as if the butte had fallen asleep.
2. You hear brooks of water making a lapping sound. In a moment the lapping stops as if the water had gone to sleep.
3. You hear the wind blowing, blowing, then all of a sudden it dies down just as if it had gone off to sleep.
4. You hear the leaves of the trees rustling and flapping, and all of a sudden you hear no sound any more, just as if those trees were all fallen asleep.

WOLF-CHIEF (HIDATSA) VERSION

1. The first stars you see are still, but toward daylight they always shake. When the shaking stops, they are asleep.
2. When the wind passes bluffs at night, it makes a sound but toward daylight it is still, the hills are sleeping.
3. When the wind passes the Missouri timber, it makes a noise; toward daylight it always stops, the timber is asleep.
4. At night the Missouri River makes a noise; at daylight it stops and sleeps.

These are evidently variations of a single theme with a single historical origin. We are confronted with a verbal form of the urge to play which Professor Boas has repeatedly stressed in other fields of art. It is clear that there are no definite limits to variability within the same general frame. For that reason a clear-cut classification is not easy, apart from the fact that in the Hidatsa tales it is the natural phenomena—hills, water, wind, trees, stars, Missouri—that fall asleep, not, as in all Crow parallels, human beings. A further difficulty lies in the fact that only three of the Crow versions are available in the original, so that the exact equivalence of certain expressions is uncertain. Nevertheless several points of interest emerge.

For one thing, eight of the eleven parallels, including both Hidatsa forms, are broken up into *four* sleep-evoking statements. It seems highly probable, therefore, that this represents the norm, as one might expect from the sacred number of these tribes.

Secondly, particular informants did not feel bound to adhere to a traditional phrasing. In his Grandson tale, Grandmother's-knife duplicates the details of rain pattering against the tipi and of the wind heard blowing through the pines, but no other features of his Old Man Coyote tale; and he adds the explicit mention of autumn.

³³ Beckwith, *Myths and Ceremonies*, p. 124.

Plenty-hawk's three versions agree in introducing the rustling pines, the wind, the river, and the rain. But there is wide diversity in the ideas evoked by all but the first of these cues. The rain may be described merely as "dripping fast"; but in versions (b) and (c) it is associated with autumnal precipitation, with the comfort of lying indoors covered with blankets being emphasized. And while (b) describes the rain heard against the tipi, (c) omits the auditory image but explicitly introduces the return of drenched travelers to camp in the evening. Moreover, (b) simply speaks of the fall, which (c) further defines in conventional Crow phraseology.

In all versions the river is linked with pitching camp, but (a) adds the call of the cicada; (b) and (c) the picture of shade and of swimming; (c) enlarges by explicitly referring to trees, to leaves floating downstream, to the singing of blackbirds over the water.

The wind looms large, either implicitly or explicitly. In two separate "stories" of (a) it, respectively, makes the tent ears flap together and causes the rustling of pine needles, which latter reappears in (b) and (c), (b) not expressly mentioning the wind in this context. In (b) and (c) people hear wind blowing, which is of course implied in (a).

The differences between the versions by the same informant can thus be grouped under two heads: he may expressly state or suppress implications ("in the fall" vs. "in the fall when the leaves have all turned yellow and are falling off"); and he may or may not treat a given situation as a cue for delineating detail (river: shade, scenting of river, trees, floating leaves, singing blackbirds).

Extending comparison to all eleven, we find that the wind figures in every single variant, Hidatsa and Crow, with the solitary exception of the Scratches-face story. A river or brook appears in both Hidatsa and four Crow versions, these, however, apportioned between only two narrators. The rustling of leaves (or pine needles) seems to be the only other intertribal feature, being common to Bear's-arm's Hidatsa story and (expressly) five Crow versions (by three informants); interestingly enough, this element appears in all three of Plenty-hawk's otherwise appreciably varying narratives.

Uniformly present in all Crow versions, but absent from the Hidatsa, is the rain element. The most frequent image (five times) associated with it is that of the drops striking against the tipi. Next in frequency are an autumnal scene (five versions, four informants) and the comfort of being warm indoors (five versions, four informants). That comfort may be effectively expressed by contrasting it with the wind or rain or cold outside (Plenty-hawk [b] and [c]; Scratches-face; Gray-bull); and the sense of coziness may be suggested either by the warming of one's soles (Yellow-brow), or by more general references to a fire and warmth indoors (Scratches-face), or to rolling up in a blanket (Plenty-hawk [b] and [c]).

The fascination of these parallels lies in the fact that we are here privileged to catch the folk imagination at work. These Indians are not automatically transmitting a fixed form, even though of course a few phrases have become stereotyped. Instead, there is the tradition of a generic pattern (sleep-

inducing conditions) with a few subpatterns (fatigue, shade, specific sounds), which the individual is free to develop as he lists, so that the unique features of the several variants are, in their totality, impressively numerous. What the more elaborate of the versions strive for, evidently, is vividness of description to be achieved by the accumulation of sense impressions, so that we get veritable imagist poems in miniature. The images, however, are not by any means preponderantly visual, but to a very striking degree include auditory and to a somewhat lesser extent kinesthetic ideas.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL ABBREVIATIONS USED

AA	American Anthropologist
AAA-M	American Anthropological Association, Memoirs
AMNH-AP	American Museum of Natural History, Anthropological Papers
FM-P	Field (Columbian) Museum, Publication
USGGS-MP	United States Geological and Geographical Survey, Miscellaneous Publications

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