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# THE EARLY HERDSMEN



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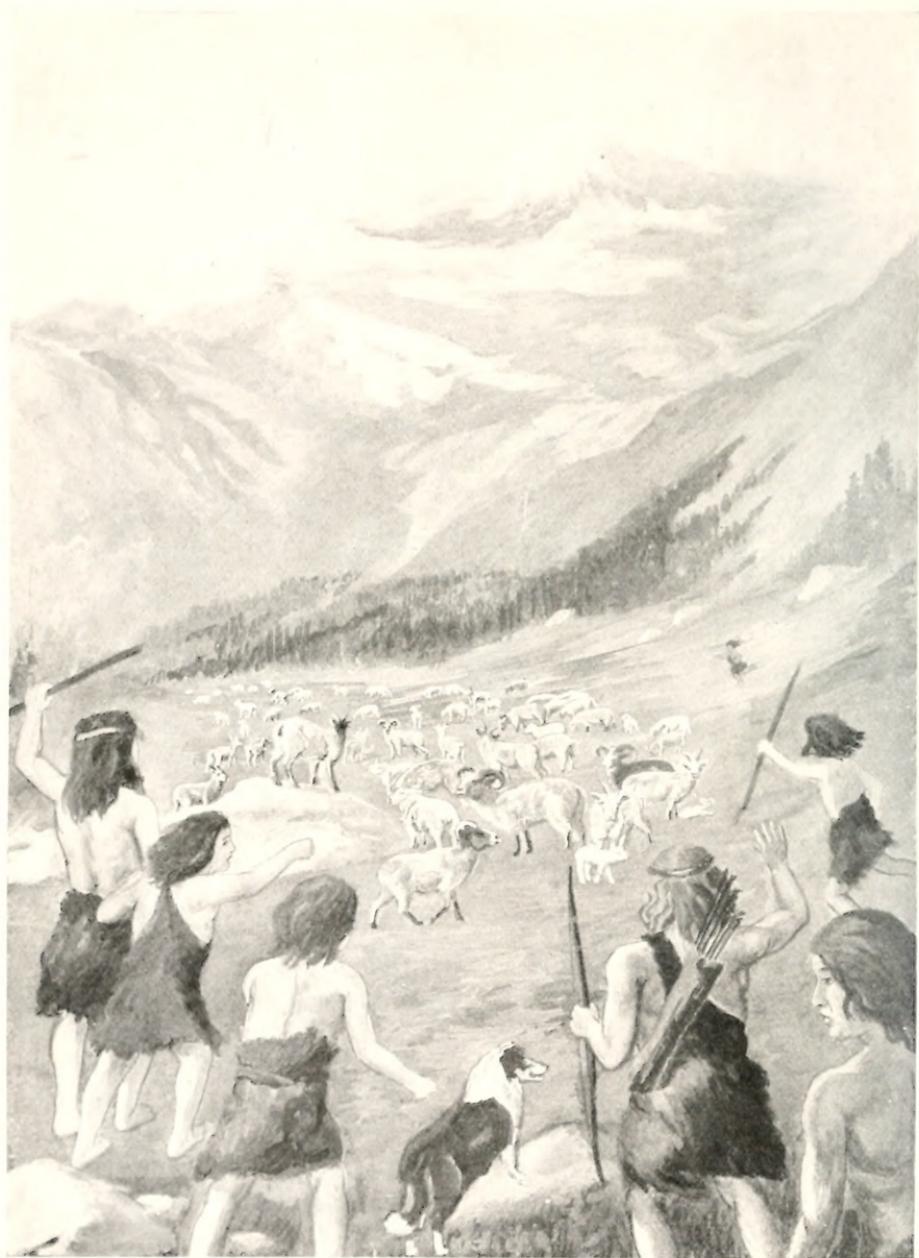
THE  
EARLY HERDSMEN

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*For the intermediate grades.*





*Then he led the men and boys out on the high table-land and captured  
a flock of wild sheep*

# THE EARLY HERDSMEN

BY

**KATHARINE ELIZABETH DOPP**

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THIS volume, the fifth number of the "Industrial and Social History Series," is intended to portray the life of man when he took the first steps in taming the sheep, the cow, and the goat. That these steps were not taken without the pressure of hunger is undoubted. Tradition is rich in allusions to hunger, famine, scarcity of game, floods, pestilence, and other conditions which cause crises in social life. Any one of such crises is bound to have a profound effect upon the life of a people. The weaker clans, under such conditions, lag behind and possibly disappear, while the stronger, braver, and more intelligent clans are better able to grapple with a new situation and invent ways of meeting its difficulties. Heretofore inventions had taken the form of the conquest of fire and the discovery of its uses to mankind, new and improved weapons and devices for hunting and trapping wild game, improved tools with which to fashion weapons of unshaped materials, devices for travel and transportation by land and by sea. Invention, too, had been expressed in the division of labor between the sexes and in elementary forms of coöperation in industrial activities as well as in the chase.

The inventions which characterize the period with which this volume deals were of such great social significance as to mark a new epoch in social progress. For, when man devised the ways

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and means of taming grass-eating animals, he marked out the path which left savagery behind him; he led the way to the pastoral stage, or the period of barbarism.

Like all epoch-making inventions, those which ushered in the epoch of barbarism were a gradual growth from small beginnings, the significance of which was not realized by the people of the age. Each step was important, however, for each was a necessary part of one great whole. It is because these steps were of the utmost importance, and because until recently there has been no demand that they have a place in our educational curriculums, that they are given special emphasis in this volume. The established life of man as a herdsman will be treated in the next volume. Here the purpose is to portray the conditions which forced man to emerge from savagery and establish friendly relations with the grass-eating animals, giving them care and protection in exchange for a regular supply of milk and an occasional supply of meat.

In the early stages of human progress, as well as in more recent times, we find man more specialized in his occupations than woman. This in part accounts for the fact that in many instances it is woman who takes the first steps in finding the way to a new epoch, and that man does not take over the work until the foundation is well laid. Not until this is accomplished does man take charge of the occupation and develop its technique.

It is doubtless true that wherever grass-eating animals are present, they are brought under domestication in the course of time. The purpose of the "Industrial and Social History Series," however, is to give the generalized history of the progress of our own race. The question thus arises as to when and where our ancestors first domesticated the grass-eating animals. Many answers have been given to this question. The older ethnologists pointed to Asia as the cradle land of the people who developed the Aryan language, and stated that the migrations for the most part were to the west

and north. More recently well-known authorities, among whom Daniel Brinton, an American, and Canon Isaac Taylor, an English ethnologist, may be cited, have answered the question quite differently. They state that Europe was the home of the undivided Aryans at the time when they passed from the period of savagery to the pastoral stage. They claim that the ancestors of modern Europeans did not come from Asia with their flocks and herds, but that they belonged originally to the Continent of Europe and domesticated the grass-eating animals they found on their own hunting grounds.

It matters little to the child of today whether he knows the precise spot on our planet where our ancestors lived when they made the transition from savagery to barbarism. It matters little that he know whether the migrations of the undivided Aryans from their cradleland were to the west and north or to the east and south. It matters still less that he know the skull formation of the various types. But it matters a great deal that he know the foundations laid by our ancestors in establishing a higher form of culture. It is well for the child of the present age to know something of his debt to the past. It is well for him to know the social significance of epoch-making inventions. It is well for him to feel a spirit of kinship with those peoples of the past that have so largely contributed to the well-being of all succeeding ages.

According to Isaac Taylor there were four racial types in Europe during the Neolithic age. In addition to the ancestors of the Scandinavians, treated in earlier volumes, there were the Iberians, a short, dark people with long, narrow heads; the Ligurians, a short, dark people with broad and round heads; and a tall, light, brachycephalic people, the Celts of philology, who occupied the greater part of Central Europe, the valleys of the Danube and its tributaries, and the great steppes of Russia. It is this last type, designated by well-known ethnologists as the undivided Aryan, which

is chosen as the subject of this volume. It was this people who developed the prehistoric Aryan speech during the Neolithic period. This primitive language became widely extended through migrations as well as by conquests. As different groups became separated from the parent stock, dialects were formed which became the bases of new languages, yet each retained the root words of the primitive mother tongue. These primitive root words may still be found in those languages of India and Europe which were originally derived from the prehistoric Aryan language. Their study by philologists has thrown a great light on the life of those early times.

Northern Switzerland and the Bavarian plateau are the geographical areas selected for the home of the people represented at this time. In the next volume the scene will shift to the valley of the Danube and thence to the great steppes of Russia, where a common language was formed.

*January, 1923*

KATHARINE E. DOPP

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*There was a mad chase that day over the rocky pasture*

# THE EARLY HERDSMEN

FIRST STEPS IN TAMING THE GRASS-EATING ANIMALS

## I

### *How Little-beaver Got a New Name*

Before Little-beaver was four years old, his mother gave him a puppy. He named her Cubby, and from the first day they were good playfellows.

Little-beaver's mother taught the boy how to train the pup. He trained her to stand on her hind feet and beg for a bone. When she did it, he gave her a bone. Then they romped and played.

When a year had passed, Cubby was a dog, but Little-beaver was not a man. Yet the boy and dog still played together when the men did not take her to hunt.

As Little-beaver grew, he hunted small game. He and Cubby went out together. Sometimes they hunted hares and sometimes water rats.

Sometimes Cubby hunted alone. Sometimes she came with a bird in her mouth. When she did, she went straight to Little-beaver and laid the bird at his feet.

Cubby loved her little master. When he was in danger, she protected him. If any one tried to hurt Little-beaver, she fought like a she-wolf.

Little-beaver taught Cubby to keep guard over his playthings. Cubby kept watch. His playthings were safe when Cubby guarded them.

One day early in summer Little-beaver could not find his dog. He called, but she did not answer. He called again, but she did not come. So the boy started out to hunt for his dog.

He had not gone far when he heard Cubby whine. The sound came from a hollow oak at the foot of a hill. Little-beaver ran down the hill to the foot of the oak. He stooped down and pecked in the hollow of the tree.

"Come, Cubby!"

called Little-beaver.

Cubby wagged her tail, but she did not come out of her den. Little-beaver crawled in beside her, and what do you think he found?

Four little puppies!

The boy could hardly believe his eyes. He stared at Cubby and then cried out, "Are these your pups?"



*He trained her to stand on her hind feet and beg for a bone*

Cubby looked at her little master and wagged her bushy tail.

Little-beaver reached out his hands to take one of the pups.

The mother dog laid a forepaw on his hand as much as to say, "Don't meddle!"

"I won't hurt them," said Little-beaver as he stroked Cubby's head and neck.

Cubby looked at him wistfully.

"Why don't they open their eyes?" asked Little-beaver.

Cubby looked very wise, but she did not answer.

"They are beauties!" cried Little-beaver.

Cubby whined tenderly and again she wagged her tail. And so the boy talked to the dog, and Cubby answered him.

Many times each day Little-beaver went down to the hollow oak. Cubby soon let him pat the puppies. She let him take them in his hands. But if he did not put them back soon, she began to whine.

When their eyes opened, the pups began to play. Little-beaver's mother then said, "You may have Cubby's puppies. Train them."

Little-beaver trained the four pups just as he had trained their mother. They grew fast. They learned to do many things.

In one short year Cubby's pups grew to be as large as their mother. Little-beaver then had five dogs, and all of them were hunters.

A few years later two of the dogs each had a litter of puppies. Cubby, too, had another litter. So every year Little-beaver added to the number of his dogs.



*Before Littleton's and Callaghan's he had a pack of dog*

Before Little-beaver was full-grown, he had a pack of dogs. Besides Cubby, there were Snarler and Growler and Pounder and Howler and Barker and Biter and Cuffy and Cub. Then there were Seizer and Holder and Bushy-tail and Wag-tail and puppies not yet named. All of these dogs were good hunters. All had been trained to hunt with the men.

By this time Little-beaver was almost as tall as a full-grown man. Everybody said he could hunt as well as any man of the clan. And everybody said no other clan had a better hunter than Little-beaver. "The boy with the dogs" was well known in the country far and wide. And because he had so many dogs he was named "Many-dogs."

Many-dogs and his brothers married young women of the Cow clan. Game was scarce, so the young people set out in search of a new hunting ground.

Many-dogs was made leader of the men, and Spin-a-thread was the clan mother. Tether-peg was the wise woman. People said she could talk with the birds.

### THINGS TO DO

*Write down the names of all the dogs you know. Which names do you like best? Are all the dogs you know the same kind?*

*If you have ever seen a hollow tree, tell what you know about it. Can you tell how it became hollow? Can animals make their homes in hollow trees? Have you ever heard of people living in hollow trees? It is said that some of the first settlers of this country found shelter in hollow trees.*

*If you had a dog, what would you train him to do? What do you think Little-beaver taught his dogs to do?*

*Dramatize part of this story and let the children guess what you are acting. Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"He trained her to stand on her hind feet."*

*"The mother dog laid a forepaw on his hand."*

## II

## THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

What is your sign for the coming of summer? What other signs do you know?

Can you think why people once thought they could talk with the birds? Have you ever heard the cry of a bird that sounded as though it were speaking? When you hear some one say, "A little bird told me," what do you think it means? What does the cuckoo say?

*After Several Years*

"The cuckoo is calling," cried Birdikin. "It is calling, 'Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!'"

"It is telling us its name," said Day's-eye. "Let's talk with the cuckoo."

The little girls tried to talk with the bird. They asked it many questions. But the only answer the bird made was, "Cuckoo! Cuckoo! Cuckoo!"

"You can't understand birds," said Little-bear, who now came up from the river where he had been skipping stones.

"Why can't I?" asked Day's-eye.

"You are too little," said Little-bear.

"Mother can talk with the birds," said Day's-eye. "She knows what they say."

"Mother knows almost everything," said Little-bear. "The birds tell her about Sun and they tell her about Sky."

"Mother knows about fairies, too," added Day's-eye. "She told me about them. The bad fairies are going away now. The good ones are coming back."

"Did she tell you that?" asked Little-bear.

"Yes," replied Day's-eye. "She told me ever so many things about gods, and fairies, and birds, and trees."

"Mother is wise," said Little-bear.

"I'm going to be like Mother," said Day's-eye. "When I'm big, I'm going to be wise."

"Guess what I am going to be when I'm a man," said Little-bear.

"When you are a man, you will be strong and brave," said Day's-eye. "I think you will be just like Many-dogs."



*"The cuckoo is calling"*

Once again the cuckoo called and the children ran up to hear it.

"It's telling us something," said Day's-eye. "Let's ask Mother what it is."

The two children ran down to the river where the women were gathering water cress. Hearing their question, Drag-a-load answered, "The cuckoo is saying that Summer is near."

"That's good news," said Root-digger.

"Where is Mother?" asked Day's-eye when she looked all around and could not find her mother.

"She has gone to a meeting of the tribe," said Drag-a-load. "The leaders of the clans in our tribe meet at your grandmother's camp today."

"Why didn't you go?" asked Little-bear.



*"Where is Mother?" asked Da's eye when she looked all around and could not find her mother.*

"I'm not so wise as your mother," said Drag-a-load. "And I'm not the clan mother."

"Did any of the men go?" asked Little-bear.

"Many-dogs went," replied Drag-a-load.

"Is he our bravest man?" asked Little-bear.

"He is our bravest man," replied Drag-a-load. "But we have many brave men."

"I think Big-crow is just as brave as Many-dogs," said Root-digger. "And Gray-wolf is a good hunter. His game bag is never empty."

"Is Do-little a good hunter?" asked Little-bear.

The women laughed.

"He does n't like to work," said Pick-a-tree, who now stopped skipping stones to listen to what was said. "When the men go to hunt the wild bull, he sneaks off by himself."

"He comes back when they bring in the game," said Little-bear.

The women chuckled.

"Do-little and Eat-well are always on hand when there is something to eat," said Drag-a-load.

"Who gave them their names?" asked Little-bear.

"They earned them," said Drag-a-load.

"I don't like their names," added Little-bear.

"They can have better names when they earn them," said Drag-a-load.

"When is Mother coming back from the meeting of the tribe?" asked Day's-eye.

"She may come tomorrow," replied Drag-a-load. "She won't be gone long."

"Why did the leaders go to Grandmother's camp?" asked Little-bear.

"It is about time to move on," said Drag-a-load. "They went to see about the summer hunting grounds."

Thus the women and children talked one morning in what we should call early spring. But in those days no one spoke of spring. They knew only summer and winter. Winter was the dark, gloomy season and summer was the season of plenty. The cuckoo told them that summer was near. That is why they were glad to hear the bird's call.

### THINGS TO DO

*Can you tell what made people think there were fairies? Can you tell why they thought the bad fairies left at the end of winter and that the good fairies came at that time?*

*Are trees alive? Can they talk? Have people ever thought they could talk?*

*How do you think Drag-a-load got her name? Which is the easier, to carry a load or to drag it? If you do not know, find out.*

*How do you think Spin-a-thread and Root-digger got their names? Dramatize this story.*

## III

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Can you think why people used to dread the winter more than we do? Why did they love the summer?

Have you ever heard of a tree that people thought was a sacred tree? What kind of tree would people be most likely to think was sacred?

Have you ever heard of a pit dwelling? Can you think why people once lived in pits?

*The Leaders Return from a Meeting  
of the Tribe*

"I think we shall leave this place soon," said Drag-a-load the second day the leaders were away.

"I hope so," said Root-digger. "I like the warm pits when Winter is here, but when the birds begin to sing, I like to live in the open."

The next day the leaders returned. When they came in sight, men, women, and children ran to meet them. The women wished to hear about their mother and her clan, and Many-dogs' brothers wished to hear about the Beaver clan.

When at last they had gathered around the camp fire, Tether-peg spoke to the people. "We have cause for great joy," the wise woman said. "Winter has been driven out of the land. Each day friends of Summer appear."

"Welcome, kind friends," cried the people. "Welcome, gentle Summer." And with song and dance they greeted the birds and the budding trees.

When the people had danced around a sacred oak, they stood beneath its branches. Mistletoe grew on this oak tree. And, since it had no roots in the ground, people said it was put there by Sky. They thought their god Sky had sent the mistletoe to dwell on his favorite tree.

When the people were quiet, Tether-peg turned her eyes to the sacred oak. "See!" she said. "The oak is putting forth its buds. It is time to move on."

"We are ready to go!" shouted the people, and they all clapped their hands.

"Where shall we go?" asked Drag-a-load.



*With song and dance they greeted the birds and the budding trees*

"Let us follow the herds," replied Many-dogs. "They are moving on to the foothills."

"Let us follow the herds!" shouted the people. "Let us follow the herds to the foothills."

"Strangers dwell there!" cried Drag-a-load.

"Let them go hence!" shouted Many-dogs.

"What if they won't go?" cried Drag-a-load.

"The strangers will depart," said Tether-peg. "All the clans of the Eagle tribe have promised to help one another."

"Do the strangers know we are coming?" asked Gray-wolf.

"Messengers have gone to tell them," replied Many-dogs. "When the strangers depart, all the clans will move on to summer hunting grounds."

"What if the messengers bring bad news to us?" asked Drag-a-load.

"They will bring good news," replied Tether-peg. "Make ready for the journey."

#### THINGS TO DO

*Find out all you can about the mistletoe.*

*Make a song to welcome some friend of summer.*

*Model some foothills in the sand box. Find pictures of foothills.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"With song and dance they greeted the birds."*

*" 'The oak is putting forth its buds.' "*

*" 'Let them go hence!' "*

## IV

#### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

What do you think the people would take with them when they moved? How would they pack their things? Do you think they had trunks?

How would they carry their things? Do you think they knew of any way of carrying them except on their heads, shoulders, or backs? If so, what?

If they used dogs for dragging their loads, what kind of harness would they have? Is a dog's harness anything like what people have used for carrying loads on their shoulders and backs?

Why do we like music for marching? Do you think these people had any kind of music for their long marches? If so, what?

### *On to the Foothills*

All the people were glad to pack and make ready for the journey. Many-dogs directed the men, and Spin-a-thread directed the women. But in spite of this there was great confusion. People rushed about the camp looking for their things. Even the dogs rushed about and got in everybody's way.

Tether-peg rolled up her bundles and packed the horns of a bull. She took these horns wherever she went and put them on her dwelling. She thought the horns protected the dwelling and kept the bad fairies away.

While they were packing, the messengers returned. "The foothills are ours!" they cried.

"Where are the strangers?" asked Many-dogs.

"They have gone away," the messengers replied.

When the messengers passed on to the next camp, the people went on with their packing. Tether-peg tied her pack to two tent poles and called Howler and Growler.



*An Eskimo toy bear  
with a harness*

Two fine dogs came trotting to her. They knew what the wise woman wanted.

"Let me slip on your harness," said Tether-peg.



*She hitched the dogs to the tent poles on which she had tied her pack*

This done, she hitched the dogs to the tent poles on which she had tied her pack.

It was not easy for all of these people to form into one long line. Many-dogs helped them by beating on his drum, and he signaled to them with his horn.

When at last the long line was formed, Many-dogs cried, "On to the foothills!"

"On to the foothills!" answered the people, and the long line began to move.

Many-dogs led the way, carrying his bow and arrow and polished stone axe. Several dogs were at his side running

about, picking up small game. Big-crow and Gray-wolf followed.

The wise woman came next, and a long line of women followed. Little-bear and Day's-eye were close beside Tether-peg. Howler and Growler followed at her heels, dragging the wise woman's pack.

Tether-peg was still young and graceful. She stepped as lightly as a young deer. She looked first this way and then that way. Nothing escaped her watchful eye.

Tether-peg's sisters followed her in the long line. Some of them carried heavy burdens. Others dragged smooth tent poles on which they had tied their loads. Pick-a-tree kept close to Drag-a-load, and Spin-a-thread's Birdikin toddled at her heels as happy as a little bird.

All of the women were very fair. Their eyes were as blue as the bright blue sky, and their hair was like the sun. And the little children had golden hair and were fairer even than their mothers.

Men brought up the rear of the line. Others with dogs marched at either side. For the men protected the clan on the march, while the women had charge of the burdens.

All of the men were as tall as spears. They were as graceful as the trees under whose branches they walked.

They had not gone far when Tether-peg heard the chirping of a wren. "Good!" she cried. "That is a sign we shall have a safe journey."

Those who were near heard the good news and passed it down the line. All were now sure they would have a safe journey. For, although they could not understand the birds, they believed Tether-peg understood them. They thought

she could tell them the will of the gods from the cries and songs of the birds.

On the march the people were sometimes weary. Then Many-dogs beat on his drum. Sometimes they sang songs to cheer one another as they marched along the trail.

Sometimes Many-dogs sang to the people:

“We are going to the foothills.  
We are going to the foothills.  
That is a good place to dwell.”

Then the people answered:

“Yes, we are going to the foothills.  
We are going to the foothills.  
That is a good place to dwell.”

Many times the people were weary. Sometimes they stopped to rest. At one of the resting places they could look on the country far and wide. Behind them lay the low valley where they had spent the winter. Ahead were the mountains beyond the foothills, aglow with a golden light.

Turning their backs to the dark valley, they turned their faces to the golden light.

All were silent for a few moments. Then Tether-peg burst into song:

“We have turned our backs to the dark valley,  
We have turned our faces to the light.”

When she had finished, all the people repeated the simple song.

### THINGS TO DO

*Make a shoulder strap you can use for carrying a pack. How can you change it so as to make a dog harness?*

*Make such a drag as Tether-peg used for her packs. Find out whether the Indians ever used such a drag as this.*

*Model in the sand box the dark river valley where the people spent the winter. Model the mountains and foothills. Show the trail along which the long line moved.*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"The long line began to move."*

*"We have turned our faces to the light!"*

## V

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you think it wise for people when moving to a new country to send men ahead to lead the way?

How did people get word to one another from a distance before they had mail, telephones, and the telegraph?

Can you think why the tops of the mountains are lighted up earlier in the morning than the valleys? Why are they last to be covered by darkness at night?

### *How the People Camped at the Foothills*

On the way to the foothills the people heard the drums and horns of neighboring clans. All the clans of the Eagle tribe were now on the march. But they did not march in one long line. They kept some distance apart.

"We shall reach the foothills before the setting of the sun," said Many-dogs the morning of the third day. "This day we shall pitch our tents on the foothills of the mountains."

"Let us send runners," said Tether-peg. "Let them go ahead to find the best place to camp."

Big-crow and Gray-wolf went ahead as runners. Other runners went from each of the clans. All were men who knew how to choose a good place for a camp.

Soon after midday the people neared the end of their journey.

"Listen!" said Tether-peg. "The horns are blowing!"

"Our runners are at Stony Brook," said Many-dogs. "I know that place well."

Many-dogs then answered the runners' signal by blowing on his big cow horn.

"They are coming to meet us," said Many-dogs. "They are coming down from the foothills."

The voices of the runners were soon heard, and Many-dogs called to them.

Big-crow and Gray-wolf answered, "This way! This way! This is the way to the foothills!"

The long line followed where the runners led the way. It was not very far. Before very long they laid down their burdens on a foothill shaded by lofty oaks.

"This is a good place to dwell," said Tether-peg as she cast her eyes about the place.

"Shall we pitch our tents now?" asked Drag-a-load as she turned to the clan mother.

Spin-a-thread turned to Tether-peg to see what she would say.

"Let us first make friends with the gods of the place," replied Tether-peg. "A sacred oak is close at hand. Let us draw near and seek its protection."

The people now gathered around the oak, whose branches were covered with mistletoe. Placing an offering on a

branch, Tether-peg said, "Accept this gift. Be our friend. Protect us from all harm."

The branches swayed in a gentle breeze, and the green leaves nodded.

"The oak is our friend," said Tether-peg. "It will ward off all danger."

Hearing this, the people were pleased. They thought

the oak had spoken to the wise woman.

"Let's go out over the foothills," said Many-dogs. "Let's find something for our evening meal."

"Come, Barker! Come, Biter! Come, Cuffy! Come, Cub!" called Gray-wolf to the dogs.

The dogs came as soon as called, and the whole pack went with the men to pick up some small game.

While unpacking, the women looked about to see the new place. "Look at the trees!" said Spin-a-thread. "We don't need to put up our tents."

"Let the trees be our shelter," said Tether-peg.

"The trees are our tents!" cried the women.

"The friendly trees are our tents!"

"Stack the tent poles," said Spin-a-thread.

While her sisters stacked the poles, Spin-a-thread marked out a spot for each woman to build her fire.

Tether-peg kindled the sacred fire. She put dry branches of oak upon it until the flames rose high. Then she unpacked



*A wooden food tray*



*A water basket*

the horns of a bull and placed them upon the oak tree that marked her dwelling place.

"Take this water basket," said Drag-a-load to Pick-a-tree, when she had made her cooking-pit. "Run to the brook and fill it with water; fetch it here by the fire."

Pick-a-tree took the basket and ran to the brook. Little-bear took a water jar and brought water for Tether-peg. All the older children helped. Some of them picked up dry branches, and others tended their baby brothers and sisters while their mothers did other things.

"The fires are burning," said Root-digger. "I'm hungry. I wish the men would come."



*A decorated water jar*

While they were singing twilight came to the hills, and darkness covered the valley. But the snow-capped mountain peaks glowed with a beautiful light. Soon darkness covered the foothills, but the mountains still glowed with a bright light. And when darkness had covered the mountains, the people were asleep.



*A water jar*

The men came a few moments later, and they had their evening meal. Before it was finished, the snow-capped mountains were aglow with a rosy light.

The people arose and looked up to the mountains. They joined in a song of praise.

While they were singing twilight came to the hills, and darkness covered the valley. But the snow-capped mountain peaks glowed with a beautiful light.

## THINGS TO DO

*Watch the sunset and notice whether everything becomes dark at the same time. What, if anything, stays light longest?*

*How can a basket be made water-tight?*

*How many ways do you know of carrying water? Where does the water you drink come from? How is it brought to you?*

*Did the horns of a bull really protect Tether-peg's dwelling? Are there people living today who believe such things? If so, where do they live?*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"Pick-a-tree took the basket and ran to the brook."*

*"'The trees are our tents.'"*

## VI

## THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

What animals and birds, if any, make their home on the mountains?

Can you think why people once thought the sky was a god? Can you think why they thought the sun was a god? Why did they love the bright sky and the sun?

Can you think why people once thought the eagle was the messenger of the god Sky?

How many grass-eating animals do you know? Can you think how people began to tame the grass-eating animals? Do you think Tether-peg had ever tried to tame an animal when she was a girl?

*What the Men Brought Home from  
the Mountains*

The men were eager to climb the mountains. There were flocks of wild sheep and goats on the mountains, and the men wanted to hunt them. By the break of day the men were up and talking about wild game.

"Let's climb the mountains," said Many-dogs. "Let's find the pastures of the wild goats."

"We will climb the mountains!" cried his brothers. "We will climb to the pastures of the wild goats."

All the men were soon on the trail that led to the mountain pastures.

The women and children took their baskets and roamed over the foothills. They were looking for young green leaves and the tender shoots of plants.

Tether-peg went with the women and children, and she, too, carried a basket. But she was looking for signs of the season. She was listening to the songs and cries of the birds.

They had been on the hills some time when Drag-a-load came within calling distance of Root-digger. "Is your basket full?" she called.

"Not quite," replied Root-digger.

"Mine is," said Drag-a-load. "Come, Root-digger, let's go home."

"Go, if you want to," called Root-digger. "I'll come when my basket is full."

The rich tones of cow horns now sounded down the mountain valley.

"That's a sweet sound," said Drag-a-load.

"The men have found game," said Root-digger. "I think my basket is full enough. Let's go home."

All the women and children now started toward the camp. All wanted to be there when the men came in with the game. So all hurried down the trail that led to their camping place.

The children piped and danced all the way. They made music with hollow reeds they found on the hills. Little-bear and Pick-a-tree blew willow whistles they had made since coming to the foothills.

"Stop here," said Spin-a-thread when they reached Stony Brook. "Let's empty our baskets. Let's wash the greens."

The women stooped down and washed the greens in the running water. Then they carried them to their fires and put them on to boil. The greens were boiling in the cooking-pits when the men came in sight.

Many-dogs headed the long line. The body of an eagle rested on one shoulder, and a kid was under his arm.

Most of the men had something in their game bags. Big-crow carried on his shoulders the carcass of a wild goat.

The women and children clapped their hands when they saw the men come into camp. Some cried out, "An eagle! An eagle!" Others cried, "Come



*The children piped and danced all the way*

and see the wild goat! Come and see the big jumper!"

Many-dogs spoke not a single word until he went to the sacred fire, where he offered thanks. Then he turned to Tether-peg, who was standing by the fire.

The wise woman glanced first at the eagle and then at the kid under Many-dogs' arm. She reached out her hand and touched the kid. "It's warm! It's alive!" she said.

"Yes, the little jumper is alive," said Many-dogs. "I saved him from the eagle's talons."

Tether-peg reached out her arms, and Many-dogs gave her the kid. For a moment she pressed him to her breast. Then she fastened a cord about his neck and tethered him to a tent peg.

Those who had been looking at the carcass of the goat now came to see the eagle.

"It's a noble bird," said Many-dogs as he stroked the eagle's feathers.

"It's a sacred bird," added Tether-peg. "The eagle is Sky's messenger.



*"It's a noble bird," said Many-dogs as he stroked the eagle's feathers*

"Won't Sky be angry?" asked Spin-a-thread.

"We must make him an offering," said Tether-peg.

And so, when the wild goat was dressed, Tether-peg chose a piece of its flesh as an offering to Sky. She placed the offering upon the sacred fire, for she thought the fire would bear the gift to the great god Sky.

### THINGS TO DO

*See if you can make music by blowing through the hollow stem of a plant. What wild plants do you know that can be used for greens? What plants that grow in our gardens are used as greens? Were any plants cultivated when these people lived?*

*If you have ever had some animal pet, tell how you took care of it. Name animals that are kept as pets.*

*Tell a story showing how you think Tether-peg earned her name.*

*Find out what you can about eagles.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"Many-dogs headed the long line."*

*"Come and see the big jumper!"*

## VII

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you think the people will be able to keep the kid? Do you think all of them will want to keep it? If they do not agree, can you think how they might settle their dispute?

Do you think Tether-peg's mother had ever tried to tame an animal? Do you think Tether-peg had ever kept animal pets when she was a girl? Why, or why not?

You may like to know that many hunting tribes tame a few animals and birds as pets before they think of taming the grass-eating animals and taking care of flocks and herds.

## *Why the People Listened to the Song of a Bird*

The morning after the kid was brought home the people awoke with the birds. For a moment they listened to the sweet chorus that flooded the hills with song. Tether-peg then kindled the sacred fire, and again a new day dawned.

"You need a mother," said Tether-peg as she looked down into the basket where the kid was sleeping on a bed of dry moss.

Eat-well's eyes now fell upon the kid. Turning to Do-little, the man said, "Let's kill the little jumper."

"Yes," said Do-little, "let's kill him."

The children heard what Eat-well and Do-little said. They ran to Tether-peg and cried out, "Don't let them do it! Don't let them do it!"

"Do what?" asked Tether-peg.

"They want to kill Little-jumper," said Day's-eye, pointing toward Eat-well and Do-little.

By this time everybody heard the commotion in the



*They ran to Tether-peg and cried out,  
"Don't let them do it!"*

camp. So Tether-peg called them all together and asked them to listen to a bird that was calling from one of the trees.

Turning to Eat-well, Tether-peg asked, "What does the bird say?"

"Kill it! Kill it!" replied Eat-well.

Do-little replied in the same way.

"Listen again," said the wise woman.

All listened once more to the call of the bird.

Turning to Day's-eye, Tether-peg asked, "What does the little bird say?"

"Feed it! Feed it!" said the child. "That's what the little bird says."

Many-dogs smiled at the child's answer, but Eat-well and Do-little frowned. So again the wise woman asked all the people to listen to the call of the bird.

Again the people listened. And this time the call was so clear all could understand. Even Eat-well could not deny that the bird sang, "Feed it! Feed it!"

"So be it," said Tether-peg. "The bird has brought us a message from the gods."

Many-dogs now stepped up to the basket where the little kid was sleeping. Bending down, he said, "Little-jumper, I'll fetch a mother to you."

"Where is Little-jumper's mother?" asked Little-bear.

"In the mountain pasture," replied Many-dogs. "I will climb to the mountain pastures. I will climb to the pasture where the jumpers feed."

"Did you see Little-jumper's mother yesterday?" asked Spin-a-thread.

"She was beside him when I first heard the eagle," replied

Many-dogs. "I did n't see her after that. My eyes were fixed on the bird."

"I saw her," said Big-crow. "She was near the big jumper that stood guard and gave a signal of alarm."

"I heard the leader whistle," added Gray-wolf. "I saw him jump for the rocks. The whole flock jumped after him."

"I wish we could jump as they did," said Big-crow.

"They are good jumpers," said Gray-wolf.

"I wish you could find Little-jumper's mother, Many-dogs," said Tether-peg.

"I'll try," said Many-dogs. "If I can't find her, I'll find another mother jumper."

"Do you want us to go with you?" asked Big-crow.

"No," replied Many-dogs. "Make a pitfall for the wild bulls. I will go alone today."

"May Sky watch over your steps," said Tether-peg. "May he lead you to the pasture of the big jumpers."

Many-dogs now called the dogs, and the whole pack came leaping and bounding, eager to go with him.

"No, Growler; no, Snarler," Many-dogs said, "I can't take you today. No, Biter, not this time. Go with Big-crow and hunt the wild bull."

As he spoke their names, the dogs stepped aside, but others came crowding around him. They wagged their tails; they looked at their master as if they were saying, "Please."

Many-dogs looked them all over. "Not you, nor you, nor you," he said as Howler and Barker and Pounder brushed their cold noses against his hands. And so he spoke to each of the dogs until Seizer pressed up to him.



*"Make a pitfall for the wild bulls"*

"Ah, Seizer, you are the dog for this trip! Come, my good dog. Come along with me." With these words man and dog started up the trail which led to the pastures of the wild goats.

### THINGS TO DO

*Listen to the birds and see if any of them seem to speak words you can understand. How do birds help man?*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"They ran to Tether-peg and cried out, 'Don't let them do it!'"*

*"You are the dog for this trip."*

*Model a dog in clay.*

## VIII

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Have you ever heard any one speak of the forest line on a mountain? What does it mean? Why can't trees grow on the high mountain peaks? What do trees need in order to grow? Do you think the mountain pastures of the wild sheep and goats were above or below the forest line?

Why are mountain brooks usually noisy? What do they bring down from the mountains? What happens to the pieces of rock which are tumbled along by the stream?

### *How Many-dogs Captured a Mother Goat*

The first part of the way Many-dogs went was along the wooded banks of Stony Brook. This brook was a merry little stream. It babbled and chattered on its way. It tumbled over its stony bed in its hurry to join the river. It rattled and banged pieces of rock it brought down from the mountain side.

Now Many-dogs did not understand what the brook was doing. He thought the brook was a merry little god. And when, farther up, Stony Brook was joined by other mountain streams, it seemed to the man that the gods were leaping like goats from rock to rock.

Soon he came to a place where the trail forked. Here Many-dogs halted. One branch led through a dark ravine; the other led up to a narrow path along the edge of a cliff. The way through the ravine was dark, so Many-dogs chose the narrow path along the edge of a steep cliff.

This way was rough and narrow. It was the path of the wild goats. Once Many-dogs slipped, and he would have fallen had he not caught hold of the branch of a fir tree that grew near the path.

Many-dogs thanked the fir tree for helping him, and he prayed thus to the mountain: "Keep my feet from slipping. Let me not fall. Lead me to the pasture of the big jumper."

The trail now rose by steep zigzags. At one of the points Many-dogs saw wild sheep on an upland plateau. Seizer saw them and wanted to hunt them, but Many-dogs called him back.

"No, no, Seizer," said Many-dogs. "Come here, my good dog." Then he patted Seizer's head and said, "Don't chase the bunters. We are after a mother jumper."

Seizer seemed to understand him. So man and dog went on.

They had not gone far when once again they came to a place where the trail forked. To the right the trail led to a plateau where the wild sheep were feeding. To the left the

trail was rough and narrow. It led to the high rocky pasture of the wild goats.

Up, up, Many-dogs climbed the trail of the wild goats. Sometimes Seizer was a few steps ahead, and sometimes he followed his master. In this way they passed the forest line and reached the pasture of the wild goats.

"Hist! Seizer!" said Many-dogs. "Come here behind this rock."

Many-dogs peeked out from behind the rock to look for the wild goats. "There they are," said he to himself when he caught sight of two sentinels and several goats with their kids. But nowhere could he see any trace of the goat he was looking for.

A few moments later the leader of the flock came in sight. Then other goats with their kids appeared. Off to one side he now caught a glimpse of a lone mother goat.

"She's Little-jumper's mother," said Many-dogs. "Be quiet, Seizer, be quiet."

The man then patted the dog on the head and called him a good dog. "Listen, Seizer," said Many-dogs. "I want you to help me catch that jumper."

Seizer was eager to start, but his master held him back. Again he patted the dog and said, "Seize her, my dog! Seize her!"

Quick as an arrow springs from a bow, Seizer sprang toward the goat. Many-dogs followed at full speed, while the sentinels, seeing the danger, gave signals and the flock jumped for the rocks.

There was a mad chase that day over the rocky pasture. At first the goats outran man and dog, but soon they became



*He picked his way down the rough trail*

tired. While they were resting, Many-dogs and Seizer came close upon them.

"Seize her! Seize her!" cried Many-dogs.

Seizer sprang upon the goat. He held her fast until Many-dogs reached the spot. Even then he stood guard while his master bound her feet.

"Don't be afraid," said Many-dogs to the goat when he bound her forefeet together. "I'm not going to hurt you."

Now the wild goat did not understand what Many-dogs said to her. She was not used to a man's talk. It is not strange that she tried to kick. It is not strange that she tried to jump. But, try as she would, the poor goat could neither kick nor jump. Her feet were bound fast. She was helpless.

Many-dogs now stooped down and lifted the goat upon his back. Then he picked his way down the rough trail, followed by his faithful dog.

### THINGS TO DO

*If you know a goat, tell a story about it. Find pictures of goats. See if you can find a picture of a mountain pasture of wild goats.*

*Model in the sand box the mountain Many-dogs climbed. Show the trails, the ravine, the cliffs, the forest belt, upland pastures, the snow-capped peaks, the mountain streams and brooks.*

*Model a goat in clay.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"It tumbled over its stony bed."*

*"Up, up, Many-dogs climbed."*

*"He picked his way down the rough trail, followed by his faithful dog."*

## IX

## THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

How do you think the wild goat acted when it was taken to the camp? Do you think the people will be able to tame her? Why, or why not?

If she is tamed, who will be likely to tame her?

Have you ever heard an echo? Can you think what makes the echo? Why did people use to think that the echo was a goddess calling?

Do you think people have any right to tease animals?

*How the People Treated the Mother Goat*

"Little-jumper must be fed," said Tether-peg as Many-dogs started up the mountain trail. "The gods have spoken through the song of a bird. They will lend us their aid."

The wise woman then prayed to the great god Sky. "Show Many-dogs the way," she said. "Keep his feet in the right path. Let him not slip. Show him the pasture of the jumpers."

Now and again throughout the day the children asked many questions. They asked how people of their clan got the names they were called.

"I want a good name," said Little-bear. "I want to be like Many-dogs."

"Times change," said the wise woman. "The best name for our day may not be the best for yours."

Little-bear seemed puzzled.

"Each day has its work," said the wise woman. "Some day a work will be yours which will give you a new name."

Little-bear smiled.

"Now run and play," said Tether-peg. "See who can jump the farthest."

When the sun was in the western sky, Tether-peg looked up to the mountains. At first she saw no sign of Many-dogs. But soon she caught sight of some one moving on the trail that skirted a cliff.

"He is coming," said Tether-peg to herself. "I will go to meet him."

When she came within calling distance, Tether-peg called, "Is all well?"

"All is well," answered Many-dogs.

Echo answered, "All well! well!"

Tether-peg listened. Two voices came from the mountain. One was the voice of Many-dogs. The other was like her own.

"It's Echo," thought Tether-peg. "She is always calling. I wish I might find her."

Many-dogs now appeared on the trail beside Stony Brook. "See!" he cried. "I've brought Little-jumper's mother." Then he told Tether-peg how Seizer helped him catch her.

Seizer heard his name spoken and wagged his tail. The wise woman praised the dog and patted him on the head.

Women and children now saw them coming and ran out to meet them. They followed close to Many-dogs until he put down his load.

"Tether her now," said Many-dogs. "Then I'll untie the thongs on her feet."

When the wise woman had tethered the goat, Many-dogs unbound her feet. First he unbound her forefeet and then he unbound her hind feet.

"Get out of her way," said Many-dogs as he stepped aside with the thongs.

The goat jumped up and started to run. The people began to laugh. For when the goat came to the end of her tether, she was standing on her head.

Before they stopped laughing the goat was running in the opposite direction. Again she came to the end of her tether. Again she stood on her head.

Again the people laughed, but the goat thought it was no laughing matter. She looked at the thong. She pulled and pulled. She tried her best to break her tether.

Many-dogs now stepped up to the goat. He reached out his hand and spoke to the frightened creature. She rose up on her hind legs. She tried to spring upon him.

Many-dogs spoke kindly to the goat, but he kept out of her reach. She reared, she jumped, she threatened him, she struck at him with her horns.

At last the poor creature was tired out. She lay down on the ground at the foot of a tree.

While she was resting,

the kid awoke from its nap and bleated for its mother.



*She tried to break her tether*

At once the goat was on her feet looking for her kid. She bleated and the kid answered. Then Tether-peg gave the kid a long tether and let it run to its mother.

The goat bleated for very joy when she caught sight of her kid. She forgot the troubles of the day. She forgot everything but the kid.

"Don't go near her," said Tether-peg to the children as they pressed up to the goat and kid. "Jumper is wild. Keep away for a while."

When the men came from making a pitfall, they saw the wild goat. They teased the poor creature. They laughed at her when she reared and jumped and stood on her head.

From the time the men came in, the goat had no peace. Not until the evening meal did the men stop teasing her. Then Tether-peg said to the people, "This mother jumper is our friend. She has been brought to our camp through the will of the gods. Let no one tease the poor creature. Let no one do her any harm."

#### THINGS TO DO

*Find a place where you can call and hear an echo.*

*Model a goat and kid in bas-relief.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"First he unbound her forefeet."*

*"She tried to break her tether."*

## X

#### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Have you ever heard it said that if you eat the flesh of an eagle you will be wise? Do you think it is true? Have you heard it said that if you eat the heart of a bear you will be brave? Do you think it is true?

*Why the People Prized the Flesh  
of an Eagle*

Many-dogs had many misgivings about killing the eagle. To be sure, by so doing he saved the kid. But the eagle was Sky's messenger, and he feared the wrath of Sky.

He skinned the big bird, taking great pains to keep the feathers in shape. He wanted to make an eagle headdress and he wanted to plume some of his arrows with the long tail feathers

When the eagle was skinned, he handed the carcass to Tether-peg, saying, "Eat this and be wise."

"Truly, I shall eat of this flesh," said the wise woman. "My children, too, shall eat of it. They, too, shall be wise."

Now Spin-a-thread heard what Tether-peg said, and she thought of Birdikin. She thought the child would become wise if she ate the flesh of the eagle.



*Many-dogs had many misgivings about killing the eagle*

So Spin-a-thread went to Many-dogs and said, "Eagle's flesh is not for Little-bear. The boy should eat the heart of a bear."

"You are right," said Many-dogs. "We shall need brave men. Let him eat the heart of a bear."

"Let Little-bear choose for himself," said Tether-peg when Many-dogs told her what Spin-a-thread said.

"Let Birdikin choose," said Spin-a-thread.

"She may," said Tether-peg. "Call Birdikin and call Little-bear and Day's-eye."

The children came running when they were called, and Spin-a-thread placed them in a row in front of Tether-peg.

Looking down at the little people, Tether-peg asked, "Will you eat the flesh of the eagle and be wise or the heart of a bear and be brave and strong?"

"I will eat the flesh of the eagle," said Day's-eye.

"What is your choice, Birdikin?" asked Tether-peg.

"I choose the flesh of the eagle," said the child.

All this time Little-bear was silent. Now Tether-peg said, "Little-bear, what is your choice?"

"I choose the heart of a bear," said Little-bear.

"Good!" cried Many-dogs. "You shall have the heart of the first bear that is killed, my boy."

"Eat of this flesh and be wise," said Tether-peg as she gave Day's-eye and Birdikin pieces of the eagle's flesh. "Be like the eagle in wisdom. Be like Sky's messenger."

"Shall I have a new name?" asked Day's-eye when she had tasted the flesh.

"You have a good name," answered Tether-peg.

"Who gave it to me?" asked the child.

"I gave you the name," replied Tether-peg. "I gave you the name of the bright little flower that turns its face to the light."

"I'll try to be like the flower," said Day's-eye. "I will turn my face to the light."

"Shall I have a new name?" asked Birdikin.

"Yes," replied Tether-peg. "Birdikin is a good name for a child, but it is not the name of a woman."

"I'm going to earn a new name," said Little-bear.

"You will, Little-bear," said Tether-peg. "Do your best every day. Mark each moon with a good deed."

#### THINGS TO DO

*Tell what it means to look on the bright side.*

*What does it mean to turn your face to the light?*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate this line:*

*"Eat this and be wise."*

## XI

#### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Why is the eagle called a bird of prey? Can you think why men used to like to have headdresses made of the skins of birds?

Have you ever read the story called "Chicken Little"? If so, what was Chicken Little afraid would happen to the sky?

What do you think the sky is?

### *Why the People Were Frightened at the Screaming of a Raven*

"What is Many-dogs doing?" asked Big-crow when he finished putting a new haft on his polished stone axe.

"He's working on his eagle head dress," replied Gray-wolf. "Let's go and see how it looks."

A group of men went to the spot where Many-dogs was working.

"Those are beautiful feathers," said Big-crow.

"Look at that beak," said Gray-wolf, whose eyes rested upon the head of the eagle. "It's a powerful weapon."

"It's sharp, too," said Big-crow as he touched the tip of the beak with his finger tips.

"The beak is a powerful weapon," said Many-dogs.

"But look at those claws."

"They are like the horns of a young bull," said Gray-wolf.

"They are not so large," said Big-crow.

"That is true," replied Gray-wolf. "But a bull has only two horns, while the eagle has four sharp claws on each foot."

"Feel the sharp points," said Many-dogs as he passed his fingers over the tips of the eagle's talons.

"They can pierce and rend," said Gray-wolf.

"Yes," replied Many-dogs. "And when the eagle swoops down from the sky, his claws deal a powerful blow."



*Making a stone axe*

"Did he strike the kid?" asked Do-little.

"Oh, no," replied Many-dogs. "A blow from those claws would have killed the kid."

"When did you first see the eagle?" inquired Big-crow.



*A polished stone axe*

"I heard him before I saw him," replied Many-dogs. "I heard him scream just as he began to descend."

"I did n't hear him," said Big-crow. "But I heard the signals of the sentinels."

"I saw the goats jump for the rocks," said Do-little. "But I did n't know what was the matter."

"The eagle is a swift bird," said Many-dogs. "He swooped down so fast I had to be quick. I sent my arrow just in time."

"Those are powerful wings," said Big-crow as he looked at the long, pointed wings Many-dogs had spread out.

"The eagle is strong of wing," said Many-dogs. "He can soar over the highest mountains way up to Sky."

"He's a fearless bird," said Big-crow.

"He's a mighty bird," added Many-dogs. "No wonder Sky chose the eagle as his messenger."

"Do you remember the eagle we saw last summer?" asked Big-crow. "Do you remember how he circled and circled, always higher and higher?"

"I remember," said Gray-wolf. "We watched him circle round and round until he was out of sight."

"That's a fine headdress," said Big-crow, looking at the feathers Many-dogs was using to make the eagle headdress. "I'll have one some day. I'm going to kill an eagle and have his feathers for a headdress."

"Don't do it," said Many-dogs. "Sky will be angry if we kill another eagle. Sometimes I wish I had not seen the eagle. I don't like to kill Sky's bird."

"That tail feather would send an arrow to its mark," said Big-crow, who appeared not to have heard what Many-dogs said.

For a moment Many-dogs forgot his misgivings. "Let's plume our arrows," he said. With these words he gave each of his brothers a long tail feather.

The men plumed their arrows. They used them in hunting, and the men said that they brought them good luck, for they carried home plenty of game. So they all joined in a great hunting dance at which Many-dogs wore his new headdress.

All went well for a little while. Everybody admired the eagle headdress. Everybody was happy and gay. Then, suddenly, a raven came flying and screaming right over their heads.

At the weird sound the people cried out, "The sky is falling! The sky is falling! Darkness covers the earth!"

Then all but Tether-peg crouched and covered upon the ground at the foot of the oak trees. And every few moments they cried out, "The sky is falling! The sky is falling! Darkness covers the earth!"



*A raven came flying and screaming right over their heads*

**THINGS TO DO**

*Find pictures of an eagle and notice its talons, its beak, its wings, and its tail feathers.*

*How does the eagle get its food? Name other birds of prey.*

*Model an eagle in clay.*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"A raven came flying and screaming right over their heads."*

*"'I don't like to kill Sky's bird.'"*

**XII**

**THINGS TO THINK ABOUT**

Have you ever been afraid and then found there was nothing to fear? Who is more likely to be quickly frightened, the ignorant person or the intelligent person? If we knew enough, should we ever be afraid?

Have you ever heard the story of Chanticleer, who thought that he caused the sun to rise each morning by his crowing?

Have you ever heard of people who thought the sun would not rise unless they got up early and lighted fires to help it? In olden times many people thought this. Do you think their fires made any difference with the rising of the sun?

*Why the People Feared the  
Sky Would Fall*

When the raven came flying and screaming over the camp, Tether-peg did not cry out. She did not crouch and cower under the trees. She peered into the darkness. She listened to every sound.

"Draw near to the sacred fire," said Tether-peg. "Let us seek its protection."

First one and then another lifted up his head. When they arose, they stepped cautiously. They listened to every sound.

"Let us make an offering," said Tether-peg.

The people drew near and bowed their heads.

Tether-peg then held an oak branch in her hand and prayed thus to the fire: "O sacred fire! Accept this gift. Blaze up! Send up your smoke! Touch the heavens with your bright flames!"

The wise woman then placed a branch on the fire. It flamed up and sent up smoke. Its flames sent forth a cheerful light and comforted the people.

"Gather dry branches," said Tether-peg. "Bring them to the sacred fire."

Men and women brought dry branches of the oak. They piled them on the sacred fire. The flames rose higher and higher until they lighted up the foothills.

A sense of relief now came over the people. They dared once again look up to the sky.

"Sky is pleased!" cried Many-dogs. "See, he is lighting up his tent!"

Glad faces turned to the moon as it came out from behind dark clouds. Glad faces welcomed the stars as they came out one by one.

"Sky is lighting up the night," said Tether-peg. "He is lighting up the night with the moon and stars."

For some time the people stood in silence watching the moon and stars. Then Many-dogs turned to Tether-peg and asked, "How did the raven know I had killed Sky's bird?"



*First one and then another lifted up his head. When they arose, they stepped cautiously. They listened to every sound*

"The raven is a wise bird," said Tether-peg. "The raven knows the things that are past and the things that are to come."

"Did the raven say Sky was angry?" asked Many-dogs.

"The raven came to warn us," said Tether-peg.

"I'm not going to try to kill an eagle," said Big-crow. "I'm not going to offend Sky."

"Let's not kill any more eagles," said Many-dogs. "They belong to Sky."

"If an eagle swoops down for a kid, you will kill him, won't you?" asked Drag-a-load.

Many-dogs shook his head.

"Sky's bird must have food," said Tether-peg. "Let him take what he will."

And the people repeated, "Sky's bird must have food. Let him take what he will."

Some of the people now lay down to sleep under the oak trees. Others stayed by the sacred fire.

The night seemed long to those who watched. It seemed so long that some of them feared the sun would never rise again. Some of them feared that never again would they see a new day.

"Will Dawn ever bring us a new day?" asked Gray-wolf.

"Let us hope so," replied Tether-peg. "Let us kindle anew the sacred fire. Let us chase Darkness from the camp. Then Dawn will be able to chase away Darkness and bring another day."

So the wise woman took her fire sticks and kindled anew the sacred fire. The people piled branches of oak upon it until it burned with a bright light.

"We have chased Darkness away from the camp," said the wise woman. "Now Dawn will chase Darkness away and light up a new day."

A gleam of light soon appeared on a snow-capped peak. "Dawn is coming!" cried Spin-a-thread.

"The gods be praised!" cried Tether-peg, and the people bowed their heads.

First one peak and then another caught the bright glow of dawn.

"See!" cried Spin-a-thread. "Dawn drives Darkness away from the mountains before she comes down to the foothills."

"Dawn loves the mountains," said Tether-peg. "They hold up Sky's tent."

"Where did Sky get the big skin for his tent?" asked Gray-wolf.

"No man knows," replied Tether-peg.

"It's a big tent," said Drag-a-load. "Sky's tent covers us all."

"It covers the trees," said Spin-a-thread. "It covers the birds."

"It covers the grass," said Many-dogs. "It covers the flocks and herds."

"Yes," added Tether-peg, "Sky's tent covers all. It covers the whole earth."

Dawn soon came down the mountains and chased Darkness away from the foothills. Then she ran down into the valleys and drove Darkness away.

When the sun appeared in the eastern sky the people burst into song. Sky's tent was still overhead. It was spread out over all.

## THINGS TO DO

*How does nature light up the night?*

*Watch the moon sometime when it comes out from a dark cloud, and draw the picture.*

*Watch the sun rise some morning. Look for the dawn. Can you see why people called the dawn a beautiful girl?*

*See if you can explain why the sun rises. Tell why dawn appears before the sun.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"First one and then another lifted up his head."*

*"A gleam of light soon appeared on a snow-capped peak."*

## XIII

## THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

How do you think the people spent the summer? What do you think they did with the goat and the kid?

Much of the land in olden times was covered with dense, dark forests of oak. As the forests became larger and larger, what happened to the grassland?

What do grass-eating animals eat besides grass?

How many calves does a cow have each year? How many lambs does a ewe have? How many kids does a goat have? How many whelps does a she-wolf have each year? How many cubs does a bear have?

*Why the Herds Became Smaller  
and Smaller*

Summer passed as summers had passed before. The men hunted wild animals and the women gathered plant foods.

Sometimes the clans of the Eagle tribe met, but most of the time each of the clans stayed on its own hunting ground.

The kid Many-dogs saved grew fast and soon became friendly. And the mother goat became more friendly when the men stopped teasing her.

The women always were kind to the goat. When she cropped all the grass within her reach, they tethered her in a new place. And every day the children fed her roots and green stems from their hands.



*The goat jumped and began to fight*

Day after day Tether-peg thought about trying to milk the goat. She remembered tasting the milk of a goat when she was only a child. So one day when the kid had had all it wanted, Tether-peg petted the goat for a while and then she tried to milk her.

The goat jumped and began to fight, so Tether-peg gave her a nice turnip and went away for a while. Then again she tried, and again and again, until at last she could milk her. But Tether-peg never tried to milk the goat until the kid had been suckled.

Every time Tether-peg milked the goat she gave the milk to the children. "I like goats' milk," said Birdikin when she tasted it.

"So do I," said Day's-eye.

As the days passed, each child had a taste of goats' milk. And every child said goats' milk was good. So the women kept the goat well fed and she gave more milk. But not until the end of summer did they take the kid's share.

During the summer the men sometimes complained of the scarcity of game. Dense forests covered much of the land that was once covered with grass. Lofty oaks spread their wide branches, shading the ground from the sun. Each year there was less open land. Each year the feeding grounds were smaller than the year before.

Of course many grass-eating animals eat leaves and the young shoots of trees. Some of them nibble the bark of trees, but nothing pleases them so well as tender green grass.

"The herds are not what they used to be," said Many-dogs one day to the men when they talked about the scarcity of game.

"They are smaller this year than last," said Big-crow.

"There are kids and lambs on the mountains," said Eat-well. "Let's hunt them."

"Don't touch the kids," said Tether-peg. "Don't touch the lambs."

"The wolves take them," added Do-little. "We had better eat the kids and lambs than let the wolves have them."

"The bears take them," said Eat-well.

"We do not kill kids and lambs," said Many-dogs. "And we do not kill their mothers. In the memory of man, none of our people have hunted mother animals and their young."

"Our forefathers hunted cows," said Eat-well.

"They lived in the days of large herds," replied Many-dogs. "No one dreamed in those days the herds would fall off as they have."

"We must have meat," growled Eat-well.

"Go hunt the wild bull," said Big-crow.

At this everybody laughed. Everybody knew that Eat-well was afraid to hunt the wild bull.

"Go hunt the wild bull," repeated Many-dogs. "Eat his heart. It may give you courage."

Again the people laughed.

When they became quiet once more, Big-crow said, "I don't understand why the herds are so small. Many calves and colts are born every summer."

"Not enough to take the places of those that are killed," said Many-dogs.

Now Many-dogs had never studied arithmetic. There was nothing that people called arithmetic then. But Many-dogs was learning what it means to subtract day after day.

He was learning that the addition of the young to the herds was less than the subtractions made by the hunters and the beasts of prey.

"We don't take many cattle from the herd," said Do-little.

"Not at one time," replied Many-dogs. "But we keep on taking day after day."

"So do the wolves and bears," added Gray-wolf.

"Ah, there you have it!" cried Many-dogs. "The wolves and bears are the robbers. They take our food away."

"That is what I said," growled Eat-well.

"Oh, no," replied Big-crow. "You wanted to take the kids and lambs. You wanted to be like the wolves."

"Don't touch the mother animals and their young," said Tether-peg. "Do not destroy the herds."

"Let's hunt the wolves," said Many-dogs. "Let's climb the mountains and trap the grizzly bears."

"Go," said Tether-peg. "Go hunt the wolves! Go hunt the bears! Trap the enemies of the herds."

### THINGS TO DO

*If there is any wild land near you, notice where the trees are the largest. Notice where they are smallest. How do you account for this?*

*Why did the people feel more friendly toward the grass-eating animals than toward the wolves and bears?*

*Model a bear in clay.*

*Draw a picture of a pack of wolves.*

*Model in bas-relief a goat and her kid.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"'Go hunt the wild bull,' said Big-crow."*

*"Tether-peg petted the goat."*

## XIV

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

What kind of a coat does a sheep have? What do you have that is made of wool?

Does the sheep keep its coat all the year? What happens to the wild sheep's coat early every summer? What happens to the tame sheep's coat every summer?

Why does winter come every year? Do you think people always knew why the seasons changed? Do you think they would try to explain the change of seasons?

### *Why the People Moved Down the River Valley*

All summer the people stayed near the foothills. Sometimes they climbed to the mountain pastures of the wild sheep and goats. There the men hunted rams of the flock while the women gathered taglocks of wool from the bushes where the sheep fed. They twisted and pulled these taglocks and made long threads.

Sometimes the people camped just below the foothills near the highland pastures of the wild cattle. There they made pitfalls for bulls and trapped wolves and bears. Game was scarce, yet they did not lack food. The days were bright, and all summer the people were happy and gay.

As the days became shorter and shorter a change came over the earth. The trees put on their most beautiful garments of yellow and purple and red and gold. The mountains and foothills were all ablaze with purple and golden blossoms. For a short time the earth seemed like a beautiful fairyland.

Then one night the frost nipped the tender plants. It robbed the flowers of their colors. The leaves soon became sere. Many of the trees let go of their leaves, and they fell fluttering to the ground.

Meanwhile the birds were flocking. Many soon started toward the south. The herds, too, were now headed toward the winter pastures.

Seeing these things, the people were sad. They did not know what they meant. They did not know why the seasons changed. When the plants withered and the leaves became sere, they feared the earth would never again be clothed in green.

"The plants have withered," said Root-digger. "I fear we never again shall see fresh green stems and tender shoots."

"I'm afraid you are right," said Spin-a-thread. "Just look

at the trees! They have put off their beautiful garments; they are dressed in tatters and rags."

"Most of the birds have gone," said Drag-a-load. "I fear they will never return."

"The herds are going," said Gray-wolf. "They are headed down the valley."



*The women gathered taglocks of wool from the bushes*

"They know that Winter is near," said Many-dogs.

"Why does Summer leave us?" asked Spin-a-thread.

"She would like to stay," replied Tether-peg, "but cruel Winter is very near. He is driving Summer away."

"Can't we help her?" asked Drag-a-load. "Can't we do something to keep Summer with us?"

"We can," replied the wise woman. "We can use charms; we can sing Summer's praise; we can ask Sky to keep her in the land."

For a few days the people did their best to keep Summer in the land. They sang magical songs in praise of Summer; they made many offerings to Sky. But in spite of their charms and magical arts, Summer drew farther and farther away.

The very next day the leaders of the clans were called to a tribal meeting. The following day all the clans made ready to move down the valley.

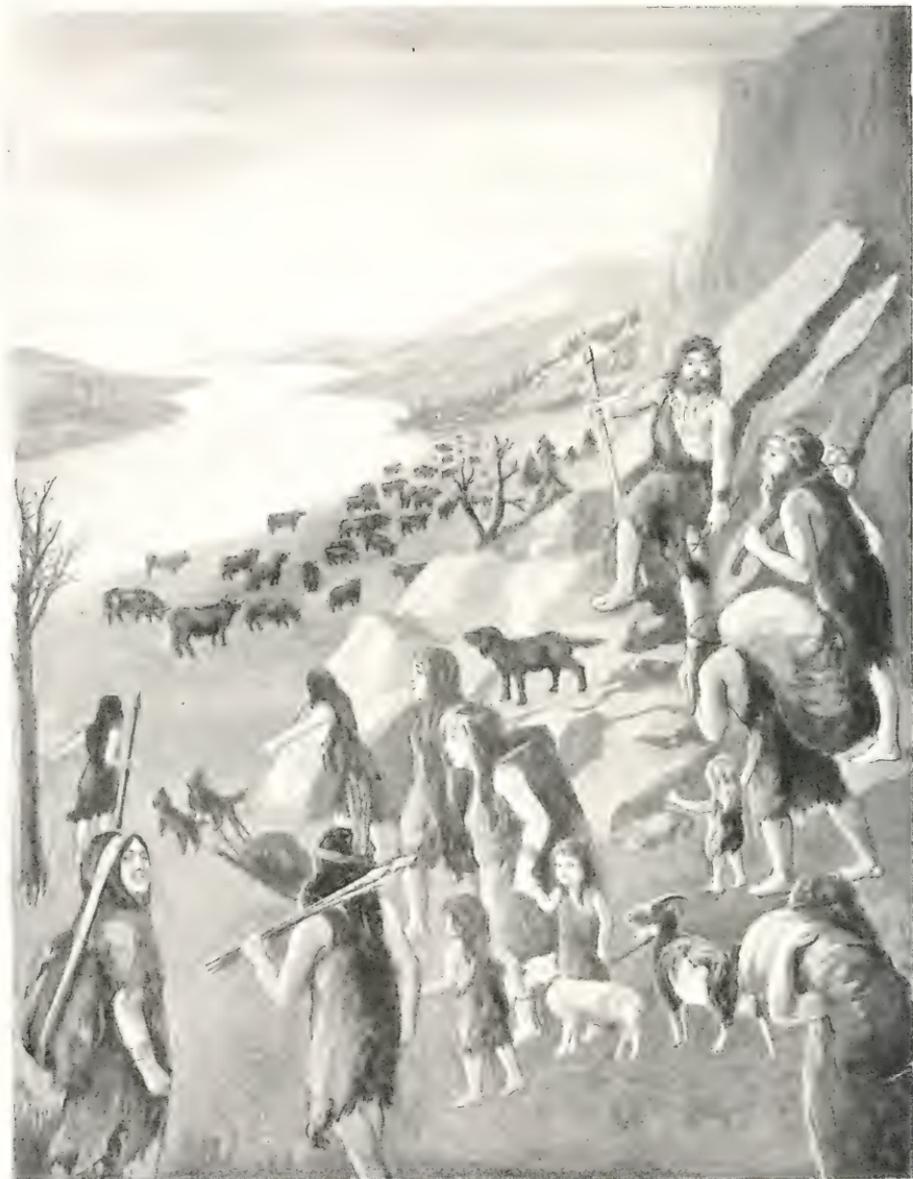
The clans moved without haste. They followed the steps of the slow-moving cattle as they fed on their way down the valley. They had time to hunt small game all along the way.

For several days the herds moved on. Then they halted on a feeding ground close to a dense forest.

"They will stay in this place," said Many-dogs when the cattle came to a halt. "They can graze on this feeding ground and find shelter in the woodlands."

"There is a good place for a camp," said Spin-a-thread, pointing to the wooded hills on the sunny bank of the river.

"Let this be our home," said Tether-peg. "The river will give us clear water and the woodlands will shelter us from the cold winds."



*They followed the steps of the slow-moving cattle as they fed on their way down the valley*

**THINGS TO DO**

*If you can get a taglock of wool, see if you can make it into a thread. Tell how Spin-a-thread got her name.*

*Notice plants after a frost and tell what changes have taken place.*

*Notice whether birds flock together toward the close of summer. Make a list of summer birds that go away at the coming of winter. Make a list of the birds that stay all winter.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*“The women gathered taglocks of wool from the bushes where the sheep fed.”*

*“They are dressed in tatters and rags.”*

*“They followed the steps of the slow-moving cattle.”*

**XV****THINGS TO THINK ABOUT**

What do you think the people will do to prepare for their winter home?

Have you ever seen a woodpecker? What was he doing? Have you ever heard of a green woodpecker? How do you think the woodpecker got its name? Do you know any of its nicknames?

If the people should find a wounded cow, what do you think they would do with her?

*What the Women Found in the Woodlands*

“Shall we dig our pits now?” asked Root-digger when they had laid down their packs on the spot chosen for a camp.

“Let us first make friends with the gods of the place,” replied Tether-peg.

When this was done, Spin-a-thread said, “Our tents will shelter us for a few days. Let us look for acorns and nuts.”

So the women put up their tents on the places marked out by Spin-a-thread. Then they took their baskets and went to the woodlands in search of acorns and nuts and roots.

"There are not many acorns this year," said Root-digger when they had searched a little while.

"Let us gather all we find," replied Spin-a-thread. "Winter will soon be here."

When they looked for hazel-nuts they were disappointed. The crop was light, and the squirrels were busy laying in their winter stores.

"We must gather nuts now if we are to get our share," said Drag-a-load when she saw what the squirrels were doing.

"Do you remember the hazel-nuts we found last year?" asked Root-digger when the women complained of the scarcity of nuts.

"The bushes were loaded," replied Spin-a-thread. "The branches drooped almost to the ground."

"The branches don't droop this year," said Root-digger. "I'm afraid the trees and bushes will never bear nuts again."

Thus the women talked as they roamed through the woodlands. But the children playing among the trees were as merry as the woodpeckers and squirrels. They watched the green woodpeckers hunt for insects. They watched them pick holes in the trees with their hard bills.

"You're a woodpecker," called out Little-bear to Pick-a-tree.



*A green woodpecker*

"I know it," replied Pick-a-tree. "Sometimes mother calls me her little green woodpecker. See! I'm a woodpecker now," and the boy made believe he was picking a hole in a tree as the woodpeckers do.

"Guess what I am," said Little-bear.

Before Pick-a-tree could answer, a wild creature bounded past and dashed through the underbrush.

"It's a calf!" shouted Little-bear. "Let's catch it."

The boys were off with a bound.

"Come back! Come back!" called Spin-a-thread.

The boys were sorry to give up the chase, but they came back when called. When they came near where their mothers were, they saw them standing around some big animal which was lying on the ground.

"What is it?" asked Little-bear when he came near.

"A cow," replied Spin-a-thread.

"A cow!" cried Little-bear. "Why doesn't she run?"

"She can't run," replied Spin-a-thread. "She can't even hobble."

Then Spin-a-thread told the children how they found the cow in the bushes with her calf.

"That's the calf we saw," said Little-bear. "We wanted to catch it."

"It's a sucking calf," said Spin-a-thread. "It will come back to its mother."

By this time the women had tethered the cow to a young tree. "She's thirsty," said Tether-peg. "Fetch some water for her."

Drag-a-load ran to the river for some water and soon returned and gave it to the cow.



*"It's a calf!" shouted Little-bear*

"Take this turnip, cow," said Root-digger.

The hungry creature ate the turnip, and again she looked her thanks.

"Don't tell Eat-well she is here," said Day's-eye.

"Don't tell Do-little," said Little-bear

"Say nothing of this to any of the men at present," said

"See how she drinks!" said Drag-a-load. "She has had no water for days."

When the cow drank the water she turned her big eyes to Drag-a-load as if to ask for more. So Drag-a-load brought her more water, and the cow drank every drop.

"She wants to thank me," said Drag-a-load when the dumb creature looked up with her big wistful eyes.

"Be kind to the cow," said Tether-peg. "Then she will be kind to you."

Tether-peg. "The Mother of the woodlands has put her in our keeping. We must take care of her."

### THINGS TO DO

*If there are acorns on the oaks near you, taste them and see if they are good to eat. What kind of an oak has the best acorns? If you have ever gathered nuts of any kind, tell a story about it.*

*Model in clay a woodpecker pecking at a tree. Model a squirrel carrying a nut.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"A wild creature bounded past."*

*"'She wants to thank me,' said Drag-a-load."*

## XVI

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you think the women will be able to keep the cow? Why, or why not?

Do you think the dogs will feel friendly toward the cow and calf? Why, or why not?

### *How Tether-peg Learned to Milk the Cow*

Nothing was said about the cow when the men came back to the camp. They were talking about a herd of wild horses that had come to the feeding grounds.

Nobody noticed when Tether-peg stooped and whispered to Seizer and Howler. Nobody noticed when she left the camp with the two dogs at her heels.

"Stop!" cried Tether-peg to the dogs when they came near the spot where the cow was tethered. Then she crept

up very softly. The calf was with the cow. It was sleeping quietly beside its mother.

Now Tether-peg wanted to keep the calf. So she tied one end of a thong to a tree. Then quick as a flash she tied the other end around the calf's neck.



*The calf sprang upon its feet. It tried to get away*

When the calf felt the touch of her hand, it awoke and sprang upon its feet. It tried to get away. It began to bawl, and the cow threatened Tether-peg with her horns.

Tether-peg withdrew a few steps, and the calf went close to its mother. Both soon became quiet, so Tether-peg went back and spoke to the dogs.

"I have work for you, Seizer," she said. "I have work for you, Howler. I want you to keep guard here tonight. Don't let anything touch that cow. Don't let anything touch her calf."

The dogs pricked up their ears when they saw the cow and calf. Their hair stood on end. Both dogs were eager to spring upon them.

"No, Howler. No, Seizer," said Tether-peg. "They are our friends. Don't hurt them. Keep off the wolves. Keep off the bears. Stand guard here tonight."

With these words the wise woman left the dogs not far from the cow and calf. There they kept watch all through the night while the cow and calf slept.

"Where is Seizer?" asked Many-dogs next morning. "I don't see him anywhere and I don't see Howler."

"They are helping me," said Tether-peg. "You can have them before very long if you will let me have Bushy-tail."

Many-dogs thought nothing more about the dogs, for the women often needed their help. He called the pack, and men and dogs were soon away to the woodlands.

Now Tether-peg called Bushy-tail and went to the place where the cow was tethered.

Seizer and Howler wagged their tails when they saw Tether-peg coming. She praised them for keeping watch



*"Keep guard here today," said Tether-peg*

all night. She patted each dog on the head. "Good dogs," said the wise woman. "Now go and hunt for yourselves."

The dogs were off with a bound, but Bushy-tail pricked up her ears. Her hair stood on end. So Tether-peg talked to Bushy-tail just as she had talked to Seizer and Howler.

"Lie down here," said the wise woman, pointing to a spot not far from the cow's head.

Bushy-tail looked puzzled, for she was not used to lying down near a cow. But her mistress had spoken, and Bushy-tail knew it was best to obey.

"Keep guard here today," said Tether-peg.

This time Bushy-tail understood what her mistress asked her to do. But the calf awoke and was greatly frightened,

and the cow began to bawl. So Tether-peg brought her some fresh water and a few nice carrots.

The cow drank the water and ate the carrots. While she was eating, Tether-peg sat down and began to sing in a low, sweet tone.

The cow looked up and listened.

Very likely this was the first time a cow had heard such a sweet song. Be that as it may, this wounded cow liked Tether-peg's singing. So the wise woman kept on singing until the calf as well as the cow seemed to be comforted.

Tether-peg soon went back to the place where her sisters were gathering acorns. "Don't go near the cow today," she said to them. "I will take care of her."

No one but Tether-peg went near the cow that day. It was the same the next day and the day after that.

Each day the wise woman watered the cow and gave her fresh grass and turnips. Each day Tether-peg sang to her until she no longer was frightened.

Several times each day the cow suckled her calf, and Tether-peg watched the calf. "He can eat grass," thought she. "He does n't need his mother's milk."

Another day when the calf had been suckled, Tether-peg thought, "Cow's milk must be good. I wish the children could have some. The calf has had enough for today. I wonder if the cow will let me milk her."

First she gave the cow a nice carrot and patted her head and stroked her neck. Then she sang very softly while she tried to milk her.

At first the cow would not give down her milk. But Tether-peg was not discouraged. She kept on singing and

she kept on trying until at last she got a few drops of milk.

One day Tether-peg was able to get a big bowl of milk from the cow. When she took it to her tent, she said to herself, "The time has now come to tell the men."

That evening Tether-peg told the men about the cow and calf.

"The wolves will get her," said Big-crow.

"Not while the dogs keep watch," replied Tether-peg.

"Game is scarce," said Eat-well. "Let's kill her and have meat."

The wise woman shook her head.

"Why not kill her?" asked Big-crow. "She can't run with the herd."

All this time Many-dogs was silent. He felt quite sure Tether-peg had a good reason for wanting to keep the cow. What it was he could not make out. So now he asked, "Why do you want to tether this cow?"

Stepping back to her tent, Tether-peg brought out a bowl of fresh milk. "This is good food," she said.

Even then Many-dogs did not understand. He thought the milk was the milk of the goat. He never dreamed people would ever get milk from a cow.

Spin-a-thread was quicker to get the idea. "Where did you get that milk?" she asked. "The children drank the goat's milk."

"I milked the cow," said Tether-peg.

"Milked the cow!" cried Many-dogs.

"Milked the cow!" cried Big-crow and Gray-wolf.

"Yes," replied Tether-peg. "I milked the cow. I have made friends with her. Let us protect the poor creature.

She will more than repay us for our trouble by giving us her milk."

And so Tether-peg was able to save the life of the wounded cow. When the wounds were healed, the cow could walk. Then she and her calf were brought to the camp.

### THINGS TO DO

*If you have ever milked a cow, tell how you did it.*

*Model a cow and a calf in bas-relief.*

*Act in pantomime part of this story and let the class guess what it is.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"Both dogs were eager to spring."*

*"Go and hunt for yourselves."*

## XVII

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

What animals do you know that store nuts for the winter? How do they do it?

Why should nuts and roots be dried before being stored for winter? Have you ever dried any vegetables or fruit?

What kind of a shelter do you think these people would have in winter?

Can you think how people measured a foot in length before they had foot rules?

Do you know a way of making a perfect circle?

### *How the Women Prepared for Winter*

"There's a nice patch of turnips on the next hill," said Root-digger. "Don't you want to get some?"

"Yes," said Drag-a-load. "Let's pull all we find. Let's bring them to the camp and store them."

The women went to the turnip patch and soon came back with their arms full of turnips.



*The acorns and nuts are safe from the rain and snow*

“It’s cold,” said Drag-a-load as she threw down her load and warmed her hands by the fire.

“I was cold last night,” said Root-digger. “I shall be glad when we can sleep in pits.”

While the women were talking, Tether-peg came from tending the cow and calf. She stopped a moment where the hazelnuts were drying and stooped down to stir them.

“They are nearly dry,” said Root-digger.

“They are dry,” said Tether-peg.

“Let’s store them now,” said Spin-a-thread. “Then we can dig our pits.”

“Fetch my big basket, Pick-a-tree,” said Drag-a-load.

Pick-a-tree brought a big basket to his mother, and Little-bear brought one to Tether-peg. All the children helped their mothers scoop up the acorns and nuts.

“Where are you going to put them?” asked Day’s-eye.

“In the trees,” replied Spin-a-thread.

"There is a good place for a basket," said Drag-a-load as she pointed to a forked branch of an oak close to her tent.

"There's a good place," said Little-bear. "It's up there where that branch forks."

"That is a good place," said Tether-peg. "We will put this basket up there."

It was all they could do to lift the big baskets up to where the branches forked. But they managed to do it, and then they made covers for them of interlaced twigs coated with clay.

"Now the acorns and nuts are safe from the rain and snow," said Drag-a-load when the last basket was covered.

While her sisters were covering the baskets, Spin-a-thread marked out the spots for the pits. "This spot is yours, Drag-a-load," she said. "This peg marks the center of the roof hole."

Then she showed each of her sisters the tent peg that marked the center of the roof hole.

"How large shall I make the hole?" asked Root-digger.

"A foot and a half every direction from the peg," replied Spin-a-thread.

Each woman then placed the heel of her foot close up to the peg. In this way each marked out the roof hole of her pit.

"I've found a new way," said Drag-a-load. "Do you want to see how I do it?"

"Yes," said Root-digger.



*Digging sticks*

"That's a good circle," said Spin-a-thread. "How did you make it?"

"This way," said Drag-a-load, putting a rod close to the peg that marked the center. Then she held one end close to the peg while she moved the other until she marked out a circle on the ground.

"I'm going to try it that way," said Root-digger. "Let me take your rod."

Drag-a-load let Root-digger take her rod, and Root-digger marked out a perfect circle. The other women measured rods a foot and a half long. Each then made a perfect circle to mark the place of the roof hole.

"Get your root picks," said Spin-a-thread.

Each woman now found her root pick.

"Now strike!" called Spin-a-thread. "Loosen the earth with your picks."

All the women struck with their picks, marking the time with a simple song.

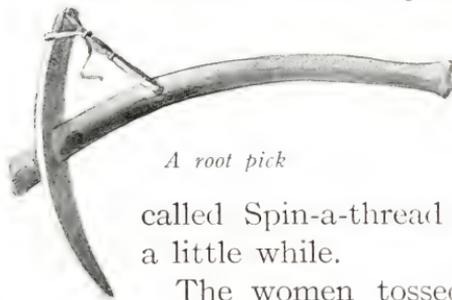
"Toss out the loose earth,"

called Spin-a-thread when they had been working a little while.

The women tossed out the loose earth, which fell, thud after thud.

"I've begun the walls," said Drag-a-load soon after they took their picks again. "I'm going to give them a slant just like the slant of my tent."

Again the sound of the picks was heard. Again the loose earth was tossed out and fell with thud after thud. Before night big piles of loose earth could be seen by each roof hole.



*A root pick*

The next day they went on with the work. When they had been working some time, Spin-a-thread said, "My pit is deep enough. See, I can stand up straight, and my head is just below the roof hole."

"Mine is deep enough," said Root-digger. "But there is n't room to lie down."

Now Tether-peg did not dig her own pit. Her sisters dug it for her. The wise woman had other things to do, and her sisters were glad to help her. Now she came in from a walk through the woodlands and looked down into the pits.

"Take my hand," said Spin-a-thread. "I want to get out and see how each one is working."

Tether-peg took her sister by the hand, and Spin-a-thread climbed out of her pit.

"Come and see me," called Drag-a-load. "See, I can lie down without touching the walls."

"Your pit is large enough," said Spin-a-thread, and every one thought the clan mother was right. For in those days no one ever thought of making a larger pit.

Soon all the women came out of their pits and sat down to rest.

"Is this the door?" asked Day's-eye as she peeked down through a roof hole.

"No, child," replied Spin-a-thread. "That is the roof hole. We will cover it over with wattle and daub."

"How can we get into the pits?" asked Day's-eye.

"Through the door," answered Spin-a-thread.

"Where is the door?" asked Birdikin.

"It is n't made yet," replied Spin-a-thread. "I'll mark out the places for the doors now."

All the children watched while Spin-a-thread marked a place for the door of each pit. All watched while the women tunneled a passage to the bottom of each pit.

The tunnels were not large. They were just large enough for a man to crawl through. No one thought of making them larger in those days.

"We must strengthen the walls of the pits. We must line them with wattle and daub," said Spin-a-thread.

Some of the women now went for hazel branches. Others went to the river bottoms to dig up some clay. They wove a strong framework of branches next the walls and they coated the framework with wet clay.



*A basket granary*

Not until the clay had dried did they move into the pits. Then all were glad to move in, for Winter was close at hand.

### THINGS TO DO

*Measure your own foot and compare it with the length of a foot rule. Do you know any one whose foot is the length of a foot rule?*

*Make a perfect circle by using your pencil for a rod. Find out the meaning of the word "radius." It once meant rod. Tell why.*

*Find a tree that would be a good place to store a basket of nuts. Tell why the walls of the pit had to be strengthened.*

## Why the People Were Frightened One Dark Night 91

*Have you ever heard of a well caving in? What does it mean? Tell why it is not safe for children to dig deep holes in the sand.*

*If you wish to make a pit dwelling, make one of clay and put it in the sand box.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"She stooped down to stir them."*

*"'It's up there where that branch forks.'"*

## XVIII

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Have you ever heard stories about a time when it was always summer? Are there any places where it is warm all the year?

When are people most likely to be afraid, in daylight or in darkness?

### *Why the People Were Frightened One Dark Night*

"Night is coming on fast," said Tether-peg the day after they moved into the pits.

"Yes," replied Spin-a-thread. "Children, run and gather dry branches. Bring them in before it is dark."

"The wind is cold," said Drag-a-load as she stirred the soup in her cooking pot. "Winter will soon be here."

"Winter is close at hand," added Tether-peg.

"I'm not glad to see him," said Root-digger.

"Nobody is glad to see Winter," said Tether-peg. "Nobody loves the dark monster who drives Summer away."

"Can we keep the cow much longer?" asked Drag-a-load.



*Men and dogs could now be seen coming through the dim shadows*

"She is our friend," answered Tether-peg. "We must take care of her."

"Take this," said Root-digger, handing the cow a turnip.

"If it gets cold, we shall need the turnips ourselves," said Drag-a-load. "We can't give them to a cow."

"We can feed her now," said Tether-peg. "And we can hunt for more roots."

"There's a patch of carrots across the river," said Root-digger.

"I found a patch today," added Spin-a-thread. "Let's get them before the snow comes."

"Bring in all the roots you can find," said Tether-peg. "We can give the cow grass and roots as long as she gives us milk."

"We can feed the cow," said Drag-a-load. "But that calf gives us nothing but trouble."

"That is just what I think," said Root-digger.

"The calf picks its own food," said Tether-peg. "We have all of its mother's milk."

"He will freeze when Winter comes," said Drag-a-load. "A calf can't live away from the herd."

Men and dogs could now be seen coming through the dim shadows. A moment later all were gathered by the fires just outside the pits.

"Night has settled down fast," said Big-crow.



*An unfinished cooking pot*

"Yes," said Tether-peg. "Darkness is waxing stronger and stronger. Each day there is less light."

"Has it always been so?" asked Gray-wolf. "Has Winter always come to the earth and driven Summer away?"

"Once upon a time," replied Tether-peg, "Summer stayed upon earth all the year. But for many years a dark monster has come and driven her out of the land."

"Let's help Summer," said Big-crow. "Let's drive the dark monster away."

"We must do that," said Tether-peg. "We must use charms to keep Summer with us. We must use all our magical arts and drive Winter away."

That night there was no moon. The stars did not shine. But the fire blazed cheerily and lighted up the camp. And the people sat around the fire and told riddles and guessed them.

"Who is the dark monster that drives Summer away?" asked Gray-wolf.

"I know who he is," said Spin-a-thread.

Others said they knew.

"Let the children guess it," said Tether-peg.

"It's Darkness," said Day's-eye.

"It's Winter," said Little-bear.

"You are right, Little-bear," said Gray-wolf.

"Both are right," added Tether-peg. "Winter is Darkness. Summer is Light."

"Who is the big wolf that has caught all the stars in the sky?" asked Spin-a-thread.

"I know that big wolf," said Big-crow.

"Let the children guess it," said Tether-peg.

"It's Darkness," said Pick-a-tree.

"It's Night," said Birdikin.

"You are right, Birdikin," said Spin-a-thread. "Night is the big wolf."

"Both are right," said Tether-peg. "Darkness is a big wolf. It swallows the moon and the stars."

"The fire is low," said Spin-a-thread. "Let's pile on fresh branches."

When this was done, the people stood and peered into the dark night.

"I don't like it," said Drag-a-load. "It's the blackest night I have ever seen."

"The dark monster is out tonight," said Many-dogs. "He is out with all his tribe."

"He is here!" cried Spin-a-thread. "He has swallowed the sky! He has swallowed the earth! Nothing is left beyond the light of our camp fire."

The words had scarcely passed her lips when the people were startled at a strange sound. It seemed to come from creatures of the air, but the sound was like that of yelping dogs.

"What can it be?" whispered Big-crow as soon as he dared to speak.

"It's the yelping of dogs," whispered Gray-wolf.

"Dogs!" exclaimed Big-crow. "Dogs can't fly."

As the strange creatures came nearer and nearer, the people turned pale. They gasped for breath. Even the bravest men felt helpless. Even the wise woman feared the dark monster had come to swallow them. For darkness covered earth and sky. It hid everything from sight. All

the people could do was to huddle together and seek refuge in their pits.

### THINGS TO DO

*What is darkness? What happens to it when you turn on the light? Is darkness anything to be afraid of?*

*How is the day lighted? How is the night lighted? What kind of light do you have in your house?*

*Tell why people once thought winter was a dark monster.*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"Men and dogs could now be seen coming through the dim shadows."*

*"The people stood and peered into the dark night."*

## XIX

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Can you guess what it was that frightened the people? Do you think they will find out what it was? If not, do you see how they might tell a strange story about it?

Have you ever seen a small bird riding on the back of a large bird or on the back of a sheep or cow? Do you know of any birds that do this?

Have you heard a story of little birds riding on the backs of big cranes as they flew away? Do you think the story is true?

Why did people once think that the cuckoo changed into a hawk in winter? Is it true?

### *Queer Mistakes about the Migration of Birds*

There was little sleep that night. When morning came, Tether-peg was first to peep out through the narrow door way. She was the first of all the clan to behold the dawning light.

"Hail! Hail!" cried Tether-peg when she saw the first glimmering of day.

The people heard the glad shout and crept out of the pits. They arose and joined with Tether-peg in a grateful song of praise. With glad hearts all sang, "Hail, Hail, rosy Dawn! Hail, kindly light!"

"Dawn has driven Darkness away," said Many-dogs as he looked joyfully at the rosy dawn now lighting up earth and sky.

"Praise Dawn!" cried Tether-peg. "She has brought us a new day."

"I'm glad, oh, I'm so glad," said Spin-a-thread. "I was afraid we should never again see the light."

"I love Dawn," said Root-digger. "She drives fear away."

Now for the first time since the evening before, the people dared talk of what happened.

"Why were dogs flying in the sky?" asked Big-crow.

Many-dogs shook his head.

"Why did they come yelping over our heads?" asked Gray-wolf.

No one answered the question.

"Never before have I heard such a sound overhead," said Spin-a-thread. "It must mean something. Tell us, Tether-peg, what does this sound mean?"

"It's a strange sound," said Tether-peg. "I know not what it means."

"Can any one tell what it means?" asked Gray-wolf.

"My mother may be able to do so," answered Tether-peg. "She is wise. She knows the cries of all the creatures of the air."



*"Hail, hail, rosy Dawn! Hail, kindly light!"*

“Let us send messengers to her,” said Many-dogs. “Let us learn what this strange thing means.”

Big-crow and Gray-wolf were chosen to go. Before they started, Tether-peg said, “Go first to the clan of my mother. Bear good tidings to her. Answer her questions. Tell her what happened. Ask her if she heard the strange sound and if she can tell what it means. Now go, and on the way greet other clans of our tribe.”

While the messengers were away, the people wondered about the strange creatures of the air.

No one knew at this time that there was nothing to fear. No one knew that the sound like the yelping of dogs was made by a flock of bean geese. No one knew that these geese always choose a dark night for their flight to their winter home.

When Pick-a-tree asked, “Where have the birds gone?” Drag-a-load answered, “The big birds have carried them away on their backs.”

Day’s-eye missed the cuckoos.

“Where are the cuckoos?” she asked. “Have they all gone away?”

“They have not gone away,” answered Tether-peg. “The cuckoos have turned into hawks.” And Tether-peg thought she was speaking the truth, for the cuckoo looks like a young hawk.

“Where are the swallows?” asked Birdikin.

“They are in the bottom of the ponds,” Tether-peg replied. “They are hiding in crevices of the rocks.”

And so the time passed until the third day, when the messengers returned.

"All the clans heard the strange sound," said Big-crow when the people gathered around the messengers.

"Does any one know what it means?" asked Spin-a-thread.

"No one knows what it means," replied Big-crow.

"What did they say about it?" asked Many-dogs.

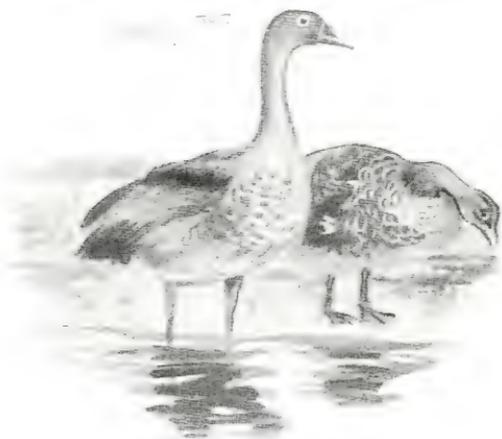
"They said it was a warning," replied Gray-wolf.

"Did my mother say this?" asked Tether-peg.

"She did," answered Gray-wolf.

"What was the look on her face as she spoke?" asked the wise woman.

"The look on her face?" repeated Gray-wolf. "The look on her face was a look of dread."



*Bean geese*

### THINGS TO DO

*Make a list of the birds that stay in your neighborhood all winter. What do they have for food? Where do they find shelter?*

*Find out whether there are any birds that seek shelter among the rocks in winter.*

*Find out all you can about the bean geese.*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Draw a picture of a flock of wild geese.*

*Model in clay some bird you know.*

## XX

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

During which part of the winter would the people be likely to have most food? Why? What plant foods could they find in winter? What animals could the men hunt?

Why did people say that in winter the trees were dressed in tatters and rags? If snow rested upon the trees, what do you think the people would say?

What do you think the people would say about the god and goddess of the woodlands in winter? In summer?

Which can stand the cold weather the better, wild horses or cattle? How can wild animals find food when the ground is covered with snow?

### *How the People Lived in Their Winter Home*

All went well in early winter. The men hunted wild horses and cattle. They hunted red deer in the woodlands. They set traps for wolves and bears. They tried to protect the herds.

The women worked about the camp; they tended the fires and cooking pits and made skin garments. They looked after the tethered creatures and milked the cow and goat.

At first the dogs did not take kindly to the tethered creatures. All their lives they had hunted wild cattle, and so had wild dogs before them. From the earliest times wild dogs had lived by the chase.

But you know that the dog loves his master. He soon learns to obey. So all the dogs, little by little, made friends with the tethered creatures. When wolves prowled about at night, all the dogs sprang up to defend them.

The cow still limped when she walked, but she picked her own food when given a long tether. The calf, too, picked his own food. He was kept out of reach of his mother.

The calf was so wild the children were told to keep away from him. But they played with the kid and sometimes were able to pet the goat.

There was little snow in early winter. So the women went out to the woodlands in search of acorns and nuts. They did not find many, for the crop had been light. But they gathered all they could find.

One day when the children were out with their mothers, they passed an ash tree where the rooks nested. The leaves of the tree had all fallen. The nests were in plain sight.

"Caw! caw! caw!" cried Little-bear. "That's what the rook says."

All the children flapped their arms and played they were rooks flying to and from their nests.

Every day the children learned something about animals and birds. For in pleasant weather they were out in the woodlands, and in stormy weather they listened to the men talk about the chase.

"I'll be glad to have a little snow," said Big-crow one day when they were talking about wolves. "Wolves are prowling about the camp. Snow will show up their tracks."

When the people came out of their pits the next morning, the ground was covered with snow. So men and dogs at once set out to track the wolves to their dens.

"Earth has put on a beautiful winter garment," said Spin-a-thread as she looked up and down the valley now covered with snow.

"Look at the trees!" cried Little-bear. "Look at the firs and oaks!"

"They have put on white garments," said Birdikin.

"Why don't all the trees wear white garments?" asked Day's-eye.

"They have dropped their leaves," replied Tether-peg. "They cannot hold up as much snow as the firs and oaks."

"The oaks hold fast to their sere brown leaves," added Spin-a-thread. "They make a good shelter for the herds."

"If it turns cold they will need a good shelter," said Root-digger.

"The snow has covered the feeding grounds," added Drag-a-load. "The cattle will have poor feeding while the snow lasts."



*The children flapped their arms and played they were rooks*

"There is some tall grass standing above the snow," said Spin-a-thread.

"The cattle can eat the moss on the trees," said Root-digger. "They can eat young branches."

"Horses paw the snow from the grass," said Little-bear.

"I've seen them do it."

"Horses can stand the cold very well," said Tether-peg.

"Cattle will do well in this weather, but if it should turn very cold, it will be hard for them."

"The tethered creatures need our help now," added Spin-a-thread.

"Let's go and brush away the snow so they can get to the grass."

The women and children took birch branches and swept the snow from the spots where the animals were tethered. They brought wisps of dry grass to the cow and they gave her some turnip tops.



*They swept the snow from the spots where the animals were tethered*

In this way women and children took the first steps in taming the herds. No one knew at that time what a great work they were doing. They did not know it themselves. They were simply doing the work of the day. They were being kind to the dumb creatures they had brought to their homes.

### THINGS TO DO

*Notice what trees drop their leaves first. What trees hold fast their leaves longest? What trees give the best shelter in winter? Why?*

*Name several birds that belong to the crow family. Find something about each of these birds.*

*What animals do you know by their tracks?*

*Learn what you can about the brooms people had before they learned to make the kind we have.*

*Tell a story of something you have today that you could not have unless the grass-eating animals had been tamed.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*“All the children flapped their arms and played they were rooks.”*

*“They have put on white garments.”*

## XXI

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

At what time of the year are the days longest? At what time are they shortest? When are the nights longest? When shortest?

Why are not the days and nights the same length all the year?

At what season is the sun highest at noon? When lowest? Can you think why the sun seems to be higher at one season than at another? Do you think people have always known why?

What stories do you think the people might tell to explain why the sun was low in the sky at noon?

*How the People Explained the Dark Days of Winter*

Soon the nights were as long as a summer day, and the days as short as a summer night. Some days dark clouds hid the sun all day long.

When the sun had not shone for several days, Root-digger said, "No longer does Sun look down upon us. No longer does he light up the earth."

"He is no longer our friend," added Drag-a-load.

"Speak not thus of kind Sun," said Tether-peg. "He is still our friend."

"Why doesn't he show himself?" asked Root-digger. "Why doesn't he watch over us as he used to do?"

"He is weary," replied Tether-peg. "Winter is waging war upon him. Winter is waging a cruel war upon all the gods of light. For many days the dark monster has been trying to swallow Sun."

When the sun did come out from behind gray clouds, it appeared lower down in the sky than in summer. None of the people understood why, but they did their best to explain it.

"What is the matter with Sun?" asked Big-crow one day when the sun came out from behind dark clouds. "It is midday, yet see where he is!"

"Sun is lame," answered Many-dogs. "He can't climb very high."

"Did the dark monster hurt him?" asked Big-crow.

"Yes," answered Many-dogs. "The monster is fighting him day and night."

## How the People Explained the Dark Days of Winter 107

"Kill him!" cried Little-bear. "Kill the dark monster! Make him let go of Sun!"

Many-dogs smiled. Then he said to the child, "No man that lives can kill this monster. It is the work of a god."

"It is Sky's work," added Tether-peg. "None but Sky is mighty enough to kill the dark monster."

"I fear Sky cannot do it," said Big-crow. "See, even now the dark monster has hidden Sky's bright tent."

"Why does the dark monster make war?" asked Day's-eye. "Why does he try to swallow Sun?"

"He loves darkness," replied Tether-peg. "The dark monster hates light."

"Dawn loves light," said Day's-eye. "Every morning she brings us light."

"Yes, child," said Tether-peg. "Dawn is our friend. She chases Darkness away from the earth. She brings Sun back to Sky."

"Does Sky have many friends?" asked Pick-a-tree.

"Moon is his friend," said Drag-a-load.

"The stars are his friends," added Root-digger.

"Everything that brings light is his friend," said Tether-peg.

"Is fire his friend?" asked Little-bear.

"Yes, child," replied Tether-peg. "Just as fire lights up our dwellings, so Sky and his friends light up the big tent that covers all the earth."

"Darkness makes war on them all," said Many-dogs. "Sometimes I fear Sun will never again travel over his path in the sky."

"So do I," added Gray-wolf. "And I'm afraid Moon will never come back to light up the dark night."



*They were happy in trying to make the sun shine and fill the earth with light*

## How the People Explained the Dark Days of Winter 109

"Is Darkness stronger than Sky?" asked Little-bear.  
"Does he have as many friends as Sky?"

"Darkness has many friends," answered Tether-peg.  
"Wherever they are, they always wage war upon the friends of Sky."

"Have they been fighting long?" asked Pick-a-tree.

"Since time began," replied the wise woman.

"This fight cannot go on forever," added Many-dogs.  
"There will come a day when one will win."

As he spoke, the people shuddered. They feared the day when the sky would fall and darkness would cover the earth.

"Let us help Sky," said Tether-peg. "Let us do all we can to fill earth and sky with a clear light."

So again they kindled the sacred fire and made offerings to the great god Sky. And for a time they lost their fears. They were happy in trying to make the sun shine and fill the earth with light.

### THINGS TO DO

*Notice what time the sun rises. Notice what time it sets. Tell how long the day is. How long is the night?*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"What is the matter with Sun?" asked Big-crow."*

*"Let us do all we can to fill earth and sky with a clear light."*

## XXII

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

What do you think wild animals would do in a hard storm? How could the people keep the tethered animals from freezing?

Why can a herd of animals keep warm better than one or two?

## *How the People Protected the Tethered Creatures during a Storm*

Soon a big storm set in. The air was filled with blinding snow. The north wind blew fierce blasts and piled up great drifts. The herds sought shelter in the woods, and the people went into their pits.

When Tether-peg saw the storm coming, she tethered the animals in a thicket not far from the camp. But the cold winds blew through the thicket and the creatures shivered with the cold.

In a lull in the storm the women went out and brought the animals to the fire. They feared the tethered creatures would die unless they could find shelter.

Now Tether-peg knew there were those in the camp who wished to kill



*The creatures shivered with the cold*

the tethered creatures. But the wise woman wished to save them until a time of greater need.

Calling all the people together, the wise woman said: "The gods have spoken. They command us to care for the creatures tethered in our camp. No one shall harm these creatures on pain of death."

Now the people knew what this meant. No one dared disobey what Tether-peg said was the will of the gods. Yet many of them believed that cruel Winter would kill the tethered creatures.

"Let's make a warm shelter for the creatures," said Tether-peg. "Bring branches of fir. Let us build a warm shelter here by the fire."

So the women brought branches from the fir trees and they made a warm shelter near the fire. They littered the ground with a nice bedding of rushes and dry grass.

All went well for a day or two. Then Tether-peg found that the calf was sucking all the cow's milk.

Calling her sisters, she said to them, "Bring more branches from the fir trees. Make a shelter for the calf on the other side of the fire."

The women did this, and, while they worked, some of them spoke about the calf.

"It's an ugly creature," said Root-digger.

"It's a bull calf," said Drag-a-load. "Why does Tether-peg want to keep it?"

"Hush!" said Spin-a-thread. "Remember, it's the will of the gods."

One very cold night Root-digger said, "I'll take the big jumper into my pit."

"I will take her," said Drag-a-load.

Many of the women were eager to take her. They wanted the goat's milk for their children. But Tether-peg knew it was best for the clan to give every child a share.

"Let the big jumper stay by the cow," said Tether-peg. "It is the will of the gods. As long as these creatures give milk, each child shall have a share."

#### THINGS TO DO

*Watch a storm and tell what happens. Draw a picture of it.*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate this line:*

*"The women brought branches from the fir trees."*

## XXIII

#### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

If the storm lasted many days, how could the people get food?

Could the men hunt when it was very cold and stormy?

Do cows give much milk when they are very cold?

### *When Famine Came to the Land*

As the days passed, Winter ruled with a hard hand. Ever thicker and thicker grew the ice on the river. Ever deeper and deeper fell the snow on hills and woodlands and grassy plains. Ever colder and colder blew the fierce winds from the land of the North.

The winds were very fierce that winter. Sometimes they whistled through the trees, swaying every bough. Sometimes

they came down the valley howling like a pack of wolves. And sometimes they roared and bellowed like raging bulls. They filled the hollows and gullies with snow. They piled the ravines with drifts.

The animals had a hard time. At the beginning of the storm some escaped by going farther south. Those that remained suffered from hunger. Many perished from the cold. Those that took shelter in the ravines were buried in the snow.

It was not easy for the women to keep the tethered creatures alive. Had it not been for the warm camp fire, they would have perished from the cold. Each day the women fed them, and each day the cow and the goat gave the women a little milk.

During the first few days of the storm the cattle could be heard in the woodlands. At such times the people wondered how the poor creatures fared.

"Listen!" said Spin-a-thread. "The cattle are bawling."

The people listened to the plaintive bawling coming from the woodlands.

"They are freezing," said Drag-a-load.

"They are starving," said Root-digger.

"Winter is devouring everything in the land," added Spin-a-thread.

Again the plaintive bawling was heard, but this time the sound was fainter and fainter.

"The cattle can't stand this fierce wind," said Many-dogs. "It's worse than a pack of hungry wolves."

As the man spoke, he looked sad. All his life he had taken great pride in protecting the flocks and herds. Now

Winter had come to devour them. The man knew not what to do.

When the very coldest days had passed, the men went out to the woodlands. But they found no tracks of big game, and the cutting winds stiffened their fingers and sent them home numb and cold.

Every day the dogs hunted. Sometimes they brought in small game; but many times they returned with a lean and hungry look.

Day after day the men went out, but they found no trace of the herds. They found a few deer and small game along the river bottoms, but when these were all killed or driven away, the people began to starve.

Sometimes the children cried for food. Their mothers gave them all they could, but that was not very much. The hazelnuts were gone. The acorns were nearly gone. Only a few wild roots were left in the winter stores. Each day the cow and the goat gave less milk.



*Making a shelter for the calf*



*"It's worse than a pack of hungry wolves"*

Time and again hungry eyes were turned toward the tethered creatures. But no one dared touch them.

Tether-peg saw these hungry looks. She, too, was troubled. Several times she asked herself, "Has the time come when we may kill the creatures tethered in our camp?"

The third time the question came, she noticed a raven in an oak tree. "I'll ask the raven," she said. "The raven can tell me the will of the gods."

Wrapping herself in a warm skin garment, she went to the oak where the raven perched. "Tell me, wise bird," said Tether-peg, "has the time come for us to kill and eat the creatures tethered in the camp?"

The raven looked down from the tree and cawed. Tether-peg thought the raven said, "No! No! No!"



*The raven looked down from the tree and cawed*

“My people are hungry,” said Tether-peg. “The children are crying for food. May we not kill one of these animals? If so, which shall it be?”

The raven looked very wise and cawed. This time Tether-peg thought it said, “Calf! Calf! Calf!”

“Answer once more,” said Tether-peg. “When may we kill the calf?”

Again the raven cawed from the tree. Tether-peg, listening, heard it say, “Now! Now! Now!”

At once she called the people together and told them the will of the gods. That very day the calf was killed, and although each person had only a small piece of meat, all were happier than they had been for a long time.

A few days later the wise woman again talked with the raven. When she had finished, she told the people they might kill the kid. But as long as the cow and the goat gave milk, they were protected by the will of the gods.

Three times each day the women milked the cow. Three times each day they milked the goat. Each child had his share of milk once every day.

When the goat gave only a few drops of milk, Tether-peg said, “We may kill her.”

The goat was killed, and once again the people had a taste of meat.

A few days later the cow gave no milk. Then Tether-peg said, “We may kill the cow.”

The cow was killed that very day, and the people again had meat.

When the meat was all gone, the men did their best to bring home game from the woodlands. But the gods

of the woodlands seemed unfriendly. They gave them no game.

At the last Many-dogs, in despair, prayed to the great god of the woodlands: "Hear our prayer, O god of the woodlands! Send game to our hunting grounds! The herds are gone! Useless are our arrows! Help us or we die!"

#### THINGS TO DO

*Listen to the winds on a stormy day and tell what sounds you hear.*

*Model a raven in clay. Can you tell why it is called a wise bird?*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"They returned with a lean and hungry look."*

*"Tether-peg, listening, heard it say, 'Now! Now! Now!'"*

## XXIV

#### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

If the people trusted in magic and it failed, how would they feel?

Can you think what people sometimes eat during a famine?

Why did the people complain of the gods when they had little food?

### *Why the People Uttered Complaints*

Now for many years the people had believed they could change the seasons by magic. They believed they could hasten the coming of Summer and stay her going. Every year they used magical arts to keep Summer with them. Every year they used magical arts to bring her back again.

Many times during this long cold winter they had used magical arts. They had built great fires to make the sun shine and hasten the coming of Summer. They had used

charms and sung songs. They believed these charms and songs would help them to bring back the herds. They believed they could clothe the trees by their magic and cause the earth to put forth her fruits.

But, in spite of all their magical arts, Winter still ruled the land. The earth remained bleak and cold. The trees were still bare. And nowhere was there a single sign of any of the herds.

It is not strange that the people were sad. They were hungry and had little food. They were gloomy, and the bleak earth gave them no cheer. Much of the time they were ill-tempered. Sometimes they were as cross as bears.

Tether-peg did all she could to arouse the people to courage and cheer. She urged them to go out in search of food. Day after day she went with her sisters in search of acorns and tender sapwood.

"Let us go to the firs and the aspens," said Tether-peg. "Bring your chisels. Let us strip off the soft, tender sapwood."

The women took their bone chisels and went with Tether-peg over the drifts. They went to the fir trees and the aspens and stripped off the soft, tender sapwood. They carried loads of it to the camp and made it into a coarse bread.

When eating this bread, the people complained.

"May Winter never have better food than he gives to us this day," said Root-digger.

"He is stingy," said Big-crow.

"He gives us nothing to grease our knives," added Gray-wolf, who was hungry for a taste of fat meat.

"Hush!" said Tether-peg. "That which hath wings may hear your words and bear them to the ear of Winter." And with these words she left the camp and went out over the snowdrifts. She feared to provoke the anger of Winter. She still hoped to find a way to appease the wrath of the gods.



*A two-pointed stone chisel*

The starving people were too miserable to heed the wise woman's warning. Bitter words came to their lips. They could not hold them back.

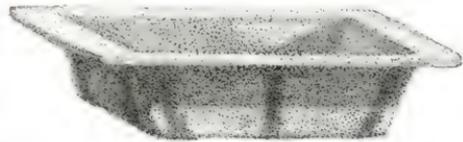
"The aspens tried to cut me today when I stripped off their sapwood," said Drag-a-load.

"The fir trees are ugly, too," added Spin-a-thread. "They frowned and swished their dark plumes whenever we came near."

"The gods of the woodlands are ill-tempered," said Gray-wolf. "They send us no game."

"They are not looking after the herds," added Many-dogs. "They neglect their work."

"South Wind used to look after the herds," said Root-digger. "Where is she now? I have n't seen her for many moons."



*An earthen food tray*

"North Wind drove her away," replied Spin-a-thread. "He drove her away when Winter came."

"It's time she came back," growled Big-crow. "It's time she came back with the herds."

“Why don’t the daughters of the woodlands help us?” asked Spin-a-thread. “They used to take care of the herds. They used to be our friends.”

“The daughters of the woodlands!” growled Many-dogs. “Last summer they were beautiful. They were kind. Now they are horrible creatures.”

“They are lazy,” added Big-crow. “They have given the herds to the wolves.”

“Why are they so careless?” asked Spin-a-thread. “Why are the gods of the woodlands so cruel?”

“Winter has cast a spell upon them,” replied Many-dogs. “They won’t do a thing to help us.”

“That’s true,” added Big-crow. “Every time I go into the woods some tree pricks me with her thorns.”

“Prick!” shouted Gray-wolf. “They pierce! They tear! They rend!”

“Even the bushes are angry,” added Drag-a-load. “They try to stop us on our way. They seize us whenever we try to pass.”

“The gods of the woodlands are ill-tempered,” said Big-crow. “They are as cross as bears.”

“Winter is to blame for all this,” cried Many-dogs.

“Winter is cruel,” moaned Spin-a-thread. “He has stripped the trees. He has frozen the ground. He has covered the earth with snow.”

“This land was once a land of plenty,” wailed Drag-a-load. “Now it’s a land of want and woe.”

“It is worse,” moaned Root-digger. “It is a land of death.”

“I wish Sky would help us,” said Spin-a-thread.



*They lifted their voices. They cried out. They uttered pitiful complaints*

"I wish Sun would shine," wailed Drag-a-load.

"Sun is lame," replied Many-dogs. "Sun is sick."

"Sun is a weary bird," said Tether-peg, who now had returned from the woodlands. "But, even so, Sun is our friend."

The wise woman tried to comfort the people the best she knew how. But the more she tried to comfort them, the more they lamented. So at length she, too, became discouraged. She, too, began to lament.

Then it was that it seemed to the people they could not bear their sufferings. They lifted their voices. They cried out. They uttered pitiful complaints.

Little by little the loud wailing ceased. Then the sound the people sent forth was like the moaning of the wind. And after a little this sound was hushed. Their troubles were lost in sleep.

### THINGS TO DO

*What animals have teeth something like chisels? See if you can make a bone chisel. Make one of stone.*

*What does the south wind seem like to you? The north wind?*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate this line:*

*"Their troubles were lost in sleep."*

## XXV

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Have you ever heard of people telling their troubles to trees and rocks? People used to do it. Can you tell why? Can you tell why they thought the trees answered them?

Why did people once call trees "daughters of the woodlands"? Are there any such creatures as fairies? Can you think why people once thought there were? Are there such creatures as demons? Why did people think there were?

Have you ever heard stories about a sleeping beauty or a sleeping princess? How was she awakened from her sleep? What do you think such a story means?

### *Tether-peg Tells Her Woes to the Trees and Rocks*

Although Tether-peg lamented with the people, she did not lose all hope. Many times, in the years that had passed, the winter had been long and cold. But the summer had always come. Many times the people had suffered from famine, but a season of plenty had always followed. So Tether-peg hoped a way might be found to bring back gentle Summer.

Now you know that the seasons come in order. We do not have to bring them. The seasons come and the seasons go in their proper time. But in those days people believed they could hasten the coming of Summer. And since their magic had failed to bring her, Tether-peg went out to the woodlands to tell her woes to the gods.

As the wise woman looked over the woodlands, her heart was filled with sorrow. Trees that were beautiful in summer now seemed to her unsightly. The oaks were still clothed in their sere brown leaves; the pines and fir trees kept their green garments. But the elms were bare, the ash trees were bare, the aspens were bare, and the birch trees were ragged and tattered.

“Winter has cast a spell upon them,” said Tether-peg under her breath. “No longer are the daughters of the woodlands beautiful. No longer are they kind.”

Seeing big rocks close at hand, Tether-peg went up to them and poured forth her woes: “O rocks, strong ones, mothers of many children! Listen to the woes of my people! Hearken to our pitiful tale!”

Tether-peg paused as if to learn whether the rocks listened. Then she told the rocks the story of the long, cold winter. She told how Famine had come to the land and how the people were starving. As she talked, the woman felt that the rocks heard what she said.

“None of the gods gives us aid,” she moaned. “Winter has cast a spell upon them. The goddess of all living things sleeps while the people starve. Her daughters are idle. They neglect their work. The earth is barren and cold.”

When she had finished, Tether-peg rested beside the big rocks. She was weak from hunger. Many times she had given her food to the children. Now it seemed that help must come or all the people would starve.

While she sat beside the rocks, it seemed that they gave her strength. So she arose and turned to the trees. For a moment she gazed at their untidy clothing. Then her thoughts went back to the beautiful garments they wore during the summer.

The pines and fir trees still wore their green dresses, so at first she turned to them. “O daughters of the woodlands!” Tether-peg said. “Many times, in the days that have passed, you have comforted my people. Now they have need of your aid. Come and comfort them.”



*"Too long have you withheld your fruits from a barren land"*

When she paused, the pine trees hummed and soothed the sorrowful woman. And the fir trees swished their stiff branches as if they would like to help.

Tether-peg then turned to the trees that were bare. They seemed to frown upon her. But the wise woman asked them questions; she pleaded with them, hoping to break Winter's spell.

“Why do you idle away your time?” asked the wise woman. “Why do you lounge about in the forest when you should be putting on new garments? Why do you cut and rend my sisters when they seek a morsel of food?”

The aspens would not listen to her. So Tether-peg turned to the elm and ash and other trees that were bare. She chided them for their careless ways and then she turned to the oaks.

Standing beneath a lofty oak, Tether-peg thus spoke: “Mighty oak! Greatest of all the trees in the forest! What ails you? Why do you cling to those tattered garments? Why do you not put on a new dress? Too long have you been under the spell of a cruel master. Too long have you withheld your fruits from a barren land.”

The dry leaves rustled as she spoke. Thinking this was a good sign, the wise woman continued: “Wake up! Wake up! Wake up from your slumbers! Remember who you are! Have you forgotten that you are the favorite of the great god Sky? He is our friend. Surely you will help us! Wake up! Put on a new garment! Give us of your fruit!”

Again the dry leaves rustled. And this time a few sere leaves fluttered to the ground. Seeing them drop, the wise woman said, “The oak is waking from her long sleep.”

Tether-peg now looked about for the great god and goddess of the woodlands. She believed they were the master and mistress of all living things.

For a long time she searched for them. She searched through the dense woodlands and looked out on the place that had been the feeding ground of the herds. She looked up and down the valley and away to the distant hills. But



*"Play, daughters of the woodlands!"  
cried Tether-peg*

trees, she asked them to help her. She tried to charm the trees with songs: "O daughters of the woodlands, gracious friends!" sang the wise woman. "Too long has your mother been sleeping! Too long have you been kept under

nowhere could she find a trace of the god and goddess of the woodlands.

"Winter has put them to sleep," said Tether-peg. "He knows they are our friends. Surely there is some one who can rouse them! I'll ask the daughters of the woodlands to do it."

So Tether-peg again turned to the trees. First she went to the rowan tree, for she knew it would be glad to help. But Winter, too, knew this. The story goes that he held the rowan tree captive by lying at its roots. Tether-peg must have heard this story, for she left the rowan tree, believing that Winter held it a captive.

Turning now to other

Winter's spell! Too long have you appeared in unsightly garments!"

Pausing a moment, she looked about. Then again she sang to the trees: "Sweet singers of the woodlands! Let me hear your beautiful songs! Let the woods ring with your glad music! Sing and waken the master and mistress from their long sleep!"

Again Tether-peg paused. The pine trees hummed over her head. The oaks rustled their dry leaves. And a moment later a flute-like tone was heard among the branches.

"Play, daughters of the woodlands!" cried Tether-peg when she heard the sweet sound. "Let your sweet tones waken the mother of all living things."

Again the flute-like tone was heard. "The spell has been broken," said the wise woman. "The gracious goddess will awake."

### **THINGS TO DO**

*Why did Tether-peg think Winter had cast a spell on the trees and plants?*

*Dramatize this story, showing how the trees answered Tether-peg when she spoke to them.*

## **XXVI**

### **THINGS TO THINK ABOUT**

Where do bears stay in the winter? When they come out of their dens, are they lean or fat?

People used to think that if they killed a bear he would tell other bears and they would come and make war upon them. Since they believed this, how do you think they would try to keep the bear from telling he had been killed?

When dogs are first harnessed to a load, do you think they pull together, or first one and then another? Which is the better way?

*Why the People Rejoiced*

When Tether-peg returned, the people were sleeping. None of them knew when she came back. None of them awoke until the next morning, when they kindled their fires. Then the wise woman told the people what had happened in the woodlands.

“Did you see the daughters of the woodlands?” asked Spin-a-thread.

“Yes,” replied Tether-peg.

“Did you hear them?” asked Drag-a-load.

“I heard them hum and sing,” said Tether-peg. “And I heard them playing their magic flutes.”



*A hooper swan*

“Did you see the goddess of the woodlands?” asked Many-dogs.

“She is still sleeping,” replied Tether-peg. “But her daughters are calling her. They are waking her from her long sleep with their magic flutes.”

“I can hear them,” said Day’s-eye. “They are up there.” And the child pointed up toward the sky.

The people listened.

"It's a swan!" cried Tether-peg. "It's a hooper swan. Its cry is the sign of a thaw."

"Hoop! hoop! hoop!" cried the people. "The swan says there will be a thaw." And for some time men, women, and children cried out for joy.

"Let's go to the woodlands," said Many-dogs. "The bears may be coming out of their dens."

"Come, Cubby! Come, Bushy-tail! Come, Barker! Come, Biter!" cried Big-crow.

The dogs came at his call. A few moments later men and dogs were on their way to the woodlands.

While Many-dogs and Bushy-tail were hunting together, the dog pricked up her ears.

"What is it, Bushy?" asked Many-dogs.

Bushy-tail growled. Her hair stood on end.

A big bear was waking from his long sleep in a big hollow tree. He was crawling out. Many-dogs saw him and whistled for the dogs.

"Be quiet, Bushy-tail," he said. "Wait until the pack comes."

At the call the dogs came bounding over the snowdrifts straight to the master they loved.

They scented the bear.

Quick as a flash the whole pack pounced upon him.

"Seize him! Hold him!" cried Many-dogs. "Hold him fast!"

The dogs obeyed the word of their master. They held the bear fast.

A hard blow from Many-dogs' axe now put an end to the struggle.

"Well done! Well done, my good dogs!" said the man as he patted first one and then another of the dogs on the head. Each dog had a word of praise from the brave man.

The tussle with the bear was over before the other men arrived.

"I'll fetch the dog harness," said Big-crow when he had seen the bear.

Big-crow was not gone long. When he returned, Howler and Growler and Barker and Biter were hitched to the carcass of the bear.

"Pull, Howler! Pull, Growler! Pull, Barker! Pull, Biter!" cried Many-dogs.

First Howler pulled, then Growler pulled, and then Barker and Biter followed in turn. The carcass of the bear did not move, for one dog could not start it.



*"Pull, my good dogs! Pull together!"*

“Now pull!” cried Many-dogs. “Pull, my good dogs! Pull together!”

This time the four dogs pulled together. The carcass moved slowly out of the drifts and down to the well-trodden trail.

There was joy in the camp when the bear was brought in. The bear was lean, to be sure. But hungry people prefer lean meat to no meat at all. They leaped and danced around the bear. They uttered cries of joy.

When the men started to skin the bear, Big-crow asked, “Will the bear tell his brothers?”

“I fear he will,” replied Gray-wolf.

“If he does, all the bears will be angry,” said Drag-a-load. “They will lie in wait; they will pounce upon us.”

“Set him on his haunches,” said Tether-peg. “Treat him as an honored guest.”

So they set the bear on his haunches. They pretended to give him food. They spoke to the bear as to a friend. They treated him as a guest.

“Now he is pleased,” said Tether-peg. “Now he will tell the bears we are friends.”

When the men were skinning the bear, Little-bear asked if he could have the heart.

“The heart is yours,” said the wise woman.

Many-dogs nodded his head. He remembered his promise many moons before to the boy who wished to be brave.

The heart of the bear was given to Little-bear. Many-dogs kept the skin. Each person had a share of the meat, and each dog had a bone.

**THINGS TO DO**

*Make a list of all the signs you know that tell of the coming of summer.*

*Do you know more than one kind of swan? Does the kind you know have a cry? If so, what is it?*

*Notice a dog when he is hunting. Tell how he acts. Draw a picture of him.*

*Model in bas-relief the dogs drawing the carcass of a bear.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"A big bear was waking from his long sleep."*

*"The dogs came bounding over the snowdrifts."*

*"They set the bear on his haunches."*

**XXVII****THINGS TO THINK ABOUT**

Does spring usually come at once, or does it come slowly?

What is a magpie? Can you think why people once thought it was a witch?

*What the People Did on a Dark Night*

The next day a thaw set in. The snow became soft and wet, and the ice on the river melted. Then suddenly it became cold. The snow and ice no longer melted. Day after day the sky was dark. They had no meat. There was little, if any, game in sight, so again the people were troubled.

Something else was troubling Tether-peg during these days. A magpie had come to the camp. Day after day it stayed in the trees, flitting about among the branches and chattering noisily.

Nobody liked to have the bird near. Everybody thought it was a bad sign. Some thought it was not a magpie, but a witch in a magpie's form.

"It is not a bird," said Many-dogs when he heard it chattering in the trees, mimicking everything it heard. "It is a witch."

"You are right," said Big-crow. "It's a witch that has come to spy upon us."

"The dark one has sent it," said Tether-peg, and by that she meant the dark monster, Winter.

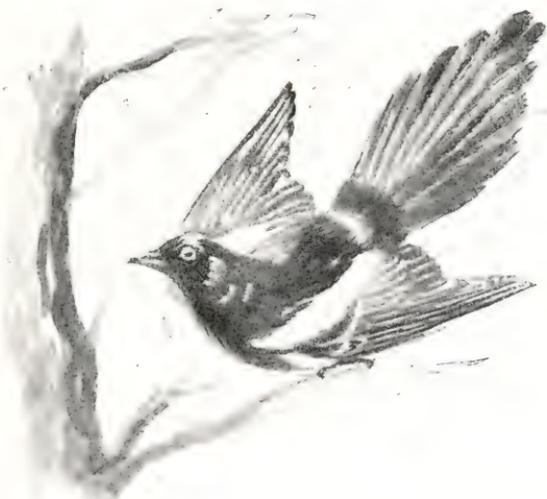
"It has no business in our camp," said Many-dogs.

"Don't kill it," said Tether-peg. "It might get us into trouble."

"You are right," said Many-dogs. "But I wish the foul creature and its master would leave the land at once."

Many-dogs spoke bitterly. But he spoke as the people felt. They had thought that Winter was going. But he was still in the land. They had hoped the herds would come back. But Famine was still with them.

One day the magpie was very noisy. It chattered, it jabbered, it scolded, all the day long. It flitted about from tree to tree. It played tricks. It was never quiet.



*A magpie had come to the camp*

That night Tether-peg did not sleep. She felt that trouble was near. While she was thinking, an owl came and screeched from a tree near her pit. Three times the owl screeched and each time she thought it said that trouble was close at hand.



The brave woman crept out of the pit. She peered into the night. Darkness covered the face of the earth. The sky was inky black.

Tether-peg drew back for the darkness seemed to press upon her.

Again the owl screeched.

"Bird of Night!" cried the brave woman, "Come not to our dwellings. Bring not hither the demons of darkness. Away! away! away!"

All was silent. The darkness seemed to grow blacker. The wise woman feared it would swallow the earth.

A sound like the chattering of many magpies suddenly arose from the dark night.

*"Bird of Night! Come not to our dwellings!"*

Tether-peg shuddered. She called the people. She roused them from their sleep.

"Up! up! The witches are here," cried Tether-peg. "Demons of darkness fill the air. Build fires! Drive them away!"

The startled people crept out of the pits very cautiously. They piled fresh branches on the fire. They lighted torches. They waved them to and fro until the camp was as light as day.

"Darkness is a hungry beast," said Many-dogs as he looked out into the black night. "I fear he has come to swallow the earth."

"Keep the fires burning," said Tether-peg. "Light torches. Bring Sun back to light up the day."

The people then marched with lighted torches around a sacred oak. They marched as the sun moves in its daily path, for they thought this would help the sun.

When this was done, Tether-peg told the people of the chattering of the magpies.

"They are demons," said Big-crow.

"They are witches!" cried Drag-a-load.

"Let's scare them," said Many-dogs. "Let's blow horns."

So the people got out their biggest horns and they blew blast after blast. The hills echoed the wild music; the air was filled with weird sounds.

"I wonder how they like that," said Big-crow as he blew a loud blast on his big horn.

"They can't stand that," said Many-dogs. "They will be glad to fly away."

A faint glimmer of light was now seen in the eastern sky. The people rejoiced when they caught the first gleam. For a moment they faced the dawning day. Then they bowed their heads while Tether-peg prayed to the rising sun.

### THINGS TO DO

*Can you tell why the owl is called the bird of night? Learn what you can about owls. Model an owl in clay.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"It flitted about from tree to tree."*

*"'Bird of Night!' cried the brave woman. 'Come not to our dwellings.'"*

*"They marched as the sun moves in its daily path."*

## XXVIII

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

When animals are lost in the snow, in what kind of a place are they most likely to be?

How do you think the nuthatch got its name?

### *What the Men Found in a Ravine*

When the people lifted their heads, they heard the cheerful song of a little blue tit. During the day other birds were heard. Little nuthatches began to whistle. Several wrens came out of their holes and began to whistle and sing.

"Perhaps the herds have come," said Many-dogs when he heard birds that had long been silent whistle and chirp and sing. "Let's go to the woodlands and look for game."

The men first went to a high bank from which they could look up and down the valley. While there, Big-crow saw a dark spot near the head of a ravine.

"Look!" he cried. "Look at that spot at the head of the ravine! What is it?"

"It's an animal," said Gray-wolf.

"It's a cow!" cried Many-dogs, who knew at once that the creature had been buried in the snow. "Let's go and dig her out."

The men hastened down the bank; they soon reached the ravine. Many-dogs was right. There in the snow was the frozen body of a cow.

While digging the snow away from the carcass, Many-dogs found another dead cow. A moment later, Big-crow found another. Soon the men dug from the snow the carcasses of several cows and calves.

For a moment the men were speechless. All their lives they had been careful not to harm mother cows and their calves. And here at their feet were the bodies of many cows and calves.

"This is Winter's work," said Many-dogs, and as he spoke he clenched his fist.

"He sent North Wind to heap up the snow and hide them away from us," added Gray-wolf.



*Little nuthatches began to whistle*

"Sun has shown up their work," said Big-crow.

"If it thaws much more, the water will carry the bodies down the river," said Gray-wolf.

"Let's haul them out," said Many-dogs. "Let's tie thongs about them and hitch the dogs to the load."

So the men tied thongs about one carcass and hitched the dogs to the load. When this was hauled out, they hauled out another and then another and another.

Every dog in the pack was put into harness. All helped in dragging the carcasses of the cows to the camp.

Women and children saw the long line coming down the trail. And, although they were sorry the cattle had been killed, they were all glad to have meat enough to last many days.

"Are all the cattle buried in the ravine?" Drag-a-load asked when she was roasting a piece of frozen meat.



*Every dog in the pack was put into harness*

"I hope not," replied Many-dogs. "But, to make sure, we will search through all the ravines."

"Sun will help us," said Big-crow. "If Winter has played any more mean tricks, Sun will show up his work."

### THINGS TO DO

*Notice whether the birds that stay all the year chirp and sing as much in winter as they do in summer. See if you can chirp and sing as the birds do.*

*If you have a chance to see a ravine, look at it carefully. Tell how you think it was made. Model a ravine in the sand box.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"Every dog in the pack was put into harness."*

*"Women and children saw the long line coming down the trail."*

## XXIX

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

When the sun reached a higher point in the sky at midday, how do you think the people would explain it? How do you explain it?

Where does the swallow spend the winter? Where does it like to build its nest?

### *Why the People Welcomed the First Swallow*

Once again a thaw set in. The snow became soft and wet and the ice on the river melted. Hollows became ponds of water, ravines and gullies became roaring streams, and the river overflowed its banks and flooded the bottom lands.

When the women stood watching the running water, they noticed brown spots of earth peeping out from the bed of snow.

"Sun is at last taking away Winter's blanket," said Spin-a-thread. "He is taking Winter's blanket from the great Mother's bed."

"Sun is kind," said Root-digger. "He knows it is time for the goddess to awake."

"Will the Mother of the woodlands awake now?" asked Day's-eye.

"She will," replied Tether-peg. "She has heard her daughters calling. She is stirring in her great bed."

The women listened. To their keen ears it seemed new life was astir in the earth.

"Hasten, kind Mother, hasten!" cried Spin-a-thread. "Come and bring forth the fruits of the earth."

"She will come," said Tether-peg. "The eagle has carried a message to Sky. Have you not noticed that Sun is gaining strength?"

"I have," replied Spin-a-thread. "He climbs higher than he did."

While the women talked, the children were watching a nuthatch as it ran up and down a tree. While they were watching, the nuthatch whistled and a green woodpecker burst into a loud laugh.

"Pick-a-tree likes this bright day," said Drag-a-load, when she heard the green woodpecker.

"So he does," said Tether-peg. "He likes to rouse the woodlands. He likes to bring good news."

"The swallow brings us good news," added Spin-a-thread. "We will dance and sing when she comes."

"That is right," said Tether-peg. "Let us greet the first swallow with song and dance."

That very day Tether-peg heard the sweet song of a swallow. "She is here! She is here!" cried the wise woman. "The swallow! The swallow is here!"

"There she is!" cried Spin-a-thread, pointing to a bird skimming through the air above a high bank of the river.

The people ran out to the high bank. They leaped, they danced for joy. All sang heartily to welcome the forerunner of summer.

"Summer is coming! Summer is coming!" cried Many-dogs when the people paused to rest.

At this, again the people danced to welcome the first swallow.

That evening as they sat around the fire, Pick-a-tree asked, "Where has the swallow been?"

"She has been hiding from Winter," replied Tether-peg. "She has been hiding in the clefts of the rocks."

For a long time the people talked about the swallow. Then they guessed riddles. The



*They leaped, they danced for joy*



children, too, tried to make riddles, and all tried to guess them.

"I'm thinking of something," said Day's-eye.

"What is it?" asked Little-bear.

"You must guess it," replied Day's-eye. "I'm thinking of something that has a twittering song."

"I know what it is," said Pick-a-tree. "It has a breast of snow." For Pick-a-tree

guessed from the first that Day's-eye was making a riddle about the swallow.

Again Day's-eye began, and this time she nearly finished the riddle:

"Twittering song,  
Breast of snow,  
Jetty back—"

"As black as a crow," added Little-bear. "The swallow's back is as black as a crow."

"Now let me say it all," said Day's-eye. And the child repeated the riddle they had made:

"Twittering song,  
Breast of snow,  
Jetty back  
As black as a crow."

"The swallow! The swallow!" cried the children.

Then they turned to their fathers and mothers and asked them to guess it. Day's-eye repeated the riddle, and the people clapped their hands.

"The swallow!" they cried.

Then all joined in a song to the swallow.

### THINGS TO DO

*When the snow melts see if you can find ponds, streams, waterfalls, and rapids in places which are usually dry ground.*

*Name the birds you have heard whistle. Name those you have heard chirp. Name those you have heard sing.*

*Make a song about some bird you know.*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"She is here! She is here!"*

*"The people danced to welcome the first swallow."*

## XXX

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Why were the people so anxious to have summer come? If they thought they could do anything to make the green things grow, do you think they ought to do it? If they had done their best and failed, how would they feel?

## *Why the People Feared the Earth Would Withhold Her Fruits*

The swallow came and it flew away. The very next day a stork was seen. The big white bird came flapping its wings and alighted in a tree near the pits. But the friendly stork, too, flew away and left sad faces behind.

That very day a hard storm set in. The air was filled with snow and sleet. The winds howled. They tossed the snow. They pelted the people with hail.

"Winter is angry," said Many-dogs when he came in from the driving storm. "He is pelting us with snow and sleet and hail."

"He is fierce," said Big-crow. "He snarls and growls."

"I think he saw Summer's forerunners," said Many-dogs. "I think he has called the North Wind and the snow to drive them away."

"You are right," said Tether-peg. "Winter saw the swallow and the stork. He heard the cry of the swan. He is afraid they will bring Summer."



*The big white bird came flapping its wings*

"Winter's friends are helping him today," said Big-crow.

"If they keep up such a fight as this, Summer won't be able to get here," added Gray-wolf.

"We must help her," said Tether-peg. "We must drive the dark monster and his friends from the land."

So every few days the people built fires to help Sun and Sky. They lighted torches and waved them in the air to drive Darkness away. They blew horns. They made a big clatter. They thought this would frighten Winter and free the earth from his spell.

But, in spite of all the clatter and noise, the days were rough and stormy. In spite of all the big fires, the sky was overcast with dark clouds. Many of the people began to complain. They said that Summer would never come. For, in spite of all their magical arts, Winter still ruled the land.

Tether-peg heard the complaints of the people, but she did not lose hope. What if a storm raged through the land? She had heard the cry of a swan. What if the earth was bleak and bare? She had heard the song of a swallow. And what if the herds had not come back? A stork had come to the camp.

So the wise woman kept up hope and tried to encourage the people. But many of them still complained. Their hearts were filled with dread.

"Why does the kind goddess sleep so long?" asked Day's-eye one day when the people were sad. "Why does n't she wake up and help us?"

"I fear she will never awake," said Spin-a-thread. "Many moons have the god and goddess been sleeping. Many moons has the earth withheld her fruits."



*They lighted torches. They blew horns. They made a big clatter*

## People Feared the Earth Would Withhold Her Fruits 149

"I fear the trees will never again put forth their fruits," said Drag-a-load.

"I fear we shall never see carrots and turnips again," said Root-digger.

"I fear the earth will never again be clothed with green grass," said Gray-wolf.

"The herds must have grass," said Big-crow. "If the great Mother withholds the grass, the cattle will die."

"If she does not send forth the green shoots and roots, we shall starve," added Root-digger.

"Our magic has failed," said Drag-a-load. "All the signs have failed."

"And we shall never see the green plants again," moaned Spin-a-thread.

Many-dogs had listened to all the complaints. His heart was filled with dread. When Spin-a-thread finished, he said to the people, "If the plants perish, we perish."

### THINGS TO DO

*Tell why people think the stork is a friend.*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"The winds howled. They tossed the snow."*

*"The big white bird came flapping its wings and alighted in a tree near the pits."*

## XXXI

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Can you think why we call the first day of April, April Fool's Day? Who or what was fooled at that time?

When the earth begins to put forth green buds and leaves, what do you think the people will say about the god and goddess of the woodlands? Have you ever noticed March winds? If so, what are they like?

### *How Cruel Winter Was Fooled*

Though the days were cold, the sun mounted higher and higher each day. Though the winds were rough, each day the sun seemed to give more heat. Though the earth was bare, there were signs of new life. The alders and hazels hung out their tassels, and pussies peeped out from the stems of the willows.

Tether-peg was first to see these signs. At the sight, she cried out to the people, "The goddess of the woodlands is awake. She is hanging tassels on the alders and hazels."

The people hastened to the woodlands and welcomed the goddess with songs. They thanked her for hanging tassels on the bushes. They thanked her for the pussies that peeped out from the willows. They asked her to clothe the naked trees and cover the earth with grass. And they called to the god of the woodlands and asked him to bring back the herds.



*Pussies peeped out from the stems of the willows*

"How did it happen?" asked Spin-a-thread as she touched the soft pussies on the willows.

"The eagle took a message to Sun," answered Tether-peg. "When Sun heard what Winter was doing, he sent down warm rays and awoke the gods that have charge of all living things."

"Are the god and goddess of the woodlands awake?" asked Big-crow.

"Both the god and the goddess are awake," she replied. "They are calling to the birds and the trees. They are calling to the earth to put forth her fruits. They are calling their helpers, the winds."

"The winds!" cried Gray-wolf. "The winds are working for Winter."

"So it seems," replied Tether-peg. "And Winter thinks they are helping him, but this time he is mistaken."

"Are you sure?" asked Many-dogs. "The winds are rough and cold. They rush over the woodlands and plains; they push and pull the daughters of the woodlands; they tear off their garments."

"They toss and fling the dry leaves," said Drag-a-load.

"They tumble and toss and fling and hurl everything in their way," added Spin-a-thread.

"They wrench and rend the trees," added Gray-wolf. "They break down the branches."

"They wrestle with them. They topple them down," added Big-crow.

"They uproot trees," added Many-dogs.

"They do all these things," answered Tether-peg. "That is why Winter thinks they are working for him."



“Do you mean what you say?” asked Many-dogs. “Do you mean the winds are now at the beck and call of the god and goddess of the woodlands?”

“Even so,” replied Tether-peg. “As soon as they awoke, they called the winds, and the winds came rushing out of their caverns whistling and blowing their horns.”

“Why are they so rough?” asked Spin-a-thread. “Why do they topple down everything in their path?”

“They are shaking the earth,” replied Tether-peg. “They are rousing her creatures from their long sleep. They are calling to the trees; they are calling to the grass; they are calling to the four-footed creatures.”

“It is true,” cried Spin-a-thread. “See, the buds on the trees are beginning to swell.”

“And listen,” cried Drag-a-load. “The birds that have been silent all winter are beginning to sing.”

“Even so,” said Tether-peg. “The winds have roused them from Winter’s spell.”

“Will Summer’s birds come again?” asked Day’s-eye when she heard the chirping of the wrens and the cheerful song of the nuthatch.

“The gracious goddess has called the birds,” replied Tether-peg. “They are coming one by one.”

“The swan came,” said Drag-a-load, “and so did the swallow and the stork. But they flew away.”

“They will come again,” replied Tether-peg. “All the birds will come very soon. The goddess of the woodlands is calling them with her sweet song.”

The people listened. Many sounds came from the woodlands. When they heard a soft sweet note, they said, “The goddess is playing her flute.” And when they heard a loud sound like a horn, they said, “The god of the woodlands is calling.”

On bright days the air was filled with the music of the winds and birds. The winds piped and whistled, they pounded, they howled, they shrieked and groaned as they passed through the woods and over the pasture land.



*Flocks of wild geese*

Great flocks of wild geese and white cranes blew their trumpets as they passed on their way to the north. And the little birds that had stayed all winter set up a big racket. The wrens and the sparrows chirped, the nuthatches whistled, the blue tits sang a cheerful song, and the green woodpeckers laughed. Hearing these sounds, the children wondered what it all meant.

"What are the birds doing?" asked Little-bear when he heard the great din and clatter they made.

"They are driving Winter's tribe away," replied Tether-peg. "They are bringing in Summer and her friends."

Seeing the winds wrestling with the trees, Pick-a-tree asked, "What are the winds doing?"

"They are stripping the leaves from the oaks," said Tether-peg. "They are working for the great Mother that clothes the trees."

When Day's-eye noticed the winds toss and fling the dry leaves, she asked, "What are the winds doing now?"

"They are making a clean path for Summer," answered Tether-peg. "They are clearing old Winter's grime away."



*A white crane*

All that long moon the winds blew over woodlands and plains. Sometimes it seemed they were helping Winter, then again they seemed to be Summer's friends. But all of the time they made a big racket, whistling and shrieking and howling and groaning, laughing and shouting, filling the earth with their loud cries.

No wonder it seemed many times they were working for Winter. Sometimes even Tether-peg feared this was true, for the birds that arrived from the summer land quickly flew away; others appeared and flew away. But at last a day came when great flocks arrived and stayed in the land.

Seeing this, the people were sure that the noisy winds were their friends. They were sure that Summer was at their door. They were sure that Winter was fooled. And, although they did not say "April Fool," this was the beginning of what we call April Fool's Day. It marked the time when Summer's friends fooled Winter and his dark tribe.

### THINGS TO DO

*What bushes and trees do you know that have tassels in early spring?*

*Listen to the winds and see if you can imitate the sounds they make.*

*Make the trumpet call of the wild geese; of the white cranes. Listen to the birds and find one that whistles; find one that makes a tone like a flute; like a lute.*

*See if you can make music like that the people heard coming from the birds in the woodlands.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"Pussies peeped out from the stems of the willows."*

*"Birds came in great flocks."*

*"They toss and fling the dry leaves."*

*"They uproot trees."*

## XXXII

## THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

How did people first get the idea that the god of the woodlands played pipes and called the flocks and herds?

Do you know a sign for a good summer? For a wet summer?

*The Return of the Herds*

Winter was fooled. Everybody knew it. Yet Summer was slow in offering her gifts. And since the herds had not yet returned, the people wondered if old Winter had driven them far away.

Every day the people looked for the coming of the herds. Every day they asked the god of the woodlands to bring many herds to the hunting grounds.



*A cooking pot*

Sometimes they thought they heard him calling, for they heard music like the playing of pipes along the river trail. Sometimes the same music came from paths that led to the pasture lands.

“What is it?” asked Little-bear when the people stood and listened.

“The god of the woodlands is playing his pipes,” answered Many-dogs. “He is calling the cattle. He is bringing them back to the summer feeding grounds.”

“Can they hear him?” asked Little-bear.

“The cattle can hear him,” replied Many-dogs. “The god of the woodlands has charge of the herds.”

Every day the men climbed the high hills to look for the return of the herds. Every day they hunted small game. And every day the women stripped sapwood from the firs and aspens.

"Summer comes slowly," said Drag-a-load as she stirred the sapwood in her cooking pot. "I wish she would hasten."

"I wish she would hasten," said Root-digger. "I wish she would give us her fruits."

"I wonder what good things she has in store for us," said Spin-a-thread.

"Ask the goddess of the woodlands," said Root-digger. "She can tell you."

"She does not tell me her secrets," said Spin-a-thread. "I'm not like Tether-peg."

"Does the goddess of the woodlands tell Mother her secrets?" asked Day's-eye.

"Yes," replied Spin-a-thread. "Your mother is wise. She can talk with the goddess of the woodlands."

"I ate the flesh of the eagle," said Day's-eye. "Some day I shall be wise."

The children now saw Tether-peg coming and ran out to meet her. They asked her what the birds were saying. They asked when Summer would give them her berries and when she would hang ripe cherries on the trees. They asked about many sights and sounds in the big world about them.

Tether-peg answered all their questions. She told them of the signs.

When they went to the camp, Tether-peg said, "We shall have a fine summer."

"Did the goddess of the woodlands tell you so?" asked Spin-a-thread.

"Yes," replied Tether-peg. "She told me by showing me the buds on the oak trees."

"I thought the oaks were still bare," said Drag-a-load.

"They are beginning to bud," said Tether-peg. "But the ash trees are still bare. When the oak buds before the ash, we have a fine summer."

"Does the ash tree ever bud before the oak?" asked Day's-eye.

"Yes, child," replied Tether-peg. "And when it does, we have a wet summer."

"When the oak buds, it is time for us to move," said Spin-a-thread.

"That is true," said Tether-peg. "As soon as the herds return, all the clans of the Eagle tribe will move on to summer pastures."

That day, when Many-dogs watched from a high hill by the river, he caught sight of something moving along the river trail.

The man bent forward. His eyes were fixed on the moving creatures. Never for a moment did he lift his eyes until he was sure what they were.

As he looked long and eagerly, the white horns of cattle gleamed from the dark moving mass.

"The cattle are coming! The cattle are coming!" shouted Many-dogs. "They are coming up the river trail."

The people rejoiced to hear the good news. Men, women, and children climbed high hills and looked at the coming herds. Other clans watched from neighboring hills, and the



*"The cattle are coming! The cattle are coming!" shouted Many-dogs*

word passed from hill to hill until every clan of the Eagle tribe knew the herds had returned.

#### THINGS TO DO

*Have you ever heard of Panpipes? What are they? Pan is the name the Greeks gave to the great god of nature. He is the same as the god of the woodlands. See if you can make Panpipes and make music on them.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"He caught sight of something moving along the river trail."*

*"Word passed from hill to hill."*

### XXXIII

#### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you think the people will tether any more animals? Do you think any of them ever thought they would some time live by taking care of flocks and herds?

How do wild sheep differ from tame sheep? Why are wild sheep more hardy and active than tame sheep? How does the wild sheep protect itself from enemies? Why do the wild sheep stay in flocks?

#### *How the People Spent the Next Summer*

When the herds returned, all the earth seemed glad. The trees put on their tender green garments and the meadows put forth green grass. The river gurgled on its way down the valley. The birds sang their sweetest songs. Everything was as beautiful as if Winter had never been near.

The herds moved on to the foothills, and the people followed them. All the clans of the Eagle tribe were soon

camped on the foothills. All were soon digging pitfalls and setting traps for wolves and bears.

One day the men climbed the mountains to the pastures of the wild sheep. "Hunt the rams," said Many-dogs. "Spare the bunters that have lambs."

"Lambs are best," said Do-little. "When the flock is scattered, it is easy to pick up a lamb. The mother sheep won't touch us."

"Not if she is alone," added Big-crow. "But a flock of sheep will protect the lambs. They are good bunters."

"Don't you remember what they did last summer?" asked Gray-wolf. "Don't you remember how they flocked together, with the rams on the outside?"

"I remember," answered Do-little. "There was a wall of ram's horns all around the flock."

"Let's scatter the flock," said Eat-well. "Then we can pick up some lambs."

"We are not hunting lambs," said Many-dogs. "We are out for rams. Get young rams if you can; but if you can't get young ones, get old rams."

When they reached the pasture of the wild sheep, they hid for a while behind big rocks. From this hiding place they could peek out and see without being seen.

"That's a big ram," said Big-crow, pointing to the leader of the flock.

The men nodded. They were careful not to let the sentinels hear them.

"There's a sentinel," whispered Many-dogs, pointing to an old ram watching from a high rock. "Look out for him!"

"There's another," whispered Gray-wolf.

Soon the men knew where all of the sentinels stood.

"The young rams are with the flock," whispered Big-crow.

"I don't see how we can get them."

"Do you see that steep trail?" whispered Many-dogs.

"Do you see how it leads between those high cliffs?"

"I see what you mean," replied



*The leader of the flock gave a shrill whistle and bounded up the trail*

Big-crow. "I'll go around and watch at the gap while you frighten them up the trail."

Several of the men went with Big-crow. Others waited until his party were lying in wait at the gap. Then they came out from under cover, and the sentinels sounded an alarm.

The leader of the flock gave a shrill whistle and bounded up the trail. The sheep followed, leaping and climbing up the rocky trail.

Big-crow and his men kept very still. They let most of the sheep pass. But when some young rams came in sight, they pulled their bowstrings and let fly their arrows.

The men loaded the young rams on their backs and picked their way down the trail. When they came to Many-dogs, he, too, had something upon his back.

"What have you?" called Big-crow.

"A ewe," replied Many-dogs. "She's lame. She can't keep up with the flock."

"Does she have a lamb?" asked Big-crow.

"Her lamb is in my game-bag," replied Many-dogs.

"A lamb in your game-bag!" exclaimed Eat-well and Do-little.

"What is in your game-bag, Eat-well?" asked Many-dogs. "What have you, Do-little?"

There was nothing in their game-bags. So they had nothing more to say just then. But when they came near the camp, they heard the bleating of a lamb.

"That's a lamb!" cried Eat-well.

"Where is it?" asked Do-little.

"Close at hand," replied Many-dogs.



*She let the lamb run to its mother*

Do-little and Eat-well looked puzzled. The other men laughed. For the lamb Many-dogs had in his game-bag was a live lamb.

Spin-a-thread tethered the lame ewe and bathed its leg in fresh water. And although the ewe was very wild, she soon became quiet, for Spin-a-thread soothed the sheep with sweet songs and she let the lamb run to its mother.

### THINGS TO DO

*Find out all you can about the horns of wild sheep; of tame ones. How do they differ from the horns of the goat? Find out whether ewes had horns when all the sheep were wild.*

*How did people use the horns of the sheep they killed?*

*Model a sheep and a lamb in bas-relief.*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"The leader of the flock gave a shrill whistle and bounded up the trail."*

*"Spin-a-thread tethered the lame ewe."*

## XXXIV

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you like to have an animal pet? Do you think the children in the camp would like pets?

Do you know what a wild cow does with her young calf? If anyone should disturb the calf, what would it do?

### *What Happened When Drag-a-load Tethered a Calf*

"What shall I bring you, Birdikin?" asked Big-crow as he was starting with the men to the mountain pastures of the wild sheep.

"Bring me a lamb," answered Birdikin. "I want a little bunter."

"You shall have one," said Big-crow.

"Bring me a little jumper," said Day's-eye.

All the children wanted pet lambs and kids. Every time they saw the men coming, they ran to see if they brought any pets. But none of the children except Little-bear and Pick-a-tree said anything about a calf.

The men came home with several mother sheep, and each sheep had a lamb. A few days later they brought several kids and several mother goats.

The women tethered and tended the creatures, and the children played with the kids and lambs. Little-bear and

Pick-a-tree played with them, but the boys wanted a calf.

One day Tether-peg said to the boys, "Find a calf. I'll help you tether it."

So when the boys were out on the hills they were always looking for a calf.

Drag-a-load found a calf one day. It was only a few days old. She found it in a clump of hazel bushes where it had been hidden by its mother.

When Drag-a-load came near the calf, it put its head close to the ground. It crouched down like a rabbit. It lay perfectly still.

"I'll tether the calf," thought Drag-a-load.

So she pulled a thong out of her tool bag and tied one end to a tree. She slipped the other end about the calf's neck and in doing so touched the calf's head.

The moment she touched the wild calf, it jumped up and pawed the ground. It gave a loud bellow. It lowered its head and rushed straight toward Drag-a-load.

Had she not been quick, the calf would have knocked her down. As it was, she barely escaped.

The calf came to the end of its tether and pulled this way and that. Then again it pawed, again it bellowed, and again it lowered its head and rushed straight at Drag-a-load.

This time she was out of the calf's reach. She laughed when she saw how it fought. But a moment later the woman was startled by the trampling of many feet.

Drag-a-load knew what the sound meant. Danger was near. She knew it. The moment she heard the trampling of feet, she bounded off like a deer.

## What Happened When Drag-a-load Tethered a Calf 167

It was well that she did. For the cattle were galloping over the hills. They had heard the bellowing of the calf. They were coming at full speed.

The earth trembled beneath their feet as they tore through the underbrush. Nothing could withstand their onward rush. They trampled down everything in their way.

The men were in sight of the herd when the calf bawled. They saw the cattle lift up their heads. They saw the big bull dash off followed by the angry herd.

"It's a sorry day for the wolf that has meddled with that calf," said Big-crow when the herd rushed off.

"It's not a wolf!" shouted Many-dogs. "It's the women!"

Before the words had passed his lips, the men were off at full speed. They made a quick dash in the direction from which the calf called.

"Head them off!" cried Many-dogs to the men. "Head the herd toward the setting sun!"

Before men and dogs could reach the herd, the cattle had rescued the calf.

"They are headed toward the feeding grounds," called Big-crow when he saw the cattle turn.

"Let them go," called Many-dogs. "Let's run and see if anyone was hurt."

The men hurried to the spot. No one was there.

"The gods be praised," said Many-dogs. "The women have escaped."

"What's this?" asked Gray-wolf, picking up a piece of a thong from the trampled leaves and grass.

"That tells a story," said Many-dogs. "Some one tried to tether the calf."



*The cattle had heard the bellowing of the calf. They were coming at full speed*

## What Happened When Drag-a-load Tethered a Calf 169

Just as Many-dogs spoke, Drag-a-load returned. She heard what he said. "I did it," she said. "I tethered the calf."

"What did you do that for?" asked Big-crow.

"The boys want to tame a calf," replied Drag-a-load.

"The calf belongs to the herd," said Many-dogs.

"That is true," said Gray-wolf. "The cattle have a right to protect their own."

"They can do it," said Drag-a-load. "And if you had seen that calf fight, you would think he could take care of himself."

"What did he do?" asked Big-crow.

By this time the women and children had come to the spot. All laughed when Drag-a-load showed them what the calf did. And again they laughed when she said, "When I heard the trampling of many feet, I took to my heels and ran."

"Better not try to tether any more calves," said Big-crow. "A calf is too rough for a pet."

"Don't touch the calves," added Many-dogs. "The cattle are our friends. Let us not provoke them by meddling with their young."

Tether-peg heard all that was said, but she spoke not a single word. Her thoughts went back to the lame cow and to her sweet milk. A far-away look came to her eyes. Then they shone with a clear light. Little-bear saw it and wondered about it. He wondered, too, why she did not speak.

### THINGS TO DO.

*When you have a chance to see a young calf, watch it and see what it does. Do you think the calves on a farm are as wild as the calves of wild cows?*

*Model in clay a young calf crouched down like a rabbit.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"It jumped up and pawed the ground."*

*"The cattle came galloping over the hills."*

## XXXV

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Why were people who lived long ago afraid to cross a high range of mountains? Have you ever crossed a mountain range? If so, how?

What is a mountain gap? Find a picture of one.

Can you think of a way of knowing where a gap is without having seen it?

### *How Tether-peg Pointed Out a Way Through the Mountains*

Once more Winter came in his wrath. The earth withheld her food. But gentle Summer at length returned and again the earth put forth her fruits.

The people rejoiced at the coming of Summer, yet were sad when they looked at the flocks and herds. For each year they were smaller and smaller. Each year game was more scarce.

Before moving to the summer pastures Many-dogs was made chief of the tribe. Finding the game scarcer than ever, he now sent messengers to the clans to call the leaders together.

The following day Big-bear and Bluebird arrived. Big-bear was Tether-peg's eldest brother and chief at the camp

where her brothers lived. They had married Bluebird and her sisters, who belonged to the Deer clan.

"Speak to your uncle," said Tether-peg to the children when the men and women had greeted their guests.

The children gathered about their uncle and began to talk with him. Now and then they cast shy glances at Bluebird of the Deer clan.

"When are you coming for training?" asked Big-bear, looking at Little-bear.

"Very soon, I hope," replied Little-bear, who had talked many times with his mother about going to his uncle's for training. For in those days, when a boy passed from his mother's training, he was sent to the men of his mother's clan.

"I want you to train me," said Pick-a-tree. "When may I come?"



*"When are you coming for training?" asked Big-bear*

"Just as soon as your mother says you are ready," replied Big-bear.

"They have much to learn before going," said Tether-peg. "But they are doing very well. It won't be long before we shall send them to you."

No more could be said at this time, for other guests now arrived. But as long as Big-bear stayed in the camp the boys looked at him with wonder. They listened to every word he spoke.

When, at last, all the leaders had arrived, the people feasted and danced. Then they sat around the council fire to talk about what should be done.

"Game is scarce," said Many-dogs when at length everybody was quiet. "Shall we stay here and see our tribe grow weaker and ever weaker?"

"No, no!" shouted the leaders. "Our children shall not starve."

"Let us search for new lands," said Big-bear.

"Search for new lands!" repeated Night-hawk. "Where can we find them?"

"There are no new hunting grounds in all this land," said Rook.

"There are none on this side of the mountains," said Big-bear. "Many times I have wondered what lies beyond the mountains."

"Beyond the mountains!" exclaimed Night-hawk. "No man knows what is beyond the mountains."

"No man has scaled those peaks," added Many-dogs. "No man has climbed higher than the pastures of the big jumpers."

## How Tether-peg Pointed a Way Through the Mountains 173

"No man dare do it," cried Night-hawk. "The peaks are rugged and steep. No man knows what may lurk among those snowy crags and rocks."

"Forget not the gods," said Tether-peg. "Sky looks down over all."

"There is no path," cried Big-bear. "There is no path across those peaks."

"There is a path which no man knoweth," replied Tether-peg. "Sky knows every path. Sun lights up the way."

The men shook their heads.

At last Night-hawk broke the silence. "What man can tread those rugged peaks?"

"No man can do it," replied Rook. "Eagles and vultures may fly around the peaks, but no man can pass that way."

"The path is not there," said Tether-peg. "It is not by the way of rugged, snow-capped peaks."

"There is no path," cried Night-Hawk.

"There is a path," replied the wise woman. "There is a path that leads through a gap to new lands beyond."

"A gap!" cried Big-bear. "Are you sure there's a gap?"

"There is a gap," said Tether-peg. "Of this I am sure."

"I see no sign of a gap," said Night-hawk.

"Nor can I," added Rook.

"Where is it?" asked Many-dogs.

"There," replied Tether-peg, pointing to a rugged peak some distance to the right.

"I see nothing but peak after peak," said Big-bear.

"Look at that peak," said Tether-peg. "Beyond is one that is higher. The way leads through a gap between those rugged peaks."



*"The way leads through a gap between those rugged peaks"*

"Let us find this gap!" cried Many-dogs. "Let us send runners to the spot."

"Let us send runners!" cried all the leaders. "Let's search out a gap in the mountains. Let's find a way to fresh hunting grounds."

#### **THINGS TO DO**

*Model in sand or clay a mountain range and show a mountain gap. Find pictures of mountain passes and gaps.*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"Our children shall not starve."*

*"The way leads through a gap between those rugged peaks."*

## XXXVI

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you think the people will find a gap? Do you think they will find new hunting grounds? If they move on, what will happen to the herds they leave behind? Have you ever driven cattle?

### *How the Cattle Were Driven Through a Mountain Gap*

Tether-peg was right. There was a gap in the mountains. The runners brought the good news. "We found a gap. We passed through it," they said. "We have looked out on a pleasant land."

"Is there good hunting in the new land?" asked Many-dogs.

"There are goats and sheep on the hills," replied Big-crow. "There are good feeding grounds."

"Did you see any cattle?" asked Many-dogs.

"Not many," replied Big-crow. "But I heard the bellowing of bulls."

"Let us move on," said Many-dogs. "Let us go to the new land."

All the people were eager to go. They began at once to make ready for the journey. While they were picking up their things, they began to talk of the herds.

"Who will keep off the wolves when we are gone?" asked Big-crow.

"No one will do it," replied Drag-a-load.

"The wolves will come out of their dens, they will pick up the young calves," said Spin-a-thread.

"They will pounce upon the stray cows," added Root-digger.

"We have kept off the wolves many years," said Many-dogs. "I don't like to think what will happen when we leave them behind."

"Why leave them behind?" asked Tether-peg. "They are our friends. Let them go with us."

"Why can't the cattle go with us?" asked Spin-a-thread after a few moments' silence.

"Go with us!" cried Big-crow. "Each herd stays on its own range. The herd that tries to leave its range is bound to get into trouble."

"Whose herd is nearest the gap?" asked Many-dogs.

"Ours," replied Big-crow.

"Perhaps we can head them toward the gap," said Many-dogs. "Perhaps we can drive them through."

"I wonder if we can," said Big-crow.

"We can try," said Many-dogs.

"What if the herd becomes angry?" said Do-little. "What if the cattle charge upon us?"

"Let's not risk it," said Eat-well. "Let's kill them and eat them now."

"No, no!" shouted the men. "We won't kill the last of the herd."

Tether-peg now arose and said, "The cattle shall go on before us."

"They shall," added Many-dogs. "I, myself, will lead the men in driving the cattle through the gap."

"Shall we call the other clans?" asked Big-crow. "Shall we all work together and drive all the herds through the gap?"

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"Ours is nearest the gap," answered Many-dogs. "Let us drive our herd through first. And let us seek the aid of the gods in this dangerous work."

"The god of the woodlands will help you," said Tether-peg. "He has charge of the herds. Even now I will offer him gifts and ask him to drive the herd through the gap."

That night Many-dogs invented a dance. It was one to train men to drive wild cattle through the gap. He gave signals with his horn and taught the men what he wanted them to do.

Before starting out the next morning Many-dogs went to Tether-peg and asked her for a charm.

"Take this," said the wise woman. "Go ahead and drop little lumps at spots along the way."

Many-dogs went ahead with the charm. He took a few lumps from the bag and dropped them near where the dun bull was feeding. The bull came and licked them up with his tongue and eagerly followed to the next spot on which Many-dogs had dropped a few more.

Each time the bull moved, he moved in the direction of the gap. Each time the cattle followed, so they, too, kept going on toward the mountain gap.

Meanwhile men and dogs followed close upon the herd. The men were armed with big sticks as well as with bows and arrows. And they all had whistles and horns and some of them carried drums.

"That charm works like magic," said Big-crow as he watched the dun bull follow Many-dogs.

"Tether-peg is wise," added Gray wolf. "The charm is a gift of the gods."



*Many-dogs went ahead with the charm*

When the last of the herd had passed through the gap, the men sent up a loud shout. They leaped and danced and cried out. For never before since time began had men driven a wild herd to a new land.

### THINGS TO DO

*Invent a dance to show how the cattle might be driven through a gap.*

*Guess what it was that Tether-peg gave Many-dogs for a charm. Where do you think Tether-peg got it? Where does the salt we use come from?*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"The bull came and licked them up with his tongue."*

*"Each time the cattle followed."*

## XXXVII

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you think all the clans of the Eagle tribe will want to drive their herds through the gap? Do you think they can do it?

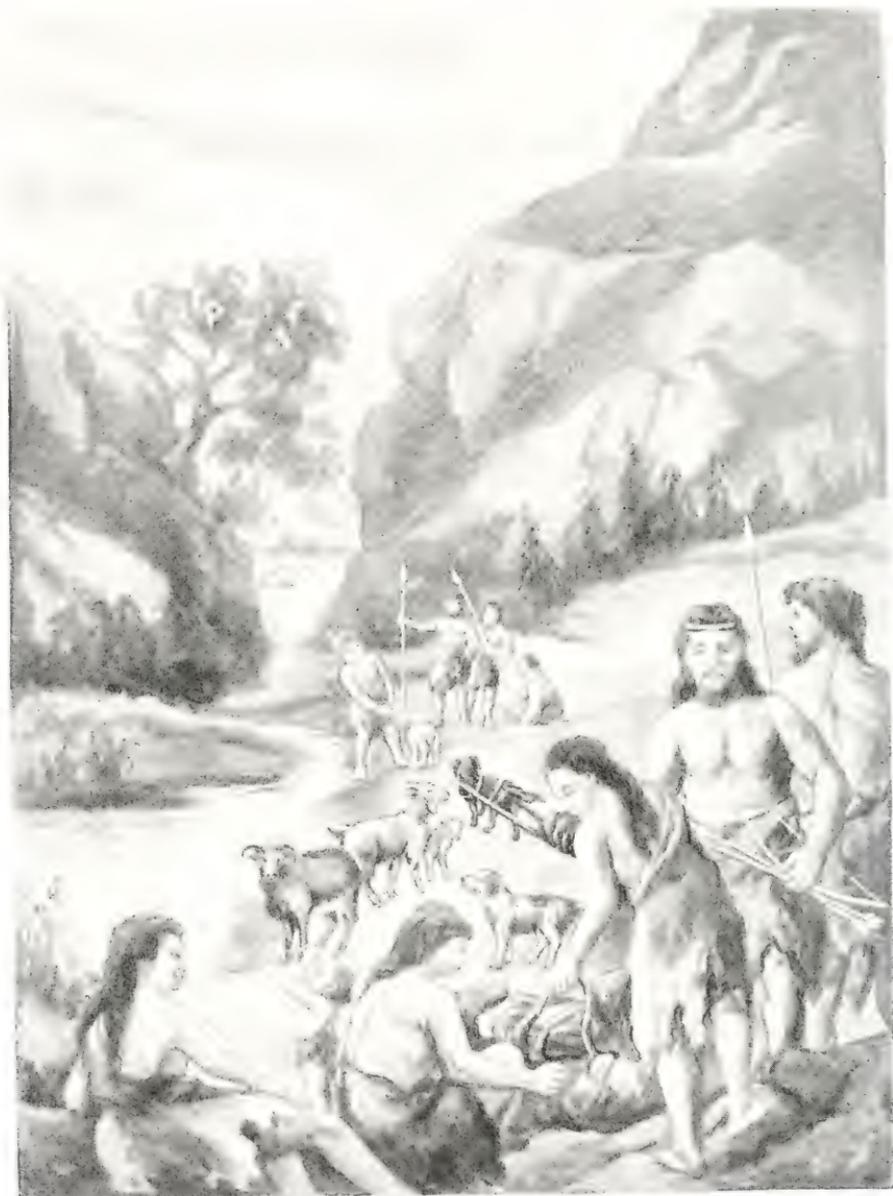
Have you ever seen a high table-land? If so, how did it look?

### *How the Eagle Tribe Moved to a High Table-land*

When the men returned from the gap, Many-dogs signaled to all the clans of the tribe. All understood the signals and made ready to move.

When Big-bear heard what had happened, he wanted to drive his herd.

"Take the women and children first," said Many-dogs. "You can come back for your herd."



*At last they reached the mountain gap and paused by a stream of fresh water*

## How the Eagle Tribe Moved to a High Table-land 181

All the clans were soon on the way toward the mountain gap. All were soon in one long line, clan following clan. Dogs dragged most of the packs, and many of the women led sheep and goats, and the older children led kids and lambs.

At last they reached the mountain gap and paused by a stream of fresh water. They quenched their thirst. They looked up at the rugged mountains over their heads.

While they were talking about the mountains, Many-dogs called, "Move forward! Pass through the gap!"

The long line again moved on. When the last person passed through the gap, Many-dogs blew his horn.

"Halt at this spot!" he cried.

The people halted. The long line broke up and the people looked out on the new land.

"It is just like a big basin," said Spin-a-thread when she caught sight of the table-land.

"The basin has a big brim," said Drag-a-load. "See! High mountains are on every side."

"The basin has a rough bottom," said Root-digger pointing to the ranges of hills which crossed the high table-land.

"It's a hilly country," said Tether-peg. "Hills lie beyond hills."

"There are sheep on the hills," said Gray-wolf.

"There are goats on all the mountains," added Big-crow.

"Where are our cattle?" asked Drag-a-load.

"Down there by the stream," answered Big-crow.

"The land is well watered," said Many-dogs.

At this point the women kindled fires to roast the small game picked up on the way. But the men looked out on the new land and talked about what they saw.



*"There are sheep on the hills," said Gray-wolf*

"We shall always find plenty of fresh water here," said Big-bear. "Three good streams flow down from these mountains."

"Can you see the river they join?" asked Night-hawk.

"Yes," replied Big-bear. "It's the river that flows from that big dark forest at our left."

"There are streams flowing down from those mountains," said Many-dogs, pointing to the mountains at the north of the high table-land.

"There are lakes, too," added Gray-wolf. "I think we shall find many ducks."

"I'm glad we found the way through the mountain gap," said Night-hawk. "I wonder how Tether-peg knew it was there."

Before anyone could answer, the simple meal was ready. When this was over, the leaders of the clans gathered around the wise woman.

No one knew how she had learned of the gap. Some said a bird had told her. So now Many-dogs asked the wise woman how it was she knew of the gap.

"The birds pointed out the way," replied Tether-peg.

"Did they tell you there was a gap in this place?" asked Many-dogs.

"They marked it out by their flight," she replied.

"Marked it out by their flight!" repeated Rook. "I don't understand."

"The birds know the mountain passes," said Tether-peg. "They know where the mountain streams flow."

Rook looked puzzled. He shook his head.

"Many flocks pass this way when they fly to the north," added Tether-peg. "At the beginning of winter they come this way when they fly to the south."

"Do birds know where the gaps are?" asked Night-hawk.

"They do," replied Tether-peg. "Birds are wise. They know the best way to go."

Many of the people did not understand how she had learned of the gap. They thought the birds had told her about it. But as the years passed, the children who ate the flesh of the eagle learned how to find mountain gaps. Day's-eye and Birdikin learned to find them by watching great flocks of birds in their flight.

### THINGS TO DO

*Model in the sand box a high table-land such as the people saw. Model the mountains that surround it and show where gaps and passes are. Show where the rivers, streams, and lakes are. Show where there is a dark forest.*

*Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"All were soon in one long line, clan following clan."*

*"'Down there by the stream,' answered Big-crow."*

## XXXVIII

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you think there were many wolves and bears in the new land? If so, where were their dens?

Do you think there were other clans in the new land?

What kind of games and plays do you think the children would play? Why? Do you know who invented most of the plays you now play?

### *How the People Lived on the Table-land*

Each clan of the Eagle tribe was soon camped on a new hunting ground. The men were then eager to go back and bring the cattle through the gap.

Big-bear and his party went first, and Tether-peg gave them a charm. They brought the cattle to the new land without much trouble.

Other parties went, one by one. Each asked Tether-peg for a charm. And most of the clans were able to bring their cattle without any loss.

When Rook and his party went for their herd, Rook lost the charm Tether-peg gave him. When they tried to head the cattle toward the gap, the herd charged upon them.

The men set dogs on the cattle. They waved their sticks and beat drums. They turned the cattle, but they were not able to drive them through the gap. Time and again Rook and his men tried to drive the cattle through. At last, they gave up and went home, leaving the herd behind them.



*The men set dogs on the cattle*

While Rook was away, there was great excitement in Many-dogs' camp. A big bear had sneaked up and carried off one of the tethered goats.

"There is his track," said Big-crow.

"There is another!" cried Many-dogs. "Let's track the bear to his den."

The men set out with the dogs. They tracked the bear to his den. Before night they came home bringing the carcass of a grizzly.

"There are many wolves in this land," said Many-dogs. "Let's find their dens. Let's kill off the whelps before they are big enough to hunt."

One morning when the men were hunting wolves, Little-bear said, "Pick-a-tree, I wish we could go and hunt with the men."

"It won't be long before you can," said Drag-a-load.

"We must take training first," said Little-bear, who had not forgotten what his Uncle Big-bear had said.

"When can we go to Uncle Big-bear's camp?" asked Pick-a-tree.

"In a few years," replied Drag-a-load. "But come now, let me fit this goat skin to your back."

While Drag-a-load was fitting a raw goat skin to his back, Pick-a-tree asked, "Will it be just like Little-bear's?"

"Yes, child," answered Drag-a-load. "And I'll make you a headdress of the goat's horns. It will be just like Little-bear's."

Before leaving the foothills Tether-peg had fitted a raw goat skin to Little-bear's back. It shrunk when drying, and now it fitted close to the boy's body.

"I can jump like a goat when I wear the goat skin," said Little-bear. "See, I'm a big jumper!"

When Pick-a-tree's goat-skin was dry, the boys, dressed in their goat-skins, looked like two wild goats. They capered, they jumped from rock to rock, and they played they were wild goats.

Sometimes they played they were wild sheep. Then Little-bear said, "I'm a big ram. I'm the leader of the flock. You must follow me."

"I'm a sentinel," said Day's-eye. "I stand guard over the flock. I keep off the wolves and bears."

"I'm a bear," said Pick-a-tree. "I'll hide in the bushes. If you don't keep a good watch, I'll carry off a lamb."

All the children took their places. Those that were the sheep and lambs of the flock began to nibble grass. Then Pick-a-tree crawled out of a thicket just as a big bear would do.

Those who were sentinels now gave an alarm. Little-bear whistled and bounded off, followed by those who were sheep and lambs of the flock.

The bear caught one lamb; then they played that the one who had been caught was a bear too. So they played the game again, with two bears instead of one.

From the time the first goat was tethered, the children played with lambs and kids. Many of their pets were now full grown, and some of them were tame. Those that were tame were let loose from their tethers and allowed to run about.

It was great fun to play with the goats. Sometimes the children rode on the goats' backs. And many a time a goat reared up and a child tumbled off her back. But all



*The boys, dressed in their goat skins, looked like two wild goats. They capered, they jumped from rock to rock, and they played they were wild goats*

the children tried again and again, though they had many a tumble.

And so the children played with the goats while the men trapped wolves and bears. They learned many good lessons while playing with their half-wild pets.

### THINGS TO DO

*What animal games do you know? Make up one.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"The boys, dressed in their goat-skins, looked like two wild goats."*

*"The herd charged upon them."*

*"A goat reared up and a child tumbled off her back."*

## XXXIX

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

What do you think the men would do toward taming wild cattle? What would the women do? Could the children help in any way? If so, how?

### *How the People Tethered Two Cows and a Calf*

One morning Drag-a-load came rushing to the camp in the greatest excitement.

"What's the matter?" asked Root-digger.

As soon as Drag-a-load could get her breath, she gasped, "A calf! It's a calf! I've found a calf!"

"Did it knock you down?" asked Spin-a-thread, who had not forgotten the day that Drag-a-load tethered a young calf. "Did you tether the calf?"

"Tether it! No!" cried Drag-a-load. "I tethered one calf; I'll never tether another."

"Where is it?" asked Tether-peg.

"Down there," replied Drag-a-load, pointing down the troughlike valley of a tumbling stream.

"Is the herd near?" asked the wise woman.

"It is not in sight," replied Root-digger.

"I have n't heard the cattle at all this morning," said Spin-a-thread.

"Bring thongs," said Tether-peg to the women. "Come with me."

"It's there," said Drag-a-load as the women drew near a clump of hazel bushes.



*The calf jumped up and pawed the ground*

“I will tether the calf,” said Tether-peg. “Set a snare in that narrow path. The cow is likely to come that way.”

The wise woman made one end of a thong fast to a sapling before she touched the calf. This done, she slipped a loop about the calf's neck and stepped out of its reach.

Now the calf kept perfectly still until Tether-peg touched it. Then it jumped up and pawed the ground. It bellowed. It lowered its head and rushed upon the wise woman.

The calf came with such force it would have knocked her down had she been within reach. As it was, the calf vented its rage without doing her harm.

Seeing that the snare was now set, Tether-peg said, “Come away. This is all we can do now.”

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They had scarcely left when there came to their ears the sound of crashing underbrush. "She's coming!" cried Drag-a-load. And the woman bounded off like a young deer.

"Keep still," said Tether-peg to her sisters who stayed by her side. "Let's see what will happen."

"Something has happened," whispered Spin-a-thread as they heard the cow stamping the ground and crashing down the underbrush.

"She is caught," said Root-digger. "She is caught in our snare. She is trying to break away."

"She can't do it," replied Spin-a-thread. "She can't break that thong."

If a cow could have broken the thong, that cow would have done so. She pushed, she pulled, she kicked, she gored, she jumped, she pawed, she bawled. But all was to no purpose. The snare held her fast.

Drag-a-load now came back. She listened to the crashing of the underbrush. "I



*She pushed, she pulled, she kicked, she gored, she jumped,  
she pawed, she bawled*

should n't like to meet that cow at close range," she said as the cow kept on trying to break away.

"There is no danger of your doing so while you are able to run," remarked Spin-a-thread.

"She's an ugly beast," said Drag-a-load. "We shall never be able to tame her."

Many-dogs' horn was now heard.

"He is calling," cried Spin-a-thread. "He is calling Tether-peg. I wonder what's the matter."

Before the words had left her lips the wise woman was out of sight. The trouble was this: Early in the morning the men were hunting, when Big-crow caught sight of two wolves sneaking after a cow.

"Wolves! Wolves!" cried Big-crow. "They are after one of our cows!"

The men followed Big-crow's lead. They came to the spot just as the wolves pounced upon a young cow. They killed the wolves. They rescued the cow. But some of the men wanted to kill her.

"Do not kill her," said Many-dogs. "Let us keep her." And with these words he tethered the cow to a young tree.

"Is the herd near?" asked Gray-wolf when the cow began to bawl. "If the cattle hear her, we had better get away from this place."

"They are not in sight," said Big-crow.

"I have n't heard them all the morning," added Many-dogs.

When they were sure the cattle had not heard, Do-little said, "Let's kill her. She can't run with the herd."



*Big-crow caught sight of two wolves sneaking after a cow*

“No,” exclaimed Many-dogs. “She has a calf. We must n’t kill the mother of a young calf.”

“The wolves have picked up the calf before this,” cried Eat-well, who was eager to get a taste of tender beef.

All the men liked tender beef. Several of them now raised their voices and said that the cow should be killed. They even started toward the cow and lifted their stone axes.

“Back! back!” cried Many-dogs as he stepped between the men and the cow. “Keep your hands off! It is not for you to overthrow the customs of our tribe.”

Angry words were now spoken. There were many threatening looks. Then it was that Many-dogs signaled to the wise woman with his horn.

### THINGS TO DO

*Model in the sand box a trough-like valley with a tumbling stream. Can you tell what happens to such a valley after many years of rain and melting snow?*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

“‘She is trying to break away.’”

“‘It is not for you to overthrow the customs of our tribe.’”

## XL

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you think the people ought to kill the cow they rescued from the wolves? Why, or why not? How do you think they could get her to the camp?

### *How the Birds Answered Tether-peg's Questions*

When Tether-peg arrived, Many-dogs, Big-crow, Gray-wolf, and others were standing with their backs to the wounded cow. Others faced them, shaking their fists and threatening them with clubs.

“Lay down your weapons,” said the wise woman. “It is not right for clansmen to quarrel.”

When the wise woman spoke, they obeyed. They laid down their clubs. They gave up the quarrel. They put off their ugly looks.



*"Lay down your weapons," said the wise woman. "It is not right for clansmen to quarrel!"*

Tether-peg knew at a glance what had caused all the trouble. No one needed to speak a word. "Sit down," she said. "Sit down on the grass and rest."

The men sat down upon the grass. They breathed a sigh of relief.

"Let us talk with the birds," said Tether-peg. "They will tell us the will of the gods."

The men looked up to the trees. Many birds were flitting among the branches, chirping and singing sweet songs. All listened while the wise woman talked with the birds.

First Tether-peg looked up to the great god Sky, then she looked at a bird perched on a high branch.

“Speak, speak!” said the wise woman. “What shall we do with this brockle-faced cow?”

At first there was such a chirping and twittering no one could be sure what was said.

“One bird said, ‘Kill her,’” said Eat-well.

“Shall we kill Brockle-face?” asked Tether-peg as she looked up to the little bird.

A clear voice came down through the branches:

“No-o! No-o! No-o!  
Don’t kill her! Don’t kill her!  
Feed her! Feed her! Feed her!”

Tether-peg repeated the words so all might understand. Again Tether-peg questioned the birds. “Shall we leave the cow in this place?” she asked.

A dove flew down and called out, “No! No! No!”

“Shall we take this cow to our camp?” asked Tether-peg as she looked at the dove.

“Do! Do! Do!” sang the Dove. “Do! Do! Do!”

“The gods have spoken,” said the wise woman.

“We must obey,” added Many-dogs. With these words he arose and stepped toward the cow.



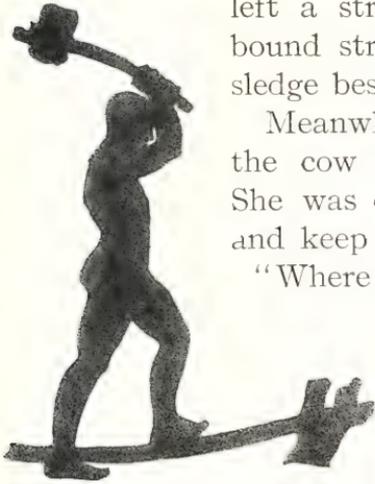
*An Eskimo sled*

“She can’t walk,” said Big-crow. “How are we going to get her to the camp?”

“Drag her,” said Gray-wolf.

“Don’t hurt her,” said Tether-peg. “Take a forked branch. Bind twigs across it and put the cow upon it.”

The men then cut off a big forked branch with their polished stone axes. They trimmed off the small branches and left a strong framework. Across this they bound strong twigs. Then they placed the sledge beside the cow and lifted her upon it.



*A man chopping*

Meanwhile Tether-peg had been soothing the cow by humming a sweet, low song. She was doing her best to comfort the cow and keep her from being afraid.

"Where are the dogs?" asked Gray-wolf when the cow was loaded upon the drag.

Many-dogs whistled, and the whole pack came bounding to his side.

Howler and Growler were hitched first. Then came Barker

and Biter. Cubby and Bushy-tail came next in the six-dog team.

"Let's help the dogs start the load," said Many-dogs when the dogs pulled and the load did not move.

Several men now took hold of the traces and pulled until the load began to move. Then the dogs had no trouble in dragging the load to the camp.

The men moved the cow from the sledge when they came into the camp. This done, they looked puzzled. They didn't know what to do.



*A sledge*

Just then a little bird in a tree began to trill and sing:

"Te! te! te! te! te! te!

Tr-r-r-r! Tr-r-r-r! Tr-r-r-r!"

"What is the bird saying?" asked Many-dogs.

"Listen," said Tether-peg.

Again the bird sang:

"Te, te, te! Te, te, te!

Ti, ti, ti! Ti, ti, ti!

Tr-r-r-r! Tr-r-r-r!"

The men still were puzzled.

Tether-peg smiled as she said, "Don't you understand? The little bird says, 'Tie her.'"

### THINGS TO DO

*Trill like a bird. Coo like a dove. Sing like a canary.*

*Find a forked branch and make a simple sledge. Tell why such sledges were very useful before people knew how to make carts.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"'Lay down your weapons,' said the wise woman."*

*"'Let's help the dogs start the load.'"*

## XLI

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you think you could tether a wild calf? Do you think you could tether a tame calf?

If cows and calves are brought to the camp, who do you think will be most pleased?

### *What Happened When Little-bear Found a Calf*

While the men were tethering Brockle-face, they heard the bellowing of a calf. The cow raised her head. She

gave a long bawl. She tried to get up and go to the calf.

"Wolves are after that calf," said Big-crow.

"Come, Barker! Come, Biter!" called Many-dogs. "Come, let's help that calf."

"I'm not going to chase after a calf," said Do-little when all but Eat-well and himself had left the camp.

"There won't be anything left of it when they get there," said Eat-well.

The men ran fast, but the dogs ran faster. Before the men reached the spot, they heard the dogs barking, the calf bellowing, and the boys shouting at the top of their voices.

"Go away!" cried Little-bear. "Go away, Barker! Go away, Biter!"

Now Many-dogs knew at a glance what all the trouble was about. A smile passed over his face as he ran to help the boys.

They were having a hard tussle with the calf. They were trying to lead it, but the calf would not be led. The boys pulled one way and the calf pulled another. Now they pulled it a few steps, then the calf dragged both boys through the underbrush.

"Call off the dogs!" shouted Little-bear when he heard the men's voices.

The men called, and the dogs obeyed.

Many-dogs then seized the calf. He threw it upon the ground. There he held it while men and boys came to see the calf.

"I'm not going to hurt you, little calf," said Many-dogs as he patted the calf on the head.



*The boys pulled one way and the calf pulled another*

“What were you trying to do with that calf?” asked Big-crow when the boys had taken a long breath.

“We were taking it to camp,” answered Little-bear. “We are going to tame it.”

“Tame it!” cried Big-crow laughing. “You can’t tame a calf.”

“What made you try to lead it?” asked Many-dogs. “Why did n’t you tether it?”

“We did try to tether it,” replied Little-bear.

"Before we could tie the thong to a tree the calf fought us," added Pick-a-tree.

"I see," said Many-dogs. "You forgot to tie the thong to a tree before you touched the calf."

"Let me tether it now," said Little-bear. "You hold the calf and I'll tie the thong to a tree."

"You must wait till we take it to the camp," answered Many-dogs.

Lifting the calf upon his shoulders, Many-dogs carried it to the camp.

"You may tether it here by its mother," he said as he put down his load.

"Where did you find the cow?" asked Pick-a-tree when Little-bear was tethering the calf.

When Many-dogs told the boys how they got Brockle-face, Little-bear asked, "Are you going to tame her?"

"No," replied Many-dogs. "We brought her here to keep her away from the wolves."

"Let me tame her," said Little-bear.

"Ask your mother about it," answered Many-dogs.

"Cows can't be tamed," said Big-crow to the men. "Calves can't be tamed. They were never meant to be tethered."

"That's just what I think," said Drag-a-load, who now came and told how the cow that had been snared was acting. "If I had my way, we should never tether another cow."

This was the first the men had heard of the cow the women had caught.

"Let's go and see her," said Gray-wolf.

"Come," said Spin-a-thread. "I'll show you where she is. Her calf is close beside her."

"Her calf!" cried Big-crow. "What are you doing with her calf?"

"We tethered the calf this morning," said Spin-a-thread. "Then we set a snare for its mother."

When they reached the spot where the cow was tethered, she was hooking and kicking and jumping and trampling everything within reach.

"She is ugly," said Big-crow. "You can't do anything with her."

"Yes, we can," replied Spin-a-thread. "We caught her and now we are going to tame her."

"You can't do it," said Big-crow.

"Let her go," said Gray-wolf.

"Kill her," said Eat-well.

A bird overhead now burst into song. The people stood still and listened.

"What did the bird say?" asked Many-dogs when the song was ended.

"The bird said this," replied Tether-peg:

"No-o! No! No!

Don't kill her! Don't kill her!

Lead her! Lead her! Lead her!"

### THINGS TO DO

*Model in bas-relief Little-bear and Pick-a-tree trying to lead the calf.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

"Go away!" cried Little-bear."

"Tether it here by its mother."

## XLII

## THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

How do you think the men will get the cow that was snared to the camp? Do you think an animal can be tamed if it does not want to be? Which of the two cows do you think can be tamed the more easily? Why?

*Hooker and Brockle-face*

Not one of the men dared disobey what the bird told them to do. They found strong straps. They seized the cow by the horns. They fastened the strap about her neck.

The cow fought desperately, but she could not get away. Two men held each of her horns, and two more grabbed her by the neck. One man held her by the tail while others marched at either side carrying big sticks. In this way the wild cow was brought to the camp.

"She's an ugly brute," said Big-crow when at last she was tethered to a tree.

"She's a hooker," said Gray-wolf.

"Hooker!" cried Drag-a-load. "Let's call her Hooker."

From that day this was the name of the wild cow caught in a snare.

Hooker's calf was brought to the camp and tethered near its mother. But even this did not quiet Hooker. She hooked, she pawed, she pulled, she gored, she bawled. She was not quiet a moment.

"Let us leave her now," said Tether-peg when Hooker refused the food they offered.

So they left Hooker alone with her calf and attended to Brockle-face. She let them bathe her wounds and she took



*In this way the wild cow was brought into camp*

the food they offered. And when she saw they were kind to the calf, she seemed satisfied.

The next day Root-digger took a basket of water to Hooker. She kicked the basket and spilled the water. She would not accept any kindness. Not until she was nearly starved would she take the food they offered.

Brockle-face seemed grateful to the people. When they brought her food, she took it from their hands. Her wounds soon healed and, although she was shy, she accepted the people as friends. When she was troubled, the women soothed her by humming sweet songs or by playing their bone flutes.

When Brockle-face cropped all the grass within reach, Spin-a-thread said, "Let's tether her where there is fresh grass."

"Use this charm," said Tether-peg as she handed a few lumps of salt to Spin-a-thread.

Spin-a-thread took the salt and dropped a few lumps along the way. Brockle-face followed the trail of the salt and so the women moved her without any trouble.

"Hooker needs fresh grass," said Root-digger when they had moved Brockle-face.

"Let her starve," cried Drag-a-load. "She will knock you down if you go anywhere near her."

Hooker went without grass that day, but the following day the women tried to move her. It was then that Hooker broke away and bounded off like a deer.

"There she goes!" cried Drag-a-load.

"Let her go," said Root-digger. "She brings us nothing but trouble."



*"There she goes!"*

"She is glad to be free," said Spin-a-thread as they watched Hooker gallop down the valley.

"She is free from her tether," said Drag-a-load, "but she is not free from the wolves."

"If she reaches the herd, she is safe," said Spin-a-thread.

"If she does n't, she'll be sorry she broke away," added Root-digger.

"A lone cow does n't stand any chance in this land," added Spin-a-thread.

It was morning when Hooker escaped. Before night the men brought her back in a sorry plight. The wolves had found her. They had given chase, but the men had rescued her.

From that day Hooker was changed. She seemed to understand that the men had saved her. She let the women bathe her wounds and she took the food they offered. She was never so gentle as Brockle-face, but she dropped many of her ugly ways.

The women milked Brockle-face soon after her wounds were healed. They let the calf have its share of the milk first, then she let them milk her.

For some time no one thought of trying to milk Hooker. It was Drag-a-load who first spoke of it. "Why don't you milk Hooker?" she asked Root-digger, who had just milked Brockle-face.

"I don't know," replied Root-digger.

"You are afraid to try," said Drag-a-load.

"I am not," replied Root-digger.

"Yes, you are," said Drag-a-load.

"No, I am not," repeated Root-digger.

"Do it, then," said Drag-a-load.

"I will if you will," said Root-digger.

"You milk her first," said Drag-a-load. "If you can't do it, I will try."

"Very well," said Root-digger. "I'll try first and if I can't milk her you must try."

Root-digger pulled a bunch of fresh grass, and Hooker took it from her hand. She hummed very softly until Hooker was quiet, then she tried to milk her.

Hooker jumped, and Root-digger found herself sprawling upon the ground.

Drag-a-load laughed at Root-digger's mishap, but when Root-digger said, "Now it is your turn," Drag-a-load thought

it was no laughing matter. But she was no coward, so she said, "I will milk Hooker."

Taking a wild apple in her hand, Drag-a-load fed it to Hooker. She stroked her head, she played a flute, then she stooped down to milk her.

Hooker turned around and looked at Drag-a-load with a wild look in her eyes.

Drag-a-load got up and tried once more, and again she was left in the lurch. For Hooker stepped this way and she stepped that way, and this way and that way until Drag-a-load gave up trying.

Spin-a-thread now came to the camp, and Drag-a-load said, "Hooker's calf does n't need all of her milk. It is time we began to milk her."

"I'm glad you thought of that," said Spin-a-thread. "I'll try to milk her now."

Spin-a-thread dropped a few lumps of salt on the ground near Hooker's head. She, too, hummed softly as she began to milk.

All seemed to be going well, when suddenly Hooker switched her tail into Spin-a-thread's eyes.

"Oh, oh!" cried Spin-a-thread as she jumped up and ran away. "That's enough for me."

"Waste no more time in trying to please her," said Manydogs when he heard what had happened. "If you want Hooker's milk, we will help you get it. Come, brothers, let's throw her."

The men seized Hooker and threw her to the ground. They held her fast and called out, "Come now and milk her."

Now Hooker was down upon her back. She could not jump, she could not step, she could n't even switch her tail. But there was one thing she could do that the men



*The men seized Hooker and threw her to the ground*

had not counted on. She could hold up her milk. When Spin-a-thread tried to milk Hooker, not one drop could she get.

“She is n't a cow, she's a witch,” said Big-crow.

But when Tether-peg heard what Hooker had done, the wise woman said, “No, no, Hooker is not a witch. She is a mother cow. She did n't hold up her milk to be ugly. She held it to save it for her calf.”

#### **THINGS TO DO**

*Write a story about an ugly cow. Write one about a gentle cow.  
Dramatize this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"In this way the wild cow was brought to the camp."*

*"There she goes!"*

*"The men seized Hooker and threw her to the ground."*

## XLIII

### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Have you ever seen a brindled animal? If so, what did it look like? Can you think of good names for calves? How do you think the boys will tame the calves in the camp? Which is the better, a rough way or a gentle one?

### *How Little-bear and Pick-a-tree Tamed the Calves*

"She is brindled," said Spin-a-thread when she looked at the calf the boys had found.

"What's that?" asked Pick-a-tree.

"I know," said Little-bear. "See, she has dark streaks. That's why she is brindled."

"What is your calf's name?" asked Spin-a-thread.

"We have n't named her," replied Pick-a-tree.

"Let's call her Brindle," said Little-bear.

"Hooker's calf should have a name," said Spin-a-thread.

"Let's call her Brownie," said Pick-a-tree.

From that day the two calves were called Brindle and Brownie.

When the boys tried to play with the calves, Brindle and Brownie pulled their tethers.

"Come here, Brindle!" shouted Little-bear.



*Brindle and Brownie pulled their tethers*

“Come here, Brownie!” cried Pick-a-tree.

Brindle and Brownie did not come. Instead they pulled on their tethers.

“We must make them mind,” said Little-bear, and the boys took big sticks and began to beat the calves.

When Tether-peg saw their rough ways, she said, “You are too rough. There is a better way. Sit down here by Brindle and Brownie and learn to be kind to them.”

The boys sat down beside Tether-peg. They listened while the wise woman charmed the calves with a song.

“They like it,” said Little-bear.

“Sing it again,” said Pick-a-tree.

“Sing with me,” said Tether-peg.

The children sang with the wise woman. They sang a sweet, low song. When it was finished, Little-bear said,



*They frisked, they frolicked about the pen*

“Now they are tame. Untie their thongs. Then we can play with them.”

“Oh, do,” said Pick-a-tree. “Let them run. We’ll have a fine frolic.”

“Brindle and Brownie are still wild,” replied Tether-peg. “If we don’t keep them tethered, they will run away.”

“Would n’t they come back to their mothers?” asked Little-bear.

“They would if a wolf or a bear did n’t get them,” replied Tether-peg.

Another day Little-bear asked his mother, “May I lead Brindle to the hills when we go out to play?”

“She is too wild to lead,” replied Tether-peg. “Wait until you tame her. Wait until she comes and goes at your beck and call.”

So the boys did their best to tame the calves while they were still tethered. Then Tether-peg got the idea of making a pen for the calves. She called her sisters and told them about it, and they made a pen for the calves.

"What is this?" asked Little-bear when he came home and saw the pen.

"A calf pen," answered Tether-peg. "Come with me. We will lead Brindle and Brownie and put them in the pen."

Several of the women went with them and they led the calves to the pen. It was not easy to lead the calves, but the women managed to do it.

When the calves found that they were free from the tethers, they kicked up their heels and ran. They frisked, they frolicked about the pen, and the children frolicked with them.

From this time the boys had a good time playing with Brindle and Brownie. Sometimes they had hard tussles with them. Sometimes Brindle and Brownie were contrary. Then the boys beat them with big sticks.

"Stop! Stop!" cried Tether-peg, when she saw what the boys were doing. "That is not the way to tame them. Win them by kindness."

Then the wise woman told the boys how their forefathers tamed wild dogs. "Once they were much like wolves," she said. "Now they are faithful friends."

"Will wolves ever be our friends?" asked Little-bear.

"Who knows?" replied the wise woman. "There may come a day when even the wolf will be numbered among our friends."

"I don't think so," said Drag-a-load, who overheard what was said.

"But Brindle and Brownie are not very friendly," said Pick-a-tree.

"Be patient with them," said Tether-peg. "Be gentle, be firm, be kind."

"Brindle is n't so bad," said Little-bear. "It's Brownie that is ugly."

"Each calf is like her mother," said Tether-peg. "Hooker is wilder than Brockle-face. Now run and play with the calves. Teach them to come at your beck and call."

#### THINGS TO DO

*Sing to some animal and notice how it acts.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"Brindle and Brownie pulled their tethers."*

*"They kicked up their heels and ran."*

*"Stop! stop!" cried Tether-peg."*

## XLIV

#### THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Do you think it would be easy to keep many animals tethered near the camp? Why, or why not?

When the goats were tame enough to be set free, where would they be likely to go? How did people get the idea of watching the flocks on the feeding grounds?

### *How the Women and Children Became Goatherds*

One day when Pick-a-tree was riding a goat, she reared and threw him to the ground. She was out of the camp and away to the hills before he could overtake her.

"Run and help Pick-a-tree," called Spin-a-thread when she saw the boy chasing the goat.

The children ran. They helped Pick-a-tree bring the goat back to camp.

Once several goats ran off to the hills, where they jumped from rock to rock. Spin-a-thread saw them and called to her sisters, "The goats have run away! Chase them back!"

When the women were chasing the goats, they came to a patch of ripe berries.

"What nice berries these are!" said Drag-a-load. "I wish I could stay here and pick them."

"May we stay and pick the berries?" asked Root-digger.

"Stay," said Spin-a-thread. "Stay and pick the berries. The children will help me drive back the goats."

When they reached the goats, Tether-peg was there. She had been listening to the birds when the goats came to the hill.

"This is good grass," said the wise woman. "Let the goats stay and feed for a while."

"Won't the wolves get them?" asked Spin-a-thread.

"We must keep watch for wolves and bears," replied the wise woman.



*She was out of the camp and away to the hills before he could overtake her*

"Wild goats have sentinels," said Little-bear. "They keep watch for the flock."

"We took these goats away from their flock," replied Tether-peg. "We took them away from their leader and from their sentinels."

"Let me be their leader," said Little-bear. "I'm always leader when we play we are wild goats."

"Try it, Little-bear," said Tether-peg. "Take Cubby. Train her to help you."

"May I be sentinel?" asked Pick-a-tree.

"May I?" asked Day's-eye.

"I want to be something," said Birdikin.

"You may all be sentinels," said Tether-peg. "Find good places to stand and keep watch while the goats browse on the hills."

Everything went so well that day, they took the goats out again. After a little they took young dogs and trained them to keep watch.

It was not hard work to watch the goats, although goats love to wander. The children had time for play. They made whistles and reeds and flutes. They used them to signal to the goats and they taught the goats to obey.

Many times the children sang songs. They mimicked the singing birds. They mimicked every four-footed creature that lived on the table-land.

One day they saw a big bull fighting with the dun bull that led the herd. When the dun bull drove the big bull away, the children clapped their hands.



A flute

"How does the dun bull keep his place?" asked Birdikin.

"He fights for it," replied Little-bear. "He drives other bulls away."

"Rams fight too," said Pick-a-tree. "The best fighter leads the flock."

One day the children saw a bull punishing a cow of the herd. "What was that cow doing?" asked Pick-a-tree.

"She was lagging behind," answered Tether-peg. "The leader must keep the herd together."

"The dun bull is wise," said Little-bear. "He knows how to take care of his herd."

"The cattle obey him," said Pick-a-tree. "They follow where he leads."

"What would the cattle do if the leader made a mistake?" asked Little-bear.

"A leader seldom makes a mistake," replied Tether-peg. "But if he does, he suffers for it. Cattle won't follow a careless leader."

"That's the time some other bull gets his chance," said Little-bear.

"You are right," said Tether-peg. "The bull that is nearest and quickest and strongest now becomes leader."

"Then he too will have to fight to keep his place," said Little-bear.

"Yes," said Tether-peg. "Unless he is strong and brave and wise, he won't be able to keep his place."

"Is a herd of cattle ever left without a leader?" asked Little-bear.



*A sling*



*"He fights for it," replied Little-bear. "He drives other bulls away"*

"Sometimes," replied Tether-peg. "But every herd soon gets a leader. Without a leader a wild herd does n't know what to do."

No more was said at that time. But all day long out on the hills Little-bear kept thinking about what had been said. Now and again these words came to him, "Without a leader a wild herd does n't know what to do."

"That's true," said he to himself as he sat down on a big rock. "If I did n't keep the goats together, they would wander away. They would be killed by wolves."

Looking away to a distant hill, he saw a flock of wild sheep. The boy wondered what the sheep would do without the big ram that led them. And he wondered if he could capture a flock if the big ram was not there.

For some time he was very quiet. He was thinking of how he could earn a new name. He was thinking of what his mother said about doing his best every day.

"I know what I can do today," he thought. "I can take good care of the goats. Now I am sure I shall know how to earn a new name."

### THINGS TO DO

*Tell how Little-bear thought he could earn a new name. Do you think he could do it?*

*If you have ever driven animals, tell how you did it.*

*If you have ever picked wild berries, tell a story about it.*

*Make a song you think the children might have made while watching the wild goats.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate this line:*

*"She reared and threw him to the ground."*

## XLV

## THINGS TO THINK ABOUT

Can you think why wolves were once called "destroyers"?

Do you think it was a good thing that people began to tame the grass-eating animals? If so, why?

*To Whom Do the Flocks and Herds Belong?*

One night when all were about the camp fire, Many-dogs complained of the wolves.

"They are overrunning the land," he said. "If we don't stop them, in a few winters there won't be a grass-eating animal left."

"The dark forest is full of wolves," added Big-crow. "Every she-wolf is raising a litter of four or five whelps."

"Let's track them to their dens," said Many-dogs. "Let's kill the she-wolves and their whelps."

The men tracked the wolves to their dens. They killed many wolves and their whelps. But every day wolves came from the forest and carried off kids and lambs. Sometimes they scattered the sheep. They picked up the lone sheep and animals that lagged behind.

"They tear, they rend, they kill," cried Many-dogs. "We must stop their work."

"What more can we do than we have done?" asked Big-crow.

"What more can we do!" repeated Many-dogs. "We can seek the aid of the gods."

So the men went to Tether-peg and told her of their troubles. And the wise woman asked the god of the woodlands to cast a spell on the hunting ground. "Keep the destroyers from

the feeding grounds," she said. "Drive them from the land."

Days came and days went, but the god of the woodlands did not drive the wolves from the hunting ground. Every day they came from their dens and hunted the flocks and herds.

Again the men went to Tether-peg and told her of their troubles. They asked her to use magical arts and so drive the wolves away.

A fresh wolf skin lay on the ground. Picking it up, the wise woman said, "Let the wolf's eyes be closed." Then she sewed up the eyes, and everybody thought this would keep wolves from seeing the herds.

Next she sewed up the ears of the wolf skin, saying, "Let the wolf's ears be closed. Let him not hear the bleating of the flocks. Let him not hear the mooring of the cattle."

Last of all, she sewed up the jaws of the wolf skin as she spoke these words: "Let the wolf's jaws be closed. Let him



*"Let the wolf's jaws be closed"*

no longer bite the animals that graze on our feeding grounds."

Days came and days went, but the magical arts did not keep wolves away from the hunting grounds. The wolves still saw the flocks and herds, they still heard their bleating and mooing, and every day they opened their jaws and bit with their sharp teeth.

A few years passed, and each year wild flocks and herds became smaller and smaller. But each year a few wild sheep were tethered in each camp. Each year wild goats were caught. They, too, were tethered. Lambs and kids were raised every year. So, little by little, each clan depended more and more on the tethered creatures and less and less upon wild game.

Most of the sheep were kept tethered. Those caught when full-grown never became tame. Only the sheep that grew up in the camp were tame enough to run with the goats.

The children sometimes lacked food during these years. But each year they helped their mothers tame animals that were brought to the camp.

Each morning Little-bear opened the gate of the pen and led the flock out to pasture. Pick-a-tree and all the older children always went out as sentinels.

Each night Little-bear led the flock home. He drove the sheep and goats to their pen. He shut the gate so they could not get out.

Many times the boys asked when they could go to take training with their uncles.

At last the day came when their mothers said, "The time has come. You may go."

So Little-bear, Pick-a-tree and their brothers all went to their uncles' camp. They all were trained to do the work of men. All learned their lessons well and when they came home they came as men.

When they arrived at their mothers' camp, the men were greatly troubled. They were complaining about the wolves and the falling off of the herds.

In despair, they called upon Tether-peg. They poured out their woes.

The wise woman then asked them, "To whom do the flocks and herds belong?"

"They do not belong to the wolves!" shouted Big-crow. "If I have my way the wolves shall not have them."

"The wolves shall not have them! The wolves shall not have them!" cried all the people.

"I wish we might claim them," said Many-dogs.

"We can! They are ours," cried Tether-peg. "It is the will of the gods."

"I'm glad to hear that," said Eat-well. "I like the tender flesh of young cows."

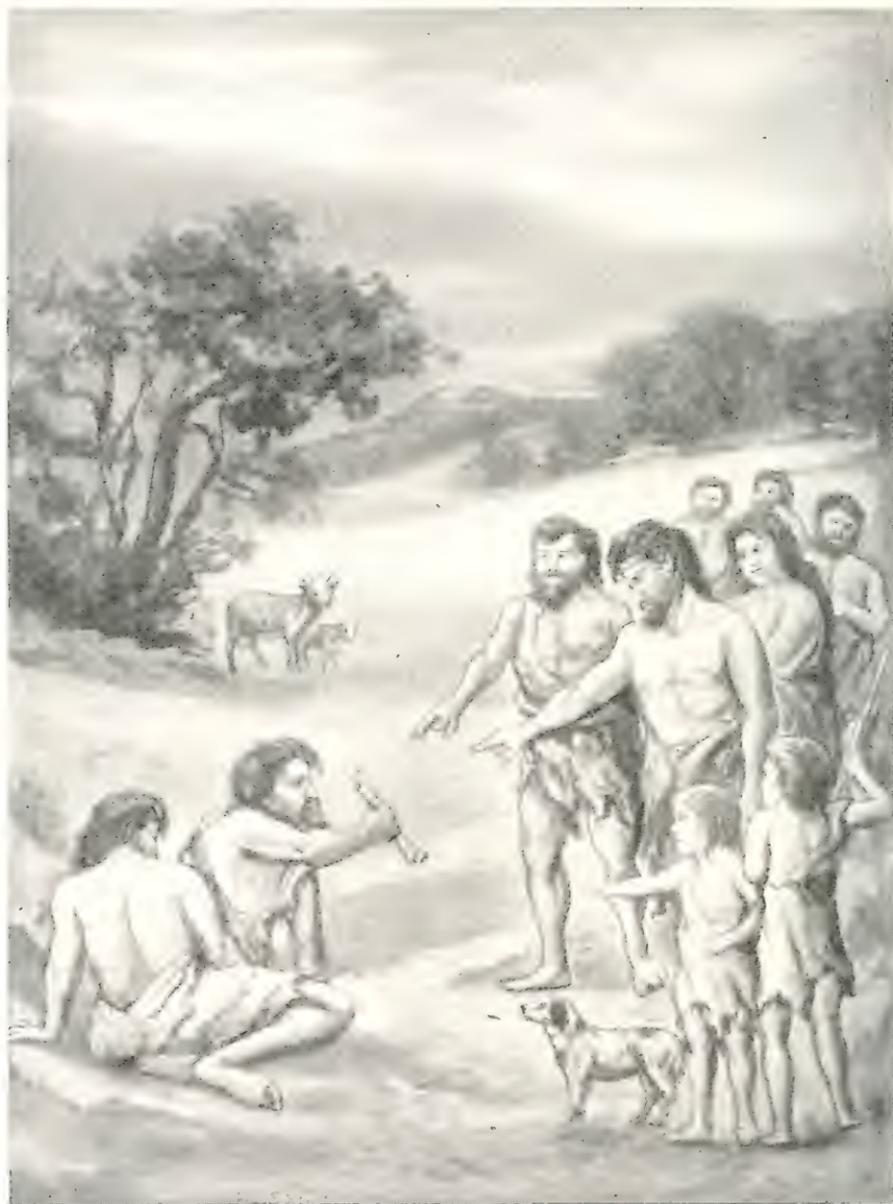
"So do I," said Do-little. "The gods are kind. Now at last they have given us cows and calves and kids and lambs."

"Shame on you!" cried Tether-peg.

"Shame! Shame!" cried the people, pointing toward Eat-well and Do-little.

"We are not destroyers," said Many-dogs. "We are not wolves and bears."

"Speak plainly, Tether-peg," said Spin-a-thread. "Speak so all can understand."



*"Shame! Shame!" cried the people, pointing toward Eat-well and Do-little*

"Yes, Tether-peg," added Many-dogs. "Speak plainly. Tell us what the gods say."

"The gods command us to capture the flocks and herds," replied Tether-peg. "They command us to tame the grass-eating animals on our hunting grounds."

For a moment the men were silent. They knew not what to say. They dared not disobey the gods. Yet no one knew how to go out and capture a whole flock.

It was then that Little-bear spoke: "Let me be leader today. If you will do what I say, we shall bring home a flock of wild sheep."

Some of the men shook their heads. Others had a questioning look. After a moment Many-dogs said, "Lead us this day. Prove yourself. Earn a new name."

Little-bear then showed the men just what he wanted them to do. They all listened to what he said. All obeyed his commands.

When each one knew his part, Little-Bear led the way to the high table-land. There they captured a flock of wild sheep. And because Little-Bear took the place of the ram that was killed, he was called "Big-ram-of-the-flock."

The sheep were driven home and penned in. But they were not tamed without many a struggle. Some of the sheep jumped out of the pen, but most of them were kept together and were protected from the wolves.

From this time there was food enough for all, in winter as well as in summer. Besides the milk of the tethered cows, they had plenty of ewe's milk and goat's milk. The men still hunted wild game; but now and again they killed and ate some contrary animal of their flock.

It was not long before all the boys earned new names. Pick-a-tree earned the name "Hawk-eye" and he grew to be a brave man.

The girls, too, earned new names. Birdikin earned the name "Lead-a-calf." Perhaps you can tell why. But Day's-eye kept the name of the little flower that turns its face to the light.

#### THINGS TO DO

*Tell a story of Little-bear leading the men to capture the wild sheep.*

*Show how a pen was made for the sheep.*

*Dramatize part of this story.*

*Illustrate one of these lines:*

*"To whom do the flocks and herds belong?"*

*"Shame! Shame!" cried the people."*

*"Let me be leader today."*



### THE EARLY HERDSMEN

THE people whose life is portrayed in this volume lived in the early part of the Prehistoric period, which followed the melting of the glaciers. It is usually referred to as the Neolithic period, or the Polished Stone age, to distinguish it from the earlier Pleistocene period when the cave-man lived. In the *Early Sea People* we have shown how at this time some people wandered to the sea, where they became fishermen. In this volume it is shown how the prehistoric Aryans of the interior overcame the difficulties of the times by changing their attitude toward the animals they had hunted and by learning to protect and care for them.

The appearance of the people under consideration is described in Lesson IV. The names given the more important characters are intended to throw light on significant achievements of the age. For instance, it is stated by the highest authorities that without the aid of the dog, man could not have brought the grass-eating animals under his control. It thus seems fitting to have the leading man named Many-dogs. The first animals brought to the camp were tethered to a tree, a stake, or a peg driven into the ground. For a long time the prehistoric Aryans referred to the animals under their care as "the tethered" or "the fastened" creatures. The name Tether-peg therefore came to thought as a fitting name for the leading woman. It was at this time that people learned to take taglocks of wool from the bushes where the sheep pastured and convert them into long threads or yarn. They still dressed in the skins of wild animals, but since spinning is an epoch-making invention the name Spin-a-thread is given to the clan mother. Children who have had

experiences in dragging and in carrying loads know it is much easier to drag a heavy load than to carry it. Such experiences give meaning to the name Drag-a-load.

#### GEOGRAPHICAL ASPECTS

The interest in the lessons will be enhanced if the children are given opportunity to model relief maps of typical areas presented in the lessons. Such maps in sand or clay tend to form the habit of getting clear and definite mental images so necessary to accurate thought and adequate oral expression. Each typical area may be conceived as a special project, and later several may be combined into one large whole. If this be done, the children will gain clear conceptions of such geographical features as the upper and middle course of a river valley, bottom lands, dense woodlands, open plains, foothills, river trails, mountain pastures of wild sheep, and the still higher pastures of the wild goat. If the children in imagination go with Many-dogs up the mountain trail past the mountain pasture of the wild sheep and the forest line up to the pasture of the wild goat, where coarse grass grows among the rocks of the mountain plateaus, they will learn more easily the characteristic features of mountains and their relations to animals and plants than if given formulated statements without the story interest and without the motive power which comes from the responsibility of projecting the various features in the form of a relief map. At the point in the story when the wise woman points out the location of a mountain gap, the children should model a range of mountains with a gap, and they should be encouraged to collect pictures of mountain gaps as well as other geographical features related to these lessons. These, together with the illustrations of the text and those drawn by the children, cannot fail to be pleasing and profitable means of gaining geographical knowledge.

#### ANIMAL LIFE

Should the children inquire whether the saber-toothed tiger was still in existence at the time of the early herdsmen, tell them that that animal, together with the cave bear, the big-nosed, the small-nosed, and the woolly rhinoceros, no longer lived upon the earth. The musk sheep, the

marmot, and the reindeer had retired to the Arctic regions. A few reindeer were occasionally seen in Central Europe at this time, but no large herds were present.

The animals most important to man in the Neolithic period were the sheep, the cow, and the goat. The bison and the wild horse also were present and undoubtedly were hunted by the men; but they have been given little if any attention in this story because both have been treated in earlier volumes, and the horse will receive further consideration in the volume which deals with its domestication. The wild boar and the red deer were present in the forests, but the wild hog was not domesticated until the latter part of this period.

Of the grass-eating animals the goat is the most easily tamed, since it comes to man willingly for help. Years ago ethnologists believed the goat was domesticated in Asia and was brought to Europe in company with other domestic animals. More recently, however, ethnologists assert that the people of Europe domesticated the grass-eating animals they found on their own hunting grounds. Whether the wild goat that was tamed in Central Europe was the chamois or Alpine ibex, the Spanish ibex, or the Persian wild goat is not positively known. Many have believed the Persian wild goat to be the ancestor of all domestic breeds. As late as classic times this species was widely distributed, being found in the Grecian Archipelago and in the mountains of the Caucasus. Its range may have extended to Central Europe in Neolithic times. Be that as it may, it is sufficient for the child to know that peoples of Central Europe domesticated the wild goat they found on the mountains in the Polished Stone age.

Most American children have seen pictures of the Rocky Mountain sheep, but this is not the species domesticated by the prehistoric Aryans. They tamed the mouflon, or European wild sheep, and people living as far east as Asia tamed the argali, or Asiatic wild sheep, a still larger species. Illustrations of each of these species may be found in *Webster's New International Dictionary*, as well as in any good natural history.

The European wild sheep still lives in a wild state in the mountains of Corsica and Sardinia, and has been found in Crete and Cyprus and most of the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. It ranged over a wider

area in prehistoric times than at present, and was domesticated on the hunting grounds of the prehistoric Aryans. This sheep was formerly found in Spain, and bears a close resemblance to the famous Spanish merino, which doubtless is descended from it. Ewes as well as rams of the European wild sheep have horns arching backward. Their outer covering is a foxy-red coat of hair, beneath which is an inner coat of fine wool.

The cattle domesticated at this time were those that had been present in Europe for thousands of years. They are represented at present by the Chillingham cattle, and they are the ancestors of the long-horned cattle of Western Europe, Great Britain and Ireland.

The wolf, the brown bear, and the grizzly were abundant and were great enemies of the herds. It was no wonder that the grass-eating animals were fast dying out. Man as well as the beasts of prey had hunted them for thousands of years.

Man learned to protect the herds from the beasts of prey before he actually tamed individual animals. Such protection was an important step in the long and difficult process of domestication.

#### ATTITUDE TOWARD NATURE

Like all primitive peoples the prehistoric Aryans were subject to many fears. They did not understand the natural phenomena of the world in which they lived. When they saw the sun set, they were never sure that it would rise again. When summer departed, and the earth became bleak and barren, they were never sure it would return with its bountiful fruits. Not understanding the cause of natural phenomena, they naturally regarded all forms of plant and animal life, as well as natural objects and celestial bodies, as beings somewhat like themselves. The bright sky, the sun, moon, and stars, dawn and daylight, as well as summer with its warmth and food supply, were regarded as friendly gods. Darkness and winter, on the contrary, were regarded as unfriendly to man and at war with the life-giving, light-bringing gods they regarded as friends.

The prehistoric Aryans believed that in a still earlier time all the people could talk with the gods, but that in the course of time none but the wise

could converse with them and thus learn their will. Perhaps it was because birds frequently warned the people of danger that they believed the birds were wise and knew the will of the gods. For such reasons the man or the woman who was thought to understand the language of birds came to have a place of authority among all the people. No one dared disobey what was said to be the will of the gods.

Since these people loved light and feared darkness, since they loved the genial warmth of summer and dreaded the season of cold, it is quite natural that they should do all in their power to bring back dawn and daylight and to hasten the coming of summer. To accomplish this they built fires and waved flaming torches. They thought that the use of such magical arts would produce the desired effect. In an enlightened age such practices seem extremely foolish, yet they have been in vogue among primitive peoples from that day to this. Possibly the children are familiar with the story of the cock that claimed the sun would not rise until he crowed each morn. If not, they will enjoy the story of the conceited Chanticleer.

One of the most curious beliefs was that the sky was a big skin tent, the poles of which rested upon the mountains. The greatest fear of the people was that the sky would fall, and that darkness would cover the earth. That such a belief was deep-seated is shown in its survival in the folk tale of Chicken Little, a story familiar to most children.

As children see the trouble caused by ignorance of such elementary facts as the cause of the seasons and the change from day to night, they will better appreciate the value of such knowledge to themselves as well as to mankind. If there were no superstitions in the thought of the world today it would be foolish to refer to one. But many superstitions still survive side by side with so-called scientific knowledge. Many, too, are deeply imbedded in human consciousness. To ignore their presence is to let the weeds grow apace in the child's garden. To recognize them for what they are by turning light upon them is to cause them to shrivel up and disappear. In this way the channels of thought are cleared of that which obstructs; in this manner the way is made clear for that which is true.

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