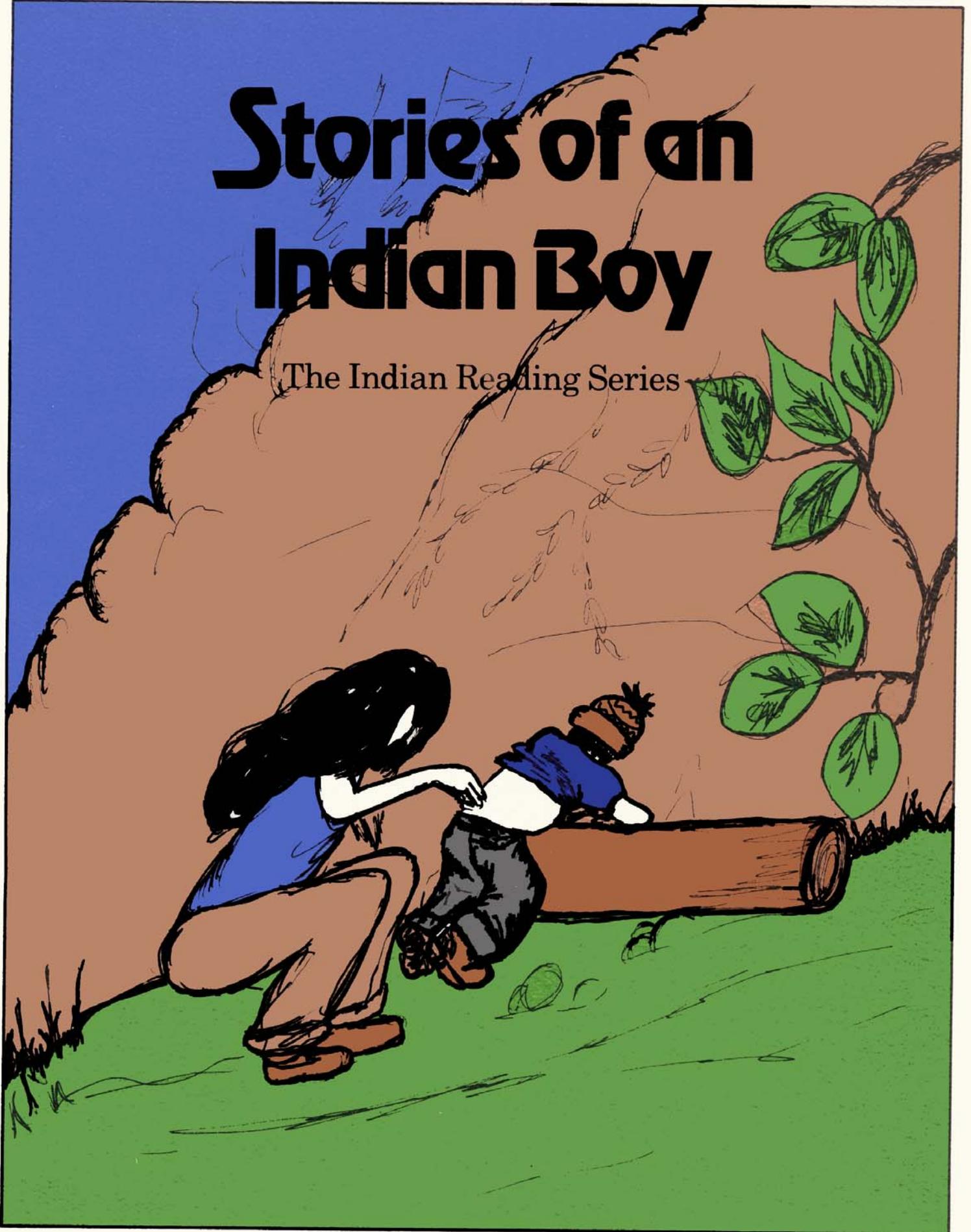


Stories of an Indian Boy

The Indian Reading Series



THE INDIAN READING SERIES: Stories and Legends of the Northwest is a collection of authentic material cooperatively developed by Indian people from twelve reservations. Development activities are guided by a Policy Board which represents the Indian community of the Pacific Northwest. The Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program Policy Board members are:

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Stories of an Indian Boy

Series V

Developed by the Muckleshoot Curriculum Committee

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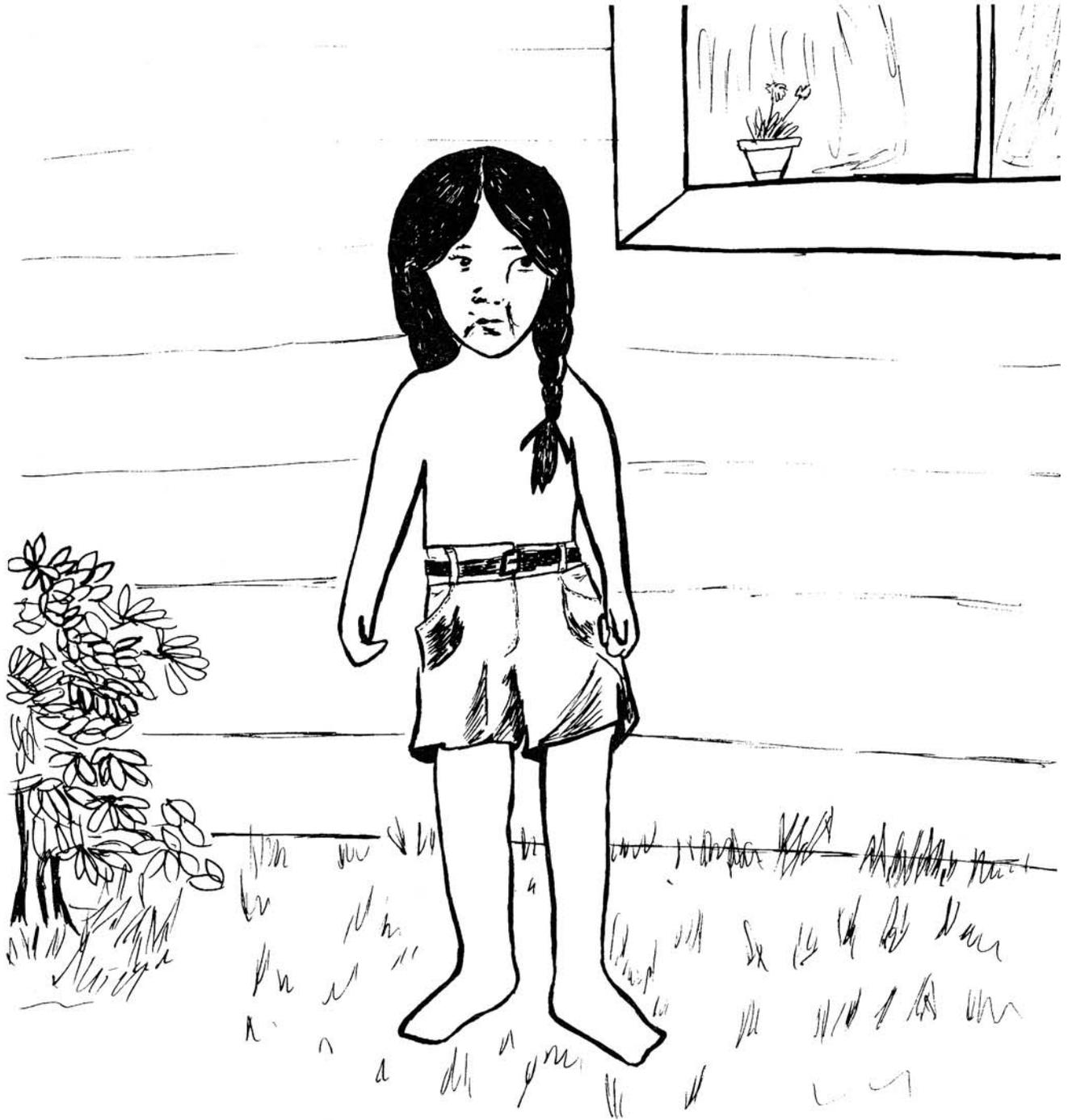
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I am Lance. My parents are Indians and we live near Seattle, Washington on the Muckleshoot Indian Reservation. Our people don't live in tepees or anything like that. We live in houses just like everyone else. The old timers used to live in split timber lodges with dirt floors and fires built in the middle.



My dad is a Muckleshoot Indian and he can speak and understand the tribal language. I am very proud of him. He's old, thirty years old. He knows how to fish and he is really strong and smart.



My mom is Muckleshoot also. She works in an office and can cook almost as good as Dad can. I have a big sister named Kellie and two little sisters, Sunshine and Betsy. Betsy is our little baby. I lost my appetite when she was born because I thought I wanted a brother instead. Now, I help feed her and she smiles at me. Being the only boy in our family makes me pretty special anyway.

LONG HAIR



Mom never cut my hair when I was very little, except when I was climbing trees and got a lot of tree pitch all over my hair. I grew long braids and sometimes I would wear elk skin hair ties. I had a white friend named Tunkie who lived near me. He would say, "Lance, why don't you cut your hair? It looks like a girl's." I didn't know what to say, so I just smiled and changed the subject.



Mom and I would go to the store and people would always call me "she," or say, "What a cute little girl." I would be embarrassed and sometimes I would say, "I'm not a girl!" Sometimes they would apologize but sometimes they would laugh.



At school the kids would pull my braids and sometimes they would pull my hair ties out and my hair would just fly loose. Then I would get teased worse and I felt very angry. But I don't like to fight or hurt anyone, so I would just try to ignore them.



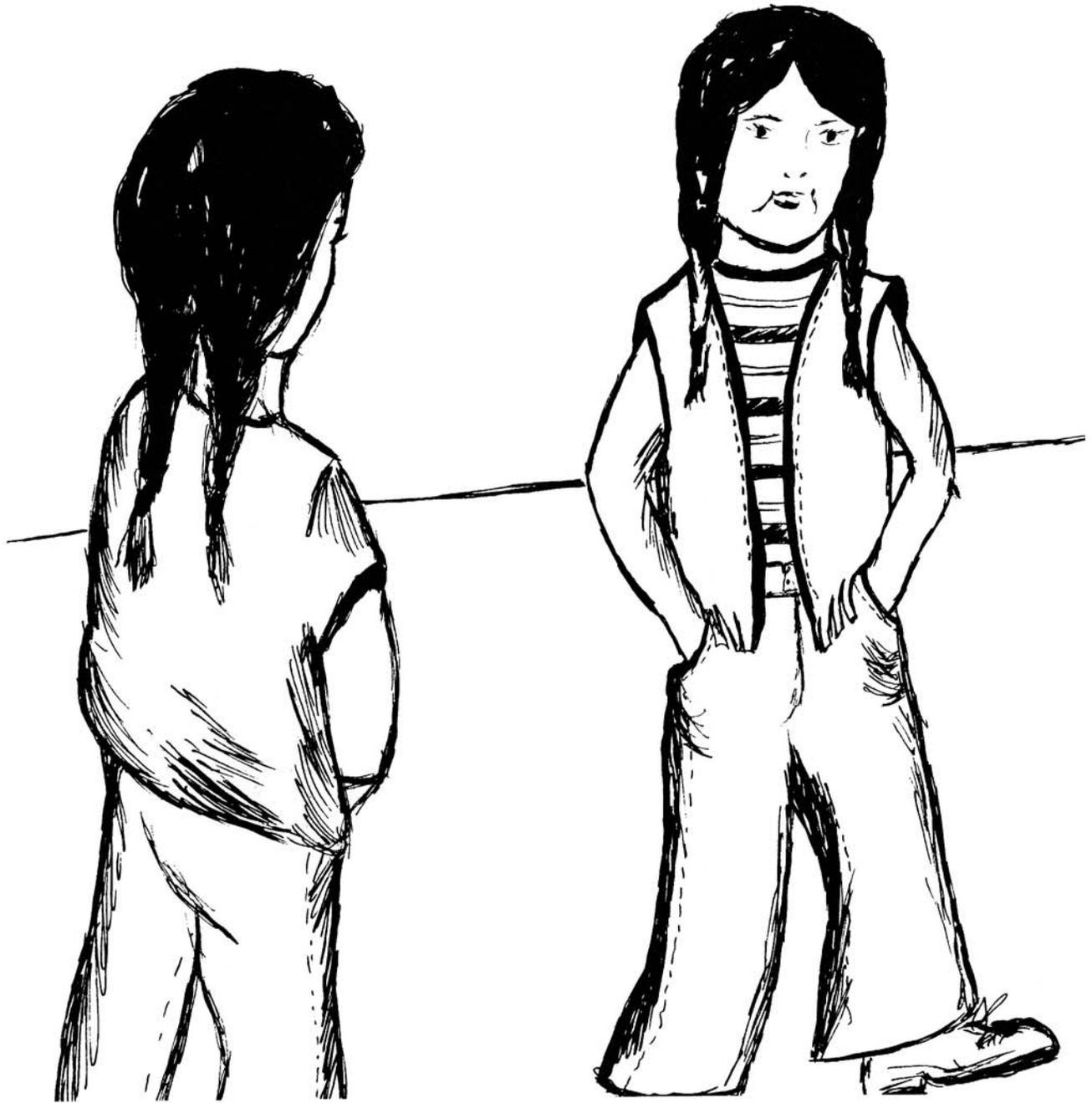
On other days, some boys would say, "Gee, Lance, I wish I could have long hair like yours." They especially liked it when the elk skins were on my braids. Even my friend Tunkie would sometimes admire my hair.

He made it to the last pole and the next morning he heard someone inside the lodge say, "Wife, bring in our son. He is poor, tired and weak." A woman came out and dragged him into the lodge and then around to the rear of the lodge, opposite the door. There the man doctored him and fed him. He cut some meat into four pieces and gave the pieces to the boy. Every time he would eat a piece another would appear, so there were always four. He slept inside the lodge that night but no one spoke to him.

Next morning, the old man asked, "Son, why did you sleep around my lodge? What do you want?" The boy told him his story and asked for a red otter medicine. The old man said, "That is easy, but first you must get up before sunrise and go along the shore of the lake among all of my birds. Catch one and bring it back to me. The birds are tame and will not harm you."



Geo. Shields
J



I have a Muckleshoot friend named Jeff who was in the same class as I. Jeff also has long braids. Jeff is tough and can fight. When kids tease him he just slugs them and tells them he will rip off their arms and legs. They get scared or cry and sometimes Jeff gets in trouble with the bus driver and the principal. Then Jeff's mom has to go down to the school and talk with the principal. Jeff doesn't want his hair cut.



One day in the summer, I said to my mom, "Can I get my hair cut?" She just said, "I'll think about it." My teacher had already talked with her about cutting my hair.

You see I got real embarrassed and ashamed about my long hair. My dad has long hair, but that didn't help to keep me from getting teased.

Near the end of summer my mom said, "Let's wash your hair, Lance." Well, she washed my hair and combed it back to tie it. All of a sudden I felt hair cover my ears and I could see ends of it by my eyes. My mom had cut my hair off! I was surprised and excited, too.



My mom just laughed and held my hair up for me to see. It was still tied with an elastic band. I was six then and since that day she keeps my hair short. This is the way I like it for now. I still look at the hair my mom cut off now and then and I don't get teased about my hair anymore.

THE FIRST FISHING



My dad goes fishing to make money. He catches big fish with a big net and his boat. Some of the big fish he catches are bigger than my baby sister Betsy. They would even be too big for her cradle board!

I watched him get his big nets ready and his boat, too. One day, he said I could go fishing. My dad, my mom and I went to the river. We all had to wear boots and warm clothes.

My mom climbed into the boat first, and then my dad picked me up and handed me to my mom. Dad got in and started the engine. I sat in the middle of the boat on a seat and away we went.



The cold wind blew on my face and water sprayed on me. It was cloudy and getting near evening. We finally reached one of my dad's nets and stopped the boat. My dad started to pull the net out of the water and there we found some big fish. There were little fish, too. Dad just picked all the fish out of the net and threw them in the boat. Some of them were still alive and flopped around by my feet. My dad had to pick out sticks and leaves from his net. If that isn't done, the fish can see all that stuff stuck in the net and they will know where the net is and go around or under the net.





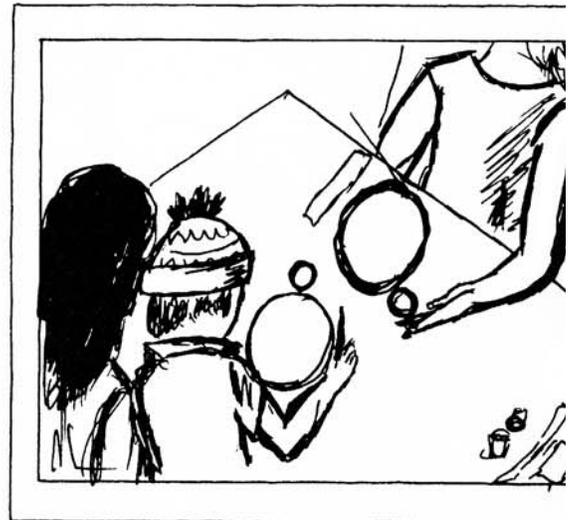
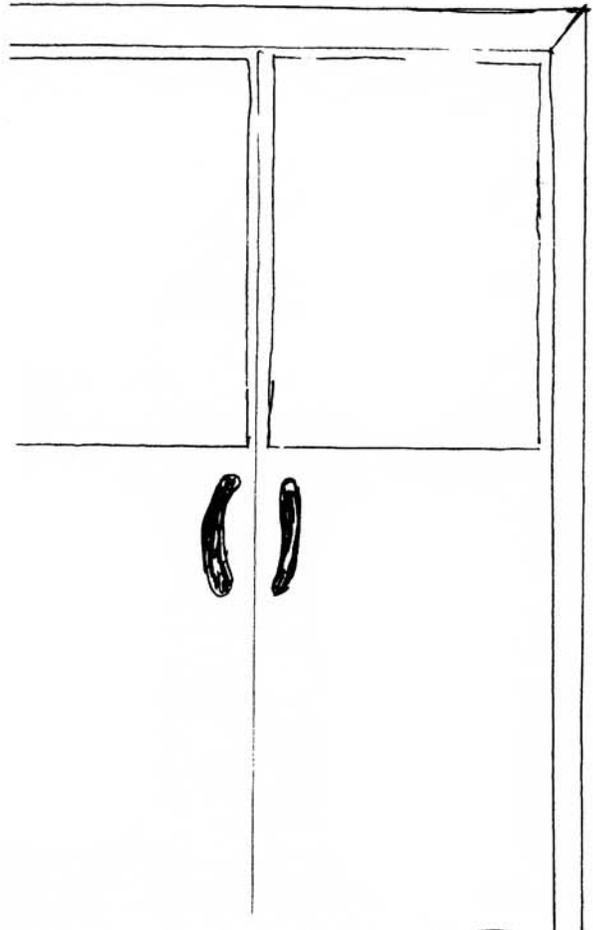
We finally got to the end of the net and decided to go back to shore. There were little flat fish flopping around by our feet and my dad said, "Boy, stomp on those flat fish and throw them back in the river. You don't get money for those little fish and they just get caught in someone else's net. If you kill them and throw them back in, other fish and crabs will eat them."



I stood up and tried stomping on one flat fish. It was slippery and just squished from under my boot. I kept trying but I guess I wasn't big enough.

My dad slowed the boat down and came to where I was standing. His big boot stomped on that fish. It crunched under his boot and one of its eyes popped out. Dad said, "Throw it out, boy." So I did. He stomped on the rest of the little flat fish and I threw them out also. My hands got slimey and smelly but I decided it was pretty neat. There were some prickly fish, too. I had to be careful about grabbing those because they can make my hands bleed.

CAFE Good
Food



That was my first time fishing with Dad. I got wet, cold and hungry but I didn't complain one bit. I was pretty proud of myself. Dad took Mom and me to eat and then we went home. I want to be a good fisherman like my dad.

CLAM DIGGING



I was about three years old when Mom and Dad took Kellie and me clam digging. We packed a lunch and drove out to the beach. My dad had some tubs and shovels.

The sun was warm and we walked down by the water. The sand was wet and cool and felt good on our bare feet. The clams squirt water up from under the sand and every once in a while, I could see a spurt of water jet skyward. Then I knew clams were underneath.

Dad picked a likely place and dug a hole. He stood back and told us to use our hands and dig for clams. We were kind of scared at first. I thought to myself, "What if a clam opens up his shell and bites me?"

But I had to do what Dad said, so we stuck our hands down into the hole and felt for clams. I felt one and grabbed it. That's when I got excited and forgot about being bit. I pulled the clam out and said, "Hey Dad, here's one!" Dad laughed and said, "Good boy!"

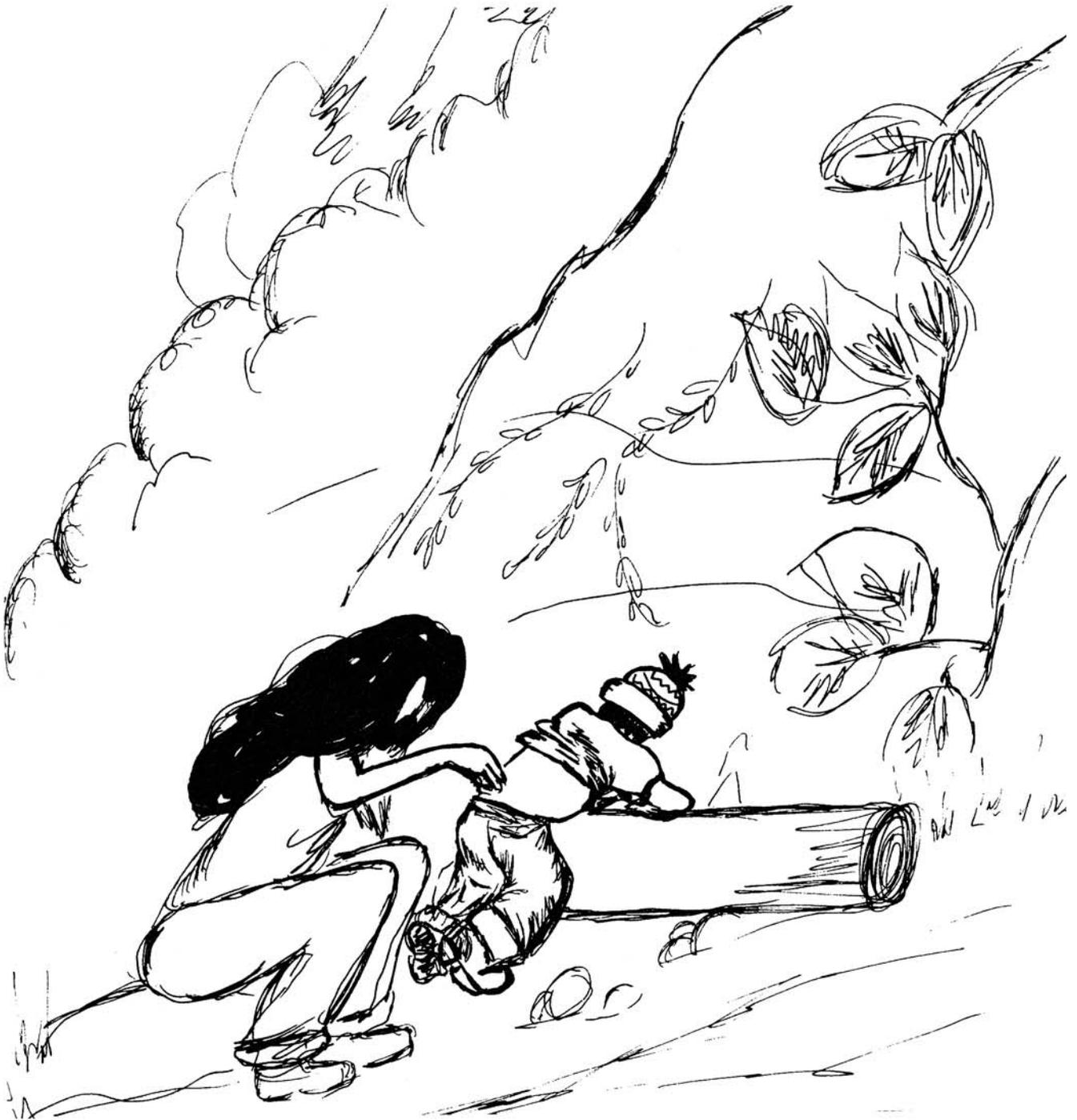
I threw the clam in the bucket and went back to the hole. I was surprised to find that the hole had filled with water. My sister Kellie had pulled out a couple of clams, too.

Dad dug us another hole, and we got some more clams. There were some very small clams and some that were bigger than my hands.





We dug so much that the day went quickly. We got hungry. By that time I needed to go to the bathroom. I kept wondering where I should go. Finally, I had to ask. Dad said, "See where those bushes are? Well, go up there where no one will see you."



I rushed up the bank in a hurry. I thought I was being a pretty big guy to go by myself, but then I tipped over backwards right onto some blackberry vines. Ouch! It felt like a bunch of bees had stung my behind. Just then my mom came to check on me. She spent some time picking thorns from my bottom. I guess she saved my day.

We got a lot of clams that day. When we got back to the reservation, Dad said we had to give some away. That's what we're supposed to do. We went to some of our older people's homes and gave them some clams. They sure were happy. Kellie and I were glad that we helped dig all those clams.

We saved some of the clams for ourselves in a bucket. When we got home Dad put some water in the bucket and he also poured some cornmeal into the bucket. I asked him why he did that. Dad explained that the clams take the cornmeal into their shells and squirt it out again. This helps clean the sand out of the clams.



We like to eat our clams steamed. We put them in boiling water. We also like them fried. We sometimes freeze them and Mom makes chowder.

In the old days, people used to dry clams in the sun. Then they can be boiled for soup, or eaten dry.

Kellie and I found out that clam digging can be great fun even if it is work. I stay away from the blackberry bushes these days, however, unless I am picking blackberries.



Booklets available in the Level IV sequence are listed below. Numbers refer to the Planned Sequence of use in the *Teacher's Manual*. Materials developed by these tribes and others in the Northwest are included in the Levels I, II and III sequences.

1. *Warm Springs Animal Stories*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs
Reservation of Oregon
2. *Snail Women at Sq³a'le*
The Suquamish Tribe of the Port Madison
Reservation
3. *Blue Jay – Star Child/Basket Woman*
Muckleshoot Tribe
4. *Assiniboine Woman Making Grease*
Assiniboine Tribe of the Fort Peck Reservation
5. *Coyote*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs
Reservation of Oregon
6. *How the Summer Season Came*
Assiniboine Tribe of the Fort Belknap
Reservation
7. *Little Weasel's Dream*
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation
8. *Fort Hall Stories*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the Fort Hall
Reservation
9. *The Bear Teepee*
Northern Cheyenne Tribe
10. *Sioux Stories and Legends*
Sioux Tribe of the Fort Peck Reservation
11. *Kootenai Stories*
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation
12. *Chief Mountain's Medicine*
Gros Ventre Tribe from the Fort Belknap
Reservation
13. *Coyote the Trickster*
Burns Paiute Reservation
14. *Running Free*
Shoalwater Bay
15. *Salish Coyote Stories*
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation
16. *Coyote and the Cowboys*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the Fort Hall
Reservation
17. *Napi's Journey*
Blackfeet Tribe
18. *Warm Springs Stories*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs
Reservation of Oregon
19. *Teepee Making*
Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead
Reservation
20. *Baskets and Canoes*
Skokomish Tribe
21. *Warrior People*
Blackfeet Tribe



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