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Segment 6  
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*Mary Lou Smoke recites an elder's teaching, a story originally told by the Chelan Indians about the creation of the animal persons and human beings. After, Dan Smoke tells listeners about recent events that occurred across the country.*

Host(s): Dan Smoke, Mary Lou Smoke

**DAN SMOKE:** That was **Buffy Sainte-Marie**, here on Smoke Signals. And now, Mary Lou is going to recite her **elder's teaching**, a feature that we have every week here on Smoke Signals.

**MARY LOU SMOKE:** Thanks Dan. This story was told by the **Chelan Indians** who used to live beside a lake in the central part of the state of **Washington**. The lake is still called **Lake Chelan**, meaning *beautiful water*.

“Long, long ago, the **Creator**, the **Great Chief Above**, made the world. Then he made the animals and the birds and he gave them their names – Coyote, Grizzly Bear, Deer, Fox, Eagle, the four Wolf Brothers, Magpie, Blue Jay, Hummingbird, and all the others. When he had finished his work, the Creator called the animal people to him. ‘I’m going to leave you,’ he said, ‘but I will come back. When I come again, I will make human beings. They will be in charge of you.’ The Great Chief returned to his home in the sky and the animal people scattered to all parts of the world. After 12 moons, the animal people gathered to meet the Creator as he had directed. Some of them had complaints. Blue Jay, Meadowlark, and Coyote did not like their names. Each of them asked to be some other creature. ‘No,’ said the Creator, ‘I have given you your names. There is no change. The word is law. Because you have tried to change my law, I will not make the human being this time. Because you have disobeyed me, you have soiled what I brought. I planned to change it to a human being. Instead, I will put it in the water to be washed for many moons and many snows until it is clean again.’ Then he took something from his right side and put it in the river. It swam, and the Creator named it Beaver. ‘Now, I will give you another law,’ said the Great Chief Above, ‘the one of you who keeps strong and good will take Beaver from the water some day and make it into a human being. I will tell you now what to do: divide Beaver into 12 parts. Take each part to a different place and breathe it into your own breath. Wake it up. It will be a human being with your breath. Give it half of your power and tell it what to do. Today, I am giving you my power to one of you. He will have it as long as he is good.’ When the Creator had finished speaking, all the creatures started for their homes – all except Coyote.”

“The Great Chief had a special word for Coyote. ‘You are to be head of all creatures, Coyote. You have a power just like me, and I will help you do your work. Soon the creatures and all the other things I have made will become bad. They will fight and will eat each other. It is your duty to keep them as peaceful as you can. When you have finished your work, we will meet again in this land toward the east. If you have been good, if you tell the truth and obey me, you can make the human being from Beaver. If you have done wrong, someone else will make him.’ Then the Creator went away. It happened as the Creator had foretold – everywhere, the things he had created did wrong. The mountains swallowed the creatures, the winds blew them away.

Coyote stopped the mountains, stopped the winds, and rescued the creatures. One winter, after North Wind had killed many people, Coyote made a law for him. 'Hereafter, you can kill only those who make fun of you.' Everywhere Coyote went, he made the world better for the animal people and better for the human beings yet to be created. When he had finished his work, he knew that it was time to meet the Creator again. Coyote thought that he had been good, that he would be the one to make the first human beings. But he was mistaken. He thought that he had as much power as the Creator, as he tried a second time to change the laws of the Great Chief Above. 'Some other creatures will make the human being,' the Creator told Coyote. 'I shall take you out into the ocean and give you a place to stay for all time.' So, Coyote walked far out across the water to an island. There, the Creator stood waiting for him beside the house which he had made. Inside the house, on the west side, stood a black suit of clothes. On the other side hung a white suit. 'Coyote, you are to wear this black suit for six months,' said the Creator, 'then the weather will be cold and dreary. Take off the black suit and wear the white suit. Then there will be summer, and everything will grow. I will give you my power not to grow old. You will live here forever and ever.'"

"Coyote stayed out in the ocean and the Four Wolf Brothers took his place as the head of all the animal people. Youngest Wolf Brother was so strong and good and clever. Oldest Wolf Brother was worthless, so the Creator gave Youngest Wolf Brother the power to take Beaver from the water. One morning, Oldest Wolf Brother said to the Youngest Brother, 'I want you to kill Beaver. I want his tooth for a knife.' 'Oh no,' exclaimed the Second and Third Brothers, 'Beaver is too strong for youngest brother.' But Youngest Wolf said to his Brothers, 'Make four spears. For Oldest Brother, make a spear with four forks. For me, make a spear with one fork. Make a two-fork spear and a three-fork spear for yourselves. I will try my best to get Beaver so we can kill him.' All the animal persons had seen Beaver at his home. They knew where he lived. They knew what a big creature he was. His family of young beavers lived with him. The animal persons were afraid that the youngest wolf brother would fail to capture Beaver and would fail to make the human being. Second and Third Wolf Brothers also were afraid. 'I fear we will lose Youngest Brother,' they said to each other, but they made the four spears he had asked for. At dusk, the Wolf Brothers tore down the dam at the Beaver's home and all the little beavers ran out. About midnight, the largest beaver ran out. There were so many and they made so much noise that they sounded like thunder. Then, Big Beaver ran out, the one the Creator had put into the water to become clean. 'Let's quit,' said Oldest Brother Wolf, for he was afraid, 'Let's not try to kill him.' 'No,' said the Youngest Brother, 'I will not stop.' Oldest Wolf Brother fell down. Third Brother fell down. Second Brother fell down. Lightning flashed. The beavers still sounded like thunder. Youngest Brother took the four-fork spear and tried to strike Big Beaver with it. It broke. He used the three-fork spear. It broke. He used the two-fork spear. It broke too. Then he took his own one-fork spear. It did not break. It pierced the skin of Big Beaver and stayed there. Out of the lake, down the creek, and down the big river, Beaver swam, dragging Youngest Brother after it. Youngest Wolf called to his Brothers, 'You stay here! If I do not return with Beaver in three days, you will know that I am dead.' Three days later, all the animal persons gathered on a level place at the foot of the mountain. Soon they saw the Youngest Brother coming. He had killed Beaver and was carrying it. 'You remember that the Creator told us to cut it into 12 pieces,' said the Youngest Brother to the animal people. But he could divide it into only 11 pieces. Then, he gave directions: 'Fox, you are a good runner. Hummingbird and Horsefly, you can fly fast. Take this piece of Beaver flesh over to that place and wake it up. Give it your breath.'"

“Youngest Brother gave other pieces to other animal people and told them where to go. They took the liver of **Clearwater River** and it became the **Nez Percé Indians**. They took the heart across the mountains and it became the **Methow Indians**. Other parts became the **Spokane People** and **Lake People**, the **Flathead People**. Each of the 11 pieces became a different tribe. ‘There have to be 12 tribes,’ said the youngest brother, ‘Maybe the Creator thinks we should use the blood for the last one. Take the blood across the shining mountains and wake it up over there. It will become the **Blackfeet**. They always look for blood.’ When an animal person woke the piece of Beaver flesh and breathed into it, he told the human being what to do and what to eat. ‘Here are roots,’ and the animal people pointed to camas and cous and to bitterroot. ‘You will dig them, cook them, and save them to eat in the winter. Here are the berries that will ripen in the summer. You will eat them and you will dry them for use in the winter.’ The animal people pointed to the chokecherry trees to serviceberry bushes and to huckleberry bushes. ‘There are salmon in the rivers. You will cook them and eat them when they come up the streams and you will dry them to eat them in the winter.’ When all the tribes had been created, the animal people said to them, ‘Some of you new people could go up to Lake Chelan. Go up to the middle of the lake and look at the cliff beside the water. There you will see pictures on the rock. From the pictures, you will learn how to make things that you will need.’ The Creator had painted the pictures there with red paint. From the beginning until long after the white people came, the Indians went to Lake Chelan and looked at the paintings. They saw pictures of bows and arrows and of salmon traps. From the paintings of the Creator, they knew how to make the things they needed for getting their food.”

**DS:** Nya:weh, Mary Lou, miigwetch. I have a news item here on a **Confederacy Sing** that was recently held at **Tyendinaga**:

“Tyendinaga has been actively recently involved in reviving the traditional **longhouse** way of life with all its values and practices at Tyendinaga. For many years, it's been a **Christian** stronghold, and now we are starting to see a revival of traditional practices. We went to Tyendinaga this summer with the **Great Law of Peace tour** and were welcomed by the **Peacemaker Drum**. And the Peacemaker Drum also hosted, for the first time ever at Tyendinaga, a Confederacy Sing. Now more than 15,000 people attended the Sing, which was hosted by the Peacemaker Drum, on November the 21<sup>st</sup>. The [to be translated] traditional singers, the Peacemaker's Drum, were one of 14 singing societies that attended. Now here's a little information about a Sing. A Sing is meant to bring our Nations together, make us strong so that we can live in harmony with each other and creation. A Sing is also a time to meet new friends and renew old ones throughout the confederacy. Our young people experience this as they made new friends at the Sing. The use of our language was also stressed. We shared our songs and ate together at a feast that was out of this world. During the Sing, the singers really had us tapping our feet. The experience of our elders was inspirational. Everyone came together, and this created a feeling I can't describe. We learned a lot, and we had a great time. It's true that the drum is the heartbeat of the nation. The next Sing will be held in **Syracuse at Easter**. It will be hosted by the **Onondaga Women's Singing Society**. It was awarded to them for the good work that they have done to help their community.”

So, the next Sing will be taking place at **Onondaga Reservation** near Syracuse at Easter time. As we get closer to Easter, we'll again repeat that announcement.

I'd just like to mention a news item that was also brought to our attention in the December 21<sup>st</sup> issue of **Windspeaker**, which is North America's leading **Native newspaper**. There's a big coloured picture of the new **Alberta premier** being sworn in. Now, it shows **Ralph Klein** taking part in a **smudging ceremony** of purification in **Edmonton** on December 15<sup>th</sup>, the day he was sworn in as premier. "**Lloyd Sutton** and **John Chief Moon**, a spiritual leader on the **Blood Reserve** in southern **Alberta**, look on as **Keith Chief Moon** holds the smudging shell." That is the caption underneath the picture and it shows them all partaking in the purification. Now, the purification is a very sacred ceremony of our people. This article comes from the **Edmonton Journal**; the headline of this article is called *Klein Credits Blackfoot Prayers for His Win*. Now, Ralph Klein says that Indian **spiritual medicine** helped him become premier of Alberta.

"'I have a very strong association with Indian people and I have medicine,' Klein said of the spiritual healing and prayers bestowed on him by the Blackfoot Indians from **Standoff** in southern Alberta. The Blackfoot had a ceremony for him the Monday after Klein came second to **Nancy Bukowski** in the first ballot of the **Tory leadership** vote. 'I wasn't at the ceremony, but the ceremony was done for me. There was a five-day period where I didn't drink because of the ritual,' Klein said. He went on to win the leadership with a 60% margin in the second ballot, December the 5<sup>th</sup>. In a telephone interview Tuesday from Standoff, Blackfoot Elder **John Chief Moon Sr.** said he first prayed for Klein to achieve leadership back in the early 1980s when Klein visited the reserve as a TV reporter. 'It came true,' Chief Moon said. 'How powerful a Great Spirit we have. He guides you to be fruitful, multiply. We prayed for Ralph Klein to be one of the leadership and to continue progress. Look what he did. He went for **Mayor of Calgary**. He brought the **Olympic Winter Games**. He went for MLA. He got a little higher, and then he went for premier. He beat Nancy Bukowski in no time.' While Klein is a third generation **Canadian** of **German** descent, he has maintained close contact with the Blackfoot Indians since doing the television documentary for **CFCN** in **Calgary**. 'It's a very personal thing with me,' said Klein, explaining his faith in the spiritual guidance of the Indians. He has learned to speak Blackfoot, and he has dedicated a shelf in the premier's office to a feather and strands of braided **sweetgrass**, used along with a locally grown form of **tobacco** in a smudging ceremony. Klein participated in the sacred ceremony at the **Legislature** in front of 13,000 Albertans on the day he swore in his cabinet."

This comes to us courtesy of our sister **Kathy Buddle** here at the university, and she wonders what **Milton Born With A Tooth** thinks of what happened. So, I'd just like to share that with our listeners. We're going to take a music break. We're going to listen to the **Tribal Five**, from their album *Tribal Five*. The song is "**Environmental Suicide**," here on Smoke Signals, CHRW, changing the face of radio.