

there was no sand in the meal <sup>when it was</sup> ~~which was then~~ dried

It was cooked by placing in a closely woven basket, rocks, as hot as <sup>well</sup> ~~as~~ <sup>that was almost red hot</sup> as an oak wood fire <sup>were exactly</sup> ~~can make them~~ <sup>basket</sup> ~~cooled~~ and the size of a large fist, ~~are~~ <sup>was</sup> flipped into the pot where the meal and

water <sup>was</sup> ~~have been~~ mixed. A wooden spoon, made of a bent, white oak limb, <sup>was</sup> ~~is~~ used for this purpose. Four rocks <sup>cooked</sup> ~~will cook~~ a basket of

~~mashed~~ mush. The mush is <sup>was</sup> ~~light~~ brown in color, and almost tasteless, <sup>but sometimes flavored with ash</sup> ~~if properly made it has no sign of bitterness.~~

Flat cakes <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ made of dampened meal, and these <sup>were</sup> ~~are~~ cooked on hot rocks, <sup>and turned only once when browned on one side</sup> ~~much like a pan-cake, when an acorn bread is desired.~~ new stoves

The ~~very~~ very old Indians made Buckeye mush in the same manner, but none of the later-day Indians ~~know~~ eat buckeye mush.

There are eight different kinds of ~~acorn~~ oaks in Central California, all producing edible acorns. The Indians <sup>name</sup> ~~have~~ no name for Oaktree, but have a name for each kind of <sup>acorn</sup> ~~acorn~~ and each kind of ~~mush~~ mush, which all tastes alike.

toea-whit is the kind of acorn, ta-peet is one kind of mush and <sup>baked</sup> ~~ta~~-lish is one kind of ~~fried~~ cake in the Wuk-Chum-nee dialect.

In the days of the bird and animal people ~~when there was only one oak tree.~~ Each day an Indian girl ground the family meal beside the river. One day

the girl's mother-in-law told ~~her~~ scolded the girl

because she was careless <sup>in striking</sup> ~~in the manner she struck~~ the acorns. Angered

The girl hit the acorns just as hard as she could, and they <sup>to</sup> ~~scattered~~ scattered <sup>granules</sup> ~~to the~~ four directions. <sup>and all</sup> ~~All the~~ family left but

them, a blue-jay man, and fearing that he go hungry if <sup>his folks</sup> ~~they~~ did not return, he picked up all the acorns he could find and ~~had~~

~~one~~ buried them in the ground. They sprouted and grew and then

he dug up some of them and ate them. That is why ~~acorn~~ oak

tree grow all over now, and that is why bluejay picks up the

acorns ~~and~~ bury them and dig them up when the young little ~~goes~~ tree grows a ~~few~~ <sup>few</sup> inches high.



*when*

*that*

*gather  
tell*

(This is the season ~~when fresh acorn meal mush~~ *for California Indians* ~~around simmering baskets~~ *Pots of fresh acorn mush and* ~~Indians, and stories not so fresh but reaching far back into the~~ *so fast they have become legends* ~~past. The~~ *mush, and from acorns, is nature's heritage, the* ~~legends are the heritage of the race.~~ *with hair coarse and black* ~~Little Indians thrive and~~ *grow fat on the acorn gruel or bread and the sages of the tribes* ~~find in it strength to nourish their rapidly failing bodies~~ *only a* ~~scattered handful of the~~ *few* ~~older people remember the stories~~ *handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter.* ~~The~~ *fine art of* ~~story telling involves not only~~ *keen wit and accurate* ~~recitation~~ *but many graceful* ~~motions of the hands, head and~~ *delicate* ~~body and tonal changes.~~ *inflections* ~~It is difficult to~~ *translate* ~~into print any of the hundreds of stories~~ *rapidly* ~~that are all too rapidly perishing with the death of the~~ *withering in the drought of the white man's civilization* ~~the older people.~~

(Frank F. Latta, ~~shafter~~ *Touché* school teacher who has studied the Indian for years has only ~~scratched~~ *scratched* the surface but has accomplished more to perpetuate the customs, language and stories of the San Joaquin valley Indian, the Yokuts, than any other person. Latta's studies have resulted ~~in a partial~~ *in gathering material for a* ~~dictionary of the~~ ~~Yokuts language--a language soon to become a lost~~ *dialects of* ~~involved~~ *be*

*of the* ~~ones in a few instances,~~ *various* ~~only one or two known members of the~~ *has passed* ~~sub-tribes, still live,~~ *some are extinct and with them* ~~the fact that the Yokuts subsided principally upon acorn~~ *has passed* ~~mush and bread and had~~ *particular dialect*

*People* ~~a comparatively fine cultural background as shown in his legends, is common to all California Indians~~ *The word yokuts means*

The Yokuts inhabited the Great Central California valley of California, 150 miles north and south and 100 miles from east to west, ~~000000~~ pitched his camp in the hills ~~bordering~~ fringing the plain and migrated from camp-site to camp site as the seasons progressed, in search of animals, fish, weed seeds or roots and acorns. The great number of valley oaks, sprinkled over the valley and hills alike, provided him with his biggest share of food. ~~000~~ The Yokuts were composed of almost 60 subtribes, each with a separate dialect, but a Yokuts from the north could converse with a Yokuts from the south. The thousands of pot-hole studded granite rocks along rivers and in the foothills were the grinding mills where Indian women patiently ground out the daily ration of acorn meal. The rock mortars found all over California when the pioneers came were the portable mills. Sometimes they were made of granite or soapstone, sometimes of oak wood.

In the old, old days, ~~legends~~ their legends tell us, after creation of the world, there were only birds and animals, but these could ~~000000~~ talk, could shoot bows and arrows, but they could not be killed. They lived together and in later years gave up their camps and hunting grounds to the Indians, whom their leader created from a mud image, hardened by fire and cooled by rain. The man was made first, ~~000~~ his woman mate followed.

Wah-Nom'-Kot, aged Wuk-Chum-Nee Indian living in the valley, tells the Wuk-chum-'Nee story of creation. "Wah-Nom-Kot is known to her white neighbors as Ada I-Cho.

In the beginning there was only water and a great tree, an oak tree where lived Tro-Khud, the eagle, the first man. Tro-Khud made the animals, birds and reptiles that swam first. He sent duck down into the water to get mud to make the earth, but duck failed and almost drowned, and turtle, after a long ~~000000~~ struggle, returned to the surface almost dead, clutching some mud beneath his



The Yokuts inhabited the Great Central California, ~~a distance~~  
~~of~~ 150 miles ~~or more~~, north and south, and ~~also~~ 100 miles from  
~~the west~~ <sup>east</sup> to the ~~east~~ <sup>west</sup>. They ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup> composed of almost 60 tribes, each  
 with a separate dialect but ~~could understand one another~~  
 a Yokuts from the ~~far~~ north could understand the conversation of  
 an Indian from the south. The thousands of ~~pot-hole~~ <sup>Pot-hole</sup> studded granite  
 rocks along rivers and in the foothills were the grinding mills  
~~used for grinding acorn meal~~ where Indian women patiently ground out the  
 daily ration of acorn meal. The ~~scattered~~ rock mortars found  
 by the thousands ~~scattered~~ <sup>some times</sup> all over California, when  
 the pioneers came, were the portable mills. The long, smooth rocks  
 were the pestle & <sup>Yokuts legends tell us</sup>

In the old, old days, ~~there were no~~ after creation of the  
 world, there were only birds, / and animals, but these could speak  
<sup>and could shoot birds and animals. They could not be killed.</sup>  
 like Indians, they lived together and in later years gave up

their land to the Indians, whom their leader created <sup>from a mud</sup>  
~~image of an Indian~~ <sup>hardened by fire and cooled by rain</sup>  
 Wah-Nom'-Kot, aged Wuk-Chum'-Nee Indian living ~~near~~ in the  
 San Joaquin valley tells the ~~story~~ <sup>W</sup>uk-chum-nee story of  
 creation. <sup>Wah-Nom'-Kot is known to older white neighbors as</sup>  
<sup>Ada 2-chum 2-chum</sup>

In the beginning there was only water, and a great tree, an oak  
 tree where lived Tro-Khud, the eagle, the first man. ~~The~~ Tro-Khud made  
 the animals, birds and reptiles that swam first. He sent ~~the~~ duck  
 down into the water to get ~~some~~ mud to make the earth, but ~~the~~ duck  
 failed, and ~~the~~ turtle, after a long struggle, returned to the ~~the~~  
 surface, almost dead, clutching some mud beneath his fore-paws.

TrokKhud took this mud and ground it with seeds in a mortar. <sup>with seeds of</sup>  
<sup>The seeds were pine plants. It smelled, resembling the mortar.</sup>  
 Then ~~the~~ throwing it to the south, west, north and east, he  
 created the earth, completing his work on the evening of the seventh  
 day. <sup>bird and animal</sup> and the water retreated, leaving only the mountains, lakes  
 and rivers. He told some of the people to stay awake while others

man was made first. His woman  
 followed.  
 mate

forepaws. Troh-Kud took this mud and ground it in a ceremonial mortar with seeds of the shepherd's purse plant. The mixture swelled until it overflowed the mortar. Then throwing it to the south, west, north and east, he created the earth, completing his work on the evening of the seventh day. The water retreated, leaving only the mountains, lakes and rivers. He told the bird and animal people that some of them would have to stay awake while others slept or the water would return but all the people went to sleep at one time and the water came back. Then eagle made the earth again and told Ki-Yo, the coyote, to keep watch. That is why Ki-Yo howls early in the morning. He doesn't want everyone to go to sleep together at one time. Someday, when everyone goes to sleep, the water will return at one time, the Yokuts believe.

Ki-Yo and Road Runner stole the first fire for the bird and animal people from the first man whom Tro-Khud later created. Ki-yo crept up into the mountains, grabbed a firebrand and started to run to the valley. The first man ran after him and Ki-Yo ran faster, fanning the coals to flames and the flames swept back and scorched Ki-Yo's tail which is blackened to this day. First man almost caught Ki-Yo and then Road Runner seized the fire and started on down the mountain. First man then called up a big rain and Road-Runner tucked some of the fire under the feathers on each side of his head to keep the rain from putting out the fire.



slept/ so the water would not return, but all the people went to sleep, the water returned <sup>there</sup> and he <sup>created</sup> ~~had to create~~ the earth ~~all~~ <sup>over</sup> again. Then he told ki-yo, the coyote, to keep watch so everyone would not go to sleep, <sup>at the same time</sup> That is why ki-yo howls early in the morning. He doesn't want everyone to go to sleep because the water will return ~~again~~. Someday, when everyone goes to sleep, the water will all come back, <sup>the kid goes Kuts believes</sup>

Ki-yo, the coyote and road runner stole the first fire for the first ~~people~~ <sup>and</sup> bird animal people from the first man whom Froh-Khud later created. Ki-yo crept up into the mountains, grabbed a firebrand and ~~start~~ed to run. The first man ran after him and the fire streaked back, blackening ki-yo's tail which is scortched to this day. He almost caught ~~the~~ coyote and then road ~~runner~~ seized the fire and kept on running down the mountain.

~~The~~ first man, seeing that he could not catch ~~road~~ road-runner, ~~made~~ made a heavy rain. Road-runner tucked some of the fire on each side of his head, under his feathers, to keep the rain from putting out the fire, <sup>and</sup> ran on down the mountain and dropped <sup>when he</sup> exhausted <sup>reached the valley</sup> at the ~~valley~~, but he saved the fire. Now road-runner has <sup>empties burned him</sup> a red spot on each side of his head where the fire ~~burned~~ him.

When an Indian dies, he goes to an Indian heaven if he has been good. There is such a place, somewhere, far to the north, in the mountains, so <sup>another</sup> ~~an old~~ legend says, and the last big Indian fandango held in the valley attended by ~~some~~ 10,000 Indians, was <sup>and</sup> ~~so~~ when white men first begun to settle the ~~valley~~ <sup>IT</sup> California was not a war gathering as the pioneers ~~valley~~ feared, but a council

<sup>of the dead</sup> called to hear the story of an Indian who actually visited <sup>the land</sup> his sweetheart. His story verified for the Indians at least, the existence of a heaven, <sup>a</sup> and a hell for that matter too, and he was not only showered with ~~wealth~~ gifts, but became a hero.

This is the season when California Indians gather around simmering baskets of fresh acorn mush and tell stories reaching far back into the past, stories so old that they have become legends.

The mush is nature's heritage, the legends are the heritage of the race. Little Indians with hair coarse and black grow fat on the acorn gruel or bread and sages of the tribes find in it strength to nourish their rapidly failing bodies. 00000

Only a few 00000000 older people remember the stories handed down from father to son, from mother to daughter. The art of legend telling, and it is an art as practiced by the Indian, involves not only a keen wit and accurate recitation, but many graceful, interpretative motions of the hands, head and body and delicate tonal inflections. It is difficult to translate into print the stories rapidly withering away in the drought of the white man's civilization.

Frank F. Latta, Shafter school teacher who has studied the Indian for years, has 000000000000 only touched the surface, but has accomplished more to perpetuate the customs, language and stories of the the San Joaquin valley Indian, the Yokuts, than any other person.

Latta's studies have resulted in the gathering of material for an unpublished dictionary of the Yokuts 00000000 language--a language soon to be lost. Only one or two known members of several of the sub-tribes are living at present, in no case does the number of any tribe exceed 50 or 100 persons and in many instances, the last member of the tribe died years ago.

The fact that the Yokuts subsisted principally upon acorn mush and bread and had a comparatively fine cultural background as shown by his legends is common to all California Indians. The word Yokuts means "people."



It took him a full day and a night to act ~~and~~ out and etell of his adventures and <sup>an acorn mush</sup> ~~a gigantic~~ feast followed while the ~~scattering~~ few <sup>Valley</sup> settlers <sup>feverishly</sup> waited with ~~breathless anticipation for an expected~~ <sup>which I write failed to materialize a</sup> Indian outbreak. The gathering was the last <sup>of</sup> the valley tribes of Yokuts. <sup>Since then they have dwelt in murk</sup>

Wee-Hay-sit, lion or the brave, lost his sweetheart by death.

he feigned death, and lay in a stupor for six days and six ~~nights~~ <sup>day</sup>. On the ~~600~~ seventh, he ~~arose~~ <sup>he</sup>, opened his ~~600~~ eyes just as the legend says dead Indians do, and walked north. <sup>He travelled</sup> ~~he walked~~ for ~~days~~ <sup>for several days</sup> through the mountains until he came to a deep gorge, ~~can~~ spanned by a narrow rock ~~brass~~ bridge, slippery with the spray <sup>from</sup> a nearby waterfall. Three times he started across the bridge, and three times he turned back, knowing ~~that~~ that if he slipped ~~and~~ <sup>far</sup>, he would fall for all eternity into the bottomless chasm ~~down at the bridge~~, the chasm where Indians who ere in life, plunge after death. But finally he mastered up his courage and <sup>crossed</sup> ~~walked across~~ the bridge. <sup>He found</sup> ~~there was~~ a changed world ~~on the~~ <sup>56</sup> other side, green meadows, running stream <sup>almost tame</sup> full of fish, hillsides thr~~ock~~ with deer and elk, antelope herds in the valleys and <sup>well stocked with food and hides</sup> ~~well stocked~~ tule-reed houses. He entered the tule hut of his sweetheart to find it full of valuable baskets. But his sweetheart <sup>and</sup> knew he was not dead ~~the women & she & 00 saw him and 000 and~~ hid him in a large basket so he would not be found and thrown into the bottomless chasm. <sup>discovered</sup> ~~But he found~~ that he couldn't touch his sweetheart, that he couldn't eat ~~has~~ the acorn mush or venison ~~stew~~ she brought him, that his arrows ~~failed~~ to bring down one of the fat deer gr zing on ~~00~~ the hillsides, and almost faint with



*hunger*  
~~starvation~~ he safely recrossed the bridge ~~and fell exhausted~~  
 He slept for six days and seven nights, awakening to return  
 to his home where he told his story and where it was believed,  
 because, did ~~not~~ it not prove the legend of life after death  
 the Indians themselves knew so well? Maybe Wee-Hay-Sit, a small  
 kind of a medicine man, had taken one sip too much of the Jimson  
 weed root tea which ~~the~~ medicine men partook of ~~the~~ at the ~~the~~  
 Jimson weed ceremonial dance, and which gave them the power to  
 see diseases on com on Indians and brush them off with an Eagle  
 feather. *Men only saw this dance. Shamans or medicine men*  
 Or maybe it was one drink too many of Manzanita berry ~~the~~  
 juice which when allowed to ferment, ~~provided~~ *gave* the old time Indian  
 with a liquor whose potency has not been approached in the modern  
 fire water now banned to him by law.

*only drank the strong  
drug-like tea*

Years ago, so goes a legend of the "Wuk-uhum-Nee  
 as told by Wah-Nom'\*Kot, the Yokuts basketry, among the finest  
 in the world, was without designs. It was plain, ~~made only~~ *with*  
 a bunch grass for the center core, ~~and~~ strengthened by the split  
 root of swamp grass. Now baskets ~~are~~ have designs, carried out  
 in red, from the red bud bark, peeled in February and black, ~~from~~  
 fern root ~~which~~ is soaked in a ~~sulphur~~ sulphur spring. There  
 are no dyes used in the Yokuts basketry, and some of the baskets  
 require ~~an~~ a year or more to make. The finer ones will hold  
 water. ~~Some~~ A few are decorated with quail top-knots, tufts of ~~red~~  
 red flannel or beads. Basketry is rapidly becoming a lost art,

~~the older basket makers are~~

*women*  
 the older basket makers are ~~rapidly~~ rapidly passing on, few, if any  
 of the children educated in ~~the~~ the white man's school *have* the  
 patience required of years of practice to learn this exciting art,  
 and the ~~herds~~ *herds* of ~~white~~ man's cattle have so diminished the bunch grass  
 that the few remaining basket makers have to scour hillsides and

*and*



river bottom to find enough to make the few baskets they

make each summer. It takes hours of work to prepare the materials

for the basket. *The work is so fine that in later years many craftsmen go blind.*  
~~hand days to complete even a single basket.~~

*Indians believe that if they do not leave a long hole at the bottom of the basket, it will cause them to die.*

Back in the day of the bird and animal people, the grey ~~lizard~~

lizard stole the baby daughter of Tro-Khud, the eagle ~~and~~ *and*

~~who started up in the hills with the child, accompanied~~

by ~~Lim-ik~~ Lim-ik, the prairie falcon, his relative. ~~who~~

Mountain lion found the lizard with the child *sitting* on a large

rock, but when he ~~tried to rescue the baby~~

the lizard seized the child, ran into a large crack in the rock

and then closed the rock. Lion jumped against the rock but couldn't

find a hole large enough to enter. *His claw marks are still on the rock.*

*Tro-Khud* and Lim-ik started out to hunt for the eagle's baby

sister. ~~The~~ The search led them throughout the whole valley,

and they knew they were on the right trail because every once in

a while they ~~found~~ found a rock with a freshly painted design

on it. Finally they came to a huge rock with the ~~old~~ footsteps

of ~~the~~ the little girl *in the sand, nearly* leading into it. They sat down and

listened, and could hear her crying inside. Lizard came out

and Lim-ik caught him by the tail, but his tail came ~~off~~ *off*

and lizard ran back into the rock. That <sup>is</sup> why lizard's tail

always comes off if you catch him by it. Then Lim-ik hit the rock

and split it wide open, and all the baskets which the little girl

had been making left their design on the side of the cloven *granite* rock

They are there to this day, someplace in the hills, and it is from

these painted rocks ~~and~~ designs, that the basket makers got

*over 20 different types in all, all designs are old, as old as the legends.*

None of the old Indians know the meaning of any of the

pictographs which are on hundreds of rocks throughout hills *all*

*over California and the Southwest.*

in Central California. None of them are explained in the legends



that have come to light so far, other than the basket design ~~legend~~

~~story~~ ~~legend, which has been handed down for generations/ this would~~

~~indicate~~ <sup>undoubtedly</sup> indicate that some race ~~of~~ Indian preceded the Yokuts

in Central California. This is further ~~borne out~~ <sup>by</sup> borne out ~~in~~ by the gigantic pot-holes, three to six feet deep, which are found at

only ~~a~~ a certain elevation in the High Sierras, in proximity

~~to~~ <sup>to</sup> the giant Sequoia Gigantea, and at ~~only~~ less than 20

locations. For what purpose did man so long ago make the huge pot-holes which required years of tedious labor ~~to make~~.

NONE of the old Indians know. Their legends say the holes <sup>were</sup> there

when they came, <sup>left by</sup> ~~when~~ the bird <sup>and</sup> animal <sup>people</sup> ~~men~~ left ~~the world to them~~.

Certain it is that no Yokuts within the past <sup>100</sup> ~~50~~ years has been

able to ~~discover~~ find a use for them. A study of a residue found ~~at~~

<sup>several</sup> ~~in~~ the bottom of ~~them~~ resulted in the scientific disclosure, ~~with~~

without publicity, some <sup>material</sup> ~~years~~ ago, that the ~~residue~~ was volcanic ~~as~~

ash. There ~~is~~ appears to be a connection between the rock paintings

and the giant pot-holes. As far as the Yokuts are concerned

they were just part of the earth, left to them. <sup>It is another case of</sup> ~~a race, driven to other parts, by an act of another earth,~~

(When ever Moi-Yuk, the whirlwind, scurries through

the giant valley <sup>oaks</sup> late in the summer, bringing down

half-ripened acorns waiting the fall frosts, old Indians

turn ~~their~~ heads ~~so~~ and shield ~~their~~ eyes from the dust. They

don't want to die as did several hundred Yokuts living along

the Kaweah river <sup>years</sup> ago.

A young Indian mother, placed <sup>unwanted</sup> a newly born baby in a basket

on top of a rock pile near a settlement of several hundred Indians

~~she didn't want the child but~~ <sup>sympathetic</sup> other members of the tribe ~~took~~

~~pity on it and~~ gave it acorn mush in two small baskets.

Gradually Moi-YUK AS they came to know him, grew and whenever

anyone refused to give him food, he blew, the dust whirled around

the offender,

It was the custom in the old days, to rise early the next mornin  
even in the winter time, <sup>after a story telling session</sup> and go to the river and wash your hands  
and face / Perhaps this was a scheme to get children to wash their  
faces ~~because~~ but there appears to be a superstition  
attached to it.

Old Indian story tellers, after you gain their confidence  
and ~~even~~ will tell you, slowly and with many gestures,  
their story ~~and then~~ <sup>warn</sup> will tell you to be sure and wash your  
face in a big bowl of water in the morning. They don't know

why, but they are sure you should do this. <sup>This was</sup>  
Particularly true after some stories  
had been told. These were stories  
spicy, according to a  
jokester's standard of morals.  
and ~~for~~ the morals were  
high enough that the only doors  
on the tule Reed huts, were  
hung up in the winter time,  
to keep ~~out~~ out the chilling  
fog or cold rain.



like a whirlwind and he died soon sickened and died. The Indians grew frightened and all refused food, but all died. Then Moi-Muk disappeared. Years later Indians noticed that

whenever a whirlwind blew around the rock, it left small ~~moose-like~~ pot-like holes in the face of the rock.

You can see them there now and when a whirl-wind shakes an oak tree, it is a sign that Moi-Yuk is still angry because the Indians ~~were~~ refused him acorn mush, and is depriving them of their ~~main staple of food.~~ *needed supply of acorns.*

~~Food~~ Old time Indians lived on acorns day in and day out.

chiefly in the form of mush, sometimes baked on the hot rocks and ~~eaten~~ frequently with ~~moose~~ deer meat or ~~moose~~ or quail.

~~Moosedoran~~ ~~the old~~ ~~gather~~

any Indian camp, and there are hundreds still scattered through the hills, *and in the valleys* has a big store of dried acorns put away ~~at this season.~~

The acorns are split ~~at~~ *on* a small rock, ~~hollowed~~ the meats removed in halves and sun-dried. ~~They~~ *the following* They frequently become grub infested

by summer, but even as late as 30 or 40 years ago, grubs never ~~bothered~~ bothered the meats. *They* are ground ~~in~~ *on*

the mortar holes and then winnowed ~~by~~ *on* a round tray, ~~just~~

just as deftly as a 49'er goes about removing gold from sand or ~~can~~

dirt. The coarse grains are re-ground and re-winnowed until the resulting flour, ~~after hours of work,~~ is as fine as ~~whole~~ wheat flour.

The bitterness of the acorn is leached out by ~~soaking~~

soaking the flour in a cloth and then pouring ~~like~~ *like* warm water on

it. *No one ever told the old people* ~~Somehow the Indians knew~~ that pouring boiling water on

it removed much of its food value. The oldtime Indians,

without any kind of cloth, scooped out a depression in fine sand,

placed a thin layer of meal over this and then poured ~~on~~ on the

water, removing the top meal carefully and winnowing the residue.

Wah - nom' - kot — a-a zeha

Ki' - yoo — Coyote —

Mih - kit' - tee — bee —

Wuk - chum' - nee — Indian tribe —

Lim - ik ~~bee~~ Prairie Falcon —

Tro' - khud Eagle —

Oo - oi - Roadrunner —

Wi' - ness first man —

Mi' - eh the Indian —