Third Story Told
White Man Story

Myrtle Lincoln, Arapaho
November 26, 1969

White Man was going east. He came to a forest and seen a buffalo. I guess he killed it and butchered it. He went close to the creek and I guess a coyote came along. "What are you doing, brother?" "I'm butchering. Come over here and help me. Go wash these books (a part of the stomach or entrails, also called Bible) in the creek." The coyote took them and he ate them up instead of washing them. When he came back, he told White Man, "A big fish took everything away from me." White Man gave him the tripe to wash. He took it away and ate it. When he came back he said the same thing, "A big fish took it away from me." While he was butchering, White Man made a fire to roast some meat. I guess there was a little tree there and he hand up all this meat on it. When this coyote got enough he run away. I guess he turned his meat over and over. He got sleepy. He went to bed. He laid down and turned his back to the fire. I guess he talked to his rectum, "When anybody come up to get my meat, you must come up--wake me up." I guess this thing (rectum) never did wake him up. While he slept I guess the coyotes and wolfs got all his meat that was cooked. When he woke up, he didn't have nothing to eat. He got after his behind. I guess he went and got a stick that had lot of coals in it. He went and burn his ass-hole. Boy, I guess he was just burned and I guess he just laid that way toward the wind. I guess a wolf came and I guess he said, "What's wrong, brother?" "I'm burning," I guess he said. I guess this wolf told him, "I'll doctor you if you'll give me all this meat. Then he shook the tree and the meat all fell on the ground and he went and lick this White Man on his behind. Then I guess he told him, "Now you're all right." He howled and all these wolfs came and dragged all this meat away and he didn't have nothing to eat. I guess he said, "All right, you didn't wake me up. So everybody that's walking on two legs and on four legs, they're going to have wrinkled ass-hole."

(Note: Cf. tales number 20, 21, 22 and 28 in Dorsey and Kroeber's <u>Traditions of the Arapaho</u>.--jj)