

Fourth Story  
White Man Story

Myrtle Lincoln, Arapaho  
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White Man, I guess he went east. He went as far as he could go and came to a creek. There were twelve ducks swimming around. He walked around and said, "Brother, I'm gonna give you a dance." I guess all these ducks came out of the creek. He made them line up. He start singing. He sang, "Whoever opens his eyes is gonna die." They all had their eyes closed. The first one, he wrung its neck, and the second one and the third one. White Man was singing fast, "Whoever opens his eyes is going to die." He was killing the fourth one and the last one, the baby one, opened his eyes and saw what he was doing. "Hey, he's killing us," he said. And eight of them flew away.

White Man started cleaning the ducks he had killed. He made a big fire and baked them. I guess a wind was blowing and he was under a tree. The limbs on the tree were crossed. Everytime the wind blew, the limbs would squeal. "Hey, quit that fighting," he said. He went up there and tried to separate the limbs and his hands got caught. He was hanging there, swinging. Coyotes came. "Let me go. They're gonna eat my food up. I just wanted you to quit fighting. When there was just one more duck left there close to the fire, the wind blew and moved the branch and his hand got loose and he dropped to the ground. There was just one more duck. After he ate, he went on again. I guess there was a pretty woman going by in front of him. She was a coyote. She was really a man coyote. "Hey, stop," he said to her. "No, my mother told me you were my uncle." She had on a buckskin dress. He started following her and caught her and started loving her. She said, "You're my uncle." Finally he got her down and got on her. This woman was really a man coyote. When White Man got on, he poked him in the stomach with his penis. White Man got up. He said, "I knew you were a coyote all the time." The coyote ran and said, "I fooled White Man. He fools everybody, but I fooled him." He said, "You're gonna always have this thing in your stomach (the navel)." This navel, that's where the coyote poked White Man in the stomach with his penis.

White Man went up the hill and he cried. He said, "This little thing had to fool me." Then he started west. He said he was going home. That was the last of the White Man when he went home. That was the last time. Coyote punish him.

(Note: This was the fourth story in a row Myrtle told me--jj)

(Note: Cf. Tales 24, 26, and 27 of Arapaho Traditions, Dorsey and Kroeber.--jj)