

a character in these legends. One of the stories I've heard, he was prairie dogs in a big kettle, he got a--I guess he killed a bunch of prairie dogs and was going to have big feast; and uh, an old coyote come along, and of course, these legends have it that coyotes were pretty crafty, and so, he came up on Saynday cooking these prairie dogs and why he decided that he wanted to eat some, and so, he begged him for some. Of course he acted cripple where he couldn't hardly walk, trot along; of course, Saynday refused, he was going to have a big feast himself, this coyote keep begging him for some food. Well, pretty soon Saynday relented, he said, all right, we'll race, see that mountain over there in the distance, we'll race toward it, circle it and come back. Whoever wins will get to eat the prairie dogs he was cooking. So, of course the coyote said, I can't run, I'm cripple, I can hardly, hardly walk, let alone run. Well, Saynday said, well, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you head start, but at the same time I'll tie some of these heavy rocks around my ankles to, so the race will be more equal; of course, the crafty fox agreed. So, they started out, the coyote had a head start, Saynday was running with his, as fast as he could with those rocks. Of course the coyote acted cripple, pretty soon Saynday passed him, he passes him and he got way ahead of him; they circled the mountain and of course, Saynday was pretty tired by then with all the heavy rocks he had around his ankles; the coyote saw his chance, he put on a burst of speed and passed Saynday like he was standing still. Saynday saw immediately what was happening, the coyote wasn't even cripple, he was just playing cripple. And he screamed at him and hollered at him but the coyote didn't stop. He just kept going. Saynday sat down and immediately took those rocks off, of course it took him time, I guess he had them tied pretty good, it took him some time to get those rocks loose. This coyote just disappeared over the hill, Saynday was struggling with these rocks. He finally got 'em loose; of course he was mad and called that coyote all kind of names; he run to where he had those prairie dogs cooking. He reached there and all he found was a bunch of bones that the coyote had left there; of course Saynday was mad and disappointed. I don't know what the moral of the story is, but Saynday always come across a good thing, but he fouls up. That reminds me of another time, Saynday was hungry, in winter, dead of