Appendices

Appendix A
The Creation of the Horse
With Harry Goldtooth
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After Naayéé Neezání, Monster Slayer, and Tóbájishchíí, Born-for-Water, finished killing the naayéé, monsters, they had little to do around the hogan. Their mother Yoolgai Asdzáá, White Shell Woman, told them that their father had everything that was needed for life on Earth. The twins decided to go back to see their father Jóhonaa' éí once more.

When the twins arrived at the Sun’s house, they saw a basket on a shelf, in the center of the house. A cornstalk with two ears of corn was growing inside the basket. Turquoise, stone horses, and all colors of corn were also in the basket.

Four stone horses were in the basket. One stone horse faced to the East, one faced to the South, one faced to the West, and one faced to the North. The horses were made out of white shell hadahoniyé, turquoise hadahoniyé, abalone shell hadahoniyé, and jet hadahoniyé. The horses ate the corn pollen that fell from the corn tassels.

Four posts facing the four cardinal directions were also in the basket. There were rattles made out of white shell on the post to the East, turquoise on the post to the South, abalone shell on the post to the West, and jet on the post to the North. There were live eagle plumes attached to the posts, and designs of the Sun and Moon were carved on the posts. The Sun told the Twins, “You are not to copy my posts with live Eagle feathers, but you may have ones without a feather.”

A long time ago, Diné who knew this story had four posts about fifty feet away from the hoagn in the four cardinal directions. When digging the holes for these posts, people put white shell in the hole to the East, turquoise in the hole to the South, abalone shell in the hole to the West, and jet black in the hole to the North. White shell rattles were then placed on the poles. This assured the owner of having more and better horses.

When someone returned home, he tied his horse to the post facing the direction he came from. If somehow a horse broke loose, it would return by itself because of the post and because of the Mountain Soil Bundle inside the hogan.
When the Sun shook the white shell rattle, the horses would begin to move as if they were alive. This is how the Sun gave them exercise. The Sun also did this to give energy to animals, plants, and all things upon the Earth.

The Sun opened his doors, and the Twins saw all kinds and sizes of horses. To the East, there were horses with white bodies with all kinds of blue designs and spots. To the South, there were blue horses with white spots and designs. There were also horses with white finger marks and a blue background. To the West, there were yellow horses with black and white spots, and to the North, there were black horses with yellowish red noses and white spots all over them.

Suddenly the Sun opened a trap door in the center of the floor. The Twins saw a huge horse. It was a workhorse, with hooves about a foot in diameter. The Sun then opened a second door under the first trap door, and there was a horse with a curly mane, tail and hair. This horse was eating locoweed. It was crazy and not worth much. If all of these horses had not been alive, our horses today would not be alive.

The Twins didn’t want any of the horses in these rooms. They wanted to have the stone horses. The Sun told them, “White Shell Woman has these horses and she knows the songs to go with them to raise them correctly. Since she won’t tell you the songs, go to Sisnaajini and get them from your brother. He is called Ch’al Hastiin, Frog man.”

The Sun gave the twins two Eagle feathers in case they needed help on their journey to Sisnaajini. This tells us that if you mind your father and do as he says, he might say, “Here is something for you.” He might give you something the way the Sun gave his sons something to help them.

Before the Twins left the house, the Sun told them about the loco horse. He said, “Later, horses will die from this weed. They will die so the number of animals will be lessened. When there are too many horses upon the Earth, I will send loco weeds and horses will die from this. That is how I will get my horses back.” Whenever a horse dies and the flesh is gone, the bones also go somewhere. Somehow they go back to the Sun’s house.

When the Twins arrived home, they started off for Sisnaajini. In the distance, they thought they saw a horse near their brother’s home. It wasn’t a horse, but rather a plant. It was a gray rabbitbrush, gahtsodaa. Another plant there was called dik’ozhi, salt brush. In the distance they saw other grasses: nididildi’, a grass that was curly; tl ‘ohnástasi, foxtail; and tl’oh cósi, a
grass that had a bushy top and was about two and a half feet high. The twins saw these plants bunched together.

It turned out that these are the plants horses feed on. The Twins went over to see these plants four different times. They looked for the horses, but they found nothing.

The twins saw fire for four nights. On the last night, they put up two posts to point out the direction in which they saw the fire. This is where the white man got his telescope. In the morning, Monster Slayer looked through his two posts and saw about where the fire had been. The Twins went over there, and found a hole in the ground. The hole was in Sisnaajii itself.

The Twins looked down into the hole, then crawled into it. They found a large lake with a lot of weeds on the surface of the eastern side. There were waterweeds, long reeds, and pollen on the shore. The pollen was what the horses ate. There were all kinds of horses there.

Monster Slayer saw a dark, heavy-set man with a big neck and throat. He looked like a frog, or someone with the mumps. The man came towards them. He said, “What are you doing roaming around here? This is no place for Earth People to be.” It was Ch’al Hastiin, whose mother was one of the Sun’s thirty-three wives.

Ch’al Hastiin was loaded up with all kinds of white shell, turquoise, abalone shell, and jet, which were sewn onto his clothes and worn like jewelry. He was a deity who lived in the water. His clothes were made out of frog skin.

There were many sheep down there, as well as gray, white, brown, and black goats with stripes on their faces and running down their backs. All kinds of animals that live on Earth today were there. Until that time, there were no animals on Earth that could be used by people. Some animals and horses on Earth belonged to the deities, but none belonged to the people.

Cattle are not afraid of water or mud today because they were put in the water when they were created. Cattle will get caught in swamps, but are sometimes still alive days later.

The Twins told Ch’al Hastiin that they had gone to their father and mother for horses, but had not gotten any. White Shell Woman had a basket full of everything, just like the Sun, but she wouldn’t give her things to anyone, not even her sons. She thought they had been naughty and selfish.

Ch’al Hastiin said, “I have everything, just like White Shell Woman. Why did you come here? Do you want one of my horses, sheep, or goats?”
The Twins answered, “No, we do not want the live animals. We want the hadahoniýé horses.”

Ch’al Hastiin picked up the basket made of turquoise, which was about the same size and shape as a wedding basket. He put white shell, turquoise, abalone shell, and jet hadahoniýé horses in the basket. Then he put corn pollen on top of the four horses. He told the Twins, “Take this basket and put it on top of Sisnaajini, but do not watch it. Go home, then come back in four days. You can go look at the basket before the Sun comes up.”

The Twins did as Ch’al Hastiin told them. When they came back to the basket on the fourth day, one of the hadahoniýé horses was gone. When the twins blinked their eyes, the hadahoniýé horses changed from rock into live horses. When the Twins blinked again, the horses turned into hadahoniýé, but the second horse was missing. It was the female blue horse to the South. The horses changed every time the Twins blinked, until finally all four horses were missing. The horses to the East and West were male, and the one to the North was female.

The Twins started to look for tracks. The found a single print to the East. The print was the same size as horses’ hoofprints are today. The Twins made a circle and found two tracks. The third time they circled, they found three tracks. The fourth and last time they circled, they found four tracks. All the tracks led East.

The Twins searched until they found the horses. They had been stolen by five people: Coyote, Owl, Vulture, Crow, and Magpie. These people looked like us, but they were gambling people who had lost all of their property. That is why they had stolen the horses. People now gamble and steal money or anything off of others because of what these five people had done.

Owl, Né’éshjaa’, had a face like us, but a hump on its nose and wore feathers as clothes. Vulture, Jeeshóó’, had a face like us, but it was bald, with only a small fringe of hair around the top. It too wore feathers like clothes. Crow, Gáagii, had hair like us with a large nose and feathers for clothes. Black Bird, Ch’agii, was a nice-looking person like us, with a large nose and feathers for clothes. They all had designs on their clothes. In the springtime, all of the birds and animals took their designs off, as if they were clothes. They grew their clothes, yet they could take them off as we take off our clothes today. Coyote, Ma’ii, wore clothes of fur and had a long tail.
These five were looting people who stole from others. They asked the Twins, “What are you doing here? No Earth People belong here.” They were caught red-handed, and they were angry.

Nonetheless, the five thieves explained, “We are your brothers.” In truth, they were half-brothers to the Twins. Each of them had a mother who was the wife of the Sun.

The thieves declared, “You are the only ones on Earth to be given the horses. From now on, when the horses die, we will feed on there. Coyote will have meat and bones – everything. Vulture will get the remains. Magpie will get the backbone meat, and Crow will take the eyes.” Owl declared, “I will be a fortune teller,” as he got no meat. So this is how the birds are when they find dead animals today. If this had not happened in those days, it wouldn’t be happening now.

The Twins took the horses back towards their Hogan. The Sun saw all this through the Dawn, and he rose until he got to where the basket and the Twins were. He said to the Twins, “I know those five deities are my children and that they are naughty. They never ask for animals or how to take care of them. That is why they never got any of them. You asked for animals, and that is why you were given the horse.”

After this visit, the Twins took their basket of horses to their mother’s Hogan. When they arrived White Shell Woman said, “It is a good thing for you to ask for these things. You need to take good care of them. I have everything here.” As the horses stepped out of the basket, they became full sized. If they stepped back into the basket, they became miniature horses again.

That morning the Twins again saw four horses in the distance. Monster Slayer ran over and met with the horses. The first horse was a pure white male made out of white shell. The second was a female turquoise horse, the third was a male abalone, shell horse, and the fourth was a female jet-black horse. These plus the four hadahoniyé horses made eight horses in all. When Monster Slayer blinked his eyes the horses turned into real people. When he blinked a second time, they turned back into horses and ran away from him.

When Monster Slayer rounded up the horses, he found that there was no stud, so he had to put them in the corral to protect them. His corral was about fifteen feet wide. He filled up the corral with all eight of this horses.

When he came up to the horses he had acquired last, the first horse had turned into a young man. The second horse had turned into a young woman, the third into a young boy, and
the fourth into a young girl. They asked Monster Slayer, “Is that you, (his secret name)?” Monster Slayer answered, “Is that you, (their secret name)?” These questions were asked four times back and forth. Ch’al Hastiin had told him the names of these horse people. After the fourth time, Monster Slayer began to sing a song and all the people turned into horses and ran away.

On the fourth morning, Monster Slayer found a small, curly-haired horse about three and a half to four feet high. He thought it would be of no use to make this horse his stallion, for it was too small. Nilch’ih, Holy Wind, told Monster Slayer, ‘This is a good horse,” so Monster Slayer made his horse his stud and raised many horses from it.

The hadahoniyé horses were kept in the basket. White Shell Woman taught the Twins how to take care of all of the stock and sing songs to make them produce and grow. After the Twins learned these songs, White Shell Woman told them, “You can have the hadahoniyé horses now, for you have learned how to care for them.”
Appendix B

Explanation of the Origin of Horses (a)
Fieldwork gathered on the Blackfeet Reservation, Montana
As told by Short Face, a “Piegan Elderly” Traditional Knowledge Bearer, in fall of 1943.

Many years ago, when people used dogs for moving camp, there lived a Piegan named Wise Man. He and his wife were a handsome couple, but they wore very plain buckskin clothes. One day Wise Man said to his wife, “I have been thinking about something. If my plans work out, we shall have very fine clothes. Let’s move away from here and make camp in the woods. I’ll collect all of the wood that you need, but you must not break any of the sticks I bring in.”

Wise Man and his wife moved to the woods. After he had brought in wood, he told his wife, “Now I shall go up the hill and catch some eagles.” He ascended the hill, dug a pit, found a dead coyote and cut it open, placed a roof of sticks over the pit after he had climbed into it, and tied the coyote on the roof. When eagles saw the coyote they swooped down and began pecking at the carcass. Wise Man grabbed each eagle in turn as it ate, pulled it into the pit and wrung its neck. He caught eight eagles. Then he returned to camp and told his wife, “I shall make myself a bonnet from these feathers.” He made his bonnet – a circle of feathers standing straight up, with a feather trailer down the back. Then he fashioned some weasel snares and went about the countryside snaring weasels. He took them to his wife and said, “Now tan these.” She replied, “But what are you going to do with them?” “I shall use them to decorate my suit,” said Wise Man. She tanned the weasel skins and sewed them on his plain buckskin suit as fringe, just as he requested. Then he donned his new costume and asked her, “How do I look? Take a good look at me.” She looked him up and down admiringly and replied, “You are very handsome looking man.” Wise Man then said, “I am completely dressed. Now I shall show you how to dress.”

He went into the woods and found an elk lick with many elk around it. With bow and arrows he killed a large number of them. From each he took only two teeth. He carried them to came and drilled a hole near the base of each tooth. Then he showed the elk teeth to his wife and told her how to sew these teeth on her plain elkskin dress. When she had done that, she put on her dress, stood before her husband and asked him, “Now, how do I look?” Wise Man replied, “You are certainly a very beautiful woman. That is how I want you to look when you have occasion to wear your best clothes.”
The couple then returned to the camp of their people. When the others saw their fine clothes, all the young men and women wanted their garments. They offered to barter their most valuable possessions for them. But Wise Man refused, saying, “I will not sell these clothes. You must hunt and make them for yourselves just as we have done. But I am going back to the woods and I shall make another outfit which I shall trade you.”

So, Wise Man and his wife returned to their former camping place in the woods. There he met a man. The stranger said to him, “I shall help you. You haven’t fixed that bonnet right. You should have quills on the feathers. You should have quills on your leggings and shirt too.” Wise Man had never heard of quills and he asked, “But how shall I get these things you call quills? How shall I learn to fix them on my bonnet and shirt?” “Thunder shall show you how to do that,” the man replied. “But I have never seen Thunder,” said Wise Man. “Where is he?” The stranger explained, “He lives above. You follow along the mountains to the end of the earth. There you will find a way to go to him.”

Wise Man went to his wife and told her of his talk with the stranger. “A man came to me who told me how I can make my clothes even prettier by putting quills on them. He named someone who could help me do this. I don’t know who that is, but he told me how to find him.” His wife answered, “All right, go look for him.”

So, Wise Man loaded his dog and went away, following the foot of the mountains. He passed mountain lions, bears and other large animals but they did not harm him. Some of them turned into persons. Finally, he reached the end of the mountains. Ahead was nothing but water. The shore was thick with brush. Wise Man climbed a cliff and looked down. In the brush he saw a lodge. He descended and entered the lodge. It was empty. After a long time a man entered and spoke to him. “Where are you going? You can’t go any farther.” Wise Man replied, “I’m going to find Thunder.” The man said, “He is in the sky. You can’t go there. But I shall help you, my boy. Climb this cliff and you will find some goats. Kill one, cut off the ends of his horns and bring them back here.”

Wise Man did as he was told. When he returned with the pieces of horn the man told him, “I will give you my moccasins. Fasten these goat horns to them and they will help to hold you up. I shall help you. Follow me.” They began to ascend, Wise Man following in the footsteps of the stranger, who had told him to look only ahead. After they had climbed a long time they reached a level place. It was another world.
Then the stranger turned to Wise Man and said, "This is Thunder’s home. After you have walked a way you will be surrounded by horses. They are dangerous animals, but they will not hurt you. I shall leave you here. Go on to Thunder’s camp. The first animals you meet will be Thunder’s horses."

Wise Man walked on until he saw the horses. One of them spied him, and all came toward him and surrounded him. At first Wise Man was afraid. But the strange animals did not harm him. He soon lost his fear and began to pet them. They were so thick around him he could not proceed. But when night came they all lay down and went to sleep. Then Wise Man crawled away from them and walked down toward the lights of two camps in the distance. When he came near them he saw that they were beautifully painted lodges, each with a medicine pipe in front of it. He walked inside one of them. Thunder was there.

When Thunder saw Wise Man he told him to sit down. The Thunder made a smudge and began to show Wise Man the ritual of the medicine pipe. Wise man told him, "I came here to find out how to look good in my clothes. I want you to tell me what to do and how to do it. That is what is on my mind." Thunder replied, "My boy, come with me and I will show you." Outside the lodge Thunder pointed to a porcupine and told Wise Man, "Kill it." This Wise Man did. Then Thunder showed him how to remove the quills, how to flatten them, to dye them different colors and to sew them on garments. When he had finished, Thunder said, "My boy, you have been good. You didn’t frighten my horses. They didn’t hurt you. They are the animals I ride. Because you did not frighten my horses and they were not afraid of you I shall give you some of them. I’ll show you the songs of my pipe and my painted lodges and give them to you also. I’ll show you how to pack the pipe on a horse’s back. But before I give you all these things you must pay me."

Wise Man asked, "What shall I give you?" Thunder said, "Give me a woman from your people, and give me a white buffalo robe." Wise Man asked, "How are you to get the woman?" Thunder replied, "My boy, I can do it with your help." Wise Man then said, "I shall get you a woman." But the white buffalo is very fast. I’ll try to get you a white buffalo robe, but it will be very difficult."

Then Thunder went to his herd and selected 10 head of horses, and gave them to Wise Man saying, "Now, my boy, take these. They will raise colts for you and increase. I shall put a porcupine on earth. It too will increase. You can kill porcupines, eat them, and use their quills. Generation after generation of your people will use these things. There will be no end to them. I
want you to take the medicine pipe, and in the Spring of the year when the leaves begin to come out you will hear me rumbling. Gather your friends quickly and dance to the medicine pipe as I have shown you. I shall see you then and know that you have heard my call. Until the end of the world you will have these things. Not until then shall I take them back."

Thunder then said, "Now my boy, I'll take you down. Tie the tails of two old mares together. When you have done that you will be on earth again. Tonight there will be a strong wind. If your lodges fall down or if your horses become frightened, I'll take them back. Otherwise, you may keep them. In future times many of your old people, to whom I shall give the power, will dream of animal-painted lodges and sacred pipes."

The night after Wise Man's return to earth there was a storm and a very high wind. But the horses were not frightened and the lodges did not fall. Wise Man kept the things Thunder gave him. Until this day the Indians have porcupines, painted lodges, medicine pipes, and horses.
Appendix C
Explanation of the Origin of Horses (b)
Fieldwork gathered on the Blackfeet Reservation, Montana
As told by Chewing Black Bones in March 1943, as told to him by Head Carrier, who died half a century earlier.
“Water Spirit’s Gift of Horses”

A long time ago there was a poor boy who tried to obtain secret power so that he might be able to get some of the things he wanted but did not have. He went out from his camp and slept alone on mountains, near great rocks, beside rivers. He wandered until he came to a large lake northeast of the Sweetgrass Hills (Lake Pakowski). By the side of that lake he broke down and cried. The powerful man who lived in that lake heard him and told his son to go to the boy and find out why he was crying. The son went to the sorrowing boy and told him that his father wished to see him. “But how can I go to him?” the lad asked. The son replied, “Hold onto my shoulders and close your eyes. Don’t look until I tell you to do so.”

They started into the water. As they moved along the son told the boy, “My father will offer you the choice of the animals in this lake. Be sure to choose the old mallard and its little ones.”

When they reached his father’s lodge, the son told the boy to open his eyes. He did so and was taken into the father’s lodge. The old man said to him, “Son, come sit over here.” Then he asked, “My boy, why did you come here?” The boy explained, I have been a very poor boy. I left my camp to look for secret power so that I may be able to start out for myself.” The old man then said, “Now son, you are going to become the leader of your tribe. You will have plenty of everything. Do you see all of the animals in this lake? They are all mine.” The boy remembering the son’s advice said, “I should thank you for giving me as many of them as you can.” Then the old man offered him his choice. The boy asked for the mallard and its young. The old man said, “Don’t take that one. It’s old and of no value.” But the boy insisted. Four times he asked for the mallard. Then the old man said, “You are wise boy. When you leave my lodge my son will take you to the edge of the lake. When it is dark he will catch the mallard for you. When you leave the lake don’t look back.”

The boy did as he was told. At the margin of the lake the water spirit’s son collected some marsh grass and braided it into a rope. With the rope he caught the old mallard and led it
ashore. He placed the rope in the boy's hand and told him to walk on, but not to look back until daybreak. As the boy walked along he heard the duck's feathers flapping on the ground. Later he could no longer hear that sound. As he proceeded he heard the sound of heavy feet behind him, and a strange noise, the cry of an animal. The braided marsh grass turned into a rawhide rope in his hand. But he did not look back until dawn.

At daybreak he turned around and saw a strange animal at the end of the line, a horse. He mounted it and, using the rawhide rope as a bridle, rode back to camp. Then he found that many horses had followed him.

The people of the camp were afraid of the strange animals. But the boy signed to them not to fear. He dismounted and tied a knot in the tail of his horse. Then he gave everybody horses from those that had followed him. There were plenty for everyone and he had quite a herd left over for himself. Five of the older men in camp gave their daughters to him in return for the horses he had given them. They gave him a fine lodge also. Until that time the people had only had dogs. But the boy told them how to handle the strange horses. He showed them how to use them for packing, how to break them for riding and for the travois, and he gave the horse its name, elk dog. One day the men asked him, "These elk dogs, would they be of any use in hunting buffalo?" The boy replied, "They are fine for that. Let me show you." Whereupon he showed his people how to chase buffalo on horseback. He also showed them how to make whips and other gear for their horses. Once when they came to a river the boy's friends asked him, "These elk dogs, are they of any use to us in water?" He replied, "That is where they are best. I got them from the water." So he showed them how to use horses in crossing streams.

The boy grew older and became a great chief, a leader of his people. Since that time every chief has owned a lot of horses.
Appendix D
Explanation of the Origin of Horses (c)
Fieldwork gathered on the Blackfeet Reservation, Montana
Institution Press.
Told by Mrs. Cecile Cree Medicine in July 1947, as told by her father Running Crane, Chief of
the Lone Eater’s band of the Piegan.
“How Morning Star Made the First Horse”

Before the Piegan had horses, they had dogs. Then everything was flint. There was no
iron.

One night a Piegan invited all the chiefs to his lodge. He told his wife, “You sit outside
with the baby.” Her sister saw her sitting there and asked her what she was doing outside alone.
She replied, “My husband does not want me to be in the lodge with the chiefs.” She was very
unhappy. Later she looked into the sky and saw the bright morning star. She said, “I wish I could
be married to that pretty star up there.”

Next morning she went to pick up buffalo chips for fuel. She saw a young man
approaching her. He said, “Now I have come for you.” But she replied, “I will have nothing to do
with you. Why do you want me to go away with you? I’m married.” Then the young man
reminded her, “Last night when you were sitting outside your lodge you said you wanted to
marry me, the bright star. I heard you and now I have come for you.” She replied, “Yes, that’s
right. Let’s go.”

Then the young man said, “Take hold of my back. Follow me but keep your eyes shut.”
She did as she was told. After a time the young man told her to open her eyes. When she did she
saw that the country was strange to her. Young Morning Star then asked her into his lodge where
an old man was sitting. He was Sun, Morning Star’s father. Sun said, “My son, why did you
bring this girl here?” The young man answered, “It was the girl’s wish. So I went after her.”

After a time Morning Star and this woman had a little boy. Old grandfather Sun said, “I
shall give the boy something to play with.” He gave him a crooked tree which was every bit the
shape of a little horse, and said, “Now my boy, play with this.” When Morning Star saw his son
playing with the wooden toy he said to his wife, “Wouldn’t it look better if this plaything had fur
like a deer?” She agreed. So they put fur on it. Then Morning Star said, “Another thing it should
have is a tail.” So he put a black tail on it and added some ears as well. Then he said, “Now let’s
take some black dirt and rub its hoofs so they will shine.” So it was done.
Then his wife said to the Morning Star, “Now you are finished. Are you satisfied?” “No,” replied Morning Star, “Put the boy on the animal’s back. Let him ride it.” When the boy was astride the toy, Morning Star said, “Now I shall make it go. I shall call sh-sh-sh-sh four times. The fourth time it will start like an animal.” The first time Morning Star called, the horse began to move its legs. The second time, the horse began to move its tail. The third time it moved its ears. When he called sh-sh-sh-sh the fourth time the horse shied. Then Morning Star called, “ka-ka-ka-ka,” and the horse stood still. Morning Star cut a piece of rawhide for a bridle. The boy had great fun with this little horse.

Later when the boy’s brothers and sisters went to dig wild turnips, his mother asked Morning Star, “Why can’t I do that?” He told her she might go with the others, but she must not dig the turnip with the big leaves. So she joined the party. She saw the big-leafed turnip and began to dog around it. At last she dug it up. Dust came through the hole. When the dust cleared away she looked into the hole and way below she saw her own camp and her parents. She began to cry.

When she returned to Morning Star’s lodge he saw her swollen eyes and knew what had happened. He asked her, “Why are you crying?” She told him that she was lonesome for her parents. Morning Start then told her that she could return to them. He instructed his people to cut rawhide rope. They made a great pile of it. Then he told his wife, “I’ll take you down the rope first. Then I’ll take the horse down by my own power.” He wrapped his wife and son in buffalo robes, tied them to the rope, and lowered them through the turnip hole.

Two young fellows lying on their backs near the camp of the woman’s parents saw a strange object descending from the sky. They were frightened and started to run away when the bundle reached the earth. But the woman called to them, “Untie me.” They untied her and went to camp to tell the woman’s husband that she was back. When her husband saw the little boy he told his wife, “I don’t want him here. Don’t feed that boy. Don’t give him any bedding. Let him sleep by the door.” The woman was watched so closely she couldn’t help her son. A half-brother took pity on the little boy. He hid some of his own food and gave it to the little boy to keep him from starving.

Morning Star saw how badly his son was being treated on earth. One day when the half-brother took the boy into the brush hunting they saw a strange man. They were afraid and started to run when the man called, “Stop!” They halted and sat down beside the man. He told the little
boy, "You are my son. I know your brother loves you and had fed you. But I have come after you because you have been abused." The little boy began to cry. "No I want to stay with my brother." Then Morning Star explained, "Three of us cannot go. I can only take you. But I promise you I’ll give your brother some great power here on earth."

Before he departed Morning Star told the older boy, "Go to that lake yonder. Sleep beside it for four nights. I’ll give you power. The man in that lake will help you too. But I warn you that before sunrise, while you are sleeping, animals like I gave your little brother will come out of the lake. When you wake, pay no attention to the other horses. Just try to catch the little, shaggy, buckskin colt. If you catch that colt all the other horses will stop beside him. If you don’t catch him, all will run back into the water."

The morning after the older brother’s first night by the lake he tried to catch one of the pretty colts rather than the ugly little buckskin Morning Star had told him to get. All of the horses ran back into the lake. The second morning the older brother tried again and failed. The third morning all of the horses got away once more. During the fourth night Morning Star came to the boy in his dream and said, "Now, my boy, I told you to catch that shaggy buckskin colt. If you don’t catch him tomorrow you will not have my power."

Next morning when the boy awoke he saw the horses again. This time he singled out the little colt and roped him with a rawhide line. All the other horses stampeded toward the lake. As the leading ones reached the shore the little buckskin whinnied. They all turned and ran back toward him. On the fifth night Morning Star again appeared to the boy in his dream, saying, "Now, my boy, when you return home with these horses give everyone but your father a horse. Because he abused you, he shouldn’t have any."

When the boy returned to the camp and distributed the horses, his father became very angry. "Why didn’t you give me one of them?" he raved. The boy, with Morning Star’s power, struck his father and killed him.

Morning Star then told the boy, "From now on your people will have horses. You will no longer need to use dogs. In time your will have many horses. Your horses will never disappear. You need never walk anymore.

The principal chief of the camp sent word to the boy that he wanted him for a son-in-law. He gave the boy his two daughters and offered him his place as head chief.
Appendix E:  
Table Summarizing Data Regarding Medicinal Plants  
Below is a table summarizing data regarding some of the medicinal plants that certain tribes utilized to cure their horses. As printed in: Schuessler, Raymond. "Indian Horse Healing." *Real West: True Tales of the American* (May 1975):10, 59.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Tribe</th>
<th>Plant</th>
<th>Use</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arapaho</td>
<td>Probably wild peony (<em>Paeonia brownii</em>).</td>
<td>Root rubbed on nose of tired horse to refresh it.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cheyenne</td>
<td><em>Anaphalis marianae</em> var. <em>subalpina</em>.</td>
<td>Dried and powdered flowers placed on sole of each hoof and blown between horse’s ears to make it long-winded and enduring.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Thalictrosporellum</em></td>
<td>Dried and ground to fine powder, administered by mouth to make horse spirited, long-winded, and enduring.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gros Ventres</td>
<td><em>Niitsican</em> (Native name) &quot;hollow root&quot; Unidentified.</td>
<td>Given to horses to strengthen and refresh them.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nez Perce</td>
<td><em>Clematis douglasii</em></td>
<td>Scraped end of root held in nostrils of a fallen horse. Immediate stimulating effect.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td><em>Paeonia brownii</em>, wild peony.</td>
<td>Chewed root placed in horse’s mouth and held shut until horse swallowed to stimulate horse to make him swifter.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Omaha</td>
<td><em>Lacinaria scarboes</em></td>
<td>Corn-chewed and blown into horse’s nostrils to make it long-winded. Flower heads mixed with shelled corn fed to horses to make them swift.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pawnee</td>
<td><em>Ionopsis violacea</em>, sheep sorrel, and <em>Ranunculus strirato</em>, yellow wood sorrel.</td>
<td>Bulbs pounded and fed to horses to make them fleet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sarsi</td>
<td>(?)</td>
<td>A herb or root administered to give horse surprising speed.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Teton Dakota</td>
<td><em>Clematis douglasii</em></td>
<td>Dried and powdered root administered by nostrils to stimulate tired horses when hard pressed by enemy.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ute</td>
<td><em>Wild peony</em></td>
<td>Root chewed and placed in horse’s mouth to give it long wind.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Appendix F
The Tale of the Wind Horse
By Tipi Pinti, November 1984, The Bishnik, p. 5

At the time when day and night were still deciding who comes first, there lived a horse that will never be seen again. The horse was not one that would become as the dying buffalo, for this horse had no enemies. The reason that this horse would not be seen again was because of love. It is a story that begins this way.

The horse, who was called Wind Horse, was the fastest and gentlest of all the Indian ponies. He felt no fear that there was not one that would harm him. If there was an Indian wounded or that needed a ride, Wind Horse was there to care and to carry the Indian. Because of the kindness of Wind Horse, there is no more.

One day, as Wind Horse was feeling the good feeling from being free, he heard a cry for help. He ran to the edge of the forest and saw an Indian child Boy caught in a trap meant for Bear. The Boy’s foot was cut off and the Boy could not move. Wind Horse went to the side of the Boy and as the Boy leaned against him, he bent to let the Boy get on his back.

The Boy, who had no name, could not believe that this beautiful horse would come to him as a friend. All his life he had lived alone, for with his bad leg no one wanted him. As he rode the wind on the horse, he could feel the good feeling that Wind Horse felt. It was if he were whole and that he was with family.

Wind Horse knew that the wound that the Boy had was one that could not be fixed or healed. He was taking the Boy to the place of the Indian Hunting Ground. This place was where all were made whole and had no fear or need. Wind Horse felt sadness that one as young as this Boy had to go to the Ground but he knew that it would be for the best. As they traveled, the Boy noticed that the trail was always changing. First it was as it was when the Boy had been hurt, then it was as it was when he had been happy. Then it was the time when he had been not born. Soon he saw things that he did not recognize. The Boy became more close to Wind Horse, for he began to fear.

Wind Horse had seen the times and had seen the Boy and his life. And he had felt the feelings of the Boy. Wind Horse knew that if he continued this ride, he would not be free
anymore. For the feelings that the Boy felt were now becoming the feelings of Wind Horse. For Wind Horse was the last of his race, the race of horses that would feel the feeling of the rider.

Should the rider remain on the Horse of Wind, the horse would share the fate of the rider, for then a bond would be made that would not and could not be broken. Wind Horse knew of this bond, and, as a result, always put off the rider before any bond was made. This time, thought, Wind Horse, knew this would be his last rider.

As they traveled, the Boy began to talk to Wind Horse and Wind Horse listened. He listened to the hopes of the Boy that someday he would run with the leaves that blew across the ground. He listened as the Boy wished for someone to care and love the Boy who had the bad leg. As Wind Horse listened, he began to feel the love for the Boy that the Boy had wanted to give to a friend.

"Yes," Wind Horse thought, "This is my last ride for I have found one that needs the feelings that I can give. Since I am the last of my race, I will spend the rest of my time with the one that can and will give the feelings that I need."

Wind Horse turned his head and nuzzled the Boy’s head. He began to slow, for the end of the journey was near. The Boy looked up and saw the home of those who had gone before. He realized that his journey was the last one that he would ever make. He began to feel fear. But as the Horse stopped to let the Boy down, the Boy realized that he had two good legs and that all his wounds, hunger, need, and hurt were gone. The Horse made no move to leave and the Boy knew that the Horse had also made his last journey.

Wind Horse had never brought his riders to the Hunting Ground, so he was not familiar with the place. He had a new world to explore and he had a friend to explore it with. As Wind Horse and the Boy walked into their new world, the Indian People felt a great sadness. Even though the People could not know what was happening, the feeling of great loss and unhappiness was all around. Wind Horse could hear their cries of despair, but he knew that with the passing of many suns and moons, they would soon forget him and his race.

Wind Horse had made his last journey. He would miss all his travels and the friends that he had made and helped along the way. He prayed to the Great Spirit to send a reminder to the Indian People of the friendship that he and the Indian People had shared. And, with Wind Horse’s prayer, the Horse was given to the Indian People as friends.
April 11, 2016

To: Ray Barnhardt, PhD
Principal Investigator

From: University of Alaska Fairbanks IRB

Re: [744747-2] The Relationship Between the Indigenous Peoples of the Americas and the Horse

Thank you for submitting the Continuing Review/Progress Report referenced below. The submission was handled by Expedited Review under the requirements of 45 CFR 46.110, which identifies the categories of research eligible for expedited review.

Title: The Relationship Between the Indigenous Peoples of the Americas and the Horse
Received: April 6, 2016
Expedited Category: 7
Action: APPROVED
Effective Date: April 11, 2016
Expiration Date: April 17, 2017

This action is included on the May 4, 2016 IRB Agenda.

No changes may be made to this project without the prior review and approval of the IRB. This includes, but is not limited to, changes in research scope, research tools, consent documents, personnel, or record storage location.