



INTRODUCTION TO THE SCANNED VERSION OF MUMIQSALOOK

Warren Tiffany, author of *Mumiqsalook*, was very active in writing and preparing curriculum materials for Northwest Alaska Eskimo schools during the 1950's. In January of 1956 Warren was transferred from Fort Yukon to Nome where he served as an "Education Specialists". In this capacity he visited all the village schools under the jurisdiction of the Nome office. This enabled him to identify crucial curriculum needs in the schools. In 1956 there were no curriculum materials addressing the Eskimo culture of the children attending the schools. With his considerable writing and research skills, Warren began to focus on meeting this cultural, curriculum need. In time, he was also able to do important research at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C.. The end result of his work was the printing of *Mumiqsalook* by the BIA Juneau Area Office in 1973.

Warren passed away in the fall of 2009 and left behind several documents he had written. The documents have been made available to his daughter, Sarah, who did the initial scanning for this electronic version of *Mumiqsalook*. While *Mumiqsalook* is a historical document, it might also be useful in contemporary classrooms especially with the language shift to English, which places increased importance on the culture of the children which remains Eskimo.

Thomas R. Hopkins, Ed.D.
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MUMIQSALOOK



ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

To the Eskimos of Alaska with whom I have worked and
the Smithsonian Institute in which I have studied

Warren I. Tiffany

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MUMIQSALOOK



by
WARREN TIFFANY



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MUMIQSALOOK

The red of the afternoon sky had faded to purple. Mumiqsalook was the last one to slide down the snow-covered hill between the houses. It was always fun to slide fast down the hill and then climb back up to slide again. Now it was late. Mumiqsalook would go home before it was dark.

Only a dim light came from the sky-light in the roof to show Mumiqsalook that Grandmother was home. She bent low to get into the tunnel to the house. The tunnel led down beneath the floor. Mumiqsalook poked her head up through the hole in the floor. This was the only door to their house. Grandmother was fixing the flame in the lamp. Seeing Mumiqsalook's black hair and dark brown eyes coming through the floor she said, "Brush the snow off your parka and hang it in the stormshed."

Mumiqsalook did as she was told, and then jumped up into the warm room. She sat down by her grandmother and picked up the ulu knife. The dry walrus meat would taste good after playing all day in the cold winter air. Grandmother was hungry too. They both began to eat.

Mumiqsalook ate and ate. She ate the dry walrus meat. She dipped her fingers into the bowl of seal oil and licked them off. She wished that there were some greens in the seal oil, but all the greens were gone. Mumiqsalook told herself that when it was summer she would pick many more greens and berries. Then they



would have plenty for winter. But now she finished the meat and the seal oil. She felt good inside.



Grandmother was still eating. The light of the lamp shone on her wrinkled face. Mumiqsalook didn't know how old her grandmother was. Everyone said she was very old. Her face was wrinkled and her teeth were worn down. But her eyes were as bright as the sea in summer.

The sea was deep and held many good things. It brought the walrus, the seal, the whale, the fish. The sea was full of life. Grandmother's eyes had been filled with life. They had seen so many things. Grandmother was wise. Other people in the village would ask her what to do. She could tell them. She remembered.

Of all the things Grandmother knew, Mumiqsalook liked two things best. Grandmother could tell all the old stories and she could teach the children all the old games. Mumiqsalook was a lucky girl. She could play games every day and Grandmother would tell her stories at night.

Mumiqsalook lay down on the sleeping bench. "Grandmother," she said. "Tell me a story."

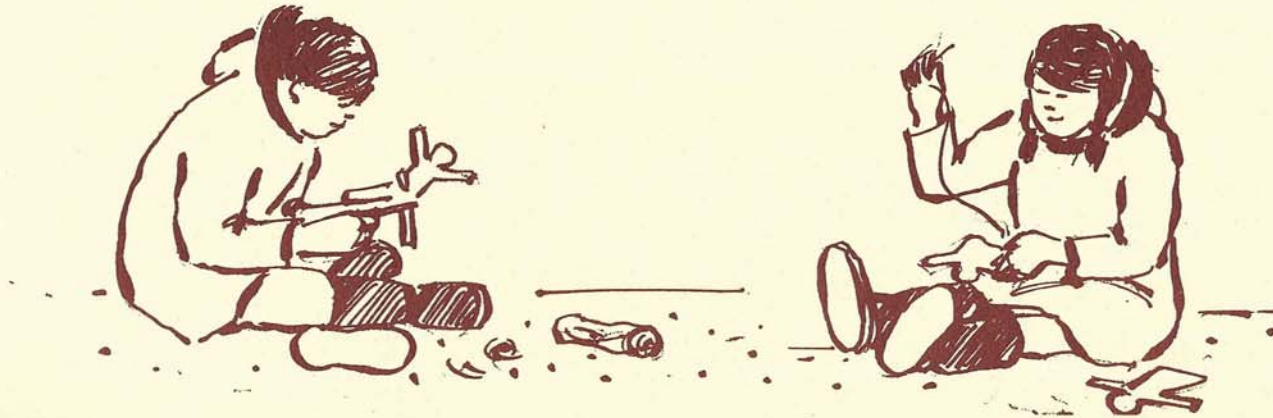
THE WINDS



In a village on the lower Yukon River lived a man and his wife. They had no children. After a long time the woman spoke to her husband and said, "I cannot understand why we have no children, can you?" The husband replied that he could not. She then told him to go out on the tundra to the only tree that grew there and bring back a part of its trunk and make a doll from it.

The man went out of the house and saw a long track of bright light. It was like the light made by the moon shining on the snow. It led off across the tundra in the direction he must take. Along this path of light he saw before him a beautiful object shining in the bright light. Going up to it, he found that it was the tree for which he came to search. The tree was small, so he took his hunting knife, cut off a part of its trunk, and carried it home.

When he returned he sat down and carved from the wood an image of a small boy. His wife made two suits of fur clothing and dressed the doll. Directed by his wife, the man then carved a set of toy dishes from the wood, but said he could see no use for this trouble. It would make them no better off than they were before.



To this his wife replied that before they had nothing but themselves. Now the doll would give them amusement and something to talk about. She then put the doll in the place of honor on the bench opposite the entrance. With the toy dishes full of food and water before it.

When the couple had gone to bed that night and the room was very dark they heard low whistling sounds. The woman shook her husband, saying, "Do you hear that? It was the doll!"

They got up at once, and making a light, saw that the doll had eaten the food and drunk the water. They could see its eyes move. The woman took it up with delight and fondled and played with it for a long time. When she became tired she put it back on the bench and they went to bed again.

In the morning, when the couple got up, they found the doll was gone. They looked for it about the house, but could find no trace of it. Going outside, they found its tracks leading away from the door. These tracks passed from the door along the bank of a small creek and outside the village. There they ended. As the doll had walked from this place he had gone on the same path of light the man had used to find the tree. The man and wife followed no further, but went home.

Doll had traveled on along the bright path until he came to the edge of the day, where the sky comes down to the earth and walls in the light. Close to where he was, in the east, he saw a gut-skin fastened over the hole in the sky wall. It was bulging inward from some strong force on the other side. The doll stopped and said, "It is very quiet in here. I think a little wind will make it better."

So he drew his knife and cut the cover loose about the edge of the hole. A strong wind blew through, every now and then bringing with it a live reindeer. Looking through the hole, Doll saw beyond the wall another world like the earth. He drew the cover over the hole again and told the wind not to blow too hard. But he said, "Sometimes blow hard, sometimes light, and sometimes do not blow at all."

Then he walked along the sky wall until he came to another opening at the southeast, which was covered. The covering pressed inward like the first. When he cut this cover loose the force of the wind swept in, bring-

ing reindeer, trees, and bushes. Closing the hole again, he told it to do as he had the first one, "Sometimes blow hard, sometimes light, and sometimes do not blow at all." Then he passed on.

In a short time he came to a hole in the south. When the cover was cut a hot wind came rushing in, accompanied by rain and the spray from the great sea lying beyond the sky hole on that side. Doll closed this opening and said as before, "Sometimes blow hard, sometimes light, and sometimes do not blow at all." Then he passed on to the west.

There he saw another opening. As soon as the cover was cut the wind brought in a heavy rainstorm, with sleet and spray, from the ocean. This opening was also closed. Again he said, "Sometimes blow hard, sometimes light, and sometimes do not blow at all."

He passed on to the northwest, where he found another opening. When the cover to this was cut away a blast of cold wind came rushing in, bringing snow and ice, so that he was chilled to the bone and half frozen, and he hastened to close it as he had the others. But still he said, "Sometimes blow hard, sometimes light, and sometimes do not blow at all."

From there he went along the sky wall to the north. The cold became so great that he was forced to leave it and circle around, going back to it where he saw the opening. There the cold was so great that he did nothing for some time, but finally he cut the cover away. At once a fearful blast rushed in, carrying great masses of snow and ice, strewing it all over the earth plain. He closed the hole quickly, saying, "Sometimes blow hard, sometimes light, and sometimes do not blow at all." Then he traveled on until he came to the middle of the earth plain.



When he reached there he looked up and saw the sky bending overhead, held up by long slender poles. The sky was made of some beautiful material he had never seen before. Turning again, he traveled far away until he reached the village where the man and his wife lived. There he circled once completely around the place, and then entered one after another of the houses, going to his own home last of all. This he did that the people should become his friends, and care for him in case his parents should die.

After this Doll lived in the village for a very long time. When the man and his wife died he was taken by other people. And so Doll lived for many generations, until finally he died.

From him people learned the custom of wearing masks. Since his death parents have learned to make dolls for their children in imitation of the people who made the one of which I have told.

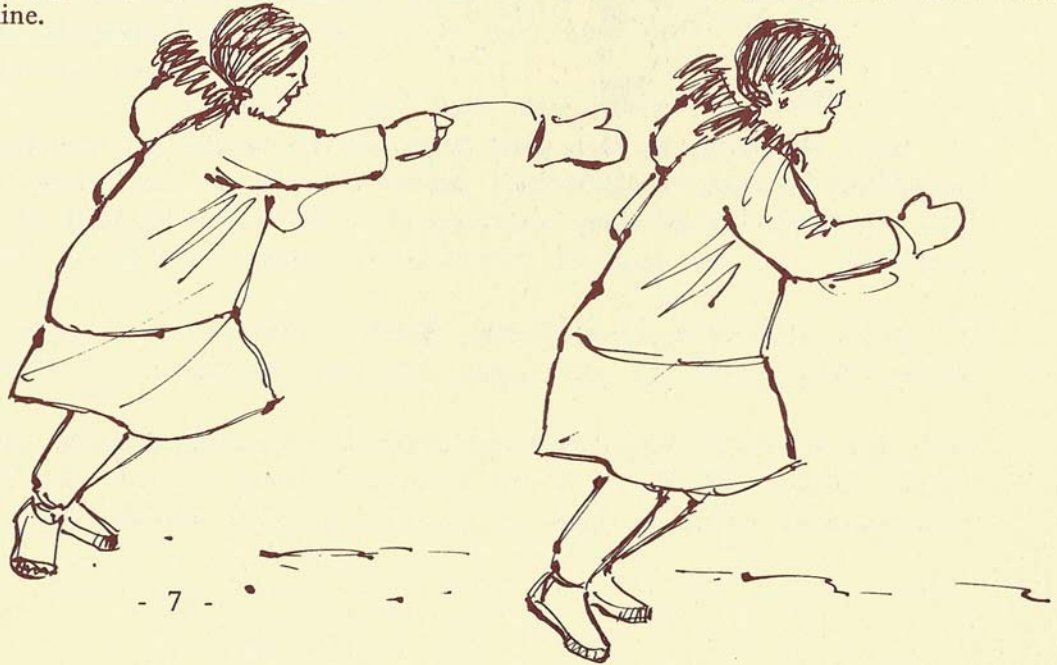
MUMIQSALOOK'S GAMES



Mumiqsalook went outside to meet a cloudy morning. The snow and ice made a circle of gray around the village. Some of the other children were already chasing each other and sliding on the hill. "Let's play tag," said Mumiqsalook. "Let's play mitten tag," said another.

All of the children then took their mittens off. The mittens of each girl and boy had been made so they would not fall on the snow and get lost. They were tied together with a long piece of sealskin. Mumiqsalook's mittens were tied together with a piece of sealskin as long as she was. She took them off and tied them around her wrist.

"I'm it," she shouted, and threw the mitten at Eeyavik. The mitten hit Eeyavik. Mumiqsalook pulled her mitten back and away. "Now Eeyavik is it!" She laughed. Eeyavik ran off to tag someone else. They played and played. The one who was tagged kept trying to tag someone else. The mittens flew, but none were lost. They were safely tied with sealskin line.





Some of the boys were playing tag, too. They played that one of them was a bear. The others threw their mittens at the "bear" to kill him. When the bear was dead they dragged him home. Then they went hunting for another bear.

Snow was falling now. Eeyavik asked Mumiqsalook to come to her house. They could play with the sticks. The sticks they played with were very thin and about as long as your hand. You could hold fifty of them in one hand.

The first game they played was jack sticks. Eeyavik took the sticks in her hand. She put one end of the bunch of sticks on the floor. Then she let them fall. They fell in a little pile. Eeyavik had another stick with a hook on the end. With the hook, she tried to take a stick off the pile. She had to take it off without moving any of the other sticks.

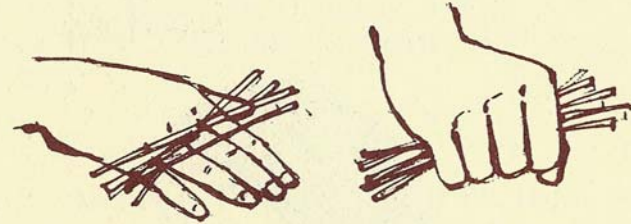
Some of the sticks were very easy to get. Eeyavik got one stick—two sticks—three sticks. Oh, oh, she moved another stick. Eeyavik kept the three sticks she had taken from the pile. Now it was Mumiqsalook's turn. She took off as many sticks as she could before moving any of the others. Mumiqsalook and Eeyavik each took turns and soon all the sticks were gone.

Mumiqsalook counted her sticks. She had twenty-three. Eeyavik counted hers—twenty-seven. Eeyavik was the winner. They played the game again. This time Mumiqsalook was the winner.

After they had played jack sticks for a while Mumiqsalook said, "I will show you another game my grandmother taught me." She took the sticks and placed them in the back of her hand. All of the sticks were carefully balanced across the back of her hand so they wouldn't fall off.

Very quickly she pulled her hand down and let the sticks fall. But before the sticks could fall to the floor Mumiqsalook had caught them with the same hand.

Mumiqsalook was so fast that Eeyavik could hardly see what had happened. "Do it again," asked Eeyavik. Mumiqsalook again placed the sticks on the back of her hand. Again she pulled her hand away and caught the sticks before they could fall. She did not turn her hand over to catch them. She did not throw the sticks up in the air. All she did was let them fall and then catch them. It looked easy.



"Let me try it," said Eeyavik. Mumiqsalook gave her the sticks. Eeyavik placed them carefully on the back of her hand. As quick as she could, she pulled her hand away and grabbed for the falling sticks. Look out! Sticks went flying all over the room. Eeyavik had caught only three sticks.

"It will take you a long time to learn how to do it well," said Mumiqsalook. "I couldn't do it at first, either. Each time you catch them all you can keep one of the sticks. If you miss any you must give the sticks to the next person. Then he will try to catch them. He can do it again and again until he misses. Each time he catches them all he will take one out. Soon all the sticks will be gone. Then you will count your sticks to see who has the most."

"That will be fun to play," said Eeyavik. "I will keep trying until I am as good as you are. Then we can play together."

So Eeyavik played with the sticks for a long time after Mumiqsalook had gone home to her grandmother.

THE MAN-WORM

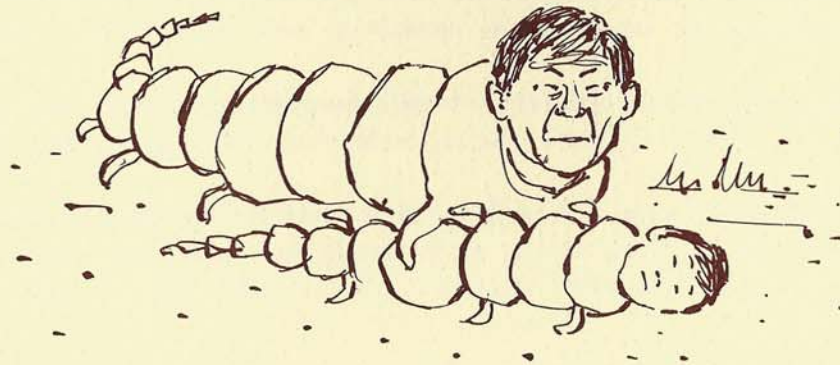


A long, long, time ago there lived a large worm who was married to a woman, and they had a son who was also a worm. When the son had grown up, the father told him to go to the middle of the earth plain and there, in a small house, he would find a wife.

The son then used his magic powers and made himself small so that he could travel faster. So off he went.

As he came near the small house of which his father had told him, he felt the earth shake and tremble under his feet, and he feared that he would be killed. This happened again and again, until finally he reached the house. Here he found that the cause of the shaking was the talk of an old woman who lived in the house with her daughter.

These people treated him very well, and finding that the girl was beautiful, he married her. After he had lived there four years he remembered his parents and started to go back to visit them. On the road he was killed by another Man-Worm.



In a short time after this, the father felt a strong desire to see his son, so he started to go to him. On the way he found the body of his son. He went to the spring where the villagers got their water, and making himself small, hid in it. There, by the use of magic, he killed nearly all the people in revenge for his son's death.

When there were only a few people left, an old woman in the village, knowing that some magic was being used against them, worked a strong charm. This caused the sea to rise and break the ice upon its surface and carried it over the land until the spring was covered. Then the floating ice blocks were dashed together until the Man-Worm was ground to pieces and destroyed. At last the people were freed from his magic.

MUMIQSALOOK'S GAMES



"Come and slide with me," Mumiqsalook called to the others at the bottom of the hill. Mumiqsalook was sitting on the sealskin when the first to reach her jumped on behind and down the hill they went. The fresh snow was soft, but it was dry and slippery. The sealskin quickly carried the two girls to the bottom of the hill.

Other children were sliding down the hill. Some on skins, some on small sleds, some on their knees. Down the hill and up again. Standing or sitting, head first or feet first. Any way you wanted to slide was the right way. Everyone had fun sliding.



After they had been sliding for awhile, Mumiqsalook saw that some of the girls were playing hide-and-seek. She went over to join them. In this game the children all got into a circle where they pretended to talk like busy women. Then one of them would run off to hide. Soon the others stopped talking and ran to look for the missing one. While they were looking, the one who was hiding would try to run back to the home base before anyone caught her. She had a hard time because everyone wanted to catch her. Then they could hide. Mumiqsalook did not catch anybody in this game today. She did better in the next game, though.

When the boys saw the girls playing hide-and-seek, they wanted to play too. They made two teams with some boys and girls on each team. Mumiqsalook and Akinga were chosen to hide first. Akinga was Eeyavik's younger brother. He would be good to hide with because he was small.



Mumiqsalook and Akinga looked for a place to hide. The umiaks were on their winter storage racks. This would be a good place to hide. Both of the children climbed under the over-turned skin boats and waited.

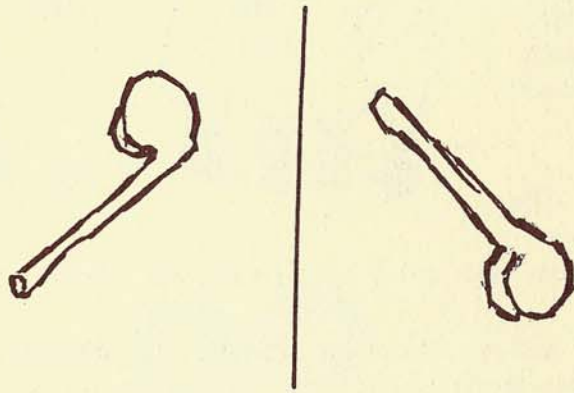
Soon they could hear the other children running and calling. They were looking for Mumiqsalook and Akinga. They looked behind the houses, they looked in the storm sheds, they looked everywhere—almost. They didn't look in the umiaks. Then they began to call out. "Where are you? Tell us where you are!"

Mumiqsalook laughed softly. She made other little noises in her throat. At last someone heard her. When they looked under the umiaks, Mumiqsalook and Akinga were laughing at each other. It was a good place to hide.

The children played hide-and-seek for a long time. Then, one after another, they began leaving to eat. Mumiqsalook felt hungry, too. She was near Eeyavik's house so she went in. Eeyavik and Akinga were already eating. Mumiqsalook sat down and began eating with the others.

After they had finished eating, Eeyavik's father took a small sealskin bag down from the wall. He opened the bag and shook out a pile of small bones onto the floor. The bones were from the flippers of seals. There were fifty of these bones. Twenty-five were from the right flippers and twenty-five were from the left flippers. The bones had marks on them so it was easier to tell which was which.

Eeyavik's grandfather took twenty-five of the bones and her father took the other twenty-five. Grandfather held his bones in his hand and then let them fall to the floor. Then he took out all of them that had fallen with the big knob up. If they fell in any other way he could not take them out.



It was Father's turn next. He let the bones fall. After he had taken away all of the bones that lay with the knob up, it was Grandfather's turn again. Grandfather took the bones that he had left and let them fall once more. Again he took out all of the bones that had fallen right. The men took turns this way until one of them had no more bones. It was Grandfather. He had taken all of his bones away and he was the winner.

Mumiqsalook watched the men play the game. It was a good game. They played it again. This time

father won. He won the third game, too!

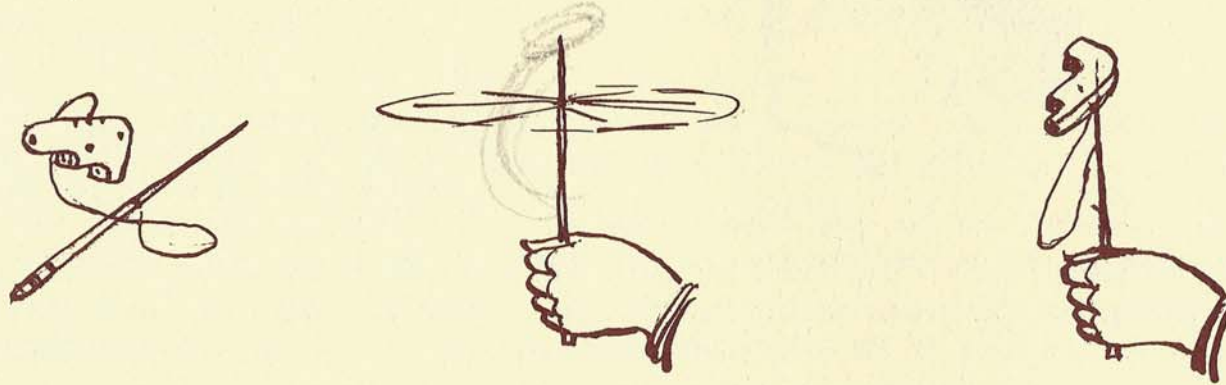
Then they played a different game with the bones. In this game each man held one bone about two feet from the floor. Then they let the bones fall. If the two bones fell the same way, nobody won. If they fell so that one bone had the knob up and the other bone had the knob down, the one with the knob up was the winner. The man who threw this bone took the other bone.

They played this until Grandfather had taken all of Father's bones. Grandfather had won again. He put the bones back in the bag and hung it on the wall. They would play again some time.

Mumiqsalook went home after the game was over. Coming into the house, she found that Grandmother was not at home. "Maybe she is visiting Eengak," thought Mumiqsalook. "I think I will practice with the ring and pin while I wait."

She found the game right where it belonged, It was a very nice ring and pin. Some of the games were made from just a stick and a ring of whale bone tied together with a cord about twelve inches long. Sometimes the ring was a crab claw or a block of wood with holes in it. But Mumiqsalook's ring and pin was the best in the whole village. Her father had made it before he had been lost at sea in his kayak. It was made of ivory and looked like a polar bear with holes all over its body.

Mumiqsalook held the pin, or bone stick, in her hand. Then she swung the ivory bear up in the air. With the bone stick she poked at the bear, trying to catch it in one of the holes. It was easy for Mumiqsalook because she had practiced for a long time. She could swing the bear up and catch it on the end of her stick.



Some of the holes were harder to hit than the others. When she kept score she would get more points for hitting the hard holes. The easy holes wouldn't give her as many points. If she missed she wouldn't get any points.

Over and over, Mumiqsalook would swing the bear and catch it with the stick. Grandmother would be home pretty soon. Tonight she would have another story to tell.

THE DISCONTENTED

GRASS-PLANT



Near the village of Pastolik, at the Yukon mouth, grows a tall, slender kind of grass. Every fall, just before winter begins, the women from the villages go out and gather great stores of it, pulling and cutting it off close to the ground, and making large bundles which they carry home on their backs. This grass is dried ~~and~~ and used for braiding mats and baskets and for pads in the soles of skin boots.

One of these grass plants that had almost been pulled out of the ground by a woman, began to think that it had been very unfortunate in not being something else, so it looked about. Almost at first glance it spied a bunch of herbs growing nearby, looking so

quiet and undisturbed that the grass began to wish to be like them. As soon as this wish had been formed, the grass plant became an herb like those it had envied, and for a short time it remained at peace.

One day it saw the women coming back carrying sharp-pointed sticks, with which they began to dig up those herbs and eat some of the roots, while others were put into baskets and carried home.

The changeling was left when the women went home in the evening. Having seen the fate of its companions, it wished it had taken another form. Looking about again, it saw a small, creeping plant which pleased it, being so tiny and hard to see. Without delay it wished and became one of them.

Again passed a time of quiet, and again came the women tearing up its companions but overlooking the changeling. Once more he was filled with fear, and by wishing, became a small tuber-bearing plant like those growing near. Scarcely had this change been made when a small tundra mouse came softly through the grass and began digging up one of the tubers, or mouse-nuts, of a plant near by. The mouse held it in his fore-paws and nibbled it, after which it went away.

"To be safe I must become a mouse," thought the changeling. At once it became a mouse and ran off, glad of the new change. Now and then it would stop to dig up and eat one of the tubers as the other mouse had done. Or it would sit up on its hind feet to look around at the new scenes that came in view.

While traveling happily along in this manner, the mouse saw a strange, white object coming toward it, which kept dropping down upon the ground, and, after stopping to eat something, would fly on again. When it came near the mouse saw that it was a great white owl. At the same moment the owl saw the mouse and swooped down upon it. Darting off, the mouse was lucky enough to escape by running into a hole made by another mouse. So the owl flew away.

After awhile the mouse decided to come out of its shelter, though its heart beat painfully from the recent fright. "I will be an owl," thought the mouse, "and in this way be safe." So again it changed into a beautiful white owl, and with slow, noiseless wing flaps set off toward the north, pausing every now and then to catch and eat a mouse.

After a long flight Sledge Island came in view, and the owl thought it would go there. When far out at sea, its untried wings became so tired that only with great difficulty did it manage to reach the shore, where it perched upon a piece of driftwood that stood up in the sand.

In a short time it saw two fine-looking men pass along the shore, and the old feeling of discontent came back. "I will be a man," it thought, and with a single flap of the wings, it stood upon the ground, where it changed immediately into a fine young man, but without clothing.

Night came over the earth soon after, and Man sat down with his back against the stick of wood on which, as an owl, he had perched. There he slept until morning. He was awakened by the warm sun, and upon rising Chunguluk, as he called himself, felt stiff and lame from sitting in the cold night air.

Looking about, he found some grass, which he wove into a kind of loose coat. Then he saw some reindeer grazing near by and felt a sudden desire to kill and eat one of them. He crept close on his hands and knees, and springing forward on the nearest one, seized it by the horns and broke its neck.

He threw it over his shoulders, returned, and put it down near his sleeping place. Then he felt all over the reindeer's body and found that its skin was warm and tough. For a long time he tried to think of a way to remove the skin. Finally he noticed a sharp-edged stone. He picked it up and found that he could cut through the skin with it.



The deer was quickly skinned, but Chunguluk felt the lack of fire with which to cook the flesh. Looking around, he found two round, white stones upon the beach. Striking them together, he saw that they gave out many sparks. With these and some dry wood and grass found along the shore he succeeded in making a fire. Upon this he roasted his meat. Chunguluk tried to swallow a very large piece of the meat just as he had eaten mice when he was an owl, but found that he could not do it. Then he cut off some small pieces and ate them.

Another night passed, and in the morning he caught another reindeer, and the day following two others. Both of these last deer he threw over his shoulders, and at once carried them back to his camping place on the shore.

Chunguluk found the nights very cold, so he skinned these two reindeer and wrapped himself from head to foot in the skins, which dried upon him very soon and became like part of his body.

But the nights grew colder and colder. Chunguluk collected driftwood along the shore and made himself a rough house which was very comfortable.

After finishing his house he was walking over the hills one day when he saw a strange black animal among some blueberry bushes eating the berries. Chunguluk did not at first know whether he could catch this big animal or not, but finally he caught it by one of its hind legs.

With an angry growl it turned and faced him, showing its white teeth. In a moment Chunguluk caught the bear by the coarse hair upon each cheek and swung it over his head, bringing it down so hard that the bear lay dead. Then he threw it across his shoulders and went home.

In skinning the bear, Chunguluk found that it contained much fat, and that he might have a light in his house if he could find something to hold the grease. His house was very dark inside and, therefore, difficult to move about.

Going along the beach he found a long, flat stone with a hollow in one surface, and in this the oil would stay very well. When he had put a lighted wick into it he saw that his house was lighted as well as he could wish.

In the doorway he hung the bearskin to keep out the cold wind which sometimes had come in and chilled him during the night.

In this way he lived for many days, until he began to feel lonely. He remembered the two young men he had seen when he stood on the shore as an owl. Then he thought, "I saw two men pass here once, and it cannot be far to where others live. I will look for them, for it is very lonely here." So he went in search of people.

Chunguluk wandered along the coast for some distance, and at last came to two fine new kayaks, lying at the foot of a hill, upon which were spears, lines, floats, and other fishing implements.

After having examined these curiously he saw a path near by, leading to the top of a hill, which he followed. On the top of the hill was a house with two storehouses beside it. On the ground, in front of him, were several freshly killed whales, with the skulls of many others lying around.

Wishing to see the people in the house before showing himself, he crept with noiseless steps into the entrance way and up to the door. Lifting cautiously one corner of the skin that hung in the doorway, he looked in. Opposite the door was a young man sitting at work on some arrows, while a bow lay beside him.

Chunguluk dropped the curtain and stood quite still for some time, fearing that if he entered the house the young man would shoot him with the arrows before he could make known his good will. He ended by thinking, "If I enter and say, 'I have come, brother,' he will not hurt me." So raising the curtain quickly, he entered. The young man at once seized the bow and drew an arrow to the head ready to shoot, just as Chunguluk said, "I have come, brother."

At this the bow and arrow were dropped and the young man cried out with delight, "Are you my brother? Come and sit beside me." And Chunguluk did so very gladly. Then the young man showed his pleasure and said, "I am very glad to see you, brother, for I have always believed I had one somewhere, but I could never find him. Where have you lived? Have you known any parents? How did you grow up?" And he asked many other questions. Chunguluk replied that he had never known his parents, and described his life by the seashore until he had started on the present search. The young man then said that he also had never known any parents, and his earliest memory was of finding himself alone in that house, where he had lived ever since, killing game for food.

Telling his brother to follow him, the young man led Chunguluk to the storehouses, where there was a great pile of rich furs, with large store of seal oil and other food.

When they returned to the house, the brothers fell asleep and slept until morning. At daybreak they arose, and after breakfast, the young man told Chunguluk that as he had no bow and arrows, he could stay at home and cook for them while he went out himself to kill the game. Then he went away and came back at night, bringing some reindeer meat. Chunguluk had food ready, and after eating they both went to bed and slept soundly. In this manner they lived for several days, until Chunguluk began to tire of cooking and staying in the house.

One morning he asked to go out to hunt with his brother, but the young man refused and started out alone. Soon after, when he began to stalk some reindeer, Chunguluk came creeping softly behind and took him by the foot, so that without alarming the game his brother should know he was there.

Turning, the hunter said angrily, "What do you mean by following me? You cannot kill anything without a bow and arrows."

"I can kill game with my hands alone," said Chunguluk.

But his brother spoke scornfully, and said, "Go home and do your cooking!"

Chunguluk turned away, but instead of going home he crept up to a herd of reindeer and killed two of them with his hands, as he had done while living alone. Then he stood up and waved his hands for his brother to come. The young man came, and was very much astonished to see the two reindeer, for he had killed none with his arrows. Chunguluk then lifted both of the reindeer upon his shoulders and carried them home.

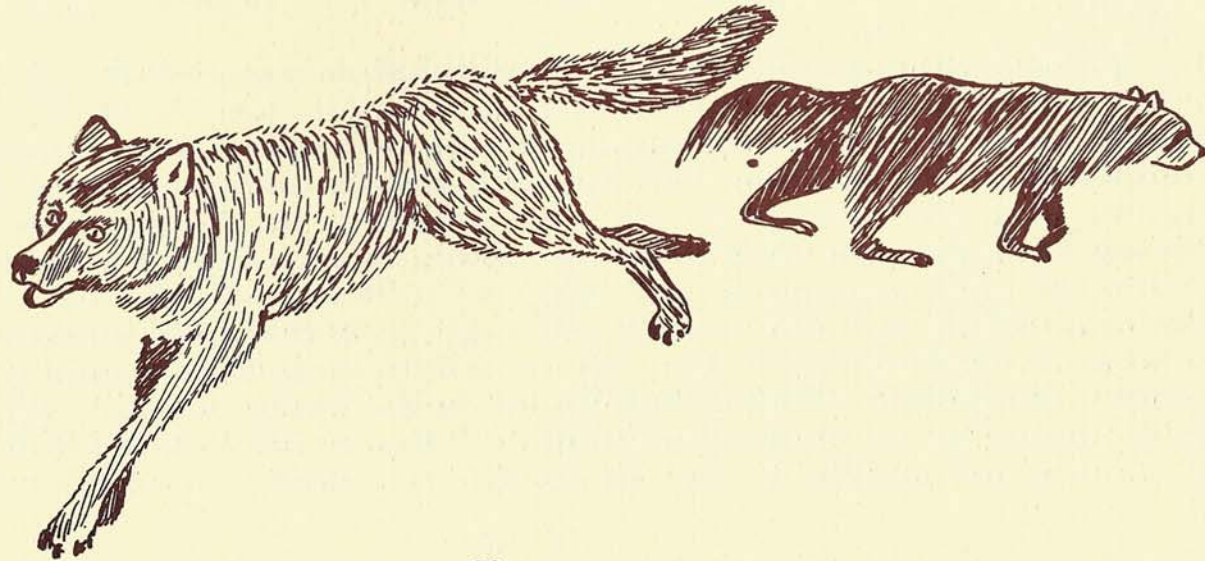
His brother followed with dark brow and evil thoughts in his heart, until jealousy and anger replaced all the kindly feelings he had for Chunguluk. There was also a feeling of fear after having seen his brother show such great strength. During all the evening he sat silent and moody, scarcely tasting the food placed before him, until finally his suspicious and evil thoughts began to produce the same feelings in Chunguluk's breast. Thus they sat through the night, each watching the other and fearing some treachery.

The next day was calm and bright, and the young man asked Chunguluk if he could paddle a kayak. Chunguluk answered that he could. Then the young man led the way to the kayaks upon the shore. He stepped into one of the kayaks and told Chunguluk to follow him in the other.

At first Chunguluk had some trouble in keeping his kayak steady, but he soon learned to control it and they paddled far out to sea. When the shore was very distant they turned back and the young man said, "Now let us see who can reach the shore first."

Lightly the kayaks darted away. First one, then the other, seemed to be ahead until, at last, they ran ashore and the two sprang up the beach at the same moment. With scowling brow the young man turned to Chunguluk and said, "You are no more my brother. You go in that direction and I will go in this," and they turned their backs to each other and separated angrily.

As they went Chunguluk changed into a Wolverine, his brother becoming a Gray Wolf. And until this day they are found wandering in the same country, but never together.



MUMIQSALOOK'S GAMES



The hunters had been lucky today. There would be plenty of fresh meat for everyone for many days. Grandmother had cooked some liver for their supper. How good that tasted! But the thing that made Mumiqsalook feel happiest would happen tonight. It was a dance. Tonight there would be a big dance at the Kashgee, or men's club house.

Mumiqsalook went early and found the men working and playing games. Some were working on their spears. Two of the men were playing stopka. They had a piece of ivory carved like this:

Each man took his turn throwing the stopka on the floor. If it landed on its front side it counted one. If it landed on its bottom, two points were counted. When the stopka landed on its round back side it counted three points. The first man to count twenty points was the winner.



While these two were playing stopka, four others were playing darts. They had wooden darts about six inches long. Each dart had a feather for a tail and a sharp point so that it would throw straight and stick into the target.



The targets were flat pieces of wood about the size of a man's head. In the center was a mark as big as an eye. One target was placed on one side of the room and another was placed across from it.

There were two teams with two men on each team. Each man had a dart. They threw their darts, one after the other. They tried to hit the mark on the target. In the middle of the floor were the six sticks which were used for counters. Score was kept by taking these counters from the floor, or taking

them away from the other team when there were no more left on the floor.

If a man could hit the mark without the other team hitting it, he took all the counter sticks and his team won. But if both teams hit the mark it was a tie and no one took any counters. When no dart hit the mark, the closest one was the winner. The man who threw the dart got one counter for his team.

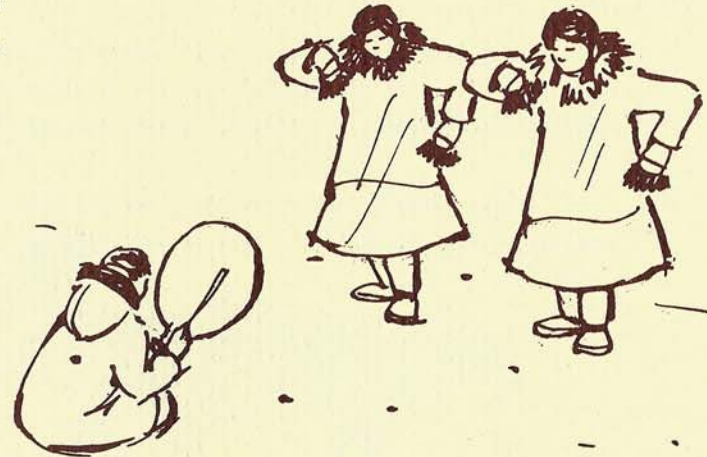
One time a man hit the mark. He thought he would win, but a man from the other team threw his dart and it stuck right in the first man's dart. Everyone laughed. The lucky man got three counters for his good throw.

When the dart game was finished the men got their drums and the dancing began. Some of the women started off with a bench dance. Then the men danced. Boom-boom, boom-boom, sounded the big flat drums. The singing and dancing kept up far into the night. Boom-boom, boom-boom. But Mumiqsalook wasn't listening now. She had fallen asleep.

Morning came with only a baby's cry to break the quiet. Mumiqsalook ate with her grandmother and then went outside. Eeyavik was already out playing. She had a small stick and was using it to throw small pieces of snow and ice at a target.

Mumiqsalook made a snowball as big as her two fists. Then she got water to wet it with and soon had frozen it to a hard ball of ice.

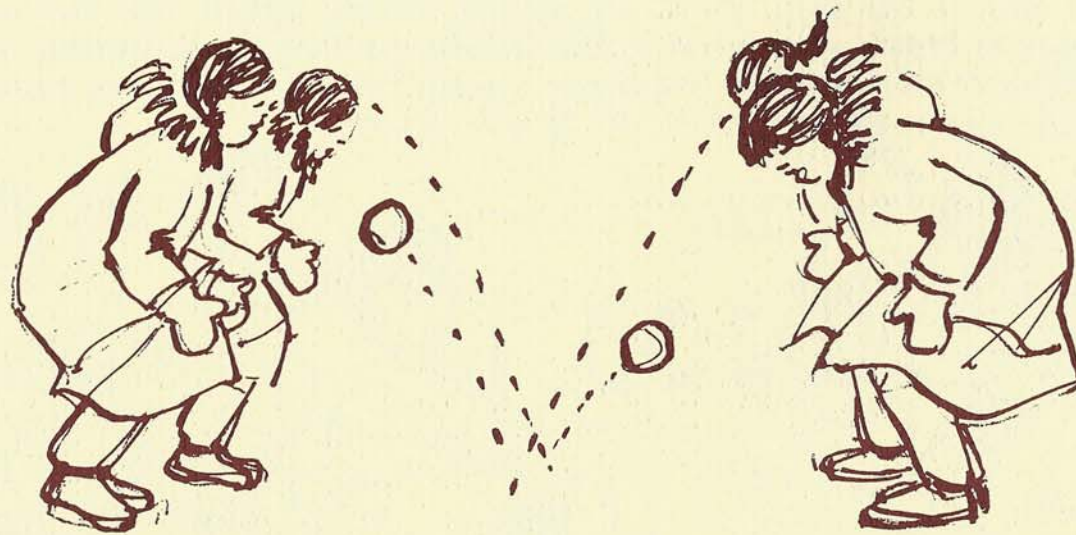
She took the ball of ice and put it on the toe of her mukluk. As soon as she had it balanced with her toe in the air, she gave a kick and a jump. The ball was tossed in the air and caught on her other toe. Then she threw it back to the other foot. Hopping back and forth, on one foot and then the other, Mumiqsalook started it going again. Eeyavik tried, too. Each girl tried to keep her ball going the longest.



By this time two other girls had come out to play. They brought a stuffed sealskin ball with them. It was a large ball, almost as big as a baby's head. Mumiqsalook went home to get her ball. Now they could play bat ball. Eeyavik and Mumiqsalook were partners. They stood facing each other. The other two girls faced each other so that the four made a square. Mumiqsalook took her ball and threw it down in the middle of the square. It bounded up and Eeyavik hit it with her hand. Back went the ball, bouncing across the square. Mumiqsalook and Eeyavik bounced the ball back and forth across the square to each other.

The other two girls bounced their ball back and forth, too. Sometimes they would use their toes instead of their hands to bat the ball back. They all wanted to keep the ball going. Each girl was careful to hit the ball just right so her partner could bat it back.

What did it matter how cold it was? Even the North Wind would be warm if he could play ball. Then his hiss would change to laughter.



WHERE THE
DIOMEDE PEOPLE
CAME FROM



An old man from the Diomed Islands told me that it was believed among his people, the Ungaleet, that the first human beings who came to Big Diomed Island were a man and a woman who came down from the sky. They lived on the island for a long time but had no children. At last the man took some walrus ivory and carved five dolls. Then he took some wood and made five more dolls from it and put them all to one side.

The next morning the ten dolls had changed into ten people. Those coming from the ivory dolls were men, being hardy and brave, and those from the wood were women and soft and timid. So from these ten dolls came all of the people of the Diomed Islands.

An Eskimo living at East Cape, Siberia, told me that the first Eskimos who lived on East Cape were a man and a woman who came there in two kayaks from St. Lawrence Island. The two kayaks turned to stone when they landed, and two odd shaped stones, one on each side of the Cape, are pointed out as being these kayaks. From these two people came all of the Siberian Eskimo.



MUMIQSALOOK'S GAMES

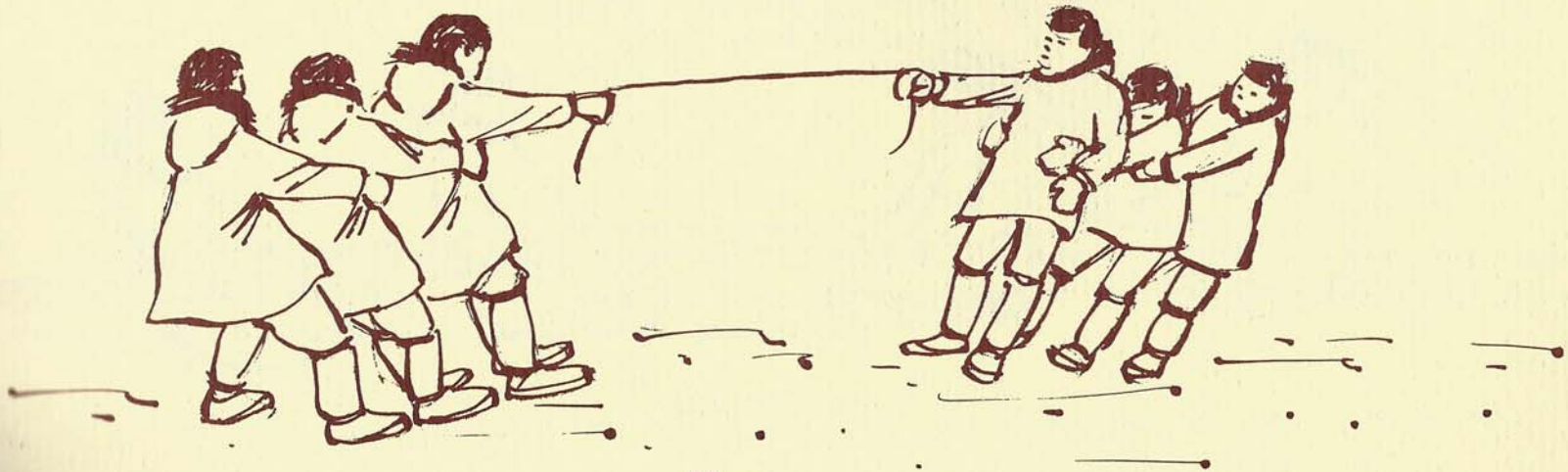


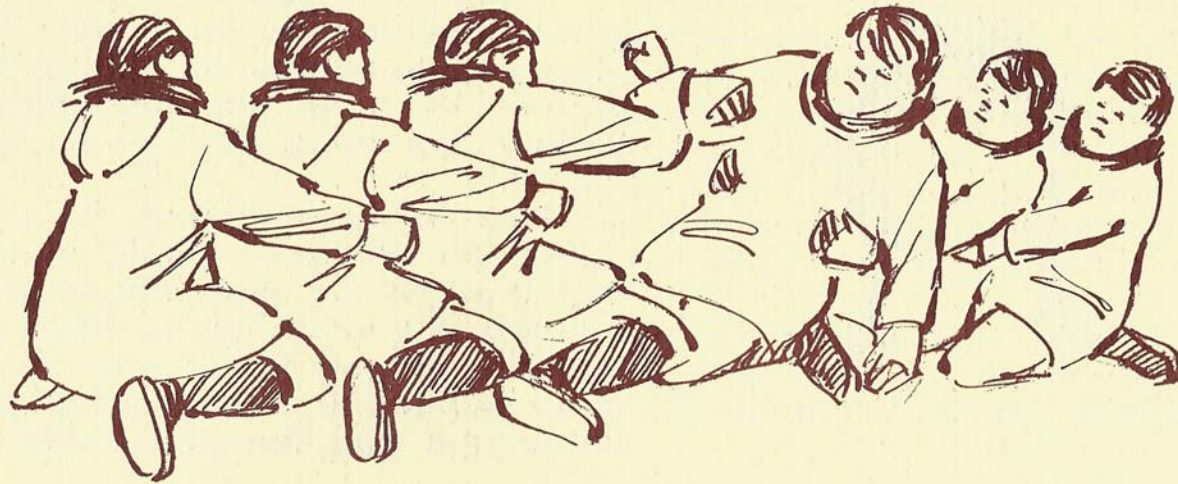
A whale! The hunters had caught one of the big, black whales! Every spring when the ice was opening up the whole village waited anxiously for the whales to come. What a wonderful time. Lots of fresh meat, mouth-watering muktuk, and the celebration with dancing, games, and contests.

Today the men were showing their strength. Mumiqsalook watched with wide eyes. In the tug of war contest the men were divided into two groups. The strongest man on each side took hold of a rawhide loop. He held it with just his right hand. The other men lined up behind each other. They put their arms around the one in front and held on so they would not be pulled apart. Then each side pulled until someone had

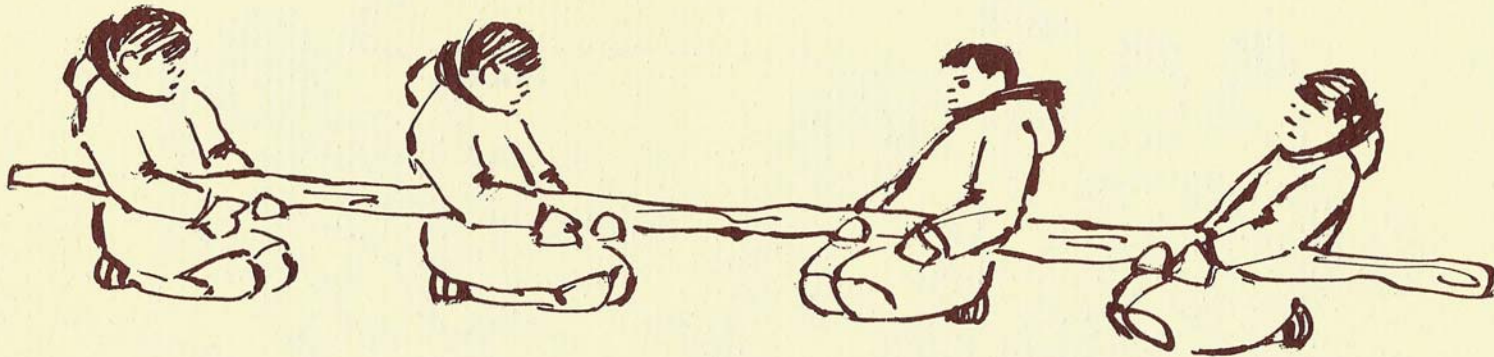
to let go.

In the arm pulling contest, the men would line up in the same way. Instead of using a rawhide loop, the men would lock their right arms. Then the men would pull until this hold was broken.





ARM PULLING

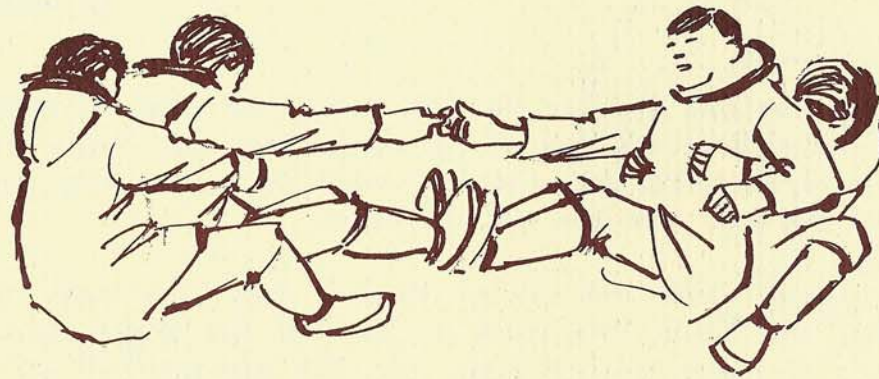


POLE PULLING

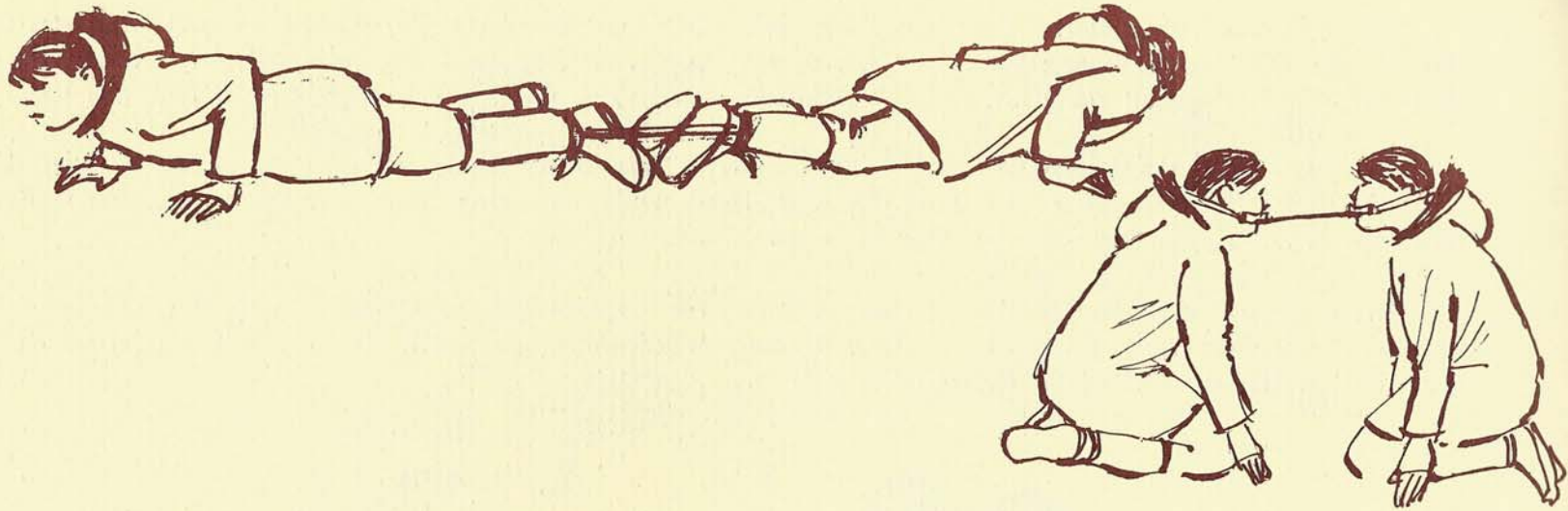
Next, a round pole, about seven feet long, was placed on the floor. Two teams of men then sat on each side of the pole facing each other. Their knees were bent and they held the pole with both hands. At the shout of "Go," they all began to pull. The strongest team was able to pull the others across the line.

Two men at a time tried the stick raising contest. They stood facing each other, holding a short stick at arm's length. One man tried to push the stick down while the other tried to raise it over his head. It was very hard to raise the stick as high as a man's head.

Strong fingers were needed for the next contest. Two men would hook their middle fingers. Each of these men was then held by a second man. All four men pulled until one would lose his hold. Mumiqsalook hoped that they would not lose their fingers, too.



Foot pulling was done with two men lying on their faces on the floor. A short rawhide loop held their feet together. Each man tried to crawl away and drag the other with him. How funny the men looked. Like two seals with their tails tied together, thought Mumiqsalook.

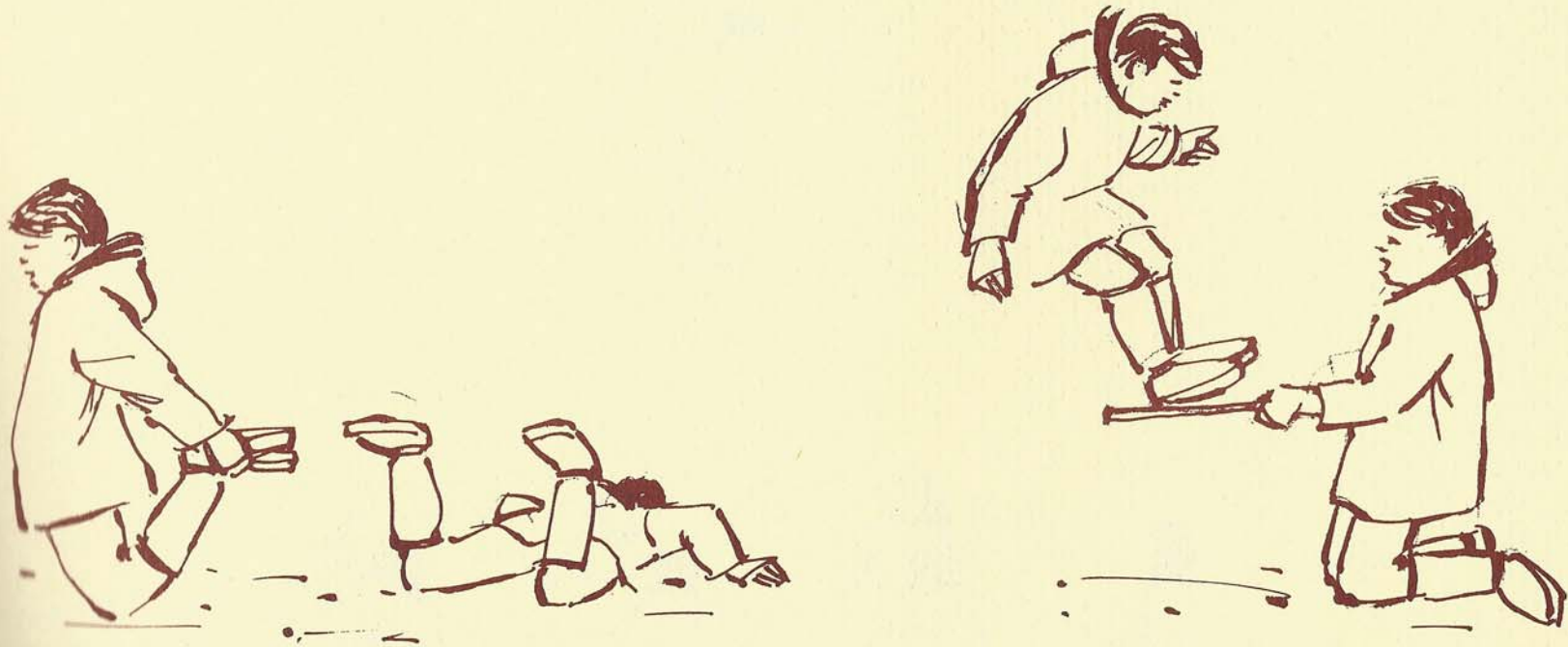


For neck pulling, two men knelt on the floor facing each other. A rawhide loop was placed over their heads so that it would pull on the back of their necks. Each man held a stick in his teeth so the loop would not slip over his head. Then the two men would try to back away on their hands and knees. The one who could pull the other with him was the winner.

The wrestling matches started with two of the small boys. They would try to throw each other to the ground just by using their hands. They could not use their feet to trip the other person. The winner of each fall would then have to wrestle the next bigger boy. This went on until the men were wrestling each other. At last only the best wrestler had not fallen. It was Eeyavik's father. He was the winner this year.

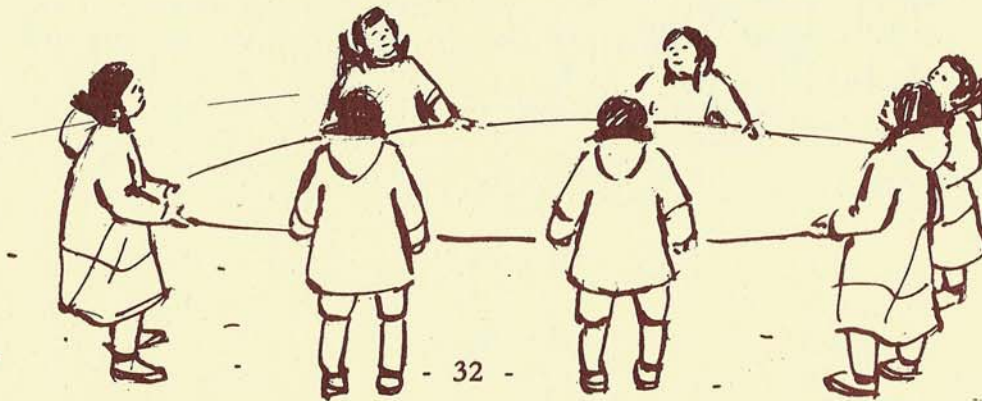
All the young men then got down on their knees. Holding their feet up with their hands, they walked around on their knees. One by one they fell over until only the winner was still walking. There was just one winner, but there were many sore knees.

Next came the jumping contests. In the high jumping, a stick was held above the floor and the men tried to jump over it. The stick was raised higher and higher until no one could jump that high.



Now for the part everyone had been waiting for. The skin tossing. The large walrus hide with the hand holes cut in the edge was taken outside. Everyone who could took hold of the skin. Mumiqsalook ran to get on the skin and be tossed.

The skin was jerked and up she went. She came down on her feet and was tossed back up again. Higher and higher she went. Mumiqsalook waved her arms and kicked her legs trying to keep her balance. She fell back on the skin in a heap of tangled arms and legs. Someone else could try.



After the skin tossing was over, the walrus hide was taken back to the kashgee, and the races began. First, two little boys started running around the kashgee. When one of the boys was caught he would drop out and a little bigger boy would chase the winner. Soon the old men were struggling after each other.

For the rest of the day there were running races, kayak races, and umiak races. So many things to see and do. Mumiqsalook would remember this day for a long time.



THE
STRANGE
BOY

At a village far away in the north lived a man with his wife and one child, a son. This boy was different from others, and while the village children ran about and shouted and played with one another, he would sit silent and thoughtful on the roof of the kashgee. He would never eat any food or take any drink that was given him by his mother.



The years passed by and he grew to manhood, but his manner was always the same. Then one day his mother began to make him a pair of skin boots with soles of many thicknesses. She also made him a water-proof coat of double thickness and a fine coat of yearling reindeer skins. Every day the young man continued to sit on the roof of the kashgee, going home at twilight for food and to sleep until early the next morning. Then he would go back to his place on the roof and wait for daybreak.

One morning this strange boy went home just after sunrise and found his new clothing ready. He took some food, put on the clothing, and told his mother that he was going on a journey to the north. His mother cried bitterly and begged him not to go, for no one who went to the far northland ever returned. He did not mind this, but, taking his spear and saying farewell, he started out, leaving his parents weeping and without hope of ever seeing him again. They loved him very much, and his mother had told him truly that no one ever came back who had gone away from their village to the north.

The young man traveled far away, and as evening came on he reached a house with the smoke rolling up through the roof. Taking off his waterproof coat, he laid it down near the door and crept carefully up on the roof and looked down through the smoke hole. In the middle of the room burned a fire, and an old woman was sitting on the farther side, while just under him was sitting an old man making arrows. As the young man lay on the roof, the man inside cried out, without even raising his head, "Why do you lie there on the outside? Come in."

Surprised at being noticed by the old man who had not even looked up, he arose and went in. When he entered the house the man greeted him and asked him why he was going to the north in search of a wife. Continued the old man, "There are many dangers there and you had better turn back. I am your father's brother and mean well by you. Beyond here people are very bad, and if you go on you may never return."

The young man was very surprised to hear this when he had not even told his parents why he was going to the north. After taking some food, he slept until morning. Then he prepared to go on his way. The old man gave him a small black object filled with something yellow like the yolk of an egg, saying as he did so, "Perhaps you will have little to eat on your way, and this will give you strength." The young man swallowed it at once

and found it very strong to the taste, so that it made him draw a deep breath, saying as he did so, "Ah, I feel strong!" Then he took up his spear and went on.

Just before night he came to another house, and, as before, he looked in and saw a fire burning and an old woman sitting on one side and an old man making arrows just below him. Again the old man called out without raising his head, and asked him why he did not come in and not stay outside. He again was surprised by being told the dangers of looking for a wife in the north and was warned against going farther. The young man gave no attention to this, but ate and slept as before.

When he was ready to set out in the morning the old man saw he could not stay him, so he gave him a small, clear, white object, telling the young man that he would not get much to eat on the road, and it would help him. The young man at once swallowed this, but did not find it as strong as the object he had swallowed the day before. He was then told by the old man that if he heard anything on the way that frightened him, he must do the first thing that came into his mind.

"I will have no one to weep for me if anything should happen," said the young man, and he journeyed on, spear in hand. Toward the middle of the day he came to a large pond lying near the seashore, so he turned off to go around it on the inland side. When he had passed part of the way around the lake he heard a frightful roar like a clap of thunder, but so loud that it made him dizzy, and for a moment he lost all sense of his surroundings. He hurried forward, but every few moments the terrible noise was repeated, each time making him feel dizzy and faint, but he kept on.

The noise increased in loudness and seemed to come nearer at every roar, until it sounded on one side close to him. Looking in the direction from which it came, he saw a large basket made of woven willow roots floating toward him in the air. From this came the fearful noise.

Seeing a hole in the ground close by, the young man sprang into it just as a terrible crash shook the earth and left him unconscious. He lay as if dead for some time, while the basket kept moving about as if searching for him and continuously giving out the fearful sounds.

When the young man's senses returned, he listened for a short time, and, everything having become quiet, went outside of his shelter and looked about. Close by was the basket resting on the ground with a man's head and shoulders sticking out of its top. The moment he saw it the young man cried out, "Why are you waiting? Go on; don't stop and give me a good loud noise, you!" Then he sprang back into the hole again and was instantly struck senseless by the fearful noise made by the basket.

As soon as he was able he raised both of his hands and called upon the thunder and lightning to come to his aid. Just then the basket came nearer again, with only the man's head showing over the top. He at once told the thunder and lightning to roar and flash about the basket, and they obeyed and crashed with such force that the basket man began to tremble with fear and fell to the ground.



As soon as the thunder stopped, the basket began to go away in fear. Then the young man cried out, "Thunder, follow him; go before him and terrify him." The thunder did so, and the basket floated slowly away, falling to the ground now and then.

Then the young man went on, arriving at a village just at twilight. As he drew near a boy came out from the village to meet him, saying, "How do you come here from that direction? No one ever came from that side before, for the basket man will let no living thing pass the lake; no, not even a mouse. He always knows when anything comes that way and goes out to meet and destroy it."

"I did not see anything," said the young man.

"Well, you have not escaped yet," said the boy, "for there is the basket man now, and he will kill you unless you go back."

When the young man looked he saw a great eagle rise and fly toward him, and the boy ran away. As the eagle came nearer it rose a short distance and then darted down to seize him in its claws. As it came down, the young man struck himself on the breast with one hand and a large falcon darted forth from his mouth straight toward the eagle. The falcon flew directly into the eagle's stomach, passed out of its mouth and flew away.

This falcon was from the strong food the young man had been given by the first old man on the road. When the falcon darted from him the eagle closed his eyes, gasping for breath. This gave the young man a chance to spring to one side so that the eagle's claws caught into the ground where he had stood.

Again the eagle arose and darted down, and again the young man struck his breast with his hand. This time an ermine sprang from his mouth and darted like a flash of light at the eagle where it landed under its wings. In a moment the ermine had eaten its way twice back and forth under the bird's side. The eagle fell dead, whereupon the ermine vanished. This ermine came from the gift of the second man with whom the young man had stopped.

When the eagle fell the young man started toward its house and the boy cried to him, "Don't go there, for you will be killed!"

To this the young man replied, "I don't care; I wish to see the women there. I will go now, for I am angry, and if I wait till morning my anger will be gone and I will not be so strong as I am now."

"You had better wait until morning," said the boy, "for there are two bears guarding the door and they will surely kill you. But if you will go, go then, and be killed. I have tried to save you and will have nothing more to do with you." And the boy went angrily back to the kashgee.

The young man then went on to the house, and looking into the entrance, saw a very large white bear lying there asleep. He called out, "Ah, White Bear," at which the bear sprang up and ran at him. The young man leaped upon the top of the entranceway and, as the bear ran out at him, he drove the point of his spear into its brain, so that it fell dead.

Then he dragged the body to one side, looked in again, and saw a red bear lying there. Again he called out, "Ah, Red Bear." The red bear ran out at him and he sprang up to his place over the entrance. The red bear struck at him with one of its forepaws as it passed, and the young man caught the paw in his hand. Swinging the bear about his head, he beat it upon the ground until there was nothing but the paw left. This he threw away and went into the house without further trouble.

Sitting at the side of the room were an old man and woman, and on the other side was a beautiful young woman like the one he had seen in his dreams. This was the woman for whom he had come in search. She was crying when he went in, and he went and sat beside her, saying, "What are you crying for?"

The beautiful young woman replied, "You have killed my husband, but I am not sorry for that, for he was a bad man; but you killed the two bears. They were my brothers, and I feel badly and cry for them."

"Do not cry," said he, "for I will be your husband."

Here the young man stayed, taking this woman for his wife and living in the house with her parents. He slept in the kashgee every fourth night and at home the rest of the time for he was a good husband and she was a faithful wife.

MUMIQSALOOK'S GAMES

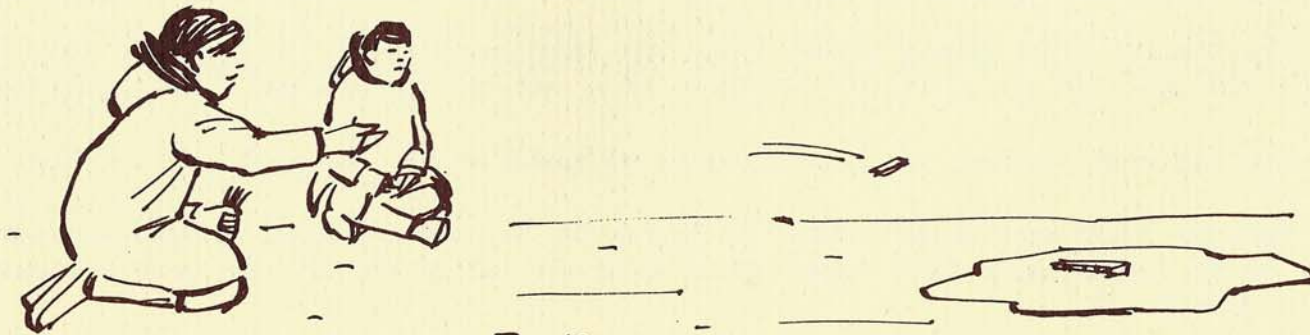


The snow and wind had kept up all through the night. When Mumiqsalook awoke, the storm was still going strong. After helping Grandmother clean up from the morning meal, she took out her doll. She dressed and undressed the doll and pretended that it was a real baby to take care of. Mumiqsalook sang to the doll, she fed it, she helped it to walk. For a long time she played with her doll.

Finally Mumiqsalook could wait no longer. She would just have to find someone else to play with. Pulling on her parka she started out through the entrance. The storm wasn't so bad now, but the fresh snow was piled up in big, white drifts. The snow blew into her eyes so that it was hard to see. She stumbled and fell, but was soon crawling out of the snow and into Eeyavik's house.

The dogs hardly noticed her as she crawled by. But when she put her head up into the house, everyone laughed to see her so covered with snow.

Eeyavik was watching two of the men play Kaganaga. A sealskin was spread out about eight feet from the men. Each man had five, round, flat pieces of wood. Each piece was as big as Mumiqsalook's longest finger. On the sealskin lay a piece of bone. This bone was carved to the same size and shape as the wooden pieces. There were four black dots on the edge of the bone piece.



The men played the game by throwing their wooden pieces on to the sealskin. They tried to hit the piece of bone. If one of them could cover all the black dots he scored three points. If he was able to cover one of the black dots he would get two points. When nobody could cover the piece of bone, the man who had hit the closest would score one point. They kept score by using the counting sticks.

After watching the men play Kaganaga for awhile, Eeyavik and Mumiqsalook decided to spin the top. Eeyavik had a very nice top which her father had made. She could hold it between her hands and make it spin for a long time.

Eeyavik spun the top as hard as she could. Then as fast as a squirrel she jumped into the entrance, scrambled outside, ran around the house, rushed back in, and poked her head into the entrance just in time to see her top fall over.

Mumiqsalook tried to do the same, but her top had already stopped spinning by the time she got back. The next time, she was faster. She spun the top and ran as hard as she could. When she got back into the house, she found that her top was still spinning. The two girls played with the top until they were too tired from running and laughing to get back in time.

As they lay on the floor, the girls remembered that it wasn't stormy outside now. They had been too excited, as they ran around trying to beat the spinning top, to notice whether it was snowing or not. They put on their parkas and hurried outside.

The new snow would be good to draw in with their snow knives. Mumiqsalook went to get hers. When she came back, Eeyavik had drawn a house with the entrance, benches, lamp, storage dishes, and other things in it.



Mumiqsalook guessed right away that it was Eeyavik's house. All of the things were in just the right place.

Mumiqsalook began to draw in the snow. Before she had finished, Eeyavik guessed that it was the kashgee because it was so big. Each girl took turns drawing a house and letting the other one guess whose house it was. Sometimes they could tell by the size or shape of the house, sometimes by the different things that were put in the house, and sometimes the people who lived in the right house would be guessed.

After they had drawn many of the houses in the village they began to draw other things in the snow. They drew pictures of a parka, a basket, a kayak, a pair of boots, or anything that someone owned. Then the other would have to guess who owned it from the shape or designs.

Other children were playing outside now. Akinga brought a long cord from the house. He tied a loop in one end. Holding the other end he carefully covered the rest of the cord with snow. Then he called to the other children to find the loop. Each child took a stick and drove it into the snow where he thought the loop would be. Akinga had made the cord twisted and the snow smooth on top of it so they couldn't know where the loop was buried.



When everyone had pushed his stick into the snow where he thought the loop was, Akinga began to pull on the cord. Up it came out of the snow. It went this way and that as more of it was pulled up. At last he pulled the loop out of the snow. No one had driven his stick through the loop, but Eeyavik was closest.

The other children went off to let Eeyavik bury the loop again. This time one of the sticks found the mark. Eeyavik pulled the cord until she couldn't pull it any more. Mumiqsalook's stick went through the loop. Now she could bury it.



THE RAVEN
AND
THE MARMOT



Once a Raven was flying over a reef near the sea-shore, when he was seen by some sea birds that were perched on the rocks. They began to cry at him, "Oh, you garbage eater! Oh, you rotten meat eater! Oh, you black one!"

Finally the raven turned and flew away crying, "Gnak, gnak, gnak! Why do you shout at me?" And he flew far away across the great water until he came to a mountain on the other side, where he stopped.

Looking about he saw just in front of him a marmot hole. The Raven stood by the hole watching, and very soon the Marmot came home bringing some food. When the Marmot saw the Raven in front of his door he asked him to stand aside, but the Raven refused, saying, "They call me the garbage eater, and I will show you that I am not, for I will eat you."

To this the Marmot answered, "All right, but I have heard that you are a very fine dancer. Now, if you will dance, I will sing, and then you can eat me. I really wish to see you dance before I die."

This pleased the Raven so much that he agreed to dance. So the Marmot sang, "Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, how well you dance!" Then they stopped to rest, and the Marmot said, "I am very much pleased with your dancing, and now I will sing once more, so shut your eyes and dance your best."

The Raven closed his eyes and hopped clumsily about while the Marmot sang, "Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, Raven, what a graceful dancer! Oh, Raven, Raven, Raven, what a fool you are!" Then the Marmot with a quick run, darted between the Raven's legs and was safe in his hole.

As soon as the Marmot was safe he put out the tip of his nose and laughed at the Raven, saying, "Chi-kik-kik, chi-kik-kik, chi-kik-kik! You are the greatest fool I ever saw. What a funny figure you made while dancing. I could hardly keep from laughing; and just look at me. See how fat I am. Don't you wish you could eat me?"

And he teased the Raven until it flew far away in anger.



MUMIQSALOOK'S GAMES



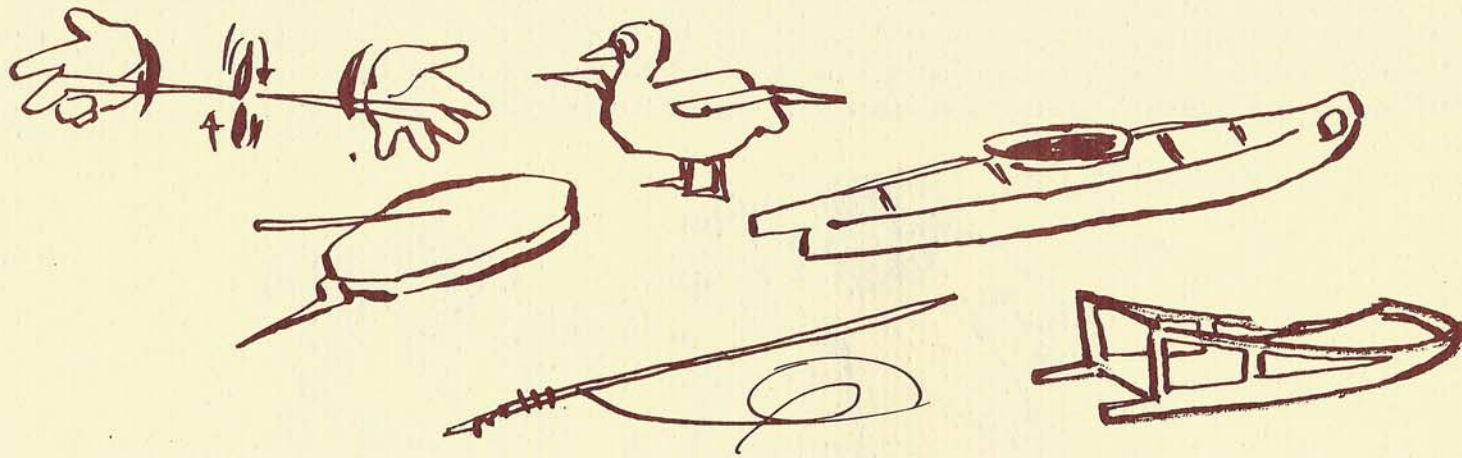
The long, warm days of Spring were changing the world before Mumiqsalook's eyes. On the land, brown patches with spots of green were pushing aside the white snow. The frozen sea was being cracked by more and more rivers of gray-blue water. Everywhere new colors were being painted on the white world that had been winter.

It was a wonderful time of the year to have fun outside. Mumiqsalook and her friends were out playing from sun-up to sun-down. Sometimes they would imitate a flock of ducks, crying like the birds, while others would throw their mittens at them as they flew by. The boys used their duck slings trying to knock down objects thrown into the air for ducks. Or they would pretend to go on a walrus hunt just like the men were doing now. Sometimes, too, they would pretend to hunt for whales. When they found an old walrus hide or some other good "whale" they would harpoon him with sticks.

Toys were fun the whole year round. The children had many different ones with which to play. Almost every boy and girl had a buzzer or two. Many times one child would start his buzzer going by tightening and loosening the string, and the others would start theirs going at the same time. The whirring and buzzing would get louder and louder. It was best when they were all going at once.

Some children had toy birds and animals with parts that could move. Mumiqsalook had a toy woodpecker on a stick that could peck when she pulled a string. Eeyavik had a toy mouse which could go through holes in a board and a doll that could move its head.

Many of the toys were just like the things grown-ups used, except smaller. There were tiny kayaks, sleds, spears, bows and arrows to play at hunting. And there were small drums, snow shovels, and baskets so that children would play at the things they would do when they were grown up. Sometimes it was hard to tell if you were playing or working when you caught fish or picked berries or helped in other ways. But that was really the best kind of play. When she could have fun and help Grandmother, too, Mumiqsalook really felt good.



Today the children were playing tag. They had split up into two teams. Mumiqsalook and Eeyavik were on the same team and they were partners. Everyone had a partner from his own team. Eeyavik was chosen to be "It" first. So off she ran. All the children from the other team ran after her trying to catch her. Mumiqsalook ran after her, too, because Eeyavik would not be safe until the two partners had touched each other.

This way and that way they ran. Eeyavik was fast so it was hard for anyone to catch her, but someone from the other team kept getting in Mumiqsalook's way so that she couldn't reach her either. Then Mumiqsalook had a plan. As Eeyavik ran around her house one way, Mumiqsalook ran around the other way. Crash! Eeyavik and Mumiqsalook bumped right into each other. Down they fell, bruised but happy. They had been successful in reaching each other before anyone else.

Now that they had won, two more from their team could be chosen. Eeyavik and Mumiqsalook watched them run off and be chased. This time the one was caught before he could be reached by his partner. That meant someone from the other team could be chosen to be "It".

Sometimes they played tag this way and sometimes they played twin tag. In twin tag there weren't any teams but each player had one foot tied to one of his partner's feet. A strong cord held them together at the ankles. They had to run together, but it was hard to keep from falling down. The pair that was tagged "It" would run and hop around until they had tagged another pair to be "It".



While the children were playing tag, some of the men and older boys started a game of line football. Mumiqsalook and Eeyavik sat down to watch. The men stood in two lines across from each other. They stood close together so that their legs and bodies were like two walls. Far behind each wall of men were two goals.

To begin the game, a leather ball about six inches across and stuffed with deer hair and moss, was thrown between the line of men. Then the ball was kicked back and forth until finally it went through one of the lines. As soon as this happened, all of the men broke from their lines and tried to kick the ball through the goal that they had been facing.

Back and forth ran the men chasing after the ball and kicking it. Mumiqsalook remembered that some of the villagers say that the northern lights are really boys playing this game. But Grandmother says that it is not boys, it is the spirits of the dead using walrus skulls as balls who make the sky bright with the beautiful rolling light as they play football.

THE LAND
OF
DARKNESS



Very long ago there lived on Aziak (Sledge Island) a man with his wife and little son. The husband loved his wife very much, but he was so jealous of her that many times he treated her very badly even though she had done nothing wrong. After a time the wife became so unhappy that she wanted to die rather than live with him any longer.

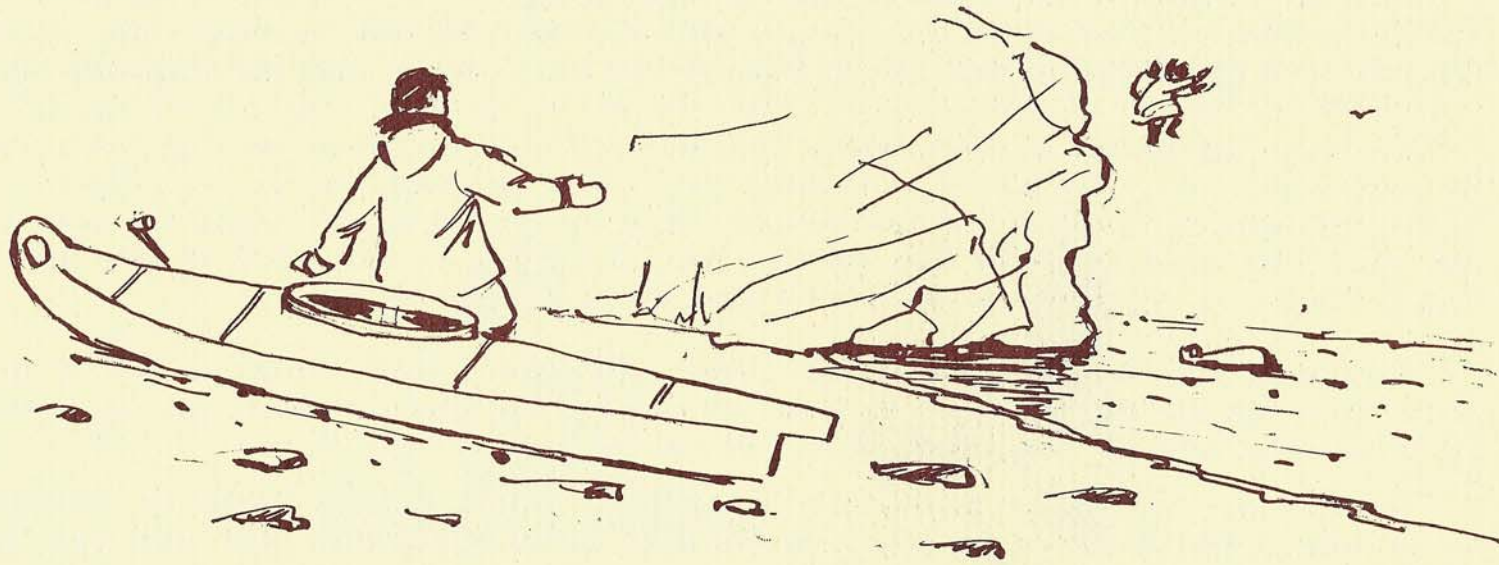
Going to her mother who lived near by, she told of all her troubles. The old woman listened to the complaints and then told her daughter to take a sealskin and rub it with the tails of three ptarmigan and three foxes; then to

fill a wooden dish with food and with her child upon her back to go and meet her husband. After that, perhaps all might be well with her.

Doing as she was told, she went down to the shore to meet her husband. When she came within hearing, however, he began to scold and shout at her as usual, telling her to go home at once and he would give her a beating as soon as he got there.

When the poor woman heard this she ran to the edge of a low cliff overhanging the sea, and as her husband drew his kayak upon the shore, she cast her sealskin into the water and leaped after it. Her husband saw this with alarm, and ran quickly to the top of a hill to see what had become of his wife. He saw her sitting upon the sealskin which was supported at each corner by a bladder. It was floating rapidly away from the shore, for when the woman leaped into the sea, the sealskin she threw in had suddenly opened out and a float had appeared at each corner. She had landed on the sealskin and it had held her up safely.

Very soon after she began to float away, a storm arose and night shut her from her husband's sight. The unhappy man went home scolding angrily, blaming everyone but himself for his loss.



On and on floated the woman, seated on the magic sealskin. For several days no land could be seen. She used all her food, but still she floated on until it became unbroken night. After a time, she became so tired that she fell asleep. She slept soundly until she was awakened by several sharp bumps and could hear the waves breaking on a pebbly shore. Realizing her danger, she began to try to save herself. She stepped from the sealskin and was greatly pleased to find herself standing on a beach made up of small, round objects, into which she sank ankle deep at every step.

These round objects made her curious, so she stopped and picked up two handfuls of them. Putting them in her food dish, she went slowly into the deep blackness. Before she had gone far she came to a house, and, feeling along its side, found the entrance and went in. The passageway was dimly lighted by an oil lamp, showing many deerskins piled on one side, and on the other were pieces of meat and bags of whale and seal oil.

When she entered the house there were two oil lamps burning, one on each side of the room, but no one was at home. Over one of the lamps hung a piece of seal fat, and over the other a piece of reindeer fat, from which the oil dropped and fed the flames. In one corner of the room was a deerskin bed.

The woman entered and sat down, waiting for what would come to her. At last there was a noise in the entrance way, and a man said, "I smell strange people." The man came into the room, frightening the woman very badly, for his hands and face were coal black. He said nothing, but crossed the room to his bed, where, after taking the clothes from the upper part of his body, he took a tub of water and washed himself. The woman was relieved to see that his chest was as white as her own.

While sitting there she saw a dish of some cooked meat suddenly placed inside the door by an unseen person. From this dish the man helped his guest and then took his own meal. When they had finished eating he asked her how she came there, and she told him her story.

The black man told her not to feel badly, and went out and brought in a number of deerskins, telling her to make clothing from them for herself and her child, for she had kept her child safely upon her back all the time. When she told him that she had no needle, he brought her one of copper, which pleased her very much, for until then she had never seen any but bone needles.

For some time they lived thus, until at last the man told her that as they were living alone it would be better for her to become his wife, to which she agreed. The husband then told her never to go outside the house. In this way they lived quietly together.

While her little boy was playing about one day, he cried out suddenly with delight. When the woman looked at him she saw that he had spilled the things which she had put in her dish when she stepped on the shore. Looking at them, she found they were beautiful, large, blue beads. These were the kind of beads the Eskimo prized very much.

In time she gave birth to a fine boy, of which her husband was very fond, telling her to be careful of him. In this way they lived for several years, and in time the boy she had brought with her became a young man. His new father made him a bow and arrows, and when the boy had killed some birds with them he was allowed to go with him when hunting.

One day the boy killed and brought home two rabbits, which, like all the animals and birds in this country, were coal black. They were skinned and left outside. Shortly after, freshly cooked and steaming, they were placed just inside the door in a wooden dish, as was always done with their food. The woman noticed for the first time that when the dish was pushed inside the door, it was held by two hands.



The two hands stayed in her mind until she became suspicious that her husband was not faithful to her. One day he saw that something troubled her. He asked her what it was, and she told him. After sitting and thinking for a short time he asked her if she did not wish to go back to her friends, to which she replied that there was no use in wishing for anything that she could not do.

So he said, "Well, listen to my story. I am from Unalakleet, where I had a beautiful wife whom I loved very much, but who had a very bad temper. This troubled me so much that I lost heart and became worried. Although I had been a good and successful hunter, I could no longer succeed. One day I was paddling in my kayak far out at sea, filled with heavy thoughts, when a great storm broke upon me and I was unable to return to the shore. The high wind forced my kayak through the water so fast that at last I lost consciousness and remembered no more until I found my self lying bruised and lame upon the shore where you, too, were cast. Beside me was a dish of food. From this I ate, and feeling strengthened, I arose.

Thinking that the food must have been placed there by someone, I started to search for the people, but could find no one.

“While I was given food every time I became hungry, the thick darkness hid everything from me. Still I could find no people, and when my eyes became accustomed to the unbroken darkness so that I could see a little, I built this house. Since then I have lived here, being cared for by the spirit who, as you have seen, serves my food. This spirit usually takes the form of a large jellyfish, and although I go hunting it is this thing that gets my game for me. I became accustomed to the darkness after a time, but the continual blackness has made my face and hands as you see. That is the reason why I told you not to go outside.”

Her husband then told her to follow him, and he led her into the entranceway of the storeroom, which was full of furs. Then he opened a door into another room which was full of fine furs of the rarest kinds. He told her to take the ear tips from these skins and put them into her dish with the beads she had found on the shore, and she did so. Then the man said, “You wish to see your old home and I also wish to see my friends, and we will part. Take your boy upon your back, shut your eyes and take four steps.”



She did as he told her, and as soon as she had opened her eyes she was forced to close them. For they were dazzled by the bright sunshine about her. When her eyes became used to the light, she looked about and was greatly surprised to see her old home close by. She went at once to her mother's storehouse and placed in it her wooden dish containing the beads and ear tips she had brought with her.

Then she entered the house and was received with great joy, and the news of her return quickly spread through the village. Very soon her former husband came in and she saw with pity that his eyes were red and swollen from constant weeping for her. He asked her to forgive him for being so cruel and promised if she would return to him as his wife that he would always treat her kindly. When she had thought about this for a long time she finally consented, and for a time she lived happily with him.

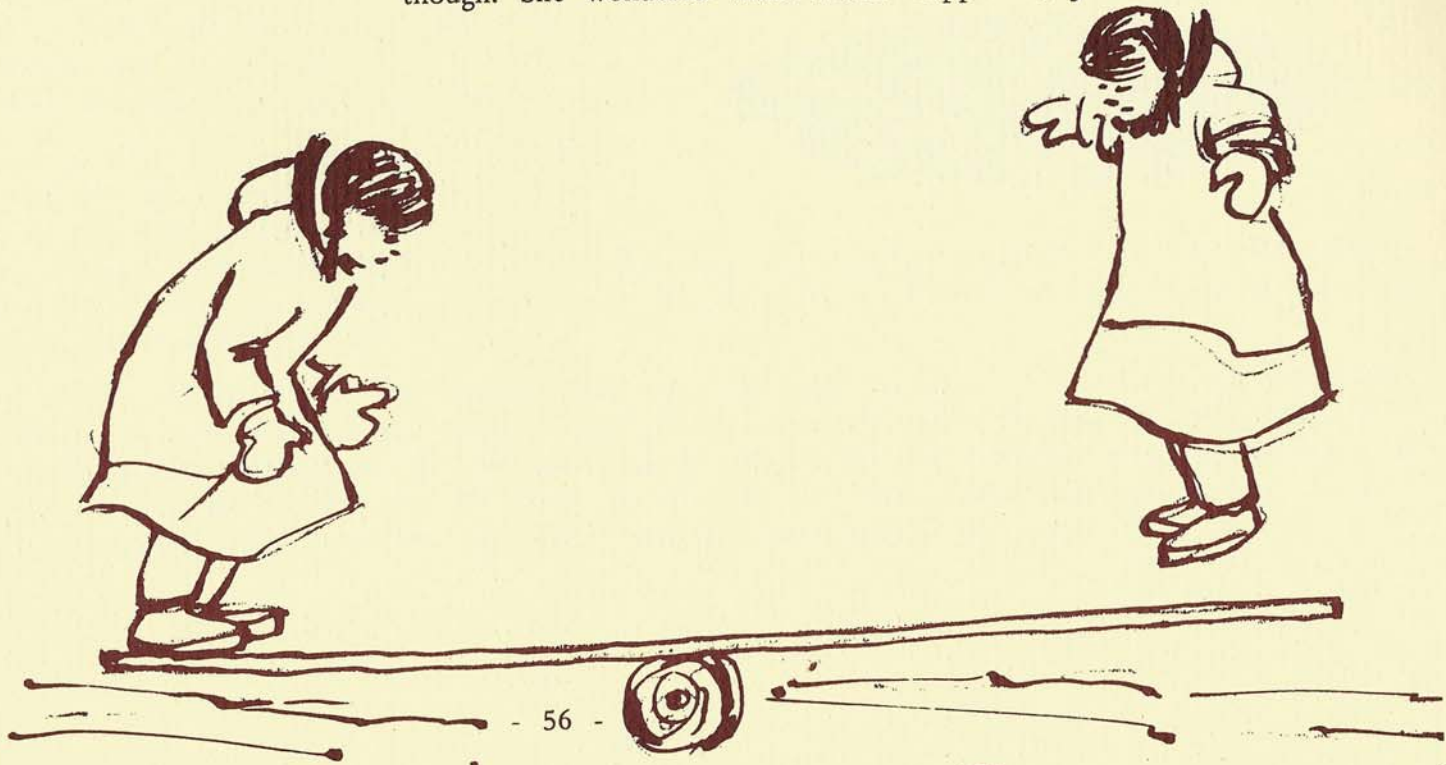
At length, however, his old habits returned and his wife became unhappy. By this time her son had become a young man. His mother showed him the beads she had brought from the land of darkness, and also a great pile of rich furs, for every tip she had brought back with her had now become a full-size skin. These she gave to her son. Then she went away and was never seen again by her people. Her son afterward became an important man of the village from his success as a hunter and the wealth of furs and beads given him by his mother.

MUMIQSALOOK'S GAMES



"Higher, higher, jump harder!" shouted Mumiqsalook. She and Eeyavik were playing on the jumping board. The break-up on the rivers had carried lots of wood out to sea and the beaches were lined with tree trunks and branches of all sizes. The girls had found a good strong piece of wood that wouldn't break. Placing this across a nice round log they had a fine jumping board.

Mumiqsalook could jump on one end of the board and Eeyavik would spring up into the air. When Eeyavik came down it would throw Mumiqsalook up. Up and down bounced the girls. This was a good game to practice for the skin tossing contests. She always came down, though. She wondered what would happen if, just once, she didn't



Near the girls, a few boys were having a jumping match. They had laid willow branches on the ground. Each branch was about six or seven feet from the other. The boys tried to jump from one branch to the other. Every time they made the jumps, the branches would be moved farther apart. One boy after another jumped on the branches, trying to land on each branch without moving it. If they missed one of the branches they would be out. When it was very far to jump only the best jumpers could make it.

Other children wanted to use the jumping board, so Mumiqsalook sat down to watch. As she was watching the girls jump up and down, she began to gather pieces of old dead grass that could still be found around her. She twisted and tied the grass into a ring. Eeyavik drove a stick into the ground about ten feet from where they were sitting.

Before they played the game, they went to gather prizes. Mumiqsalook brought back sea shells, pretty colored rocks, and odd looking pieces of wood as her prizes. Eeyavik had many prizes, too. Mumiqsalook put her biggest shell by the stick for the first prize. Then they took turns throwing the ring at the stick.

Eeyavik threw the ring at the stick. She did not get the ring to go over the stick, so Mumiqsalook tried. She missed it, too. Eeyavik's next throw was just right. The ring went over the stick and Eeyavik took the shell. Then she put one of her own prizes by the stick.

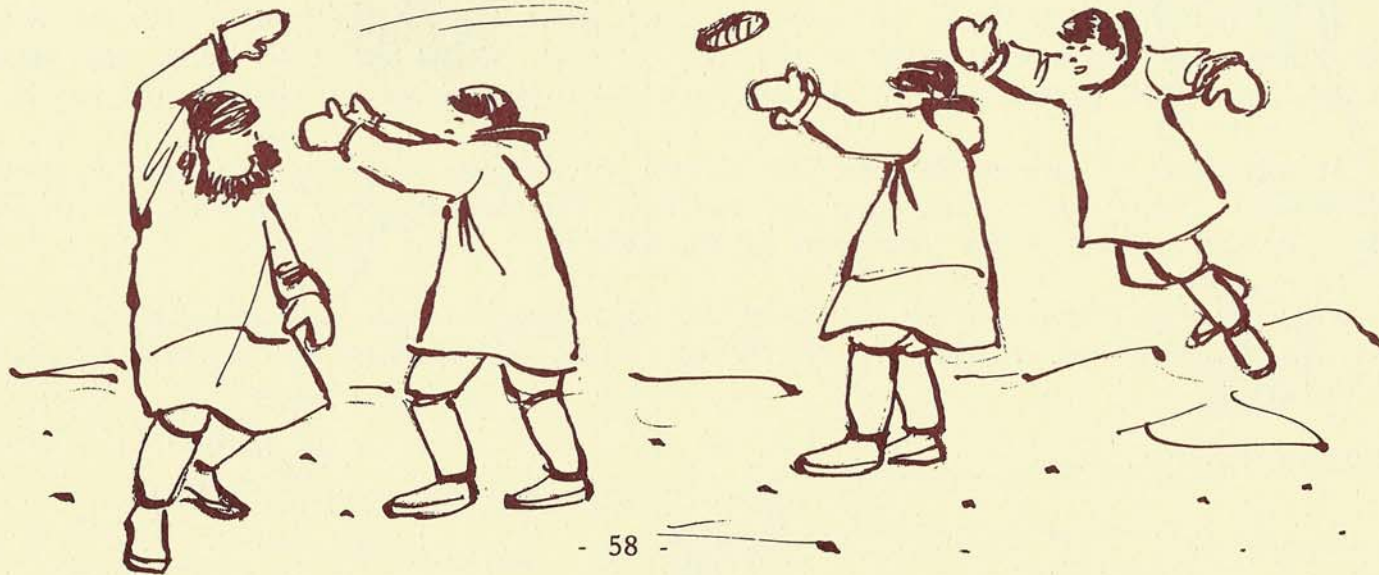
Some other girls brought prizes and joined the game. They all took turns throwing the ring. Every time they threw the ring over the stick they would take a prize and put back one of their own for someone else to win.



Mumiqsalook had other things to do today, though. As soon as Grandmother was ready, they went out behind the village to pick greens. They worked hard and soon had picked their baskets full of young willow shoots and other tender green leaves. It wasn't until they had returned home and eaten that Mumiqsalook was ready to play any more games. There would still be plenty of daylight left. This was the time of year when the sun circled around the sky to shine from all directions. It only dropped down in the fiery north to rest a little while before coming back as bright as ever.

When she had finished eating, Mumiqsalook went out and found that a few boys were playing with the grass ball. There were two sides and each one was trying to get the ball and hit someone from the other side with it. They kept score to see which side could make the most hits. The ball was about five inches across and made of grass so no one was hurt when he was hit.

As more and more of the young men and women and children came out, they decided to play keep away. Eeyavik's sister brought the ball which was a leather bag about six inches long and three inches across filled with sand. The boys were on one side and the girls were on the other. The girls started the ball going among themselves. They tried to throw it to each other and keep it away from the boys.



When the boys could get the ball they would throw it back and forth among themselves, keeping it away from the girls. The boys had kept the ball for some time when Mumiqsalook noticed that Akinga had not been able to get it. She called out, "Akinga is hungry!" The other boys then tried to get the ball to Akinga, but before he could catch it, a girl had gotten the ball. She ran after Akinga. When she caught him, she began to rub his head with the ball while the rest laughed and shouted, "Oil his head so he won't starve."

The game lasted far into the daylight night. Mumiqsalook could hear them playing as she got ready to go to bed.



THE FIREBALL

In the village of Kingigan (Cape of Prince of Wales), very long ago, there lived a poor orphan boy who had no one to care for him. He was treated badly by everyone, being made to run here and there at the bidding of the villagers. One evening he was told to go out of the kashgee and see how the weather was. He had no boots, and being winter, he did not wish to go, but he was driven out. Very soon he came back and said there was no change in the weather.

After this the men kept sending him out on the same errand until at last he came back and told them that he had seen a great ball of fire like the moon coming over the hill not far away. The people laughed at him and made him go out again. This time he saw that the fire had come nearer until it was quite close. Then the orphan ran inside telling what he had seen and hid himself because he was frightened.

Soon after this the people in the kashgee saw a fiery figure dancing on the gut-skin covering over the roof hole. Then a human skeleton came crawling into the room through the passageway, creeping on its knees and elbows. When it came into the room the skeleton waved at the people causing them all to fall upon their knees and elbows in the same position taken by the skeleton. Turning about it crawled out as it had come, followed by the people, who were forced to go after it.

Outside, the skeleton crept away from the village, followed by all the men. In a short time everyone of them was dead and the skeleton had vanished. Some of the villagers had been absent when the skeleton came. When they returned they found dead people lying on the ground all silent.

Entering the kashgee, they found the orphan boy who told them how the people had been killed. After this they followed the tracks of the skeleton through the snow and were led up the side of the mountain until they came to a very old cave. Here the tracks ended.



In a few days the brother of one of the men who had been killed went fishing upon the sea ice far from the village. He stayed late, and it became dark while he was still a long way from home. As he was walking along, the skeleton suddenly appeared before him and began to cross back and forth in front of him. The skeleton kept in front of him, do what he might. As he could think of nothing else, he suddenly caught a fish out of his basket and threw it at the skeleton. When he threw the fish it was frozen hard, but as it was thrown and came near the skeleton, it turned back suddenly, passing over the young man's shoulders, and fell into his basket again. There it began to flap about, having become alive.

Then the fisherman pulled off one of his dogskin mittens and threw it. As it fell near the skeleton the mitten changed into a dog, which ran growling and snarling about the skeleton, making it forget the young man so that he was able to dart by and run as fast as he could toward the village. When he had gone part

of the way he was again stopped by the skeleton. At the same time a voice from overhead said, "Untie his feet; they are bound with a cord." But the young man was too badly frightened to obey. He then threw his other mitten, and it, too, changed into a dog, stopping the skeleton as the first one had done.

The young man ran as fast as he could, and fell exhausted near the kashgee door just as the skeleton came up. The skeleton passed very near without seeing him and went into the kashgee. Finding no one there, it came out and went away. The young man then got up and went home, but did not dare to tell his mother what he had seen.

The following day he went fishing again, and on his way came to a man lying in the path whose face and hands were black. When he drew near, the black man told him to get on his back and close his eyes. He obeyed, and in a short time was told to open his eyes. When the young man did this he saw before him a house and near it a fine young woman. She spoke to him saying, "Why did you not do as I told you the other night when the skeleton chased you?" He replied that he had been afraid to do it. The woman then gave him a magic stone to protect him from the skeleton in the future and the black man took him again on his back. When he opened his eyes he was at home.

After this the young man told everyone that he was a powerful doctor. But he thought continually of the beautiful young woman he had seen, so that he did not have much power. At last his father said to him, "You are no doctor; you will make me ashamed of you. Go somewhere else." The next morning the young man left the village at daybreak, and was never heard of again.

MUMIQSALOOK'S GAMES



“Stick out your tongue,” said Mumiqsalook. Eeyavik looked up from the berry bush and stuck her tongue out as far as it could go. “It’s dark red; is mine red, too?” she asked.

“It’s purple,” answered Eeyavik, and they both laughed.

Picking berries was always fun. It was fun to think of all the berries stored in seal oil that they would have during the winter. Right now they tasted good, too. Mumiqsalook and Eeyavik both worked fast so they would get lots of berries. Now and then they would stop to see whose basket was the fullest. Or they would look at each other’s fingers to tell by

the red stains who was picking the hardest. The red tongue told who was eating the most.

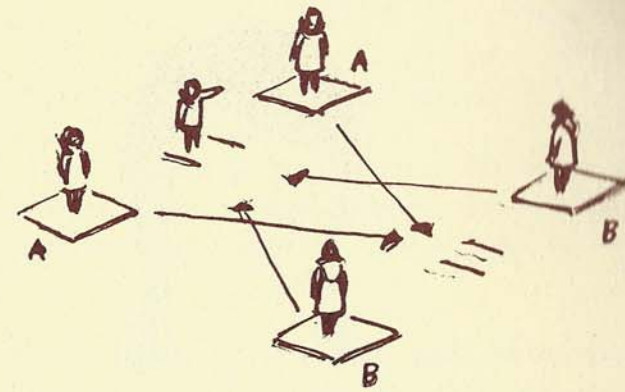
When the baskets were filled with berries, the two girls started back home. Near the beach they saw that some children were playing circle tag. They had drawn two circles on the beach. The circles were about five feet across and fifty yards apart. Four or five children were standing in each circle. Then two or three from each side ran out to try to get around the other circle and back to their own before they were tagged. Only the children who stayed behind and were not trying to run around the circle could tag anyone.

If anyone could get around the circles three times without being tagged, his side would win. When they were tagged, they were put in “jail”. The jails were small circles behind the big ones. To get a person out of jail, another child from the same side had to reach the jail without being tagged. Then both of them would have to run back to their home circle again.

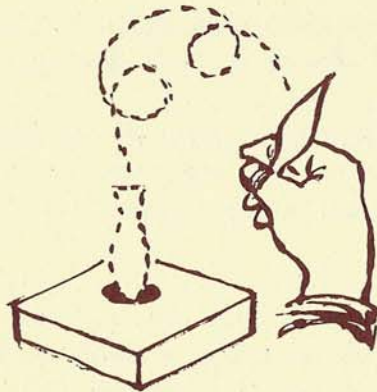
Mumiqsalook and Eeyavik wanted to play, too, but they had to take their berries home first. When they returned there were enough boys and girls to play square tag. Instead of circles marked on the ground they made squares. To start the game there were four children in each of the four squares. The children in the

"A" squares tried to get to the safe place between the "B" squares. Those in the "B" squares were safe if they could get between the "A" squares. If a boy or girl reached the safe place he tried to tag someone in the squares next to him without stepping over the lines.

From the safe place he could run out to tag the other children who tried to get to their safe place on the other side. When a child was tagged, he had to go back to the square from which he came. They did not keep score, so nobody won the game. They just played and had fun until they were tired.



Later in the day Akinga came over to tell Mumiqsalook that the men were playing games in the Kashgee. Mumiqsalook went over and found that Eeyavik was already watching them play dart toss. On the floor was a block of wood about five inches square. In the center of the block was a deep hole as big around as an eye. The dart they were using was six inches long and looked something like a fish.



Anakak and Oyalook were playing. Anakak took the dart by the tail between his thumb and first finger. Holding the dart over the wooden block, he gave it a toss. The dart flipped and stuck right in the hole. He took one of the counters that were always used in the dart games and tried again. This time the dart did not stick in the hole, but it landed on the block and rolled around until it lay across the hole. That was good, so Anakak took two more counters. On his next throw, the dart fell on the floor so he lost his turn.

Now Oyalook tried, but he did not get close to the hole. Anakak threw the dart again. It landed on the block with just the point over the hole. He took one counter for his throw. They played the game this way until Anakak had won all of the counters.

Oyalook won the second game which they played in the same way, except the dart was held between the first and second fingers, and in the last game they used their third and fourth fingers to hold the dart.

On the other side of the kashgee, four men were playing with the throwing sticks. Across the room from each other, two stakes had been set up and the men were throwing their sticks at them. Each man had two sticks which were really pieces of reindeer antler about four inches long. There were two men by each stake who played against each other. Each one had a partner on the other side.

The two men on the one side took turns throwing their sticks. When all four had been thrown, the points were counted. If a man got both of his sticks closer than the man he was throwing against, he got two counters. If only one of his sticks was closer then he got one counter. They used six counters, taking them from the pile or away from the pile or away from the other team when there were no more left in the pile. When one team had won all the counters, the game was over.

After the sticks were thrown at one stake they would be thrown back to the other side. The partner of the man who had made no points was the first to throw his stick.

Mumiqsalook watched the men play for awhile. Finally she left and went home. Grandmother was splitting and twisting sinew. She was going to sew a new pair of mukluks for Mumiqsalook.

It had been a busy day for Mumiqsalook and she was tired. She lay down, but before she went to sleep, she looked over at her grandmother who was still working, "Just one more story, Grandmother," she said.

THE LAST
OF THE
THUNDERBIRDS



Very long ago there were many giant eagles, or thunderbirds, living in the mountains. But they all disappeared except two which made their home on a mountain top overlooking the Yukon River. The top of this mountain was round, and the eagles had hollowed out a large hole on the summit which they used for their nest. Around the edges was a rocky rim from which they could look down upon the large village of Sabotnisky near the water's edge.

From their perch on this rocky wall these great birds would soar away on their broad wings, looking like a cloud in the sky. Sometimes they would sieze a reindeer from some passing herd to bring back to their young. Again, they would circle out with a noise like thunder from their shaking wings, and descend upon a fisherman in his canoe, carrying man and canoe to the top of the mountain. There the man would be eaten by the young thunderbirds and the canoe would lie bleaching among the bones and other refuse scattered along the border of the nest.

Every fall the young birds would fly away into the northland while the old ones would stay behind. Then came a time, after many hunters had been carried away by the birds, that only the most daring would go out to look at his fish traps on the river. Before he went he told his wife to be careful and not leave the house for fear of the birds.

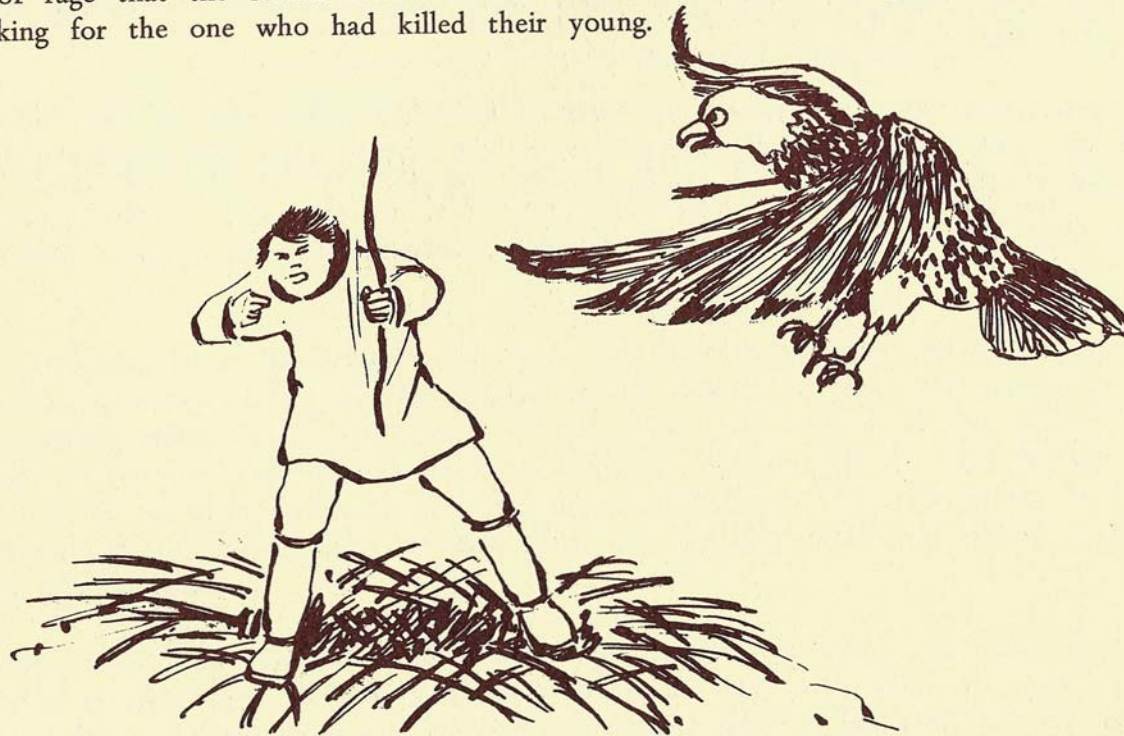
After her husband had gone the young wife saw the water tub was empty, so she took a bucket and went to the river for water. As she turned to go back a roaring noise like thunder filled the air, and one of the birds darted down and siezed her in its talons. The villagers cried out in horror and despair when they saw her carried to the mountain top.

When the hunter came home the people told him of his wife's death, but he said nothing. Going to his empty house he took down his bow and a quiver full of war arrows. After examining them carefully he started out toward the eagle mountain. Vainly did his friends try to stop him by telling him that the birds would

surely destroy him. He would not listen to them, but hurried on.

With firm steps, at last he reached the rim of the great nest and looked in. The old birds were away, but the fierce young eagles met him with shrill cries and fiery, shining eyes. The hunter's heart was full of anger, and he quickly bent his bow loosing the war arrows one after another until the last one of the hateful birds lay dead in the nest.

With heart still burning for revenge, the hunter sheltered himself behind a great rock near the nest and waited for the parent birds. The old birds came. They saw their young lying dead and bloody in the nest, and uttered such cries of rage that the sound echoed from the farther side of the great river as they soared up into the air looking for the one who had killed their young.



Very quickly they saw the brave hunter by the great stone, and the mother bird swooped down upon him, her wings sounding like a gale in the spruce forest. Quickly fitting an arrow to his string as the eagle came down, the hunter sent it deep into her throat. With a hoarse cry she turned and flew away to the north far beyond the hills.

Then the father bird circled overhead and came roaring down upon the hunter, who, at just the right moment, crouched close to the ground behind the stone and the eagle's sharp claws struck only the hard rock. As the bird arose, eager to swoop down again, the hunter sprang from his shelter, and with all his strength, drove two heavy war arrows deep under its great wing. Uttering a cry of rage and spreading abroad its great wings, the thunderbird floated away like a cloud in the sky far into the northland and was never seen again.

Having taken blood vengeance, the hunter's heart felt lighter and he went down into the nest where he found the body of his wife. He carried her to the water's edge, and building a fire, he made offerings of food and water which would be pleasing to her spirit.

MUMIQSALOOK'S GAMES



The new parka was finished. Grandmother had spent many days fixing the skins and sewing them. Mumiqsalook had watched it grow as Grandmother carefully cut and stitched the soft, warm squirrel skins with the sinew thread. Now, all trimmed with wolverine and a big, beautiful wolf ruff, it was truly the finest parka that any eldest daughter could hope to have.

Mumiqsalook ran out to show Eeyavik that the parka was done at last. Eeyavik was skipping rope with two other girls. They stopped and looked at the new parka. Everyone agreed that it would be very fine to keep her warm all through the winter. Mumiqsalook was happy with her beautiful parka and very proud of her grandmother. Grandmother was one of the best skin sewers in the village.

Eeyavik and Eingak swung the rope for Mumiqsalook. Around went the rope, under her feet and back again as Mumiqsalook jumped over it. Then over her head it went. Around and round, back and forth swished the rope as the two girls tried to make Mumiqsalook miss. But Mumiqsalook jumped just right. She felt very good today.

A group of children who had been out gathering dry grass for their mothers to weave into socks and baskets and other things, joined Mumiqsalook and her friends. Eingak wanted to play ring around so the children made two circles by joining hands. First they started to run around and around in the circles. Then Eingak shouted, "the beach," and off to the beach moved the two circles of children, all the time holding hands and running around in circles as fast as they could, they finally reached the beach. The first group to reach the beach was the winner. Then someone would name another place and off they would go, trying to run in circles and still reach the chosen spot.

The children were soon tired from this game. They sat down to rest and watch the ravens fly, scolding everyone with loud squawks as they flew. But the children weren't the only ones who were going to play games today. The men had been working hard and hunting long hours. Now it was their turn to have some fun.

They were going to play football. Far apart from each other they made two marks on the ground. These were the goals. Then two men took turns choosing the other men to be on their side. The stuffed leather ball was given to Mumiqsalook and the men walked away to their own goals.

Mumiqsalook threw the ball in the middle of the field between the two groups of men and the game was on. From each side they came running and soon the ball was being kicked back and forth. Each side tried to kick the ball over the other goal. Every time the ball went over the goal it was a point for the lucky side. When the game was over, the side Eeyavik's father was on had scored ten points. They were the winners because the other side had scored only eight points.

When the men had finished playing their game and had gone Mumiqsalook had an idea. "Why don't we get the hockey sticks and play where the men had their football game?" she said. The rest of the children thought this was a good idea so they ran to get the wooden hockey sticks with the curved ends. Eeyavik brought a small ball. Then they divided into two teams just as the men had done. Instead of kicking the ball, the children used the sticks to knock the ball across the goal line.

Hockey was a lot of fun and the game ended much too soon for Mumiqsalook. She broke her stick. With no stick she could not play the game, so she started to walk along the beach.

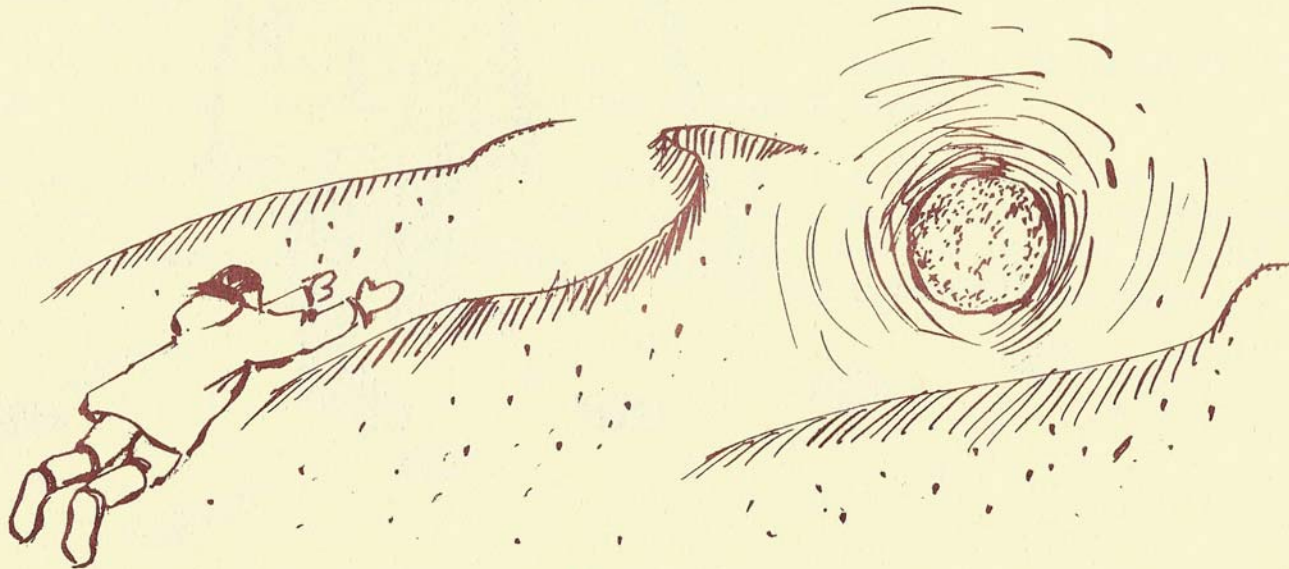
Maybe she could find a good stick that had been washed up on the shore. Or maybe she could find a shell or a pretty rock. Maybe it would be a dead animal. Maybe she would meet a big white bear, or some strange animal that would talk to her. Animals must know many stories, if only they would tell her.



THE MAN
IN THE MOON



An Eskimo doctor from Kotzebue Sound near Selawik Lake told me that a great chief lives in the moon. Now and then he is visited by the Eskimo doctors who always go to him two at a time as one man is ashamed to go alone. In the moon live all kinds of animals that are on earth, and when any animal becomes scarce here, the doctors go up to the chief in the moon. If he is pleased with the offerings that have been made to him, he gives them one of the animals that they wish for. They bring it down to the earth and turn it loose. After this the animal will become numerous again.



The one who told me this said he had never been to the moon himself, but he knew a doctor who had been there. The doctor from Kotzebue had been up only as high as the sky. He went up that high by flying like a bird and he found that the sky was a land like the earth, only that the grass grew hanging downward and was filled with snow. When the wind blows up there it rustles the grass stems, loosening flakes of snow which fall down to the earth as a snowstorm.

When he was up near the sky he saw a great many small round lakes in the grass, and these shine at night to make the stars. The Eskimos of Kotzebue Sound also say that the north wind is the breath of a giant, and when the snow falls it is because he is building himself a snow shelter and the flakes are flying from his snow shovel. The south wind is the breath of a woman living in the warm southland, they say.