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FEBRUARY, NINETEEN FIFTEEN

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COMPLETE IN THIS NUMBER

**“The Crow Creation Myth”**

BY

**Medicine Crow and Charges Strong**

INTERPRETED BY STEALS-THE-BEAR

AND ILLUSTRATED BY WHITE ARM

ALL INDIANS

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TO THOSE WHO CARE FOR IT THIS NUMBER IS WORTH ABOUT TEN BEANS, BUT OWING TO THE PRESENT PRICE OF WHEAT WE WILL SAY TEN CENTS



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**DUSSEAU**

*Sheridan, Wyoming*





He charted the alkali desert  
Under the scorching sun,  
Blazed the timbered mountains--  
Companions?--His horse and gun.  
The race-law forgotten, in roaming,  
He married an Indian squaw:  
But he showed the way to Wyoming--  
We'll forgive his breach of race-law.  
--Dusseau.





# THE TEEPEE BOOK

SHERIDAN WYOMING

PUBLISHED BY HERBERT COFFEEN  
"AT THE SIGN OF THE TEEPEE"

Vol. I

FEBRUARY

No. II

Contents copyrighted 1915 by Herbert Coffeen, Sheridan, Wyoming

WE want to acknowledge receipt of a large number of letters from friends who received the first number of *The Teepee Book*.

It is their splendid words of encouragement and of appreciation which has brought out this second number and will probably be the reason for continuing the publication. We must be frank, however, and suggest that soon we will be compelled to call for subscriptions. This will be for two reasons; some day we may want to have *The Teepee Book* entered as second class matter (even tho we regard it as first-class)--we mean, of course, for mailing purposes--and for the reason that the expense is somewhat more than we care to bear alone.



WE have been featuring the Indian rather strong in our initial issues, but do not think we are without other interests. Just a few are: Cow boys, mines, the army post, hunting, fishing, scenery, ozone, and the subject of our next issue, Ranch Resorts.



# Crow Creation Myth

Told by Chief Medicine Crow and Charges Strong  
Interpreted by Steals-the-Bear

The following story of the creation according to the Crow legend was obtained from a number of the old men of the tribe. During the long winter nights the old warriors used to like to visit "The Sign of the Teepee" and sit around telling stories. The Rev. W. A. Petzold (now missionary at Lodge Grass) and Mr. Coffeen conceived the idea of obtaining the Crows' version of the beginning of the world. Steals-the-Bear interpreted the tale and it was taken down verbatim with all its repetitions, inconsistencies and illogic. We have printed it in just that form as we believe it preserves the charm and characteristics of the Indian, which might be destroyed with editing.

**I**N the ole time, way back, they know about this world that there was no land at all, nothin' but water. There

1 *Ee-sah-kwar-te* means "Old Man Coyote" and the animal coyote should be kept in mind while reading this myth. *Ee-sah-kwar-te*, however, has another personality, that of a man. These dual impersonations are interchangeable.

To the Crows he is the Creator, distinct however from the Great Spirit. Altho a diety he is sly and machiavelian. The Indians regard him as a sort of "Jolly Old Joker" possessing super-human attributes.

2 All animals, birds, etc. have a personality and *Ee-sah-kwar-te* always addressed them as relatives.

3 This is thoroely characteristic Crow logic. It is a convenient explanation for the unaccountable

is nothin' on this water but *Ee-sah-kwar-te*,<sup>1</sup> nothin' but him and he was travelin' roun' all time. Some wild ducks *Mu-ah-kha-ka*<sup>2</sup> come roun' When he find these ducks he say to them, "Brothers come over here." He did not make them, they were just there.<sup>3</sup> They came and he say, "Brothers this aint very well for us to live roun' on this water alone." He told the ducks that under this water there was land. Then he say, "One of you go down and try get some mud in your mouth." One of him they went down in the water and after he went down and come back without it he didn't bring it. One other duck say, "Brother let me go down." This duck went and dove down and come up without it again. A third one he say,





"This ain't very well for us to live roun' on this water alone"

"Now I go down." He go down, stay long time and come up without it. The fourth duck say, "Why didn't you send me? These others they ain't much account." He went down and bring up some sand in his mouth and show to Ea-sah-kwar-te and say, "Brother, here your mud." Ee-sah-kwar-te pick it up and hold it in his hand. When he hold this sand it dry up nothin but dirt now. He told these ducks, he say, "When this was threw aroun' it will make a big land." He threw the dirt four times and the land keep getting bigger. After he threw this dirt there is nothin but land now, no water any more. He make this land nothin' but plain, all level. Ee-sah-kwar-te say to them ducks, "Brothers, they is nothin' on the ground now and I will make a mountain, rivers and all kinds of trees; choke cherry and plum trees and Indian turnip and grass and springs and stones." Bime by he say, "I make lakes, so you ducks can live." He told them ducks after he get through all this,



why, he told them, he say, "I will travel aroun' thinkin' about things; 'bout what more I make." He went all 'roun' and after he travel long time he stop and talk to himself. He say, "I'm all alone, 'taint very well for me, I will make man." So he go to the river, take some mud and make man. He made four mans of the mud and took them to where a big tree was hollow. It had a big hole and he put them in and keep them there. Then he go way many days and come back to see if those mens be livin' right. He took one out and look at him and there is no eyes in its face. There was nose and mouth but no eyes. He say, "Well I fix that all right." And he pinch out two little pieces and there was eyes. He ask this man, "Can you see 'roun'?" And this man he answered back, "Yes, I see everything now." Then he call the man Ab-sor-a-ka. (Crow) Ee-sah-kwar-te told him, "you go back and make all the rest of them like I show you do." He go back and fix these three mens like himself so they have eyes too. Ee-sah-kwar-te took more mud and make four womens and give to the mens. He gave one to each man and said to him, "That is your wife." These women dress like the mens. Then he tell them, "Now you go out and travel 'roun' on the world, and you peoples will grow up. There will be lots of peoples but there will always be more land than peoples." Then he go off too. These mud peoples be by themselves and after long time he come back to see how they get along. He found that 'taint right. These womens act bad, run away from their husbands. He bring them back and change them; he make short leggins and a dress down to the ankles and then they can't run away any more.



Ee-sah-kwar-te then take more mud and make all kinds of animals. He make deer, elk, antelope and bugs and



snakes, and worms, and buffalo, and all rest of animals and birds and fishes. He thought he made everything, but he forgot one. A prairie chicken come down and say to him, "I want to be an animal in this world." Ee-sah-kwar-te tell him, "I'm finishing, I'm done. I don't think I can do anything with you at all, but anyhow I try to make you if I can." So he kill a buffalo and took muscles of front leg to make body. He kill rattlesnakes and make prairie chicken's tail out of rattle, so it buzz. He settin' there thinkin' 'bout this prairie chicken. It got body and tail, but it aint got no nose. So he take gray wolf's claws and he make a nose on the chicken. He take more claws and he make feet; he make wing of bear claws; he put feathers all over it. He tell the people, "All animals be in this chicken, him good for everybody to eat." Then he go way and after travelin' 'roun' come back to see how his people get along. They say to him, "We see lots of buffalo and lots of game



that we like to eat, but we can't eat." Ee-sah-kwar-te told them that he forgot somethin'. He say, "You get one of them cherry wood sticks." After they brought up this wood why he make a bow, and after he got through making this bow he make arrow. He put flint on arrow. Then he give to the mens and say, "My brothers you go out and kill buffalo and deer and elk and you make shirt from deer skin and robe from buffalo." Then he tell them how to make fire and cook meat. He took grease-wood and sand and dry buffalo chips and rub sticks together in his hands and the smoke come out. Then he get dry grass and put down this smoke and make fire. After he fix fire he go way. He gone long time come back to see these peoples again. He is glad so many peoples now on world. They got teepee, meat and buffalo, all they want to eat. Fore he go to teepee he know that his face aint very good. He had a very funny face, not a good face like he make for these mud peoples. So he went back to the creek and took mud and made mud nose on himself and went in one of the teepees and these peoples they don't know who he was. Ee-sah-kwar-te, they didn't know him. He went in and sat down and one womans, she had a baby to hold. So he hold the baby and make it dance on his knee. The baby move its arm up and knocks the mud nose off Ee-sah-kwar-te. So he took this baby and set it on the floor. He put hand to his nose and said to womans, "Excuse me, I got the nose bleed," and go out. Ee-sah-kwar-te make such bad nose on himself so all people on earth have different noses, some good faces and some bad faces. He not come back to teepee but go 'roun' to some young bucks settin' on a hill and he say, "My brothers I go-



ing to show you something to play." He took two willow sticks 'bout so long (six feet) and cut off strips of bark 'bout so far part (six inches) and took pieces of smoke tan buckskin and tie it to small end. And he took a round stone that got round hole in middle. Then he said to these bucks, "All you stan' round and I show you the play game to gamble on." He show them how to play with two sticks and rock and that was the first game in the world; not for womens but for bucks.

Ee-sah-kwar-te go way again and meet a white-tail deer in the brush. He make rope out of cottonwood tree bark. Inside of tree you know is just like ribbon. He make medicine sticks and tie eagle feathers on. He get on white tail deer to ride and soon as he get on it change to a horse. Ee-sah-kwar-te rode to where these bucks play throw sticks. He come close to these gamblers and they see him. They cry "Sah-a-pa?" ("Who is the man trying to get near?") Ee-sah-kwar-te got good face now, nice dress, eagle feathers in his hair and he have medicine stick in his



"This mans take off blanket and throw it at horse"



hand. They wonders who he is, never see him before like this. One mans said to them, "It is Ee-sah-kwar-te all right 'nough." So this mans take off his blanket and throw it at the horse and this horse begin to buck and throw Ee-sah-kwar-te down to the ground. The horse run away from these bucks and was change back to a white tail deer. Ee-sah-kwar-te was changed back to an ordinary coyote and run away into the brush too. After he run way he come back to the big crowd of Indians, this time like a man. He call them all in, old mens and young mens, but not the womens. He say to them, "My brothers, I am going to tell you something to make you good people. Young men you have to climb this mountain to try to find some good medicine<sup>4</sup> to make you big people. After you climb this mountain don't drink any water and don't eat any kind food for four days and four nights. Some wild animal, buffalo, deer, bear, or eagle, they will show you the good medicine in a dream to make you a good Indian chief." So all these bucks try to find this good medicine. Every one go up mountain and they try to go without food and water for four days.<sup>5</sup> They all come back to camp again, they didn't see no medicine or nothin'. But soon one man he went up there and try by himself, on Cloud Peak, the highest mountain. He took two or three robes with him and three pairs moccasins. It quite a way to go up there and he fix up to go up there. He stay there two days and two nights. The third day, 'bout sundown,

4 With the Indians an amulet is called "good medicine" and is imperatively essential to their religion.

5 Exhaustion and pain is a necessary prelude to the dream in which the "good medicine" is revealed to the devotee. A common method was to cut off the forefinger and offer it as a sacrifice to the sun. The sun, their Supreme Deity, disclosed the "medicine."





"He was lyin' on the top of the mountain and see a pony way up among the clouds"

he look up at the cloud. He was lyin' on the top of the mountain and see a pony. He didn't know what color; way up among the clouds. After the sun down, he go sleep. He dreamed and saw a white pony 'bout four or five months old. Pony got red ears, kind o' pinto. He don't see the body or nothin.' He hear someone say, "That your pony; bimebye it many ponies. You go after this pony five years from now." So he come home to his camp and he tell all the peoples there, "I see pony." All these Crows they got nothin' but dogs, but use these dogs for pack animals. So after five years this man he go gather all Crow young mens, 'bout fifty and they go on war path and start towards the Sioux. They find big camp of Sioux. Sioux got all kinds and colors of ponies. So he stole 'bout hundred and fifty of them and brings over to the Crow tribe. Now the Crows



6 At the conclusion of this tale all the old men of the tribe who were present affirmed. "Mushi-sac-e," meaning, "He speaks with a single tongue."

they got nice ponies, pinto and all kinds.

That is the way the Crow tribe began to be chief and they still are. And from that time on they have all lived in this country. And this is what they all believe. They all say, "Yes, that is so."



## *The High Plains*

Land of the buffalo wallow,

Land of the prickly pear,

Hill melting into hollow,

Treeless you are, but fair.

Playground of breeze caressing,

Stretching long miles afar;

Daytime or night a blessing--

Sunshine or blazing star.

Land of the flocks and cattle,

Purple the shadows fall;

Not here the sounds of battle--

Not here the city's call.

Land of the buffalo wallow,

Brown is each hill and swale,

Yet how your memories follow--

Land of the high plains, hail!

--Arthur Chapman.





Steals-The-Bear

**S**TEALS - THE - BEAR is a Gros Ventre Indian who has, from boyhood, been raised with the Crows. He is commonly known among the whites as Billy Steal, and was one of the first Crows (having been adopted by that tribe) to attend the Carlisle school. He is one of the trustworthy interpreters--that is, he attempts to be accurate. His English, however, is the so-called

Pigeon English, and it is with difficulty that he translates some phrases. It is this that accounts for some of the quaint expressions which are to be found in the "Crow Creation Myth," which he interpreted.



**W**HITE ARM is a full blood Crow Indian. He is given to frequently visiting his friends. On one of these visits he was listening to part of the telling of the "Creation Myth" by his fellow Indians. Being an "artist" of repute among his tribe he was asked if he could draw some pictures of a few of the main features of the story, and the accompanying pictures are the result.



White Arm

The bird-like figure in each of the drawings is White Arm's signature.





**P**UTTING up the canvas of a teepee is no small matter. The skeleton cone of poles erected, the squaw gets the bundle of canvas from the pack-saddle.

The general shape of the covering is semi-circular with somewhat of a projection on the straight edge that develops into the smoke guard when in use. Midway between the points of these flaps is a

notch to which is fastened two cow-hide thongs.

With forethought, the squaw has ingeniously rolled the canvas at the time of its last being used so that these thongs are now on the outside of the bundle. She ties these to a pole, which upon being raised, allows the fabric to unfurl itself. The pole is set in its specific notch in the framework. Then the lower edges are brought around to the front--one-half around one side of the poles and the other half around the opposite side, of course. When the teepee is larger than ordinary two women do the work.

Across the two poles that are to serve on either side of the doorway a couple stout sticks have been securely lashed to serve as a temporary ladder. The squaw mounts this, all the while keeping the edges together in her hands. Reaching the desired height, she starts fastening the edges. This is done with small sticks a foot or so long and perhaps as large around as a lead pencil. These sticks are manipulated in much the same manner as we use a pin. The squaws however have taken the precaution to make holes thru which this



fastening goes. These holes are prevented from fraying by their being stitched something like a button hole.

As the squaw works down toward the ground, she removes the cross pieces that have served her as a ladder.

Finally all the pins have been put in place, usually eight or ten in number. With the edges lapped and fastened in this manner they are absolutely impervious to wind and water.

Next, the lower edge is secured to the ground. This is done with short stakes set approximately two feet apart all around the circular base. Then comes the placing of the two poles in the peaks of the smoke guards or wind flaps. A pocket-like arrangement has been provided for this at the corners. This smoke guard can be pointed in any direction, and of course it is always set facing the general direction toward which the wind is blowing. Should the wind shift materially Mrs. Crow just changes the position of the poles.

The door-way is merely a flap of canvas.

In the early days the teepee covering was made from elk and deer hides. Probably from 15 to 20 in number, and so sewed together as to be perfectly weather proof. In those days the door was a skin stretched over two cross sticks. These teepees, alas, have disappeared long ago. Even the teepee such as those illustrated are being repudiated by certain Indians who prefer going to a hardware store and purchasing a wall "A" tent such as you or I might use for camping.



The late senator Hoar once said: When the Pilgrims came they first fell on Plymouth Rock; then they fell on the Indians; and our great, good government has kept at it ever since."



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### *Powder River!*

My love was a splendid girl indeed,  
A gem of the clearest water--  
Her clothes were the finest of tailor-made,  
And she was a banker's daughter.  
I gave her the best that money could buy--  
And God loves a cheerful giver--  
But she pulled her freight with a travelingman,  
So it's me for Powder River.

--C. B. Davis.



Favorite expression of Shoots-The-Arrow: "Oh I should quiver!"





# Western Books

If interested in the Indians and the West you should select books for your library that are authentic. Here is a list which we can recommend:

The Story of the Indian, by George Bird Grinnell.....	\$1.50
The Story of the Cowboy, by Emerson Hough.....	1.50
Boots and Saddles, by Elizabeth B. Custer.....	1.50
Indian Blankets and Their Makers, George Wharton James .....	5.00
What the White Race May Learn from the Indian George Wharton James .....	2.00
Indian Love Letters, Marah Ellis Ryan, boards.....	1.00
Indian Love Letters, Marah Ellis Ryan, limp leather.....	2.00
The Indian and His Problem, Francis E. Leupp.....	2.00
My Friend the Indian, James McLaughlin.....	2.50
My Life as an Indian, J. W. Schultz.....	1.75
Red Men and White, Owen Wister.....	.75
Lin McLean, Owen Wister.....	.75
John Ermine of the Yellowstone, Frederic Remington.....	1.50
Army Life on the Plains, Frances Carrington.....	2.25
The Vanishing Race, Joseph K. Dixon.....	3.75

Postage Extra

There are many other splendid books of the West and Indians which we continually carry in stock, but the above are selected at random from our best writers and no student should be without them.

Many splendid books are out of print, but often with some of our connections we can secure them and will be pleased to do so for any of our customers.

HERBERT COFFEEN,

Sheridan, Wyoming.



# *A Bewildered People*

Hon. Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior

THAT the Indian is confused in mind as to his status and very much at sea as to our ultimate purpose toward him is not surprising. For a hundred years he has been spun round like a blindfolded child in a game of blindman's buff. Treated as an enemy at first, overcome, driven from his lands, negotiated with most formally as an independent nation, given by treaty a distinct boundary which was never to be changed "while water runs and grass grows," he later found himself pushed beyond that boundary line, negotiated with again, and then set down upon a reservation, half captive, half protege. What could an Indian, simple thinking and direct of mind, make of all this? To us it might give rise to a deprecatory smile. To him it must have seemed the systematized malevolence of a cynical civilization. And if this perplexed individual sought solace in a bottle of whisky or followed after some daring and visionary Medicine Man who promised a way out of a hopeless maze, can we wonder?

Manifestly the Indian has been confused in his thought because we have been confused in ours. It has been difficult for Uncle Sam to regard the Indian as enemy, national menace, prisoner of war, and babe in arms all at the same time. The United States may be open to the charge of having treated the Indian with injustice, of having broken promises and sometimes neglected an unfortunate people, but we may plead by way of confession and avoidance that we did not mark for ourselves a clear course, and so, "like bats that fly at noon," we have "spelled out our paths in syllables of pain."

--Excerpt from annual report 1914



THERE are lots, lots--yes lots of 'em--western writers, painters, scenario fixers, Broncho Jims, Buffalo Mikes, Trapper Bills, fancy ropers, broncho busters, and wo'rl wid out finish, but how many of them know? Of painters we are thinking right now, and it seems to us that a good many of them show by their work that they may have gotten as far west as, say, Chicago, where a wide rimmed hat is sometimes seen in and around the stock yards. However some of them have really been out west and now and then one has been found that was of the west. Mr. (the mister sounds strange out here) E. W. Gollings, Bill for short, was born in Idaho, punched cows in Montana and Wyoming, wrangled horses and has ridden over miles of range land that has given him an intimate knowlege of the land of his choice. He commenced on his work of painting while a "kid" on the range and his work has that genuineness about it that only one who knows can put into any canvas and make it fairly breathe the truth of the west. His drawing--the frontispiece--is fairly representative of his black and white work. His portrayal of the old "squaw-man" of the early days is not at all imaginative, he has seen them, and known them, altho today they have almost passed from view. When you come to Sheridan, you will find a display of his paintings and probably meet the old boy "his-self."



Here's a deep one, get the rope: Why is a Crow? Caws.



If they could buy scalper's tickets perhaps the Iudians would travel more on the railroads.



Of all the cow-boy poets, which one is the poet Lariat?



Western professions: Cow-puncher, Horse-wrangler, Tin-horn, Mule-skinner, Bull-wacker, Sheep-herder, Dude-rancher. This is the life, come west young man.



No, dear tenderfoot, "pulling leather" and "jerking beef" is not the same thing.



In all the West there is no place like the Sheridan country.



NAVAJO BLANKETS are the most generally liked of all work of the Indians. It is useless to try to describe them here as they are now so well known, and so much has been written about them by those who know and many who do not know. However, let me state right here that of all the "bunk" written about imitation Navajos, I have yet to see or hear of one that has ever been known of or seen by a collector or dealer. They are all genuine, whether in my stock or that of any competitor. The value is always in the color scheme, the design, the weave and rarity.

We have an especially desirable lot at this time and would be pleased to have you write us stating about what your wants are, and to send the nearest we have for your inspection.

**HERBERT COFFEEN,**

"At the Sign of the Teepee"

Sheridan, Wyoming.



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