

The Chemawa American

Printed at Chemawa, Oregon, and Devoted to the Interests of Indian Education

3 MAY 8

Vol. XXVIII

Wednesday, October 13, 1926 COPY - 1956

No. 4

EAR-EATER, OR HOW THE WILDCAT LOST HIS SMELL

The following interesting "Indian Story" was written by Charles DePoe of our English class—read it:

Once upon a time there lived a great big panther in a forest. This panther was the king of that part of the land. He was very mean to all his brother animals. When he was hungry he would go out and kill a deer and eat it, but he always threw the ears away. These ears would decay and smell.

A wildcat that was hungry and one day looking about for something to eat came upon the camp of the panther. This wildcat sniffed around and found the ears, which the panther had thrown away; and being very hungry, he ate them, although they made him awfully sick and made his breath very offensive. After that his only food was these cast-away ears. He soon became acquainted with the panther and was a servant of his.

The deer decreased in number until the buck, the boss of his people, called a meeting. Deer came from all over the land to this big meeting. The meeting was very exciting. The big buck told them that the meeting was called to see what could be done about the panther killing all the deer. They decided that they would have to stop him or kill him. They were all in favor of killing him, but the wildcat always kept watch during the night to warn the panther of any danger and they were afraid that if they attempted to kill the panther that many deer and maybe all would be killed. At this meeting the deer named the wildcat "ear-eater." The deer thought that the scream of the panther was half of his strength and were deathly afraid of him for that reason, and felt that if they could only deprive him of this scream they would no longer fear him. The deer planned to kill the panther by cutting out his diaphragm. At night when the time came to go to the place of the king, all went ahead to kill the panther except a few that stayed behind to build a fire so that they might celebrate afterwards.

It happened that the ear-eater was away that night, so the deer had no trouble in getting into the panther's camp.

They stole their way through the bushes and trees

as quietly as they could and had the camp surrounded so they could give warning if the ear-eater was returning.

One big buck and two small ones, all very strong and quick, left the ring that surrounded the camp, and went on their deadly mission to the panther's sleeping place. They arrived at the opening and very quietly entered. All the deer on the outside felt tense while waiting for the outcome. After a little time, they heard a sharp cry of agony, and soon after the deer ran out and the big buck had something in his right front foot. He gave the signal of victory and all turned and ran to the fire to celebrate.

Far away in the darkness and gloom of the night, little ear-eater was straying about with his head down, when the call of his pain-stricken master came to his ears. He stopped, waited for the second call, as he was not sure it was his master. The call came, just as a clear note would from a horn. Ear-eater swung around and headed full speed toward his master's call for help. In a very short time he was there ready to help his master.

"Go to the place where they have my diaphragm and get it—hurry or I will die." Little ear-eater said nothing but was away to the place where the diaphragm of his master was being stamped upon. Ear-eater slowly crawled up to the edge of a little opening in the forest and saw the deer dancing and every once and a while all would yell, sing, and dance with all the spirit possible and start throwing the diaphragm about.

Back in the forest the panther was slowly losing strength. Every time the deer would throw his diaphragm around it would take some of his strength away, and he thought that if ear-eater did not come quickly he should surely die.

Meanwhile, ear-eater was doing his best in watching for a chance to snatch the diaphragm. The deer were dancing hard and were going to throw the "life" of the panther into the fire. Ear-eater crawled too near to the deer and was seen, and after being discovered he entered the circle and dodged around and finally snatched the diaphragm without being hurt.

The deer yelled that ear-eater had it. They started

(Continued on page 4)