

Cassie Edwards Novels: Tracking the Similarities in Various Passages to Passages Found in Other Books

This is the bit where we answer some basic questions:

What's in this document?

This document contains comparisons between the passages in various Cassie Edwards novels and several different books published prior to Edwards' novels. The point is to track the similarities between the passages. All usage is, as far as we know, well within the bounds of fair use under current United States copyright law. The compilation started in January 2008 and was conducted by several different people; if you have a legitimate reason to ask for a detailed list, please contact Candy Tan at candy@smartbitchestrashybooks.com. Apologies in advance for any typos; if you find any spelling errors, it's quite safe to assume they're ours, since we had to transcribe a lot of text.

This document will be revised from time to time as more information comes to light. Please check the revision number and date at the bottom of the document, as well as the Change Log located on Page 2 of this document.

Books are grouped by publisher (Penguin Group, followed by Dorchester, followed by Kensington, followed by Harlequin) and are listed in reverse chronological order within the group (i.e., newest first). Links to source material are provided whenever possible.

How did we conduct our research?

We searched for key words in suspicious passages using search engines (read: we Googled) and didn't bother to go beyond that, since our time for this is rather limited—we're all working full-time (whether in or outside the home) or going to school full-time. So bear in mind that this document essentially establishes the floor for these incidences.

Who are you?

Sarah works in New York City; Candy is a law student in Portland, OR. Together, they run a romance blog, [Smart Bitches Who Love Trashy Books](#). The other people who helped with this document are various readers who volunteered their services when the story broke.

Who do we contact if we have any questions or corrections to make to this document?

E-mail Candy: candy@smartbitchestrashybooks.com or Sarah: sarah@smartbitchestrashybooks.com.

Change Log

The Change Log lists all the Edwards novels covered in this document as well as the sources linked to the individual novels. Newest updates are listed first.

As of 1/13/2008, the following changes were made:

More examples were added to the table for *Savage Obsession* (Kensington, 1983), and similarities to "Hiawatha" by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow were recorded.

As of 1/13/2008, the following books were added:

1. *Savage Hope* (Leisure 2004): University of Washington Photo Archives; the website for the Makah Nation (<http://www.makah.com>).
2. *Touch the Wild Wind* (Leisure, 1997): *The Fatal Shore* by Robert Hughes; *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*.
3. *Savage Honor* (Leisure, 2001): *Seneca Myths and Folk Tales* by Arthur Caswell Parker; *Red Jacket: Seneca Chief* by Arthur Caswell Parker
4. *Savage Dream* (Leisure, 1990): *Laughing Boy* by Oliver La Farge; *Lost New Orleans* by Mary Cable; *The Indians' Book* by Natalie Curtis; *The New Encyclopaedia Britannica*; *The Arizona Quarterly*.
5. *Passion's Embrace* (Harlequin Historical, 1990): *Green Timber: On The Flood Tide To Fortune In The Great Northwest* by Thomas Emerson Ripley; *This Land Around Us: A Treasury Of Pacific Northwest Writing* edited by Ellis Lucia; *Northwest Gateway: The Story Of The Port Of Seattle* by Archie Binns.

As of 1/11/2008, this document tracks:

Shadow Bear (Signet, 2007): *Land of the Spotted Eagle* by Luther Standing Bear; *Crazy Horse: Strange Man of the Oglalas* by Mari Sandoz; "Toughing it Out in the Badlands" by Paul Tolme.

Running Fox (Signet, 2006): *Indian Boyhood* by Charles Alexander Eastman; *Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society* by the Minnesota Historical Society

Night Wolf (Signet, 2003): *Big Bear: The End of Freedom* by Hugh Aylmer Dempsey

Wild Ecstasy (Topaz, 1992): *Woodleaf Legacy: The Story of a California Gold Rush Town* by Rosemarie Mossinger; *Tales of the Northwest* by William J. Snelling; *Lights and Shadows of American Life* by Mary Russell Mitford

Savage Beloved (Leisure, 2006): *Caddoan Texts: Pawnee, South Band Dialect* by Gene Weltfish; *The Mythology of the Wichita* by George Amos Dorsey; *Indian Boyhood* by Charles Alexander Eastman

Savage Longings (Leisure, 1997): *The Cheyenne Indians: Their History and Ways of Life* by George Bird Grinnell;

Savage Obsession (Zebra, 1983): *Lady Unafraid* by Joseph Raleigh Nelson; *Chippewa Customs* by Frances Densmore

The Books Published by The Penguin Group

<p><i>Shadow Bear</i> (2007, ISBN 978-0-451-22174-2, Signet)</p>	<p>Source Material</p>
<p>"In my vision, I also saw the fields of sunflowers that are beloved by our Lakota people all scorched, the flowers no longer able to reach their faces toward the sun. I saw buffalo trapped amid flames."</p> <p>She paused, swallowed hard, then said, "The sunflower and buffalo are two beloved symbols of our Lakota people. The sun is essential to all health and life. In spring, summer, and winter, rays are welcome. In the spring, its warmth brings forth new grass; in summer its heat cures the skins, dries the meat, and preserves food for storage. The buffalo are all and everything to the existence of the Lakota."</p> <p>p. 6-7</p>	<p>So the sunflower and the buffalo were two beloved symbols of the Lakota. So first, last, and throughout existence, the Lakota knew that the sun was essential to health and to all life. In spring, summer, and winter its rays were welcome. In the spring its warmth brought forth new grass; in the summer its heat cured the skins, dried the meat, and preserved food for storage, and in the winter the Lakotas bathed their bodies in the sunshine, stripping themselves just as they did to bathe in the streams.</p> <p>Standing Bear, Luther. <i>Land of the Spotted Eagle</i>. University of Nebraska Press, 2006. ISBN: 080329333X</p> <p>p.49 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Ajq7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PPA49,M1</p>
<p>He rode from the village, a sadness grabbing at his heart. After a while he saw several buffalo wandering through a field of sunflowers, lolling their heads as they walked. Loving the sunflowers so much, some of the animals had uprooted the plants and had wound them about their necks, letting sprays dangle from their horns.</p> <p>p. 10-11</p>	<p>And strange it is, but the buffalo loved the simple and odorless sunflower just as did the Lakota. These great beasts wandered through the sunflower fields, wallowing their heads among them. Sometimes they uprooted the plants and wound them about their necks, letting sprays dangle from their left horns.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p.49 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Ajq7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PPA49,M1</p>
<p>She knew now that meat was the main article of food for the Lakota. It was their staff of life and eaten at all meals. p. 148</p>	<p>Meat was the main article of food, the staff of life, eaten at all meals and in all seasons.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 53 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Ajq7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PP53,M1</p>

<p>Soup was their universal dish. She had enjoyed all the varieties of meat, corn, and even squash as big as the paunch of a buffalo, all very sweet from the hot ashes of the fire. p. 148</p>	<p>Whether meat was fresh or dry, it was usually boiled, for soup was the universal dish of the Lakota, being liked by young, middle-aged, and old. <i>Id.</i>, p. 54 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Aig7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PPA54.M1</p>
<p>Shiona had watched as the intestines of a buffalo that one warrior had chanced to find were thoroughly cleaned by his wife, looped over the end of a stick and roasted to a crispy brown over the hot outdoor fire. Another woman had made her meat more enticing, their strips having been braided and looped in a chain stitch before putting it in the flames of the fire for roasting. p. 147-48</p>	<p>The intestines of the buffalo were thoroughly cleaned, looped over the end of a stick, and roasted to a crispy brown over a hot coal fire, or again, as if to make this good dish more enticing, the strips were braided or looped in chain-stitch before putting over the fire. <i>Id.</i>, p. 54 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Aig7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PPA54.M1</p>
<p>Shiona had grimaced at learning that the brains of animals were used to thicken soup, and that tripe, either boiled or roasted, was a favorite dish. p. 148</p>	<p>Brains were used to thicken the soup, and tripe, either boiled or roasted, was a favorite dish. <i>Id.</i>, p. 54 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Aig7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PPA54.M1</p>

<p>"This was the most welcome season of the year... their fruit season. Chokeberries, grapes, plums, currants, strawberries, and gooseberries grew plentiful in the woods and alongside the river and streams.</p> <p>One of the first fruits to ripen was the <i>wazusteca</i>, strawberries.</p> <p>Then the wild plums would ripen and fall to the ground. The women would gather them, dry them, and put them in storage for winter food.</p> <p>Later, in the fall, after the first frost, the fruit of the wild rose would turn red and make a delicious food, sweet raw or cooked.</p> <p>p. 8</p>	<p>The most welcome season of the year was the fruit season when the chokeberry, grape, plum, currant, strawberry and gooseberry all grew plentifully in the woods along the streams. We feasted on these delicious fruits, sharing them with the bears, raccoons, muskrats, and beavers. The coyote even ate the wild plums that ripened and fell to the ground. The women gathered these fruits and dried them, putting them in storage for winter food. One of the first fruits of the year to ripen was the <i>wazusteca</i>, or strawberry, while very soon after came the wild currant... The fruit of the wild rose, which turned red in the late fall after the first frost, made a delicious food. It was very sweet either raw or cooked.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p.59 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Ajq7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PPA59,M1</p>
<p>"You do have much to learn, but not all sexually," Shadow Bear said. He reached for one of her hands as the fire burned softly in the fire pit. "As one of my people, you will learn that every day begins with a salute to the sun, and as a bringer of light, it is recognized whether its face is visible or whether it is hidden by a clouded sky."</p> <p>p. 198-99</p>	<p>Every day for the Lakota began with a salute to the sun, and as a bringer of light, it was recognized, whether its face was visible or whether it was hidden by a clouded sky.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 47 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Ajq7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PPA47,M1</p>

<p>"That is because there is no kneeling, nor words spoken, nor hands raised, but in every Lakota heart there is just a thought of tribute," Shadow Bear proudly explained.</p> <p>He turned to her so that their eyes met. "You will learn that no assembly of our people is required for that tribute, either. Each and every person, on his own account, holds his own moment of worship." p. 199</p>	<p>There was no kneeling, no words were spoken, and no hands were raised, but in every heart was just a thought of a tribute. No assembly ceremonies were held in the morning, each and every person on his own account holding his moment of worship.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 47 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Aig7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PPA47,M1</p>
<p>He nodded toward the closed entrance flap. "Outside, you will notice that further recognition is given the sun by the erection of the Lakota village with every tepee door facing the east," he said. p. 199</p>	<p>Further recognition was given the sun by the erection of the villages with every tipi door facing the east.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 47 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Aig7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PPA47,M1</p>

<p>"The arrows used to wound my brother and that took your loved ones from you were not made from this shrub. Our Lakota hunting arrows are made with its three feathers and finished with the down that comes from under the tail feathers of a bird."</p> <p>He drew his hand from her. "The two red wavering lines, the symbol of lightning, are always painted from the feathered end and halfway to the arrow tip." p. 213</p> <p>"The arrow I described is mainly used for hunting. That is the reason the arrow is grooved to the tip. That allows the blood to flow free from the body of the downed animal, thereby humanely hastening death." p. 215</p>	<p>The best specimen of Lakota hunting arrow had three feathers finished with a fluff of down that came from under the tail feathers of the bird. Two red wavering lines, the symbol of lightning, were painted from the feathered end halfway to the arrow tip, but grooved the rest of the way to the tip so as to allow the blood to flow freely from the body of the animal, thereby hastening death.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 20 http://books.google.com/books?id=-Aig7FRiISIC&printsec=frontcover#PPA20.M1</p>
<p>"A bright painted lodge, fine blankets, stacks of beadwork and plush robes and food speak of good living," he said, taking her by an elbow, ushering her inside the tepee. "This is all yours." p. 202</p>	<p>"And to those from the southern camps, the new, bright-painted lodges, the many good bows and guns, the fine blankets, and the stacks of beadwork in almost every lodge spoke of good living."</p> <p>Sandoz, Mari. <i>Crazy Horse: Strange Man of the Oglalas</i>. University of Nebraska Press, 2004. ISBN: 0803293194 p. 128 http://books.google.com/books?id=QIUMyb8ivb0C&printsec=frontcover#PPA128.M1</p>

<p>"In their own way, they are a peaceful enough animal," Shadow Bear said... "They are so named because of their dark legs." "They are so small, surely weighing only about two pounds and measuring two feet from tip to tail," Shiona said. "While alone in my father's study one day, after seeing a family of ferrets from afar in the nearby woods, I took one of my father's books from his library and read up on them. They were an interesting study. I discovered they are related to minks and otters. It is said that their closest relations are European ferrets and Siberian polecats. Researchers theorize that polecats crossed the land bridge that once linked Siberia and Alaska, to establish the New World population." p. 220</p>	<p>"Black-footed ferrets, so-named because of their dark legs, weigh about two pounds and measure two feet from tip to tail. Related to mink and otters, they are North America's only native ferret (and a different species than the ferrets kept as pets). Their closest relatives are European ferrets and Siberian polecats. Researchers theorize polecats crossed the land bridge that once linked Siberia and Alaska to establish the New World population."</p> <p>Tolme, Paul. "Toughing it Out in the Badlands," <i>Defenders Magazine</i>, Summer 2005. http://www.defenders.org/newsroom/defenders_magazine/summer_2005/toughing_it_out_in_the_badlands.php</p>
<p>"What I have observed of them, myself, is that these tiny animals breed in early spring when the males roam the night in search of females," Shadow Bear said, watching as the last of the ferrets bounded off and disappeared amid the bushes away from where they had first been spotted. "Mothers typically give birth to three kits in early summer and raise their young alone in abandoned prairie dog burrows." p. 220-221</p>	<p>"The animals breed in March and April, when males roam the night in search of females. Mothers typically give birth to three kits in June, and raise their young alone in abandoned prairie dog burrows."</p> <p><i>Id.</i></p>
<p>"I read that ferrets stalk and kill prairie dogs during the night. Using their keen sense of smell and whiskers to guide them through pitch-black burrows, ferrets suffocate the sleeping prey, an impressive feat considering the two species are about the same weight," Shiona said, shivering at the thought, for to her one animal was as cute and precious as the next. It was a shame that any had to die to sustain the other. p. 221</p>	<p>"Ferrets stalk and kill prairie dogs during the night. Using their keen sense of smell and whiskers to guide them through pitch-black burrows, ferrets clamp a suffocation bite on their sleeping prey -- an impressive feat, considering that the two species are about the same weight."</p> <p><i>Id.</i></p>

"In turn, coyotes, badgers, and owls prey on ferrets, whose life span in the wild is often less than two winters," Shadow Bear explained. "They have a short, quick life." p. 221

Coyotes, badgers and owls in turn prey on ferrets, whose lifespan in the wild is often less than two years. "It's a tough and quick life," Livieri says.

Id.

<p>Running Fox (2006, ISBN 0-451-21996-1, Signet)</p>	<p>Source Material</p>
<p>“There are small cakes made from berries of all kinds that are gathered by my people’s women, then dried in the sun. The dried foods are used in soups, to, and for mixing with the pounded jerked meat and fat to form a much prized delicacy.”</p> <p>He saw her eyes move to the vegetables. “You can eat a strip of teepsinna. It is starchy but solid, with a sweetish taste.” He smiled as his eyes dropped to her waist, and then he gazed into her eyes again. “It is also fattening.”</p> <p>“What else is on the platter?” Nancy asked, still hesitant about what to eat and ignoring what he had said about one vegetable being fattening.</p> <p>“There is also some wild sweet potato, which is found in the riverbeds....”</p> <p>“Tiny mice gather wild beans for their winter use,” Running Fox said, smiling slowly at her reaction. “The storehouses for these beans, made by the animals, are under a peculiar mound which the untrained eye is unable to distinguish from an anthill. There are many pockets underneath, into which the animals gather their harvest. Usually in the month that white people call September, a woman comes upon a suspected mound, usually by accident. The heel of her moccasin might cause a place to give way on the mound. She then settles down to rob the poor mice of the fruits of their labor.”</p>	<p>After all, the wild Indians could not be justly termed improvident, when their manner of life is taken into consideration. They let nothing go to waste, and labored incessantly during the summer and fall to lay up provision for the inclement season. Berries of all kinds were industriously gathered, and dried in the sun. Even the wild cherries were pounded up, stones and all, made into small cakes and dried for use in soups and for mixing with the pounded jerked meat and fat to form a much-prized Indian delicacy.</p> <p>Out on the prairie in July and August the women were wont to dig teepsinna with sharpened sticks, and many a bag full was dried and put away. This teepsinna is the root of a certain plant growing mostly upon high sandy soil. It is starchy but solid, with a sweetish taste, and is very fattening....</p> <p>There was another root that our people gathered in small quantities. It is a wild sweet potato, found in bottom lands or river beds.</p> <p>The primitive housekeeper exerted herself much to secure a variety of appetizing dishes; she even robbed the field mouse and the muskrat to accomplish her end. The tiny mouse gathers for her winter use several excellent kinds of food. Among these is a wild bean which equals in flavor any domestic bean that I have ever tasted. Her storehouse is usually under a peculiar mound, which the untrained eye would be unable to distinguish from an ant-hill. There are many pockets underneath, into which she industriously gathers the harvest of the summer.</p> <p>She is fortunate if the quick eye of a native woman does not detect her hiding-place. About the month of September, while traveling over the prairie, a woman is occasionally observed to halt suddenly and waltz around a suspected mound. Finally the pressure of her heel causes a place to give way, and she settles contentedly down to rob the poor mouse of the fruits of her labor.</p> <p>Eastman, Charles Alexander. <i>Indian Boyhood</i>. McClure, Phillips & Co, 1902. p. 237-239 http://books.google.com/books?id=kvleZaVYcEwC&printsec=toc#PPA237,M1</p>

p. 94-95	
<p>“I shall begin by explaining my people’s religion to you. The religion of the Lakota consists principally, but not wholly, in the worship of visible things of this world, animate and inanimate. We know of a god and a devil. We call the god Wakantanka....” p. 173-174</p> <p>“Our people’s chief object of worship is Unkteri, the mammoth. We have pieces of the bones of the mammoth in our possession.... The species of mammoth that we worship resembles the buffalo or ox but is of more enormous size than those that wander the earth today. Since it so much exceeded other animals in size, it was only natural that we Lakota adopted it as our chief god. To his worship, our most solemn religious festivals are dedicated....</p> <p>Even I have found fossil bones, as a young brave.... I found them at the bottom of a river when I went there during water challenges. Those bones are highly prized for magical powers....”</p> <p>“His Lakota people concluded that unkteri’s dwellings were in the water.” p. 175</p>	<p>The religion of the Dakotas consisted principally but not wholly in the worship of visible things of this world animate and inanimate. Their chief object of worship was Unkteri the mammoth though they held many erroneous opinions concerning that extinct species of elephant and did not know that the race was extinct. They had seen bones of the mammoth pieces of which they had in their possession and they were too well acquainted with comparative anatomy not to know that it was a quadruped. They described the species as resembling the buffalo or ox but of enormous size. As they worshipped many other animals it was natural that the mammoth which so much exceeded the others in size should be adopted as their chief god.</p> <p>To his worship their most solemn religious festivals were dedicated. They supposed that the race was still in existence and as they were not seen on land and their bones were found in low and wet places they concluded that their dwelling was in the water. Their bones were highly prized for magical powers and were perhaps as valuable to them as relics of a saint are to a devout Catholic. A Dakota told me that he had discovered some of the fossil bones in the lake opposite Shakopee but was unable to raise them without some boat larger than a canoe.</p> <p>Minnesota Historical Society. <i>Collections of the Minnesota Historical Society.</i> Minnesota Historical Society, 1908. p. 403 http://books.google.com/books?id=5_ACuSzf_HwC&printsec=titlepage#PPA403,M1</p>

<i>Night Wolf</i> (2003, ISBN 0451210786, Signet)	Source Material
<p>That first winter as Night Wolf's wife, she had learned that winter and blizzards were as much a part of the Indian's life as were the pleasant days of summer. ... They often gathered around fires, drinking broth made from buffalo marrow as stories were told and warriors reminisced.</p> <p>As the men talked, the women would repair their husbands' leather shirts, finish some intricate quillwork on a dress or moccasins, or teach a girl child a variety of beadwork stitches. When the people ran short of firewood, the young braves would collect buffalo chips. The chips often burned too quickly unless their mothers had a bit of fat to suspend above the fire to slowly drip onto the dung, making it last longer and create better heat. Marissa was surprised that on the coldest mornings, Night Wolf would strip to his breechclout and go outside to rub snow on his body.</p> <p>Trim, fit, and hardened by a life in the outdoors, Night Wolf had adjusted long ago to the cold and could easily withstand the rigors of the trail.</p> <p>p. 328</p>	<p>Inside his lodge, Big Bear relaxed and waited. Winter and blizzards were as much a part of his life as the pleasant days of summer. At times like this, a man could visit with his friends, tell stories and reminisce about the glories of hunting and war. A woman could finish some intricate quillwork on a pair of moccasins, repair her husband's leather shirt or teach a girl child a variety of beadwork stitches. When they were running short of firewood, the younger girls ventured from the lodge to collect buffalo chips. These burned quickly, too quickly, but if their mother had a bit of fat, she could suspend it above the fire so that it slowly dripped on the dung, making it last longer and creating a better heat. ...Even on the coldest mornings, some of the men insisted on stripping to their breechcloths and going outside to rub snow over their bodies. Trim, fit and hardened by a life in the outdoors, they adjusted to the cold so that they could more easily withstand the rigours of the trail.</p> <p>Dempsey, Hugh Aylmer. <i>Big Bear: The End of Freedom</i>. Douglas & McIntyre, 1984. p. 49 http://books.google.com/books?id=oF4iAAAAMAAJ (NOTE: This book is currently under copyright and therefore the preview on Google is very limited; however, you can verify these results by entering the sentences into the search engine.)</p>

Wild Ecstasy (1992, ISBN 0451403061, Topaz)	Source Material
<p>"No-din, we Chippewa are constantly aware of the need of conservation," Nee-kah said, quickly wrenching Mariah from her thoughts. "When we gather roots, some plants are left for seed. Earth is mother, who furnishes the food, and we Chippewa are considerate not to leave her scarred." [...] "A few berries are always left on bushes for birds and squirrels and other animals," she further explained. "We never forget that the animals are the future food for our people." p. 110-111</p>	<p>"Our people were constantly aware of the need for conservation. In gathering roots some plants were left for seed and the disturbed ground was always leveled off. Earth was mother, who furnished the food, and we were considerate not to leave her scarred. A few berries were left on bushes for birds and squirrels and other animals, not only for their own sakes, but because they too were future food for the people."—Chankutpan</p> <p>Mossinger, Rosemarie. <i>Woodleaf Legacy: The Story Of A California Gold Rush Town</i>. Carl Mautz Publishing, 1995. ISBN: 096219404 p. 5 http://books.google.com/books?id=UAMrAEhx_oC&printsec=frontcover#PPA5,M1 (NOTE: This book is not the original source material for this quote; it was cited in the book and what turned up in the Google search.)</p>
<p>"I cannot see, but on my father's grave marker should be emblazoned his ranks and achievements," he said, reaching to run his fingers across the engraved letterings. "Also there should be three black emblems posted there, representing the three scalps that he had taken from evil white men." p. 136</p>	<p>At the head of the grave was planted a cedar post, on which the rude heraldry of the natives had emblazoned the rank and achievements of the deceased. Three black emblems represented three American scalps.</p> <p>Snelling, William J. <i>Tales of the Northwest</i>. Rowman & Littlefield, 1975. ISBN: 0808404180 p. 177 http://books.google.com/books?id=-YNbnJ3x4q0C&printsec=frontcover#PPA177,M1</p>
<p>Its stem was three feet long, ornamented with eagle feathers, porcupine quills, and human hair that had been dyed red, which had been taken from the scalp of the enemy of the Chippewa--the Sioux. p. 188</p>	<p>The speaker then produced a red, stone pipe, with a stem three feet long, curiously ornamented with eagle feathers, porcupine quills, and human hair dyed red, which had been taken from the scalp of a Dahcotah.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 82. http://books.google.com/books?id=-YNbnJ3x4q0C&printsec=frontcover#PPA82,M1</p>
<p>In the red stone bowl he sprinkled tobacco from its pouch--a mixture of tobacco and the dried and pulverized inner bark of the red willow, known to the Indians as kinikinik... p. 187</p>	<p>He filled it with a mixture of tobacco, and the dried and pulverized inner bark of the red willow; which compound is called kinnikkinik in the Chippeway tongue.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 82. http://books.google.com/books?id=-YNbnJ3x4q0C&printsec=frontcover#PPA82,M1</p>

<p>They were large and strongly built, flat-bottomed, and pointed at both ends to ascend and descend dangerous rapids. p. 229</p>	<p>It is a large, strong built, flat-bottomed boat, pointed at both ends, and peculiarly adapted to the Indian trade; in which it is often necessary to ascend and descend dangerous rapids.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 178. NOTE: Google Books does not provide this page as part of its limited preview, but if you copy and paste the entire sentence into the search engine, you should be able to see the sentence, and it cites to that page.</p>
<p>Mariah was stunned by the grandeur of the falls, the river there no more than half a mile wide, breaking into sheets of foam and rushing to the pitch over a steeply inclined plan.</p> <p>The falls themselves, she noticed, were not high--the rock face broken and irregular. Huge slabs of rock lay scattered below, in wild disorder. Some stood on their edges, leaning against the ledge from which they had broken. Some lay piled upon each other in the water, in random confusion.</p> <p>A long, narrow island divided the falls nearly in the middle. The eastern fall was not perpendicular, but broken into three distinct leaps, below which the twisting and swirling eddies threatened destruction to any living thing that entered them.</p> <p>On the western side, in the boiling rapids below, a few rods from the fall, lay an island-rising steeply from the waters and covered with forest trees. p. 224</p>	<p>There is nothing of the grandeur or sublimity which the eye aches to behold at Niagara, about the falls of St. Anthony. But, in wild and picturesque beauty, it is perhaps unequalled. Flowing over a tract of country five hundred miles in extent, the river, here more than half a mile wide, breaks into sheets of foam, and rushes to the pitch over a strongly inclined plane. The fall itself is not high, we believe only sixteen feet perpendicular, but its face is broken and irregular. Huge slabs of rock lie scattered below, in wild disorder. Some stand on their edges, leaning against the ledge from which they have been disunited. Some lie piled upon each other in the water, in inimitable confusion. A long, narrow island divides the fall nearly in the middle. Its eastern side is not perpendicular, but broken into three distinct leaps, below which the twisting and twirling eddies threaten destruction to any living thing that enters them. On the western side, in the boiling rapids below, a few rods from the fall, stands a little island, of a few yards area, rising steep from the waters, and covered with forest trees.</p> <p>Mitford, Mary Russell. <i>Lights and Shadows of American Life</i>. H. Colburn and R. Bentley, 1832. p. 162-163 http://books.google.com/books?id=Sxo1AAAAMAAJ&printsec=titlepage#PPA162,M1</p>

He watched breathlessly as his eyes suddenly cleared to see a snow-white doe followed by a fawn of the same color. [...]
The creatures were there so suddenly, it seemed that they had come out of the water!

Echohawk slowly pushed himself up to a standing position and stood rooted to the ground, never taking his eyes off the beautiful animals. And he, who had never feared the face of man, was trembling like an aspen with terror!

The animals, seemingly unaware of Echohawk's presence, advanced slowly toward him, and passed so near that he might have touched them with his hand. But transfixed by wonder, he did not attempt it.

Slowly he turned and watched them as they ascended the bank, soon losing sight of them.
p. 146

A strange occurrence roused him from his reverie. A snow-white doe, followed by a fawn of the same colour, came suddenly within the sphere of his vision ; so suddenly, that they seemed to him to come out of the water. Such a sight had never before been seen by any of his tribe. He stood rooted to the ground. He who had never feared the face of man trembled like an aspen with superstitious terror. The animals, regardless of his presence, advanced slowly towards him, and passed so near that he might have touched them with his gun. They ascended the bank, and he lost sight of them.

Id., p. 169

<http://books.google.com/books?id=Sxo1AAAAMAAJ&printsec=titlepage#PPA169,M1>

The Books Published by Dorchester

<p>Savage Beloved (2006, ISBN 0843952733, Leisure Books)</p>	<p>Source Material</p>
<p>"There is an ancient legend telling that when the plants fail to come up, the Wichita people will cease to exist." [...]</p> <p>"When the first shoot of corn comes up, an old woman goes there to perform a rite of thanksgiving over the plant," he said. "She rubs the plant with her hands in blessing, saying, 'Oh, big bow,' which means corn stalk. Then she rubs a baby with her hands in a similar fashion, passing on the blessing from the plant to the child."</p> <p>He paused, smiled at Candy, then said, "Everyone is happy at the sight of the first plant." p.84</p>	<p>When the first shoot comes up an old woman goes there to perform a rite of thanksgiving over the plant. She rubs the plant with her hands in blessing, saying, "Oh, big bow." Then directly she rubs the baby with her hands in a similar manner, passing on the blessing from the plant to the child. Everyone is happy at the sight of the first plant. There is an ancient legend that states that when the plants fail to come up, we will all cease to exist.</p> <p>Weltfish, Gene. <i>Caddoan Texts: Pawnee, South Band Dialect</i>. G.E. Stechert & Co., 1937. p. 39 http://books.google.com/books?id=M6carBAX3OAC&pgis=1 (NOTE: This book is only available via limited preview; however, you can verify these results by entering the sentences into the search engine.)</p>
<p>Each was emptying her bag, dumping the corn into one big heap. The pile soon became so high that it looked as if wagons had been used to haul it instead of the simple carrying bags.</p> <p>"The next step is to build a long, narrow ditch with mud embankments along each side against which to lean the corn," Two Eagles explained. [...]</p> <p>"They will build a big fire and throw the ears into it," Two Eagles said. "The women will take turns reaching their hands in and out of</p>	<p>Then they would dump them into one big heap. The pile would be so high that it looked as if wagons had been used to do the hauling instead of the simple carrying bags. The next step was to build a long narrow ditch with mud embankments along each side against which to lean the corn.</p> <p>Then they would build a big fire and throw the ears of corn into it. One would have to stick one's hand in and out of the flame repeatedly to turn the ears over, but one would never burn oneself. When the wood has burned down the naked ears are roasted in the coals. The corn would be left to roast all night as this gives it a delicious flavor.</p> <p>Kernels from small-grained ears were removed with a knife. Large hide covers were then spread out upon the ground and pegged down tight so that they would be very smooth and upon these the kernels were spread out to dry.</p> <p>When the kernels were dry they were winnowed and put into sacks made of tanned hide. After each sack was full they would beat upon it with a long stick to make sure the grains</p>

the flames to turn the ears over. They are skilled at doing this, and no one ever burns herself. When the wood burns down, the naked ears are left to roast in the coals. Sometimes the ears roast all night, as this gives them a delicious flavor, but today the women will just leave the corn in until the sun begins lowering in the sky. Then whatever husks remain on the corn will be removed and the women will proceed to cut the kernels from the cobs. For this purpose they will use a clam shell, but kernels from small-grained ears are removed with a knife."

[...]

Candy saw some of the women spreading large hide covers over the ground, then pegging them down tight until they were smooth.

[...]

"The kernels of the roasted corn will be spread out there," he said. "The blue corn will be separated into three groups by size, small medium, and large. Then they will be winnowed and put into sacks made of tanned hide. After each sack is full, the women will beat upon it with a long stick to make sure that the grains are settled compactly into the bag. They will place a lid inside the bag and pull the drawstring closed. After all the bags are filled, there will be a big pile of them."

p. 213-214

settled compactly into the bag. Then they would place a lid inside the bag [...] pull the drawstring. After we had filled them there would be a big pile of bags.

Id., p. 40

<p>Still in their pods, the beans had been spread out upon a hide pegged to the ground. When the beans had dried, they were beaten with a stick to release them from the pods. Finally the beans were winnowed and then packed in bags. [...]</p> <p>The first step was to peel the pumpkins. Then some were cut spirally into strips from top to bottom, while others were cut into rings and hung on a cross-pole to dry.</p> <p>After the whole pumpkin had been stripped, there was a disc left at the bottom, which was known as the "Sitting One." The pumpkin pieces were then left to dry for about a day. Afterward, the women gathered again to complete the process. The pumpkin strips were braided and formed into mats, which were left out in the sun to dry.</p> <p>p. 220</p>	<p>The beans in their pods would be spread out upon a hide which was pegged to the ground and when they were dry would be beaten with a stick to release them from the pods. [...]</p> <p>The first step was to peel the pumpkins. Then if it is decided that braided pumpkin mats are to be made, the pumpkins are cut spirally into strips from top to bottom. Other pumpkins are cut into rings and hung on a cross pole to dry. After the whole pumpkin has been stripped there is left a disc at the bottom which is known as "Sitting-one." The pumpkin is then left to dry for about a day when it is in the proper stage for braiding and for the stringing of the bottom discs. After they are braided, the pumpkin mats are left out in the sun to dry.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 40-41</p>
<p>At one side she saw a bed with a mattress made of slender willow rods and coverings of buffalo hide.</p> <p>Hanging down in front of the bed was a long curtain of buffalo hide, which she could tell could be raised or lowered at will. The half-lowered hide seemed to be painted with war scenes.</p> <p>p. 122</p>	<p>The beds consist of mattresses made of slender willow rods and coverings of buffalo hide. Over the bed and hanging down in front, is a long curtain of buffalo hide, which can be raised or lowered at will; this is often painted with war scenes.</p> <p>Dorsey, George Amos. <i>The Mythology of the Wichita</i>. The Carnegie Institution, 1904.</p> <p>p. 5 http://books.google.com/books?id=Jc8MNA7repwC&printsec=toc#PPA5.M1</p>

<p>"The tattoo on my right arm, that mark in the form of a small cross, is a symbol of the stars and represents a well-known mythical hero among the Wichita. He is called Flint-Stone-Lying-Down-Above, which in my language is spoken as Tahanetsicihadidia, the guardian of the warriors." p. 172</p>	<p>On the back of each hand is tattooed a small design resembling the bird's foot. This is made immediately after the boy has killed his first bird. Up and down the arms and across the breast may be found additional marks in the form of a small cross. [...] These crosses are symbols of the stars and represent a well-known mythical hero among the Wichita called "Flint-Stone-Lying-Down-Above" (Tahanetsikihadidia), who, as is told in one of the myths, is one of the guardians of the warriors.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 2 http://books.google.com/books?id=Jc8MNA7repwC&printsec=toc#PPA2,M1</p>
<p>"Three concentric circles are tattooed around one nipple of each Wichita woman. These concentric rings prevent the women's breasts from becoming pendulous in old age." p. 175</p>	<p>The nipple is also tattooed, and around it are three concentric circles. [...] They are also told that the concentric rings about the breasts prevent them from becoming pendulous in old age.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 3 http://books.google.com/books?id=Jc8MNA7repwC&printsec=toc#PPA3,M1</p>
<p>"Four of them represent the four world quarters, or gods, while the upward peak is symbolic of Man-Never-Known-On-Earth, or Kinnekasus, the Creator."</p> <p>He gestured toward the entranceway. "And the door of all homes of my people is placed on the east side so that the sun may look into the lodge as it rises, while the small circular opening overhead is placed there not only for smoke to escape through, but also so that the sun may look into the lodge at noon, and at night, the star gods are thought to pour down their strength into our homes."</p> <p>He then gestured toward the fire pit. "The fire's place in all my people's lodges is considered sacred," he said. "There offerings are made, food is cooked, and medicine is heated." p. 180</p>	<p>The four projecting poles outside stand for the four world quarters or gods, while the upward peak is symbolic of Man-Never-Known-on-Earth (Kinnekasus), the Creator in Wichita mythology. It is said that a door is placed on the east side that the sun may look into the lodge as it rises, and that the west door is so placed that the sun may look in as it sets, while through the small circular opening overhead the sun may look in at noon. The south door is still retained that the god of the south wind may enter. The fireplace is considered sacred, for here offerings are made, the food is cooked, medicines heated, etc.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 5 http://books.google.com/books?id=Jc8MNA7repwC&printsec=toc#PPA5,M1</p>

<p>"The moon is the special guardian of Wichita women, for the moon is a woman and possesses all the powers that women desire. It was the moon taught the first woman on earth and gave her power. She instructs women as to the time of the monthly sickness, informs them when they are pregnant, and when the child is to be born. She has told them that after birth the child must be offered to her by passing the hands over the child's body and raising it aloft to the moon. At that time the moon is asked to bestow her blessings upon the child, that he or she may grow into power rapidly, for she, herself, has the power to increase rapidly in size." p. 231</p>	<p>The Moon is the special guardian of the women, for she is a woman and possesses all the powers which women desire. She it was who taught the first woman on earth and gave her power. She instructs the women as to the time of the monthly sickness, informs them when they are pregnant, and when the child is to be born, and has told them that after birth the child must be offered to her by passing the hands over the child's body and raising it aloft, offering it to the Moon, at which time she is asked to bestow her blessing upon the child, that he may grow into power rapidly, for she herself has the power to increase rapidly in size.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 19 http://books.google.com/books?id=Jc8MNA7repwC&printsec=toc#PPA19.M1</p>
<p>"That star in the north is known as the 'Ghost-Bear,'" Two Eagles said. "It is said that a man who was traveling in the far north came upon another man who said, 'This is my burial place. I live in the far north. If you accept whatever I offer you, I will give you power. You shall have power over the herbs to cure people, for I am a medicine man. If an accident should happen, or if sickness should arrive, I will give you a way to heal. In your doctoring you should look to the sun, for my powers are derived from him. Before you begin doctoring, offer me smoke.' The man was then informed that it was the Ghost Bear who was talking to him, and upon looking again, he saw that it was a Ghost Bear. The man looked back and the Ghost Bear had become a star."</p>	<p>Next in importance is a star in the north known as the "Ghost-Bear." This star is of comparatively recent origin, for it is said that a certain man who traveled in the far north saw a human being standing before him, who said to him: "This is my burial place. I live in the far north. There I live. Should you like some of my power, and should you accept whatever I offer you I will give you power. You shall have the power over the herbs to cure people, for I am a medicine-man. If an accident should happen, or if sickness should arise, I will give you a way to heal, and in your doctoring you should look to the Sun, for my powers are derived from him. Before you begin doctoring, offer me smoke." Thereupon the man was informed that it was the Ghost-Bear who was talking to him, and upon looking again he saw that it was a Ghost-Bear. The man looked back and the Ghost-Bear had become a star.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 18 http://books.google.com/books?id=Jc8MNA7repwC&printsec=toc#PPA18.M1</p>

"For it is now the Moon of the Strawberries, when bears are seeking green sedges, or roots, anthills, and berries, and when buffalo sharpen and polish their horns for bloody contests among themselves."
p. 179

"I was once an interested and unseen spectator of a contest between a pair of grizzly bears and three buffaloes--a rash act for the bears, for it was in the moon of strawberries, when the buffaloes sharpen and polish their horns for bloody contests among themselves."

Eastman, Charles Alexander. *Indian Boyhood*. McClure, Phillips & Co, 1902.

p. 54

<http://books.google.com/books?id=kyleZaVYcEwC&printsec=toc#PPA54.M1>

Savage Hope (2004, ISBN 0843950544, Leisure Books)	Source Material
<p>He was in his mother's home, a traditional longhouse made of split cedar planks placed horizontally and lashed to upright poles with lengths of twisted cedar withes. p. 24</p>	<p>Traditional Makah houses were constructed of split cedar planks placed horizontally and lashed to upright poles with lengths of twisted cedar rope.</p> <p>http://content.lib.washington.edu/cdm4/item_viewer.php?CISOROOT=/loc&CISOPTR=47&REC=1 (This text comes from a descriptive note on a photograph from the University of Washington website.)</p>
<p>The night before the hunt he and his warriors would sit on the beach in the evening. They would watch the color of the sky and study the direction of the wind. They would listen to the sound of the water.</p> <p>Ah-ha, he and his men would sit on the beach watching these signs, and nobody would be allowed to bother them, for their lives depended on the knowledge they would gather on the evening before their first hunt.</p> <p>They knew how to read the weather. They also knew the position of the stars and moon in each season, and could guide themselves to shore if night fell upon them before they completed the hunt.</p> <p>During the day, natural landmarks helped them to navigate on clear days. They guided themselves by the way two islands lined up with each other, or the disappearance or appearance of certain mountain peaks.</p> <p>If fog came in upon them, his men could steer by the direction of the ocean swells and the feel of the familiar tide rips. Surf breaking against headlands or rocky islets sounded different from waves against sand.</p>	<p>They watched the color of the sky and the direction of the wind, listened to the sound of the water, and noticed how vapors were rising from the earth and laying against the hills. They knew the positions of the stars and moon according to season. Men sat on the beach in the evening and watched these signs and nobody bothered them, for lives depended on this knowledge.</p> <p>Natural landmarks guided navigation on clear days - such as exactly how two islands lined up with each other or with the mainland, and the appearance or disappearance of certain peaks. If fog came in, men could steer by the set of the ocean swells and the feel of familiar tide rips. Surf breaking headlands or rocky islets sounded different than waves against the sand; the call of nesting sea birds characterized certain islands.</p> <p>Makah Cultural and Research Center. "Canoes". From the website of the Makah Nation. http://makah.com/canoes.html</p>

<p>Even the call of nesting seabirds could identify certain islands. p. 151-152</p>	
<p>His warriors paddled slowly and silently as possible toward the spot where the whale had surfaced, then disappeared back into the water.</p> <p>Still paddling silently, the whalers studied the breathing pattern of their quarry. They knew from experience what to expect.</p> <p>As the whale appeared again, spouted and returned underwater, Bright Arrow directed his crew to where it would next surface. Once there, they waited.</p> <p>When the whale rose from the water again, the paddlers held the canoe just to its left, then followed it, their speed matched to the animal's.</p> <p>After going through all the rituals known by many generations of Makah, in order to ready the whale for its arrival on land, the next step was to tow the dead whale home. It was not far, for the spirit of the whale had heeded the Makah's prayers to swim close to their village.</p> <p>With the whale's heavy carcass secured at the side of the canoe, the Makah warriors broke into song to ease the struggle of paddling.</p> <p>The warriors' songs also welcomed the eh-koi-i to the village, as did the songs of Bright Arrow's people, praising the power that made it all possible.</p>	<p>Paddling silently, whalers studied the breathing pattern of their quarry. They knew from experience what to expect. As the whale finished spouting and returned underwater, the leader of the hunt directed the crew to where it would next surface. There the men waited.</p> <p>When the whale rose, the paddlers held the canoe just to its left, their speed matched to the animal's. (...)</p> <p>The next step was to tow the whale home - a distance of only a few miles if its spirit had heeded prayers to swim for the beach, perhaps 10 miles or more if not. (...)</p> <p>Songs eased the paddling. Songs welcomed the whale to the village; welcomed the returning hunters and praised the power that made it all possible.</p> <p>Makah Cultural and Research Center. "Whaling". From the website of the Makah Nation. http://makah.com/whalingtradition.html</p>

<p>Savage Honor by Cassie Edwards (2003, ISBN 0-7862-4782-7, Thorndike Press [Large print edition]. First published 2001, Dorchester)</p>	<p>Source Material</p>
<p>Quite fascinating to her were the garters embroidered with fine applique that he wore just below his knees. He also wore beautiful moccasins of the puckered toe type, with a single seam up the center of the foot. The flaps of the moccasins were embroidered with quillwork, in a running pattern of half circles, and above them were designs that looked like the zodiacal sign of Aries. p. 13-14</p>	<p>Just below each knee is a garter embroidered with a finer applique than the rather coarse quill work. Looking down at his feet you will observe a pair of beautiful moccasins. They are of the puckered toe type, with a single seam up the center of the foot. The flaps of the moccasins are also embroidered with quill work, in a running pattern looking like half circles and above which rise tendril designs,— looking like the zodiacal sign of Aries.</p> <p>Caswell Parker, Arthur. <i>Seneca Myths and Folk Tales</i>. University of Nebraska Press, 1989. ISBN: 0803287232 p. 41 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA41,M1</p>
<p>Myriads of passenger pigeons that flocked in clouds and covered the sky for miles. The birds would soon be nesting in the open woods around the Seneca village, and thousands would be taken for food b the people. Newly prepared fields were springing to life with green acres of corn, beans, sunflowers, and squash. p. 18-19</p>	<p>Otetiani...could not fail to see the myriads of passenger pigeons that flocked in clouds and covered the sky for miles. These would soon be nesting in the open woods, and thousands would be taken for food....Otetiani noted the newly prepared fields, some of them already springing to life with green acres of corn, beans, sunflowers, and squashes.</p> <p>Caswell Parker, Arthur. <i>Red Jacket: Seneca Chief</i>. University of Nebraska Press, 1998. ISBN: 0803287232 p. 65-66 http://books.google.com/books?id=znqoqJj8iPkC&printsec=frontcover#PPA65,M1</p>
<p>Long rows of corn hung along the roof poles that rest just above the edge of the upper platforms. These braids of corn formed curtains that screened off the upper platforms except in places where there were small alcoves that probably held the personal possessions of Shadow Hawk and his father. ...Along another platform on the wall she saw bowls made of bark and wood. p. 112-113</p>	<p>We note with a great deal of interest the long rows of corn placed along the roof poles that rest just above the edge of the upper platforms. These braids of corn form curtains that screen off the upper platforms except in places where there are small openings into which the lodge matrons may thrust their possessions. It is there that they keep their bowls of bark and wood, and also stores of dried food. We are told that there are barrels of bark up there filled with dried and smoked meats of various kinds, also stores of vegetable foods and herbs.</p> <p>Caswell Parker, <i>Seneca Myths and Folk Tales</i> p. 53 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA41,M1</p>

<p>Around the fire were mats woven of corn husk over a warp of twisted elm bark fiber. p. 113</p>	<p>Around the fires are mats woven of corn husk, over a warp of twisted elm bark fiber. <i>Id.</i>, p. 53-54 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA53,M1</p>
<p>“But listen well, Shawndee, when I tell you never again to pry into private things while you are in the Seneca village. To the Seneca such a crime is black as calumny and worse than murder, for it is a violation of our fundamental laws.” p. 135-136</p>	<p>No one, not the owner of the compartment, would ever dare pry beneath that bed. It is a crime as black as calumny and worse than murder, for it is a violation of fundamental laws. <i>Id.</i>, p. 52 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA52,M1</p>
<p>She watched Shadow Hawk use a ladle to dip out the stew into the bowls, and noticed that the ladle appeared to be made of curly maple. It had a dove carved on the long, wide handle. p. 183</p>	<p>The big ladle which we see used to dispense our portion holds a bowlful. It is carved from curly maple and has a dove carved on the upper part of the handle. <i>Id.</i>, p. 54 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA54,M1</p>
<p>... the huge blackened clay pot that hung over the flames. She had heard these pots called <i>gadje pots</i>. They had serrated rims which flared out with designs of parallel lines arranged in triangles. p. 183</p>	<p>One or two have bowls or pots of baked clay... We note that one pot has a serrated rim which flares out, while the other has a tall collar decorated with parallel lines arranged in triangular plats. Very gently do these old folk handle their clay pots which they call “gadje”. <i>Id.</i>, p. 54 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA54,M1</p>
<p>Shadow Hawk noted his father’s long, white flannel overshirt, which was bound with a blue ribbon. It was embroidered richly with colored moose hair. He also wore a <i>gustoweh</i>, a cap of soft doeskin quilled in a herringbone pattern. White down feathers of a heron, drooped from the crest, and the lone feather at the tip was from the tail of a young eagle. Also from the tip rose a little tassel of red moose hair held on by fish glue. Two bags hung from a loop on Purple Cloud’s belt. One bag contained his pipe and tobacco, and the other was filled with lumps that had filled Shadow Hawk with curiosity as a child. But now he knew what those lumps were. They were the trophies that reminded his father of his stories—bear teeth, shells, bark dolls, strings of wampum, bunches of feathers, bits of bark with heiroglyphs. p. 207-208</p>	<p>The story teller wears a long white toga, or overshirt bound with a blue ribbon. It is embroidered richly with colored moose hair. His <i>gustoweh</i> or cap is of soft doeskin quilled in herringbone patterns, and the feathers that droop from the crest spindle are the white down feathers of the heron. The spinning feather at the tip is from the tail of a young eagle and from its tip rose a little tassel of red moose hair held on by fish glue. He has two bags, one containing his pipe and tobacco, and the other filled with mysterious lumps. Just what these are everyone waits patiently to see, for they are the trophies that “remind” him of his stories,—bear teeth, shells, bark dolls, strings of wampum, bunches of feathers, bits of bark with hieroglyphs upon them, and the claws of animals. <i>Id.</i>, p. 50 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA50,M1</p>

<p>...his father's tired old voice began, "<i>Hauh, oneh, djagaondys.</i>" The people responded in unison, "<i>Hauh-oneh.</i>"...Her eyes widened when he plunged a thin, shaky hand into a mysterious-looking bag that hung at his waist, and drew from it a bear's tusk. "<i>Hoh!</i>" he exclaimed as he held the tusk up in the air for all to see. "The bear! ... Seneca children, listen well tonight as I relay to you a tale of <i>Nyagwai</i>, the bear. Do you all wish to hear it?"</p> <p>p. 209-210</p>	<p>Finally he exclaims, "Hauh, oneh, djadaondys," and all the people respond, "Hauh-oneh!" He plunges his hand into his mystery bag and draws forth a bear's tusk. "Hoh!" he says. "The bear! This is a tale of nyagwai. Do you all now listen!"</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 50 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA50,M1</p>
<p>When it was done, the people rose to their feet and began filing past Purple Cloud, each of them giving him a small gift of thanks. She saw that sometimes it was a lone bead, a small round brooch, pinches of native tobacco, a carved nut, a strand of sinew for thread, or a small bag of tobacco.</p> <p>p. 215</p>	<p>Everyone files past the story teller with a small gift;— a brooch, a carved nut, a small bag of tobacco or a strand of sinew for thread. No gift is large and most gifts are pinches of native tobacco.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 51 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA51,M1</p>
<p>The food was served with much grace as one matron ladled steaming hull-corn hominy from a large black kettle over the main fire into neatly carved wooden bowls. Several other women then passed the filled bowls around until everyone had one, as well as a wooden spoon...the next portion of the meal was being offered on small wooden platter for each person. It was a mixture of meats, the most plentiful being roasted venison....A bowl of fat was passed to each person, and then boiled corn bread. As Shawndee watched the people dip the bread into the bowl of fat, she shivered.</p> <p>p. 218-219</p>	<p>The evening meal is now ready and we find that the matron of our fire is dipping our hull-corn hominy. Everybody grabs a bark dish and some take out neatly carved wooden bowls. These are filled with the hominy and the group begins to eat, dipping the steaming corn with wooden spoons of large size. Now comes the meat portion, and each person is given from one to three pounds of roasted venison. This we eat with boiled corn bread, dipping the bread into a bowl of grease that is passed about among us.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 46 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA46,M1</p>

<p>When a matron came and stooped next to Shawndee, holding a box of corn husks, she gazed at them questioningly... “Wipe your fingers with the napkin; then the napkin will be thrown into the fire by the waiting matron,” Shadow Hawk said....She sighed with relief when the main portion of the meal came to a close and a bowl of of <i>onegadaiyeh</i>, “hot fluid,” a fragrant tea made from the tips of hemlock boughs mixed with a dash of sassafras, was given to each individual. p. 220</p>	<p>If our greasy fingers bother us we have a box of corn husks upon which to wipe them. We then cast our “napkins” into the fire. At the close of the meal we receive bowls of “onegadaiyeh,” or hot fluid, which we find to be a fragrant tea made from the tips of hemlock boughs mixed with a dash of sassafras. <i>Id.</i>, p. 47 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA47,M1</p>
<p>...she handed him and Shawndee each a dish with generous slices of sugar-nut bread to eat with their tea. ... She listened intently, smiling as he told her how the sugar-nut bread had been prepared...made by mixing white corn flour with pulverized maple sugar, into which hickory and hazel-nut meats were added, the whole being molded into a cake held into shape by husks and then boiled until done. p. 222</p>	<p>As we drink our tea a bright-eyed maiden brings us a bark tray with generous slices of sugar-nut bread, made by molding white corn flour with pulverized maple sugar into which is mixed hickory and hazel-nut meats, the whole being molded into a cake held into shape by husks and then boiled until done. <i>Id.</i>, p. 47-48 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA47,M1</p>
<p>“There is in the heaven world a Master of Life and Souls,” Shadow Hawk began. “He allows his subordinate spirits to rule the earth-world and concerns himself generally with his own realm. Souls that return to him are taken apart and readjusted so that they may function properly in the immortal realm.” p. 232</p>	<p>There is in the heaven world a Master of life and soul. He allows his subordinate spirits to rule the earth-world and concerns himself generally with his own realm. Souls that return to him are taken apart and readjusted that they may function properly in the immortal realm. <i>Id.</i>, p. 4 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA4,M1</p>
<p>“These beings possess an evil <i>orenda</i> and seek to destroy innocent people, while virtuous persons may be given a good <i>orenda</i>, which is always more powerful in the end than the evil <i>orenda</i> of witches and sorcerers.” p. 233</p>	<p>These beings possess an evil <i>orenda</i> and seek to destroy innocent people. <i>Id.</i>, p. 5 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA5,M1 Virtuous persons may be given a good <i>orenda</i>, which is always more powerful in the end than the evil <i>orenda</i> which is possessed by witches and sorcerers. <i>Id.</i>, p. 3 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA33,M1</p>

<p>“Bees might sting the lips of the evil one, or his tongue might swell and fill his mouth, or snakes might crawl into the evil one’s bed and choke him while he sleeps.” p. 234</p>	<p>Bees might sting his lips or his tongue would swell and fill his mouth, snakes might crawl in his bed and choke him while he slept...</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. xxxii http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPR32,M1</p>
<p>“The football is stuffed with deer hair,” Dancing Snow explained. “As we play the game, no hands are allowed to touch it.” p. 256</p> <p>Soon Shawndee was a part of the group...kicking at the ball, often missing and striking each other’s shins with their moccasined feet. p. 257</p> <p>There were great peals of laughter as one and then another girl fell onto the ball, which other eager players strove to extricate with their feet. p. 258</p>	<p>In another portion of the field we see a group of large girls playing football with a small ball stuffed with deer hair. There is a grand melee as the two "centers" come together and kick at the ball, missing and striking each other's shins. There is a peal of laughter as each falls in the snow from the impact, and rolls over upon the ball which other eager players strive to extricate with their feet, for their hands must not touch the ball.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 40 http://books.google.com/books?id=n8Czb1Oj5ZAC&printsec=frontcover#PPA40,M1</p>
<p>Shawndee smiled as she watched her husband join the dance after his name had been proclaimed to the four winds and he had slipped on his costume of feathers. Shawndee was caught up in the wonders of the dance as the men in all their feathered finery circled the benches in the center of the lodge ... Singers sang and thumped their painted turtle-shell rattles, cheering at the end of each part of the ceremony. “Who-eeey!” they shouted in a high voice, dragging out the word.</p> <p>The shout was followed by chanters thanking the creator for everything that he had made—for water under the earth, grass and shrubs, trees, and everything that was of value to the Seneca. p. 385</p>	<p>He could never forget the great feather dance which he joined after his name had been proclaimed to the four winds. In all their feathered finery the dancers had circled the benches in the center of the lodge and had gesticulated in a wild fashion. Singers had thumped their turtle-shell rattles painted with a red cross and circle on the underside, and here had been cheers at the end of each part of the ceremony. “Who-eeey!” they shouted in a high voice, dragging out the word.</p> <p>Then followed a long thanksgiving ceremony in which the chanters thanked the creator for everything He had made; for waters under the earth, grass and shrubs, trees, ...</p> <p>Caswell Parker, <i>Red Jacket: Seneca Chief</i> p. 10-11 http://books.google.com/books?id=zngqQJj8iPkC&printsec=frontcover#PPA10,M1</p>

Savage Longings (1997, ISBN 0-8439-4176-6, Leisure Books)	Source Material
<p>The root digger was a slender, sharp-pointed implement which was used to thrust into the ground to pry out the roots. Each digger was made of ash, the point sharpened and hardened in the fire. There was a knob at one end to protect the hand. p. 49</p>	<p>This work was done with the root-digger (<i>his' so</i>), a slender, sharp-pointed implement to be thrust into the ground to pry out the roots. In modern times the root-digger has been of iron—any sort of an iron bar. In earlier days, however, these implements were of wood, usually ash, the point sharpened and hardened in the fire. One kind of root-digger was two and one-half to three feet long, and had a knob at one end to protect the hand.</p> <p>Grinnell, George Bird. <i>The Cheyenne Indians: Their History and Ways of Life</i>. University of Nebraska Press, 1972. ISBN: 0803257716 p. 209 http://books.google.com/books?id=f6OQmlRxow4C&printsec=frontcover#PPA209,M1</p>
<p>Snow Deer had explained to Charles that it was an old Cheyenne custom for visitors to occupy the lodge of some newly married couple who would then sleep elsewhere. She had told him that this was an honor not only to the owners of the lodge but also to the visitor. p. 323</p>	<p>If visitors came to a village, the old custom was for them to occupy the lodge of some newly married couple, who would give them possession and sleep elsewhere. This was an honor to the visitor.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 146 http://books.google.com/books?id=f6OQmlRxow4C&printsec=frontcover#PPA146,M1</p>
<p>The women who belonged to this society created ceremonial decorations by sewing quills on robes, lodge coverings, and other things made of the skins of animals.</p> <p>Snow Deer had told Charles that the Cheyenne women considered this work of high importance, and when properly performed, it was quite as much respected as were bravery and success in war among the men. p. 325</p>	<p>Of the women's associations referred to the most important one was that devoted to the ceremonial decoration, by sewing on quills, of robes, lodge coverings, and other things made of the skins of animals. This work women considered of high importance, and, when properly performed, quite as creditable as were bravery and success in war among the men.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 160 http://books.google.com/books?id=f6OQmlRxow4C&printsec=frontcover#PPA160,M1</p>

The old quiller had then asked Becky to hold her hands out in front of her, palms up and edges together. The old woman bit off a piece of a certain root, chewed it fine, and spat it on Becky's hand. Becky was then instructed in ceremonial motions, passing her right hand over the outside of her right leg, from ankle to hip, her left hand over her right arm from wrist to shoulder, her left hand over her left leg, from ankle to hip, and her right hand over the left arm, from wrist to shoulder.

Then her hands had been placed on her head and passed backward from the forehead.

p. 330

The old woman directed the candidate to hold her hands out in front of her, palms up and edges together. The old woman bit off a piece of a certain root, chewed it fine, and spat on the hands ceremonially, and the candidate made the ceremonial motions, passing the right hand over the from ankle to hip, her left hand over her right arm from wrist to shoulder, her left hand over her left leg from ankle to hip, and her right hand over the left arm from wrist to shoulder. Then the hands were placed on the head, and passed backward from the forehead.

Id., p. 160

<http://books.google.com/books?id=f6OQmlRxow4C&printsec=frontcover#PPA160,M1>

<i>Touch the Wild Wind</i> (1997, ISBN 0843934638, Leisure)	Source Material
<p>The trees were filled with the thumping, scrabbling, and chittering of nocturnal creatures. Sugar-gliders with wide, furry airfoils slung between their fore and hind feet parachuted from tree to tree in wobbly swoops. p. 57</p>	<p>After sundown, their trees were filled with the thumping, scrabbling and chattering of other nocturnals--fat brushtailed possums, ringtails and sugar-gliders, which had wide furry airfoils slung between their fore and hind feet and parachuted from tree to tree in wobbly swoops.</p> <p>Hughes, Robert. <i>The Fatal Shore</i>. Vintage, 1986 (new edition 2003). ISBN: 0099448548. http://cstl-cla.semo.edu/zeller/fs01.htm</p>
<p>The dragon of the outback, a carrion-eating lizard known as a goanna, rushed up a tree at Sasha's right side and clung there staring at her as she passed by, its throat puffed out in soundless alarm. Other animals crept, slid, and waddled through the dry brush ahead. A silvery-coated eastern gray kangaroo bounded away, emitting a faint, querulous sort of bleat. p. 106</p>	<p>Even the dragon of the bush, a carrion-eating monitor lizard known as a goanna, would rush up a tree when approached and cling there, its throat puffed out in soundless alarm, until the intruder went away.</p> <p>(...)</p> <p>Many of them were camouflaged fossils, throwbacks that crept, slid, waddled or bounded through the dry brush.</p> <p>(...)</p> <p>The silvery-coated Eastern Gray kangaroo, <i>Macropus giganteus</i>, moved in flocks of dozens; "the noise they make," a colonial diarist was to note, "is a faint bleat, querulous, but not easy to describe."</p> <p><i>Id.</i></p>
<p>As she walked, the ground became mantled in a crackling skin of dry gum leaves and grasses. The fallen strips of eucalyptus bark were like a stretched drum, a delicate resonator that informed every animal of Sasha's approach. She moved stealthily onward. A wombat, a marsupial resembling a squat, blunt-skulled bear, peeked from a hole, then dove headfirst into it when Sasha came closer. p. 109</p>	<p>The bush, baked tawny and bronze by the summer heat, its ground surface mantled in a crackling skin of dry gum leaves, grasses and fallen strips of eucalyptus bark, was like a stretched drum, a delicate resonator that informed every animal of each approach.</p> <p>Wombats--lumbering, eighty-pound marsupials resembling squat, blunt-skulled bears--dug their meandering catacombs beneath the soil.</p> <p><i>Id.</i></p>

<p>"The Aborigines do not hesitate to burn off a few square miles of territory just to catch a dozen or so goannas and marsupial rats at the cost of destroying all slow-moving animals and trees of the forest within that area," he explained.</p> <p>p. 138</p>	<p>Bushfire is the natural enemy of property. But the black Australians had no property and did not hesitate to burn off a few square miles of territory just to catch a dozen goannas and marsupial rats, at the cost of destroying all slow-moving animals within that area.</p> <p><i>Id.</i></p>
<p>Sasha's heart had gone out to the pup with the short soft fur, bushy tail, and erect, pointed ears. Its color varied between yellowish and reddish brown, with white underparts, feet, and tail tip, and a marking on its head that set it apart from all the other dogs in town a patch of white in the shape of a star.</p> <p>p. 2</p>	<p>Similar to the domestic dog in structure and habits, the dingo has short, soft fur, a bushy tail, and erect, pointed ears. It is about 120 cm (48 inches) long, including the 30-cm (12-inch) tail, stands about 60 cm (24 inches) tall at the shoulder, and weighs about 20 kg (44 pounds). Its colour varies between yellowish and reddish brown, often with white underparts, paws, and tail tip.</p> <p>"Dingo." In <i>Encyclopedia Britannica</i>. http://www.britannica.com/eb/article-9030501/dingo</p>

NOTE: This table documents only the similarities between *Savage Dream* and Pulitzer winner *Laughing Boy* by Oliver La Farge.

<i>Savage Dream</i> by Cassie Edwards (2003, ISBN 0-7862-5881-0, Thorndike Press [Large print edition]. First published 1990, Dorchester)	<i>Laughing Boy</i> by Oliver La Farge (2004, ISBN 0618446729, Houghton Mifflin)
<p>At first light the desert is intimate, and somehow Shadow felt the presence of others as an intrusion this morning. ...the blinding light of full day had not yet supplanted the soft greys of dawn, the uncertain forms and shapes of the cliffs had not yet become harsh with daylight, and the canyons were still soft with wells of coolness. The world was a secret place to each man...</p> <p>p. 59</p> <p>...and then rode into a canyon, its cliffs harsh by daylight, yet looming soft with coolness.</p> <p>p. 416</p>	<p>At the first light, before dawn, the desert is intimate, and each man feels the presence of others as an intrusion. Blinding colour has not supplanted soft greys, uncertain forms; cliffs harsh by daylight, and thunderous-walled cañons loom soft with wells of coolness. The east is white—mother-of-pearl—the world is secret to each one's self.</p> <p>p. 42</p> <p>http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA42,M1</p>
<p>Little and compact, he was like an arrow notched to a taut bowstring. A movement of the hand would send him flying swiftly to a mark.</p> <p>p. 61</p>	<p>Little, compact, all black save for the tiny white spot on her forehead, she had the ugly Roman nose of character. She was like an arrow notched to a taut bowstring—a movement of the hand would release level flight swiftly to a mark.</p> <p>p. 4</p> <p>http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA4,M1</p>
<p>Shadow gazed with admiration at Racer, at his sleek, gleaming haunches, the bunched muscles at the juncture of his shoulder and chest, the ripple of light and shadow on his withers, his arched neck and smooth head, and the character and intelligence of his eyes.</p> <p>p. 60-61</p>	<p>The chestnut stallion was coming into its strength, gleaming, round quarters, bunched muscles at the juncture of the throat and chest, a ripple of highlight and shadow on the withers, arched neck, pricked small Arab ears, bony head, eyes and nostrils of character and intelligence.</p> <p>p. 157</p> <p>http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA42,M1</p>

<p>As the insides of Shadow's calves touched his horse's barrel, he felt a current run through them and felt at peace with himself...at home. He was a skilled horseman, having spent half of his waking hours on a horse's back. Not even the longest day of riding had ever destroyed his pleasure in the mile-eating lope of his stallion.</p> <p>p. 61-62</p>	<p>Her man was a Navajo and a horseman; when he settled in the saddle, as the sides of his calves touched his pony's barrel, and he felt the one current run through them, there was always that little look of uplift. Probably half of his waking life had been spent on a horse's back, but not the longest day could destroy in him a certain pleasure in even the workaday jog or mechanical, mile-eating lope of a good pony.</p> <p>p. 93 http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA93,M1</p>
<p>...Shadow swung himself into his high-cantled Navaho saddle with its seat of stamped leather held together with silver nails and draped with a dyed goatskin.</p> <p>p. 61</p>	<p>The high-cantled navajo saddle he had made for her, with its seat of slung leather over which a dyed goatskin was thrown...</p> <p>p. 93 http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA93,M1</p>
<p>Beyond were red-brown cliffs, dull orange bald rock, and yellow sand, leading away to blend into a kind of purplish brown with hazy blue mountains for background.</p> <p>p. 63</p>	<p>Beyond its level were red-brown cliffs, dull orange bald-rock, yellow sand, leading away to blend into a kind of purplish brown with blue clouds of mountains for background</p> <p>p. 115 http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA115,M1</p>
<p>Looking up, he saw magnificent dark firs growing along the ledges. Up there, the ruddy rock, touched by sunlight, became dull orange and buff with flecks of gold and a golden line where the earth met a cloudless sky.</p> <p>p. 63</p>	<p>Looking up, one saw magnificent, dark firs growing along the ledges and hanging valleys. Up there, the ruddy rock, touched by the sunlight, became dull orange and buff, with flecks of gold, and a golden line where it met a ...</p> <p>free Google preview ended here</p> <p>p. 96</p> <p>Amazon.com Previews has the following text listed on Page 96: Looking up, one saw magnificent, dark firs growing along the ledges and hanging valleys. Up there, the ruddy rock, touched by the sunlight, became dull orange and buff, with flecks of gold, and a golden line where it met a flawless sky. (Linking not possible, but go to this link: http://www.amazon.com/gp/reader/0618446729/ref=sib_dp_pt/002-0355245-1656023# and search for "golden line" to confirm this finding.)</p>
<p>It was now late afternoon and sandy dust was rising from the trail in clouds.</p> <p>p. 87</p>	<p>Midday was warm, sandy dust rose from the trail in clouds.</p> <p>p. 157 http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA157,M1</p>

<p>He had brought her to a high place after a fatiguing, scrambling climb, alleviated by the increasing growth of jack pine and spruce. They were following a winding path under firs; warm golden cliffs, painted with red and purplish brown and luminous shadows, loomed straight ahead. p. 89</p>	<p>Now they were come among warm, golden cliffs, painted with red and purplish brown and luminous shadows, a broken country that changed with the changing sun, narrow cañons, great mesas, yellow sands, and distant, blue mountains. p. 95 [also, the “fatiguing, scrambling climb” “jack pine and spruce” and “wandering path under firs” bits get a Google hit with Laughing Boy p. 96, but it is unavailable for view.]</p> <p>Amazon.com Previews has the following text listed on Page 96: He brought her to a high place late one afternoon, a spur of Dzihl Clizhini. It had been a fatiguing, scrambling climb, with one piece to be done on foot, alleviated by the increasing growth of jack pine and spruce. (Linking not possible, but go to this link: http://www.amazon.com/gp/reader/0618446729/ref=sib_dp_pt/002-0355245-1656023# and search for "scrambling, fatiguing climb" to confirm this finding.)</p>
<p>Below, the world was red in late afternoon sunlight where fierce, narrow canyons were ribboned with shadow and the lesser hills were streaked with opaque purple shadows like deep holes in the world. p. 89</p>	<p>Amazon.com Previews has the following text listed on Page 96: It was red in the late sunlight, fierce, narrow canons with ribbons of shadow, broad valleys and lesser hills streaked with purple opaque shadows like deep holes in the world, cast by the upthrust mesas. (Linking not possible, but go to this link: http://www.amazon.com/gp/reader/0618446729/ref=sib_dp_pt/002-0355245-1656023# and search for "purple opaque shadows" to confirm this finding.)</p>
<p>There was shade and peace and coolness with a sweet smell of dampness. p. 89</p>	<p>Here was all shade and peace, soft, grey stone, dark, shadowed green, coolness, and the sweet smell of dampness. p. 19 http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA19,M1</p>
<p>Along the cliff was a long ledge, with the rock above it rising in a concave shell of light reflected under shadow. p. 89</p>	<p>Along the north cliff was a long ledge, with the rock above it rising in a concave shell of light reflected under shadow. Along the ledge stretched an p. 101 http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA101,M1</p>

<p>The world was full of the roar of hooves. The saddles and bridles were heavy with silver and brass as the Navaho leaned forward over their steeds' necks, shrieking "E-e-e-e!" ... p. 108</p> <p>The world became full of a roar of hooves and noise rushing together, the boys leaning forward over their horses' necks, their mouths wide as they shouted, "E-e-e-e!" p. 228-229</p>	<p>The world was full of a roar of hooves and two walls of noise rushing together, the men leaning forward over their horses' necks, mouths wide. 'E-e-e-e-e!' p. 3 http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA3,M1</p>
<p>Charging Falcon staked his horse out where uncropped spears of grass stood singly, each inches from the next, in brown sand. A beaten track toward an oak tree and a break in the rock caught his eye. He followed it. Behind the oak, currant bushes grew in a niche of red rock, like a fold in a giant curtain. At the back was a full grown, lofty fir tree. Behind the tree a cleft opened at shoulder height into dark shadow. The footholds were worn to velvety roundness. p. 201</p>	<p>Laughing Boy took the horses down to the windmill for water, and staked them out in a corner where uncropped spears of grass stood singly, each inches from the next, in brown sand. A beaten track toward an oak tree and a break in the rock caught his eye. A spring, perhaps. He followed it. Behind the oak, currant bushes grew hi a niche of red rock like the fold of a giant curtain. At the back was a full-grown, lofty fir. A spring, surely. Behind the fir a cleft opened at shoulder height into transparent shadow. The footholds were worn to velvety roundness in the sandstone... p. 18 http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA18,M1</p>
<p>They met in a great swirl of plunging, dodging horses and swept on, all together, whooping for dear life, with some holding lances, others grasping shields. p. 229</p>	<p>They met in a great swirl of plunging, dodging horses, and swept on all together, whooping for dear life, with the staff in front of them, almost onto the fire, then dissolved with jingling of bits, laughter and casual jokes as they unsaddled by the pool. p. 3 http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA3,M1</p>
<p>Silver and stones with soft highlights and deep shadows hung around her neck, glowing against her buckskin dress. Oval plaques of silver surrounded her waist; ceremonial jewels were sewn in the fringes of a sash that was draped across one shoulder. She wore moccasins with silver buttons shining at their sides. p. 472</p>	<p>She was well dressed to show off what she wore; silver and stones with soft highlights and deep shadows glowed against the night- blue velveteen of her blouse; oval plaques of silver were at her waist, and ceremonial jewels in the fringe of her sash. Her blue skirt swung with her short, calculated steps, ankle-length, above the dull red leggings and moccasins with silver buttons. p. 6 http://books.google.com/books?id=iIW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA6,M1</p>

<p>Maria blushed when two small naked boys brought ears of roasted corn on a wooden platter ... Several women came and placed broiled goats' ribs and corn bread before them.</p> <p>p. 474</p>	<p>Where they went, they reclined on sheepskins, while two small naked boys brought ears of corn as they were roasted, and calm women set broiled goats' ribs and corn bread before them</p> <p>p. 12</p> <p>http://books.google.com/books?id=ilW1Xn_v_5QC&printsec=frontcover#PPA42,M1</p>
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<p>Savage Dream by Cassie Edwards, copyright 1990, Leisure Books Large print edition published 2003 by Thorndike Press</p>	<p>Other sources</p>
<p>Wrought iron was used lavishly throughout the structure for the staircases, balconies, decorative lanterns, latches, door handles, and keyholes.</p> <p>p. 13</p>	<p>The Spanish used wrought iron lavishly: for balconies, for decorative lanterns, latches, doorhandles, and keyholes.</p> <p>Cable, Mary. <i>Lost New Orleans</i>. Crown, 1984. ISBN: 0517448564</p> <p>p. 13</p> <p>http://books.google.com/books?id=EMNPAAAAMAAJ&dq=mary+cable+lost+new+orleans&q=balconies&pgis=1#search</p>
<p>Shadow sat across a fire from the Singer, an old man of character and great intelligence... "It is good that our Navaho songs should be written, and it is now time, indeed, that this should be done," the Singer had explained, all the while transcribing the song onto parchment. "So many of our young people grow careless of the songs, and mistakes will come into them. Unless the songs are written they will in time be forgotten. I know this; I have long known it."</p> <p>The Singer had paused, then continued. "I will sing for you the oldest song I know," he said. "It was taught to me by my grandfather, who learned it from his father. It has been taught by fathers to their sons for no one knows how many years. Older songs than this were sung by an ancient people in days before the coming of the Navaho. But these songs are all lost because the people themselves have perished. They grew wicked, and therefore, stand-storms and cyclones were sent to destroy them and their villages. There is nothing left of them but the ruins of their dwellings.</p>	<p>The singer of the Mountain-Song was an old man of character and great intelligence... Said he: "It is well that our songs should be written, and it is now time, indeed, that this should be done. The young people grow careless of the songs, and mistakes will come into them. Unless the songs are written they will in time be forgotten. I know this; I have long known it..."</p> <p>I will sing for you the oldest song I know. It was taught to me by my grandfather. He learned it from his father, for it has been taught by fathers to their sons for no one knows how many years. It is true, there were older songs than this sung by an ancient people in days before the coming of the Navajos. But these songs are all lost because the people themselves have perished; they grew wicked, therefore stand-storms and cyclones were sent to destroy them and their villages. There is nothing left of them but the ruins of their dwellings.</p> <p>Curtis, Natalie. <i>The Indians' Book</i>. Courier Dover, 1968. ISBN: 0486219399</p> <p>p. 350</p> <p>http://books.google.com/books?id=ttgH9GuqJ3gC&printsec=frontcover#PPA350,M1</p>

p. 165-166

He had continued to explain that there were four worlds, one above another: the first world; the second world, which was the underworld; the third, which was the middle world; and the fourth world, the Navaho's own world. In the underworld there arose a great flood and the people were driven up by the waters. They planted a hollow reed and came up through it to this world.

First Man and First Woman had brought with them earth from the mountains of the world below. With this they made the sacred mountains of the Navaho land.

To the east they placed the sacred mountain Sisnajinni. They adorned it with white shell and fastened it to the earth with a bolt of lightning. They covered it with a sheet of daylight, and put the Dawn Youth and the Dawn Maiden to dwell in it.

To the south they placed Tsodsichl. They adorned it with turquoise and fastened it to the earth with a knife of stone. They covered it with blue sky, and put the Turquoise Youth and the Turquoise Maiden to dwell in it.

To the west they placed Doko-oslid. They adorned it with haliotis shell and fastened it to the earth with a sunbeam. They covered it with a yellow cloud, and put the Twilight Youth and the Haliotis Maiden to dwell in it.

To the north they placed Depenitsa. They adorned it with cannel coal and fastened it to the earth with a rainbow. They covered it with a covering of darkness, and put the Youth of Cannel Coal and the Darkness Maiden to dwell in it.

In the center they placed Tsichlnaodichli and adorned

There are four worlds, one above another: the first world; the second world, which is the underworld; the third, which is the middle world; and the fourth world, our own world. In the underworld there arose a great flood and the people were driven up by the waters. They planted a hollow reed and came up through it to this world.

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To the West they placed Doko-oslid. They adorned it with haliotis shell and fastened it to the earth with a sunbeam. They covered it with a yellow cloud, and put the Twilight Youth and the Haliotis Maiden to dwell in it.

To the North they placed Depenitsa. They adorned it with cannel coal and fastened it to the earth with a rainbow. They covered it with a covering of darkness, and put the Youth of Cannel Coal and the Darkness Maiden to dwell in it.

In the centre they placed Tsichlnaodichli and adorned it with striped agate. Here were created the first Navajos. The Navajos will never live elsewhere than around this mountain.

So the mountains were placed and decorated; then, before they were named, holy songs were sung which tell of a journey up the mountain. The song here given is the first of these. [song not available on Google books.]

Id., p. 351

<http://books.google.com/books?id=ttqH9GuqJ3gC&printsec=frontcover#PPA351,M1>

<p>it with striped agate. Here were created the first Navaho.</p> <p>So the mountains were placed and decorated. Before they were named, holy songs were sung, which told of a journey up the mountain where could be found everlasting life and blessedness.</p> <p>p. 166</p>	
<p>p. 168 Shadow remembered the elderly Singer telling him that the mountains could protect a man. When a man sang of the mountain, through the singing, his spirit went to the holy place beyond the mountain, and he himself became like the mountain, pure and holy, living eternally, forever blessed... [this is followed by a Navajo song lifted straight from The Indians' Book]</p>	<p>The mountain protects man like a god. When a man sings of the mountain, through the singing, his spirit goes to the holy place beyond the mountain, and he himself becomes like the mountain, pure and holy, living eternally, forever blessed.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 353 http://books.google.com/books?id=ttqH9GuqJ3gC&printsec=frontcover#PPA353,M1</p>
<p>...saw several colonies of prairie dogs' burrows, characterized by funnel-shaped entry mounds.</p> <p>p. 232</p>	<p>Its [Black-tailed prairie dog] colonies are characterized by the funnel-shaped entry mounds of the burrows.</p> <p><i>The New Encyclopaedia Britannica. University of Chicago, 1974. ISBN 0852292902</i> p. 176 Only limited preview available, but you can confirm the finding by going to this link: http://books.google.com/books?id=a9wqAAAAMAAJ&q and searching for "prairie dog funnel".</p>
<p>Shadow listened for omens in the sounds around him. If he heard a horse or sheep, that meant success. The cry of an owl, crow, or coyote meant bad luck</p> <p>p. 410</p>	<p>Also, the party took omens by listening to the night sounds around them. If they thought they heard horses or sheep trotting near, that meant success. The cry of an owl, crow, or coyote meant bad luck.</p> <p><i>The Arizona Quarterly. University of Arizona, 1945 [Google books did not have a volume or issue number]</i> p. 151 Only limited preview available, but you can confirm the finding by going to this link: http://books.google.com/books?id=rDQQAAAAIAAJ&q and searching for "owl crow bad luck."</p>
<p>He grabbed up his shield, heavy with two thicknesses of buckskin decorated with feathers and painted with magic symbols.</p>	<p>There was a heavy shield of two thicknesses of buckskin, perhaps decorated with feathers and painted with magic symbols.</p>

p. 415

Id., p. 150

Same as above, but search for "two thicknesses of buckskin".

The Books Published by Kensington

<p><i>Savage Obsession</i> (1983 [reprinted 2006], ISBN 0821779680 [2006 reprint], Zebra). All page numbers are for the 2006 reprint.</p>	<p>Source Material</p>
<p>His beaded doeskin moccasins were wrought intricately in patterns of porcupine quills dyed rose, green, and blue[...] p. 49</p>	<p>His beaded doeskin moccasins were wrought intricately in patterns of porcupine quills dyed rose, green, and blue[...]</p> <p>Nelson, Joseph Raleigh. <i>Lady Unafraid</i>. R.W. Drier, 1965. p. 68 http://books.google.com/books?id=ipgaAAAAMAAJ&pgis=1 (NOTE: This book is currently under copyright and therefore the preview on Google is very limited; however, you can verify these results by entering the sentences into the search engine.)</p>
<p>He could see that everything was being readied for winter. The circular base of each wigwam had been completely banked with moss and cornstalks weighted down with large stones, a generous supply had been piled high against the great pines, and golden corn lay heaped in sunny spots in front of the wigwams. Before the snow began, the corn would be ground in a long hollowed log with a grinding stone, and it would be eaten sparingly until spring. p. 130</p>	<p>Rebecca noticed how providently it had been made ready for the approaching winter. Around its circular base it was completely banked with moss and cornstocks weighted down with large stones. A generous supply of wood for winter fires was piled against a great pine not far from the door, and against this woodpile a dog sledge stood on end, ready for use when the snows came. Golden corn lay heaped in a sunny spot in front of the wigwam; before the snows began, it would be ground in the long hollowed log by the primitive grinding stones that lay beside it.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 39</p>
<p>She now even ignored the forest floor's occasional garden of delicate, exquisite flowers, partially hidden in the shade under the damp thickets of young balsams. p. 146-147</p> <p>In the shade and under the damp thickets of young balsams, delicate flowers now marked the season. Lorinda had sniffed them all on her daily walks...the arbutus, claytonia, trillium and the bloodroot, and even the</p>	<p>In their shade and under the damp thickets of young balsams, there grew those delicate, exquisite flowers that mark the seasons in the northern wilderness—arbutus, partridge vine, claytonia, trillium, and bloodroot in the spring;</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 86</p>

partridge vine. p. 546	
The sun's warmth had set little runnels of melted snow trickling down sides of trails and small avalanches tumbling from the south slopes of the wigwams. p. 546-547	The sun's warmth at noon set little runnels of melted snow trickling down the sides of the trails, and loosened small avalanches from the south slopes of the lodges. <i>Id.</i> , p. 219
Yellow Feather had told Lorinda that even into early summer one could catch the smell of the snow in the air as it would drift out of the deep forest, where it still lay under ledges of rocks, never touched by the sun. p. 547	There were occasional days, even in May, when one caught the smell of snow in the air that drifted out of the out of the deep woods, where snow still lay under ledges of rock never touched by the sun. <i>Id.</i> , p. 219
The wind was blowing in ugly gusts[...] p. 485	[...] the wind blew in fierce, ugly gusts; <i>Id.</i> , p. 17
The landscape was becoming a crystal fairyland as the trees, bushes, grass blades and weed stalks along the trail quickly became encrusted with ice and snow. p. 486	They walked through a fairyland of crystal; the trees, the bushes, the grass blades, and weed stalks along the trail were all encrusted with frost. <i>Id.</i> , p. 131
It was a pipe [...] with feathers of the scarlet tanager and the burnished green breast of a mallard duck gracing it. p. 394	The pipe [...]with the feathers of the scarlet tanager, and the burnished green breast of a mallard duck. <i>Id.</i> , p. 68
[...]she could see translucent, silvery-gray moss agate rolling up and down with the water, showing quite clearly how the moss clung inside, at the heart of the stone. p. 157	[...] one moss agate, translucent, silvery gray. She kept it for years. She loved the delicate beauty of the moss at the heart of the stone. <i>Id.</i> , p. 27
"[...]The succession of melting days and freezing nights have begun to quicken the heart of the maples." p. 548	By the second week in March this pleasant succession of melting days and freezing nights began to quicken the heart of the maples. <i>Id.</i> , p. 220
Goldenrod and asters and cardinal flowers of purple, gold, and crimson colored the landscape [...] p. 88	[...]goldenrod and asters and cardinal flower that filled the sunny clearing in which the school- house stood with a flood of purple and gold and crimson. <i>Id.</i> , p. 86

<p>[...]a Chippewa squaw of importance had long ago gone into a self-imposed trance for half a day, and, upon recovering, had said that she had been to the ghost land where the northern light ghosts had been rising and falling in the steps of a dance, and that the ghosts had held this fungus in their hands and had painted their faces in stripes with it. Thus, since then, the Chippewa had been prepared in the same manner as the squaw witnessed in her trance, to join the dance of the ghosts, where the northern lights were shining...</p> <p>p. 185</p>	<p>It is said that a woman went into a trance for half a day and, on recovering, said that she had been to the ghost land where the northern lights are shining, and that the ghosts held this fungus in their hands and painted their faces in stripes with it. She said that northern lights are ghosts rising and falling in the steps of a dance, that the women are dressed in gay clothing, and that the warriors have their war clubs. Thus the dead were arrayed to join the dance of the ghosts where the northern lights are shining.</p> <p>Densmore, Frances. <i>Chippewa Customs</i>. Minnesota Historical Society Press. 1979. p. 74 http://books.google.com/books?id=KpUEAafnpkYC&printsec=frontcover#PPA74,M1</p>
<p>[...]take turns sitting beside their deceased chief, each whispering advice to him: to be careful to avoid certain turns in the road to the spirit land, or to trust certain spirits who would meet and assist him. They spoke with extreme rapidity, punctuating the words with occasional sharp beats from the drum. One said, "Your feet are now on the road of souls, my Chief..."</p> <p>p. 178</p>	<p>One after another they sat beside him telling him to be careful to avoid certain turns in the road to the spirit land, or to trust certain spirits who would meet and assist him. They spoke with extreme rapidity, punctuating the words with occasional sharp beats on the drum. Rev. J.A. Gilfillan, who witnessed many native burials at White Earth while a missionary among the Indians, quotes an address by an old Indian to the dead body of his daughter, beginning with the words, "Your feet are now on the road of souls, my daughter."</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 74-75 http://books.google.com/books?id=KpUEAafnpkYC&printsec=frontcover#PPA74,M1</p>
<p>Because there was no salt, the Indians used maple sugar as both a confection and as a seasoning for fruits, vegetables and fish.</p> <p>p. 557</p>	<p>Maple sugar was used in seasoning fruits, vegetables, cereals, and fish, being used more freely than the white race uses salt. It was also eaten as a confection.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 123 http://books.google.com/books?id=KpUEAafnpkYC&printsec=frontcover#PPA123,M1</p>

<p>"I, alone, the chief's wife, did as you asked. Do you now truly believe the cornfields will be more fruitful?" [...] "You have blessed the cornfields. The passing of your footsteps drew a magic circle around the field of freshly planted maize. No insects or worms shall pass over that magic circle." p. 549</p>	<p>To his wife, the Laughing Water: 'You shall bless to-night the cornfields [...] Thus the fields shall be more fruitful, And the passing of your footsteps Draw a magic circle round them, So that neither blight nor mildew, Neither burrowing worm or insect, Shall pass o'er the magic circle;</p> <p>Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. "Hiawatha". 1855. Section XIII, fourth & sixth stanzas http://etext.lib.virginia.edu/toc/modeng/public/LonHiaw.html</p>
<p>When night had fallen in their village and all was silent with the spirit of sleep a companion in all the St. Croix' wigwams, Lorinda had crept from her tent, alone. Once outside, beneath the soft reflection of the April moon, she had laid her garments aside, knowing that Yellow Feather had assured her that no eye would see her. [...] she had begun her slow circle of the field, around its borders [...] p. 549-550</p>	<p>In the night, when all is silence, In the night, when all is darkness, When the Spirit of Sleep, Nepahwin, Shuts the doors of all the wigwams, So that not an ear can hear you, So that not an eye can see you, Rise up from your bed in silence, Lay aside your garments wholly, Walk around the fields you planted, Round the borders of the cornfields,</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, Section XIII, fifth stanza</p>
<p>The odors of the forest, the dew and damp meadow, and the curling smoke from the wigwams [...] p. 436-437</p>	<p>With the odors of the forest, With the dew and damp of meadows, With the curling smoke of wigwams</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, Introduction, first stanza</p>
<p>[...]seeing how warrior-like he appeared today. His face had been painted like leaves of autumn, streaked with crimsons and yellows. p. 424</p>	<p>With their weapons and their war-gear, Painted like the leaves of Autumn,</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, Section I, 10th stanza</p>

<p>He looked, oh, so handsome in a shirt of white doeskin, decorated with fringe and wrought with even more embroidery and colorful beads. His deerskin leggings and buckskin moccasins were fringed with hedgehog quills and his hair was shining brightly from oil. p. 386</p>	<p>He was dressed in shirt of doeskin, White and soft, and fringed with ermine, All inwrought with beads of wampum; He was dressed in deer-skin leggings, Fringed with hedgehog quills and ermine, And in moccasins of buck-skin, Thick with quills and beads embroidered. [...] From his forehead fell his tresses, Smooth, and parted like a woman's, Shining bright with oil, and plaited, <i>Id.</i>, Section XI, 10th stanza</p>
<p>[...]seeing how they were attired in their richest raiments, beautifully clad with beads and tassels. p. 387</p>	<p>And the wedding guests assembled, Clad in all their richest raiment, [...] Beautiful with beads and tassels. <i>Id.</i>, Section XI, 3rd stanza</p>
<p>[...]a smoothly polished bowl of basswood and a spoon of horn-of-bison. p. 392</p>	<p>All the bowls were made of bass-wood, White and polished very smoothly, All the spoons of horn of bison, Black and polished very smoothly. <i>Id.</i>, Section XI, 2nd stanza</p>
<p>Tangled barberry bushes with tufts of crimson berries[...] p. 146</p>	<p>Where the tangled barberry-bushes Hang their tufts of crimson berries <i>Id.</i>, Introduction, final stanza</p>

The Books Published by Harlequin

<p><i>Passion's Embrace</i> (1990, ISBN 0373286422, Harlequin)</p>	<p>Source Material NOTE: All of the materials for this search were available only via limited preview on Google; results for all can be verified by going to the relevant links and searching for appropriate keywords.</p>
<p>A flotilla of sailing ships lay alongside the dock. A first mate bawled orders at a group of sailors, and the loading tackle grunted and whined.</p> <p>On one bay a fleet of Siwash dugout canoes loaded to the gunwales with mixed families of braves, their "klootchman" squaws and apooses, moved into the harbor. The Indians were singing to the rhythmic beat of their paddles.</p> <p>With an orchestrated splash they grounded the big dugout canoes in the mud flats near the warehouses. p. 138</p>	<p>A flotilla of sailing ships lay alongside the dock, a mountain of wheat disappearing into their holds from trucks pushed by sweating stevedores. [...]There were salt-water sailors too, and a first mate bawling orders, and the grunt and whine of the loading tackle.</p> <p>[...]</p> <p>We include in our count the fleet of Siwash canoes, loaded to the gunwales with mixed families of braves, klootchmans, and papooses. Singing to the rhythmic beat of their paddles, from the outerworld of the reservation they came for the hop-picking. With a mighty splash, they grounded the big dugout canoes on the mud flats near the warehouse[...]</p> <p>Ripley, Thomas Emerson. <i>Green Timber: On the Flood Tide to Fortune in the Great Northwest</i>. American West Publishing Co., 1968. p. 66 http://books.google.com/books?id=51A8AAAIAAJ&pgis=1</p>
<p>"Speeder up!" the foreman shouted, and bang went the giant log onto the pulley, hitting a whirring saw that cut to the very core. p. 188</p>	<p>"Speed 'er up," shouted the foreman, and bang went the giant on the carriages, hitting the whirring saw which whined its way into the very midriff.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 31</p>
<p>At the far end a conveyor chain, loaded to the frayed edges of the guards, carried a load of perfectly sound lumber to the burner. Katie ee pulled on Bruce's arm and pointed toward the furnace, which, she had been told, spewed forth heavy smoke from dawn until dusk.</p> <p>"Vertical stuff is what we want," Bruce said.</p>	<p>A conveyor chain, loaded to the frayed edges of the guards, carried its load of perfectly sound lumber to the burner and added its stream to the ever-mounting pile of burning wealth.</p> <p>The gray pile spread its pall of smoke heavenward to proclaim riches so inexhaustible that it mattered not that a good half went on the chains to the ghost mountain of ashes.</p> <p>"Vertical stuff is what we want. Send the slash grain to the burner. There's plenty more. The best is none too good for me."</p>

<p>"The slash grain always goes to the burner. There's plenty more wood where that came from. The best is none too good for our mill." p. 188</p>	<p><i>Id.</i>, p. 31</p>
<p>"Confidence in the future is going to find expression in architecture--the more confidence, the more spindles, jigsawed brackets and band-sawed cresting. The more humble requirements will be met by Gothic windows, cut glass transoms and fancy butted shingles. And the bastions of the mighty will be marked by round towers at the corners." p. 281</p>	<p>Confidence in the future found expression in architecture — the more confidence, the more spindles, jigsawed brackets, and band-sawed cresting atop the roof. The humbler requirements were met by Gothic windows, "art glass" transoms, and fancy butted shingles. The bastions of the mighty were marked by round towers at the corners [...] <i>Id.</i>, p. 33</p>
<p>"Refinements of ornamentation won't stop with the outsides of the buildings. Heavily carved newel posts will greet the eye through the beveled glass of the front door. Columns will be as profuse inside the house as outside. The fancier the column, the more impressive the house." p. 281</p>	<p>Refinements of ornamentation didn't stop with the outside. Heavily carved newel posts greeted the eye through the bevel glass of the front door, and from the hall one passed from the drawing room to library between [...] <i>Id.</i>, p. 33-34</p>
<p>They walked from the office to the factory and plunged into the maelstrom of whirring machinery. A band saw twanged harshly on fancy brackets and roof cresting. A jigsaw provided a rapid staccato. And a row of lathes hummed like cellos as fancy spindles and porch columns emerged from the sharp gouges. Otto the carver was at work on a monstrous oak newel post for a grand staircase. Cupids, seashells and garlands rioted over the fancy work. p. 298</p>	<p>We crossed by an overhead bridge from office to factory and plunged into the maelstrom of whirring machinery, each machine contributing its buzz, wheeze or whine to the crescendo and diminuendo of a symphonic poem. A band saw twanged malevolently on fancy brackets and roof cresting. A jigsaw jiggled its staccato tap dance. A row of lathes threw their chips and shavings from the heavy roughing chisels and then settled down and purred like 'cellos, as fancy and fancier spindles and porch columns emerged under the sharp gouges. Upstairs, Otto, the carver, was at work on a monstrous oak newel post for the grand staircase of the new county courthouse. Otto's creative urge found vent in every form of ornate design that he could find in the Grinling Gibbons book. Cupids, sea shells, and garlands rioted all over the thing[...] <i>Id.</i>, 37-37</p>
<p>The band was from a rival establishment. There was going to be a duel in music. While an admiring crowd quickly gathered, the rival</p>	<p>[...]at the corner of Second and Washington musicians from the People's Theater clashed in a resounding duel with a brass band from a rival establishment. On July 30, 1899, a Post-Intelligencer reporter described the musical battle and its aftermath:</p>

band was nearing the end of another song.

The selection ended, and the leader of the band bowed low to the surrounding crowd and to his brave supporters. In the meantime, the Conty Theater's musicians were ready to begin their own loud show.

There were four of them. The leader was armed with a violin, which he handled with the daredevil grace and ease of a plowman handling a six-shooter. Another dark-faced young man with a melancholy cast of countenance strummed a huge harp. The third defiantly played a husky clarinet, and the fourth strummed a banjo.

When they struck up a lugubrious melody, a stalwart young man with lungs of leather added his voice to their efforts.

"She stole nine thousand and six hundred," he bellowed in the deepest of baritones.

"Say, babe, I know we will be happy after a while."... The band across the street hesitated to return the fire as the crowd looked toward them for an answer. Suddenly around the block was heard the discordant blare of an obviously untutored brass band, accompanied by the voices of men and women upraised in a popular street ditty.

But the words were different--they seemed to have been adapted from a hymn book. It was the Salvation Army.

"My goodness!" Katie Lee exclaimed.
"Another band! How exciting!"

[...]An admiring crowd quickly gathers. The selection ended, the leader of the orchestra lowers his cornet from his ruddy countenance, bows low to the crowd surrounding him and to his brave supporters.

The third of the challenged musicians defiantly pipes away through a husky clarinet.

These three musicians have only been dallying during the bout of the brass-band men. Now they strike up a lugubrious melody....A stalwart young fellow with lungs of leather adds his voice to their efforts of the instruments. "She stole nine thousand and six hundred," he bellows in the deepest of baritones.

"Say, Babe, I know we will be happy after a while."... The band across the street hesitates to return the fire. The crowd looks toward them for an answer Suddenly around the block is heard the discordant blare of an untutored brass band and the voices of men and women upraised in a popular street ditty. But the words are strangely out of joint.

They seem to have been adapted from a hymn book and misfitted to the tune. It is the Salvation Army!

Fifty strong, the uniformed Soldiers of the Lord swing into the street in front of the theater and march up toward their Yesler Way barracks, flags flying, torches smoking and sputtering, musicians playing like mad. The approach of the Army settles it with the brass band. The [summer] heat is forgotten and with renewed interest the players await the signal. It comes, and pandemonium reigns. . . . The crowd cheers. The Salvationists are outpointed two to one in the contest, but on they march, happily unconscious of the fact, leaving the theater band to finish that enlivening melody, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight." ...

On both corners lusty-lunged spielers shout the advantages of their respective shows and, as the musicians file down the stairs into the theaters, the crowd divides and flows after them.

Lucia, Ellis (ed.). *This Land Around Us: A Treasury of Pacific Northwest Writing*. Doubleday, 1969.

p. 589-590

<http://books.google.com/books?id=IWFBAAAIAAJ&pgis=1>

<p>Fifty strong, the uniformed soldiers of the Lord swung into the street, flags flying, torches smoking and musicians playing like mad. The approach of the Army caused pandemonium to break out between the two dueling factions of theater musicians. The crowd cheered as the brass band and Leonard's orchestra quickly teamed up to outplay the Salvation Army.</p> <p>Giving up, the Salvationists marched on. The brass band became winded, leaving Leonard's orchestra to finish the lively melody, "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."</p> <p>On both sides of the street lusty-lunged spielers shouted the advantage of their respective shows. Katie Lee's insides grew cold when she heard Leonard's barker shouting out the girls' names. He was inviting all men to come and enjoy the wine, women and faro. And whoever wished could even watch the stage shows!</p> <p>As the musicians filed into the theaters, the crowd divided and followed them.</p>	
<p>"For every drink they cozen a customer into taking, the girls receive a metal tag, which the management redeems in cash. If the girls peddle more personal wares, the management does not object. I have heard that some box house owners have cribs along Skid Road, where the women take their gents for what money they can get from them. But the box seats at Leonard's theater are deep and the waiters are discreet, giving the women no incentive to lift their skirts</p>	<p>For every drink they cozened a customer into taking the girls received a metal tag, which the management redeemed in cash. If the girls wished to peddle more personal wares, the management did not object. Few of the houses had cribs attached, but the box seats were deep and the waiters discreet; for the bashful, there were rooming houses nearby.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 586</p>

<p>elsewhere." p. 223</p>	
<p>A pall of smoke hung over the city, giving it a doomsday air; church bells tolled steadily. There was an ominous, continuing rumble of drays on the planked streets, and the hurricane roar of the fire continued. p. 264</p>	<p>A pall of smoke hung over the city with a doomsday air, the fire bell clanged on and on as if the ringer supposed it was something that would help put out the fire, and the bells of the Episcopal and Catholic churches tolled steadily; there was the steady rumble of drays on planked streets and the hurricane roar of the fire.</p> <p>Binns, Archie. <i>Northwest Gateway: The Story of the Port of Seattle</i>. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., 1941. p. 256 http://books.google.com/books?id=ov00AAAAIAAJ&pgis=1</p>
<p>Prostitutes in negligees, bartenders with black cash boxes under their arms and dirty white aprons whipping about their knees [...] p. 264</p>	<p>[...] prostitutes in negligee, bartenders with black cash boxes under their arms and dirty white aprons whipping about their knees [...]</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 264</p>
<p>As soon as the rubbish could be cleared away, the business district blossomed with lily-white tents pitched on the charcoal-black ground. Familiar names were quickly reappearing on signs, and business was being carried on under canvas while work was started on new buildings of brick and stone. p. 279</p>	<p>[...]and the rubbish cleared away, the business district blossomed with streets of lily-white tents pitched on the ground of charcoal black. Familiar names appeared on signs, and business was carried on under canvas while work got started on modern buildings of brick and stone.</p> <p><i>Id.</i>, p. 267</p>