

The Mystery Man

J. E. Pryor, for whom Pryor Creek is named, came west in the days of hunting and trapping, without even a horse to ride. A noticeable characteristic of this man was his club feet and his large boots which were practically round and measured fully eight inches across.

One day a group of Indians were hunting on the plains when they discovered the prints of these large boots, and being prompted by curiosity and fear decided to hold a pow-wow to determine what kind of an animal was living on the plains. They decided to take their troubles to the Medicine man, and upon reaching him said, "Great One, who knows all, tell us what great animal has invaded our hunting grounds. His feet tracks in the snow are perfectly round and fully eight inches across. He must be a monster."

"Bring my herbs," said the Medicine man, and he built a huge fire to cook them. As the vapors began to rise from the cooking weeds he saw visions and heard messages from the Great Spirit. "Have no fear," he said. "It is but a messenger from the Great Spirit. He has come to protect us from danger of the white man. Trace these tracks and bring the messenger to camp."

The Indians started in search of the messenger and when they found the club-footed man, conducted him to camp with great awe and reverence where his feet were examined and criticized. Mr. Pryor lived as a God in the Indian camp for many years where he was waited upon and given the best in the land. He never bothered to explain what club feet were and who he was, for hadn't he come west to make a good living?