Mr. Lonesinger was born in 1888 on the Red Pheasant Reserve. He later moved to the Sweet Grass Reserve where he is known as a singer and storyteller. (For biography see IH-052, p. 11.

HIGHLIGHTS:

- The days of his childhood - poverty and starvation.
- Ways of earning a living including the making of charcoal and lime.
- Story of the boy who saved a camp from starvation with the help of the raven spirit.

I have told stories of hunting parties. But I haven't quite given or told them all yet. Here's another story, not quite as old as the previous ones I have told.

In the year of 1888 during summer, I was born. So since 1892 I have actually known the things which may and have occurred.

It was a very poor life; I too have felt the difficulties even though I was only a child. How my parents struggled for survival, usually depending upon the surrounding wild life along with wild game and the milking of cows.
Farming of pigs, chickens, sheep, etc. has helped greatly towards survival I have known. Also rations were given to us twice a week on Tuesday and Saturday. Flour, tea and bacon were provided also but in some cases it wasn't actually enough.

So then they had to support themselves in such ways as withholding skins of bacon. They found various weeds, rhubarb which my mother hauled, then sliced it with bacon skin to make soup. Boy! How good it tasted.

They then made and kept cream, which was separated from milk, along with clean wheat and maple syrup. It sure was good to eat, but you could only eat a certain amount, because you would swell in your stomach. Sap was also taken from trees which was eaten with bannock.

I've also seen men haying in small sloughs, which didn't take them long to finish. The women would be raking behind them forming coils by hand. Hauling was done by an oxen pulling a long cart, which was used to stack the hay. The hay was very good at all times. Finally the people had lots of cattle. They never used to kill or butcher or sell them. All of a sudden the people started to butcher and sell the meat, just like today. They would store it in the ration house. They would ration the meat among the people and some would buy it off them. Anyone who had pigs usually got the elders to make good bacon.

There never was any lacking of hay; they had hay all the time. The cattle were always fat and big on account of the good feed and shelter. They usually put them in the barn at night, even if they had twenty cows. As the cows would go in the barn, they would close them in the stalls, and it was always warm in there. All the cows were very tame even the young bulls. Calves were also kept in a separate place. The cows were all big and well fed, even the calves. That's how I saw that.

Then I saw a threshing machine, which I didn't recognize at first. It was formed of wood which looked a bit like a comb. The crop was harvested by one guy who bundled it and the other dropped it on the ground then used pieces of willows to tie it with. Then they found out they can tie it with strands of straw. The combine was round with six reaching poles, along with six teams of horses. They were threshing. This machine had wheels close together and if anyone misstepped or turned, it would result in a severe injury. There was a round board in the middle of the machine and it was fastened in any way. The engineer of the crew would stand there in the middle of the machine, and at the bottom there is a rod, which manipulated the basic running of the machine. So in 1911 was the last year we had worked with farmers at those areas. That was the last time I saw the thresher.

Even before the coming of the machine, they used to crush
it with four foot pounder. After they did that, they would separate the crop and strain it. So that's how they used to harvest the crops. If not then they would have had to build a round corral which surrounded the crop. Then they would chase the stock in there to crush the crop. After that was through they then had to chase the stock out in order to avoid any urinary possibilites. Then they gathered the crop in a more cleansed area.

Freight then ran to and through Swift Current. It was only a man's responsibility. A Metis named Goodwill had approximately 30 one-horse drawn carts and he had lots of horses. About five teams were one man's job of looking after along with the hauling. This was also another of the works I haven't seen or lived with.

Later I heard a C.P.R. was starting in Saskatoon which ran all the way to Prince Albert from Regina through Saskatoon. At first I didn't really understand what C.P.R. was or what it was all about. When the train was running on an official schedule from Regina, it was then Goodwill decided to retire. Then anybody could have then hauled on an employment basis. There was a route which ran through the eastern part of Red Pheasant Reserve. There was also another route, but it wasn't in an appropriate condition. A man named Archie Roland, the father of Fred Roland then hauled along with Alex Roland, John Box, Pamperun and John Wills also the father of Charlie Wills. They all had five teams or more to haul with. Then the hauling ran on a daily schedule which ran onto us. Then we started hauling along with the others.

Flour was $1.50 per 100 lbs and in the summer it was .75 . We had such a continuation of hauling which didn't take less than 8-9 days to finish. So that's how it was then.

Then some time later the old men used to burn coal, that they dug through the ground in big holes. Along with the wood which had to be 15 ft long to cover three roofs. The making of this required one load of bark, another poplar and another of willows. Then they made some fitting on the sides of these holes for the things which were required. After they had placed these chips and pieces of wood, along with dirt they set it on fire. Anywhere there was smoke coming out they put dirt and packed it by stepping on it. At the bottom there was the crackling of the fire and all these things they put in there. About two or three nights later the structure then collapsed. Then they throw the dirt away and there was their coal. They put it in sacks and hauled it into town in racks, which was used for heat and so on. There was a lawyer at the R.C.M.P. office. The coal was then forwarded to four wanting departments which were the Indian Affairs, School, R.C.M.P., and the law office. That's the way it was then as far as I remember. As far as coal was concerned.

Along with the coal there was the white rock which had to be dealt with during the summer. This white rock they made, was
then sold for .30 perhaps even .60 a barrel.

Also poundy was made 'cause cement wasn't quite up to date then. A guy named Henry Suvern was the maker of this poundy at that time. Then my cousin William Baptiste became an employee of this man Henry. He then made and gave this stuff to the surrounding neighbors. Then when the white population had increased they started chipping rock. William Baptiste then helped by splitting the rock with a big thick axe with which he had made quite an exceeding accomplishment. They started sticking pieces of rock together. I knew of a road to North Battleford which was made in 1905. Today there is a house at the end of this road; we hauled it then to where it is today. Henry also made bricks which he used to sell in town. This man had made quite a name and reputation for himself. Then the continual use and forming of white rock was continued. A night watchman or bystander had to be there approximately four nights until the rock was ready for its next procedure. Often the fire was out because some of the watchmen looking after it had fallen asleep. I used to go with my dad whenever his turn came around. It was depended upon as another basic method towards survival. The one hole would often amount to 150 barrels which then were taken to town and sold to the three stores which were there at the time. Carpenters were the ones who usually had obtained this rock. So those were some of the basics known as survival at that time. From then on wood became another method. Wood was very cheap that time. It used to be $3.00 a load and the roads were not in good condition. The hay wasn't owned by anyone and you couldn't do what you wanted to do. Also, the same with the crop and especially the cattle. We only had wood and willow pickets to ourselves. Those were the only two things we owned.

Today now they can do anything. That's the way they overruled us, but today is even worse. We were on tightly self-preserved reservations, but it resulted that we couldn't come to any appropriate coordination between our reserve and the authority. Today, now, look at Red Pheasant Reserve's problems. There are young boys there without any reliance as far as any type of authority is concerned. I heard these poor boys stating that there weren't any reserves. These rumors didn't have anything to do with me or any thoughts at all. I only heard them say that and they scare me. But as for me I won't be on this land too long. The only land to look forward to is 6 ft. under the ground after I die. I don't know about the younger generation. So that's how it is with us. Today our reserve doesn't look too good either; they say it's the younger generation's or leader's fault. I really don't know because I never go to their meetings. Back in our days we used to dress poor. We didn't have no underwear or socks to wear. It was very hard for us, but we were always together. That was our way of life during that time.

During the early part of May they started out for Carlton along with their possessions such as fur, food, bags of pemmican and everything they picked up along the way. They even carried
their canoes.

They arrived at the end of October. When all the leaves fell off the trees, they got to the port. All summer they travelled for a little ways, because they were travelling against the current. They went by their canoes. Sometimes they had to go ashore and carry their canoes, because there were rocks. They often split or broke their canoes. That's how it was at the time.

Today the young men hardly ever wear something on their heads. During our time everybody wore caps. They certainly would have to wear something then. In the spring the people had dark faces. The field worker, superintendent and priest travelled by horses. Today the young men hardly have any clothes on; during that time everybody had to dress warmly. Many times it would be freezing cold.

It was very hard for us to haul whatever we could sell. We would only get $3.00 for whatever we took into town, but at that time everything was very cheap. We had hard times, I mean real hard times. We must have been hard workers, and that's why we're still living because we used to work hard. Today now the young men don't work, they get assistance. If something happens in the future, it's going to be hard. Some day there will be a change. We won't get any kind of help from the government. We can feel and see it happen and it's really going to happen that way. You hear that every day. There is something that is making us go crazy and it's liquor. What good will it do us when there is much drinking and the prices are high. It's going to get harder as true as I'm telling you.

In the fall the hunters would leave. This man Starblanket was a hunter, and Henpeahat and my dad. Also Ween Ka So's dad and another man or Wak Cow Gun and Harry Brabrant's dad. And also Ne Pea we ta Kos; they were all hunters. They would come home on Christmas Day. The bear hide was valuable. The bobcat, lynx and (?) were also valuable. The coyote were not as valuable and the minks were valuable, too. There were no beavers or hardly any at that time. When these men got home, they would go and sell them. They would buy everything, like tea by boxes, sugar -- large bags, syrup in large barrels and butter in a 20lb can or barrel. They would buy lots of tobacco and matches. They would have plenty all winter. That's the way they survived at that time, and I lived to see them survive that way. That was long time ago in 1892 and I remembered all along during those years up until now. I learned these things right away. When the old men tell stories, they would talk Cree and from there I know. They would use plain Cree that time and hardly anybody would talk English. Today, they forget our language and English wasn't our language.

There was once a good-sized camp and there were people living there. There was this man, he was the head of this camp. He had a very beautiful daughter and she was very quiet. There was a young man in this camp and he was poor. He stayed with
an old lady and the old lady's brother. They pitied him and also his grandfather. One day they were hungry and had nothing to eat. There were no cattle and he would leave and pick the rosebud berries. When he brought them home the old lady would mix them with the Indian popcorn and they would eat them. Over there, there was a cliff and a snow bank. It was very warm, but the snow was deep. He would climb up there and sit. Then he saw this beautiful girl going into the bush and she would come back. Then he thought, "I'm sure she had a good meal," and he ran into the bush. He went where this girl had left her waste. Then he took a little bit on his finger and put it in his mouth. It was very starchy and salty. Then he went back up and sat there.

As he sat there he heard a raven, he looked upward and there it was flying in circles. He sat there with his head down, then all of a sudden it landed there beside him. The raven would hop around and said to the young man, "Grandchild, you ate with me and I'm thankful you ate with me. I pity you very much. Over there by the slough with red twigs, there is an older bull there and I'll give it to you. You will save me the eye balls and throw them up on the trees and I'll eat those. Then you'll get up now and run over there and go to and fro. At the end you'll kill it and it's the only cow that's near here. You take as much meat as you can take home. When it's getting dark you will cry for these four old men. You make a little hut over there on the little valley. You do this four times and on the fourth time bring some young men with you. You will rule this camp before the winter is over. The leader will give you his leadership and also his daughter. That's what I came to give you, my grandchild. You will always put the old men first. That's all now, grandchild."

And the raven flew away and kept flying in circles. The young man got up and started to hunt. He would stop and listen. Then he heard this bison making a noise walking on the snow. The bison was standing sideways and he aimed and shot the arrow under the bison's shoulder. The bison fell down and lay there dead. He quickly had raw meat and he started hauling the meat. He came from the other side and told his grandmother, "Okay, Grandma, boil this meat, I killed this bison. Give some to my grandfather." The old lady went and gave some meat to her brother. The young man said, "Go and get my grandfather's pipe, tobacco, and sweetgrass. He can come in later." The old lady left and told her brother about this. Then the old man gave the old lady the things the young man wanted. The young man got the pipe ready and said to his grandfather, "You can come in now and ask the old man that is fat and has white hair. And bring them in order, but only four of them. This last one you'll call and you will sit with him. You'll sit at the back." The old man went out and called them. Before he had told his grandfather, "Go and tell the chief that I killed a bull." The old man told the chief to get some meat for himself, and he asked all the people to get some meat for themselves. They even take the blood on the snow and made soup. Then all the old men came in and the young man blessed
the pipe. After he finished he gave it to the old man and asked the young man, "What is wrong, grandchild?" He got up and cried on the old man's head and said, "Grandfather, pity me. I'm going to sit here for four nights and see where the cows are. Tomorrow I will go to the young men and ask them to make this sacred hut and I think they will finish it tomorrow. If it's finished tomorrow, I'm going to start sitting there day after tomorrow." The old men were surprised, and they were all thankful. The young man said to his grandfather, "Okay, grandpa, you tell me what to do and direct me as I go on with this sacred thing." After they finished smoking, the old lady gave them some meat to take home. Later after this old man that is fat and has white hair went out, he made sounds like a bull all around. What a loud noise!

Early in the morning, before the sun came up, they started making the sacred hut. The young man stood around there for quite a while. All the old men got all the sacred things ready like berry soup, cloth of different colors, and feathers. When they finished that, it was dark already. The old man said, "Grandchild, go there now, they'll feed you berry soup. Are you going on foot?" The young man replied, "No, I'm sure somebody will lend me a horse." The old man said, "You'll blow on the whistle four times and tell the people that you're going to do a sacred ceremony." "Yes," replied the young man. Then he left and the young men and older men were there. They were squeezed and he went in and they said to him, "You sit on this side." After they finished smoking the young man spoke, "Grandpa, I'm doing this sacred ceremony." There was a horse standing outside waiting for him. The old men started praying and the young man blew on the whistle four times. The women said, "He's going to get him." Early in the morning he left towards where the sun sets and he met some cows on the way. "Over there, where the hills are, there will be young men waiting and as soon as they see me they'll be waving at each other to let each other know that there are cows coming. When the sun came up they saw cows coming and they waved at each other. They would ride along the cows and when they went aside they would chase them back in line and holler. The cows would get back in line. Then he chased them in and said, "Choose which one and you too, Grandpa." Then they ate already and the young man said, "Grandma, you would know if they finished their meat." The old lady replied, "Oh, yes, they already finished their meat." The young man said, "I'll get some more again." He left again and he did the same thing. Then again he left and it was the same. The people had finished their meat and also their hides. The young man asked, "Shall I go again, grandma?" "Yes, grandchild," replied the old lady. Then he left again and they all said, "He's going for more." Later again he brought some more and he told his grandma, "That's the last, Grandma. I want to get the young men and I'll show them anyway. That's all for me now." Then he went in and they gave him some berry soup. They asked him, "Are you doing the sacred ceremony again?" "That's the last for now, young men, and if somebody else wants to do it, you can tell the old men. And
they'll show you. What I do, I'll tell you. The way you follow them and how to holler at them, I'll tell you," said the young man. Then he started the ceremony and this time it was really real. Then after, he finished his ceremony.

Meanwhile the leader or head was thinking, "We would be starving already if it wasn't for this young man, to save my people. We would starve to death already." He was lying down and he got up and said, "We would all starve already if it wasn't for this young man. I wonder if my daughter would disapprove of him if they would marry." The young lady replied, "Why should I disapprove of him when he saved the people in this camp. Maybe he won't want me instead." But the lady was very beautiful. "Maybe he won't want me, but that's okay," she said. The man said, "He will take my place and he will be the leader of this camp. He will be our chief when he's my son-in-law." The young lady replied, "Yes." "Go and get him and come with him," said the man. The young man was sitting and the lady came up to him and said, "You are to come down to our place." The old lady told the young man, "You go, maybe they want you to do the sacred ceremony." "Come," said the young lady and she took him home. Then he went in and the man said, "Over here." And he got the pipe ready and they smoked. The man started talking, "This thing that you're doing you saved this camp. If it wasn't for you many would have starved. If you don't disapprove of my daughter, you can marry her. If you don't disapprove of being the leader you'll rule this camp. You rule this camp, if you marry my daughter. You're the one that saved the people." The young man replied, "Yes," and he married the young lady and he became the leader. That's the way the raven had blessed him and that is why it all happened.

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(Side B)

We used to hear the old people say that there was starvation one time. It's true what they said, but the people up north had it worse. My grandfather Up Sa Mo Sos (Deer) used to tell this story when he was a young man. They moved their camping grounds, because they were starving, all over the land. They moved to another place and his brother-in-law and himself would ride up ahead, trying to see some cows, but they didn't see any. He used to say the deer were very hard to get. We couldn't kill any, although there were lots of them. Those deer that run fast were hard to get also.

One day we were going up the hill and we saw lots of people all in one place. Maybe something happened, so we rode towards them. We thought maybe somebody got hurt. When we got there the people were standing still and we saw a man lying down on the ground; he was covered up with cow hide. Then we saw something moving under it. Then this one guy, he was crazy, and they said to him, "You're a chief's boy and you'll take this child home that is under here." And the young man
agreed. Then he uncovered this person and they saw it was a boy who was an Assiniboine. He was trying to reach one of his relatives and he strayed right there. I don't know when. Then this young man threw him on the horse and everybody went home. When the young man got home he asked his dad to come out, "I found this young man. They found him there. It was that guy's son. They found him beside a rock and they told me to bring him home. They said to me, 'Your dad knows how to bring up poor children and take him home.' That is why I brought him home." His dad replied, "Take him to your grandma, she'll treat him. He'll be your brother; we'll bring him up."

So the young man took him to his grandma and they tied him up. The little boy was very skinny and he kept trying to run out. The old lady washed him real good. She gave him some soup by the spoon. When the little boy went to pass his food, it looked like a rabbit's b.m. He had eaten some grass before. His stomach would hurt him, because he ate so much. Then he gradually grew and he became older. He stayed there all during that time and became a young man. He thought they were his parents. These old people were from the Saulteaux tribe. This chief was a Saulteaux. This young Assiniboine man became a Saulteaux. There was no water and no food, so it looked like he was eating grass. That's how my grandfather saw it. There were trails all over and they would follow the trails and he did b.m. all over. They looked like rabbit's b.m. They thought he ate grass. That's what my grandfather said.

Although there were lots of deer they were hard to get and we couldn't even kill them. We finally found some cows and that's how we survived then. And the people on this side, didn't starve to death. Maybe a few. Over up north, it was called starvation land and there was only one man that starved to death. He died on the hill. There was another man beside a river and there was another man beside another river, they died of starvation. The Assiniboine from the south, had several starving deaths. The old man Pey Chew and Wuttunee wintered not too far from here. The old man Wuttunee didn't starve but our grandfather Pey Chew had no food for a while. The white man used to put poison out on the hills and there were lots of coyotes that died of poisoning. Our grandfather use to go and shovel the coyotes from the snow. We used to have this wild root and we used to boil the meat with this medicine. We would throw the soup away and we would add some more water and boil it over again. The soup was clean and clear. The meat was good and the fat was real white. Then we would eat the meat, we survived on poisoned animals. This We Yak Ka co Sin was a young man then and the crows were coming back. He would bring the crows that were poisoned. He would saw this medicine in small pieces and feed it to the crows. The crows would recover and the young man would holler. He would bring them every so often and doctor them. He saved lots of crows. This medicine he used made them survive. There was only one Assiniboine woman that froze to death. She froze on her legs and she was very beautiful. It was on a cold windy night; her tent had fallen down and she froze. Wuttunee brought the pemmican to
another place. He dug a hole and stored the pemmican there. Where he lived he also dug a hole and stored it there; he would put dirt on top. The children would slide on there. He would get some pemmican if he needed some, so he wasn’t ever out of food. There was a man called Na Pak A Can and he was found up north starved to death.

That’s the way the old men used to tell the story about starvation. There was no cows anywhere, in fact there was none around. Until one summer the cows came back. There wasn’t too many that starved to death that time. Some place in the middle of Saskatchewan there used to be a little house where they would get their food. I guess the people from around this country went up north. They even ate their belts, and they would burn it till it was crisp. They would also cook their drums, feathers and cook them the same way and eat them like that. That’s how hard it was, without food. Some people would eat horses and dogs.

This man Won Ak Keys used to tell this happening. My mother's mother used to pray a lot. She was already religious during that starvation period. They moved from the place they were camping to a place called We Co So Cossee. One night they camped overnight and my grandma had prayer beads that were a large size. One morning the old lady told her daughter to wipe a dish. The lady cleaned the plate and gave it to her mother. The old lady took the plate and started praying. “On this day give us bread,” and when she looked in the plate she saw b.m. and nothing else. She didn’t say anything. They started moving again next day and as they were going along they saw deer standing on the hill. There was no cow at that time. And she said, “There’s a cow over there.” Then they stopped. They told the man to try to kill the cow. This old lady gave him one prayer bead to use to shoot the cow. He ran around and when he was closer to the cows, he shot. He killed the cow and they all went over and they camped there for the night. As they were cutting it up, they found the bead and she said, "Bring it here." She put it back on and that's how my grandmother got her food. She was blessed that way, when she prayed for food. That's how my grandmother survived. That's how this man Won Ak Keys told about my grandmother.

My grandfather Up So Moses told this story. One Saulteaux man had a handsome son. When they would go hunting this young man went along and his father would tell him not to go. This Saulteaux man was well off. One day he told his son to get ready and there were lots of people living there. He told him to go and buy something. So this young man got ready. He had lots of hair and it was kind of brown; he was very handsome. He took off; he used dogs. He was gone for a long time, and then I thought he was gone for a long time and I had funny ideas. "Why don't we look for him." And he agreed with me. Then one day the dogs came back, the dogs he had used. All the dogs were fat. Then I thought maybe he froze and his dogs ate him up. Then I watched the dogs and I didn't think there was
anything peculiar about them. Then I told him, "Let's look for him." Then we got ready and left. It was still in late winter. Then we looked around and we didn't see or find anything. The dog's tracks didn't show and we couldn't tell which way they came from because the snow had fallen. Then we reached a place where there were lots of fallen trees and we didn't go very far from our camping grounds. Then I told him to get his dogs ready and go around that way. He left and went that way and I went up a hill. I saw a rock protruding from the snow. This rock looked like it was broken off and I stood there and looked around. I saw the thorn branches in a bunch on a hole. There were hardly any trees but there were dry twigs. There were tracks there beside the thorn twigs. Then my uncle came and I stood there. When he walked by I told him to come there and see the rock; it was busted. There was a sleigh that went by here and the snow was hard. So we went down the hill and it was bare there, but the snow was very hard. I took my snowshoes off and I felt the snow and it was hard. Then I saw hair coming up from the snow and I thought it couldn't be anybody else's hair but the young man. That was the young man's hair. Then we started looking, but we didn't find anything. We didn't even find the sleigh. Then we didn't find the young man and we went home. We got home and we didn't find a trace, only the hair. I don't know what happened to the young man. We kept looking for him all around but we didn't find anything only the hair. We didn't know what happened to him, and it was too bad.

Last summer when my brother-in-law died, he was my friend. We used to have fun in every way. We used to do everything funny to ourselves. We didn't bother anybody else. One day we went to Sweet Grass; it was in the year of 1914. There was a Sundance, and there was this lady named Keech Yet Ta Sic Owew. She was pretty dancing in the Sundance. She looked beautiful. Then when it was over and we were coming home he said, "Brother," he used to call me brother, "You'll have a sister-in-law before summer," and I asked him, "Who's going to be my sister-in-law?" He replied, "That lady that looked so beautiful dancing in the Sundance." Then I said, "You better not. I know you'll really take her for a wife." And he replied, "I really am going to make her my wife, because she looks beautiful dancing." It was getting fall and we went to Sweet Grass. He said, "Let's go and see. I don't know where she is." Then we left and the people were camping in Cut Knife and we got there. Then we saw this beautiful lady and this man told us to camp for the night. We agreed to camp. "She's watching the tipi for the night," he said. "Our sister-in-law is watching the tipi," he said. Then he said "Let's go and tie our horses someplace else." Then we went to a different place where the berry trees were and he told me, "Go and get her, see if you're a real man. Straighten your cap." I had a rain coat on and I went to the tipi. Then I stood by the door and she opened it and she said, "Who's this guy that is very tall and has a pointed cap? Who is this?" Then I said to her. "Come and see." She came out and I said, "How are you? Get your blanket or shawl and cover up and come with me to the bush."
And her husband said, "Are you going with him?" and she asked me, "Did you come with him? Really?" And I replied, "Yes, come with me and see." And she said, "Wait for me, I'll put the fire out." Then we left together and we went in the bush and my brother-in-law was sitting there. "Here she is," I said. And he replied, "I don't like you because you're so crazy. I was just acting crazy. I'm not really crazy. We came to get you." And she said, "No, you'll kill me. I'm going to put up a Sundance for four days in the summer." He said, "No, I won't. I'll do it for you. One day a cow will be killed for food." Then I said, "You guys plan and I'll go and tie the horse in a different place." So I left them there and I came back. We sat there and it was just about morning. I told him, "Let's go home now." And he said to the lady, "You'll come home with us." We brought her home with us and we got home here. They got married and stayed together. Then this lady scolded him and she would scold me too. Our grandma was too. Then they kept scolding us.

Then one day we took some stuff to Wilkie and we sold the pickets on the way. We had money and our grandmother didn't have any tobacco. So I told him, "Let's go to Cando. Our grandmother has no tobacco and tea." He replied, "Yes." We got the horses ready and after we finished he said, "Let's go." There were only two of them in the tipi and there were four of us going. The women gave us a good scolding and he said, "Let's go now and we won't bring them anything sweet. We would've brought them candies but we won't bring them anything." We got to Cando and we bought some stuff. I bought tobacco, tea and matches for grandma. Everybody from Cando was working, stooking. They wanted meat and they wanted me to kill a cow. There was a fat cow standing over on the field beside the bushes. "You'll help me butcher the cow," and we agreed. Then we rode over to the cow and we took a gun along. The cow was standing beside the bush facing us. "Get the knife ready and I'll shoot the cow." "You try and shoot the cow in the right place," said this white man. Then I sat down on the ground and I took a stick and set it up. "As soon as I aim you run to it and take the knife along." I shot the cow right on the head and killed it.

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