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(Yahya-num)
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HIGHLIGHTS:

- Very brief account of 'bad' medicine.
Swimmer is the chief of the Sweet Grass reserve and is the wealthiest Indian on the reserve, having some eighty head of cattle farming about two hundred acres. He is the hardest worker of them all. Politically the reserve is split into two factions, the chief on one side, and Fine Day on the other. When elections for chief were held these two opposed each other -- Swimmer holding out for progress and cooperation with the whites and Fine Day running on the strength of his ancient prestige. Swimmer won out by a very narrow margin. The chief is married to a halfbreed woman.

Some years ago when I was just appointed something came up which may interest you. Harry Achenaur was chief before me and he was fired because he drank. After I succeeded him, Harry missed a three-year old steer. He saw it at opwosimisis's camp at Little Pine and claimed it. Opwosimisis said that it belonged to him and there was a big argument.

The Agent and clerk came down to settle it and many people came from different reserves -- just as for sports. The Agent tried but he couldn't settle the argument. He asked Harry if he could swear in any way that the steer was his. Harry said, "May Thunder strike me if the steer is not mine." Now that is an awful thing for an Indian to say. I looked at opwosimosis and I hoped that he wouldn't repeat the oath for I knew that he was in the wrong and if he swore something pretty bad would happen to him. But he only said, "I can say that too." But he didn't say it.

Then I saw that things were bad and I stepped up to the agent. I said, "Mr. Agent, I'll settle this. Harry, come here. Opwosimosis, come here. Shake hands. Harry, when I get home I'll give you an animal that cost me \$25." That was how I finished the argument for I saw that if it went on any other way we all would lose friends. I didn't do it to get a big name but just to keep friendship.

That same year Fox cashed a grain cheque which didn't belong to him. McDonald wanted to arrest him but I said, "Don't do it, Mr. McDonald. Fox is only a young fellow. He is like a baby trying to stand up for the first time. If you pull him down now it will be very bad." He didn't arrest Fox and I talked to him instead.

After old Coming Day's daughter shot herself, he didn't have any close relatives. He took my wife for a daughter and gave her a mare. He calls her daughter and she calls him father. I call him nigwemes -- friend. He is very good with medicines

and helps us out when we are sick. We help him out in other ways. The mare that was given to my wife she gave to her own son. I had nothing to do with it.

The women own everything in the house and they may have horses all of their own. Over the cattle and the pigs, however, I have the say. The treaty money for the women and the children is usually kept by the woman. I own one dog and my wife owns one. Both were given to us as gifts. The sewing machine belongs to my wife. The farm machinery belongs to me. Every year in the fall the houses must be plastered with mud. The women help the men do this.

At this point Swimmer launched into a long story which briefly was this: As a young man he was a fast runner. One of his friends was a swift runner also. But Swimmer beat him. The fellow became very jealous and sent a pitcicitcigau to him. His leg became swollen and he suffered for six months. Then a medicine man put him in a sweat lodge, discovered what was ailing him and cast it out of his body.

Another story he told was how he often dreamt of Fine Day trying to send a similar spell into him. But somehow or other he is strong against it and Fine Day cannot succeed. Once in a dream he heard Fine Day singing a certain song. When he woke he went and sang that song before Fine Day. Fine Day hung his

head and said, "That is my grandfather's song."

I talked with him about the inability of the Indians to accumulate wealth. His reaction was this: "Yes, I feed a lot of people but I've got to do it. It is not right to hide grub when you've got it. You are trying to hide it from God. Anyway I get my grub back somehow but the Agent always gives me hell."

I used to try to live like a white man. But I tried to do too much and now I am well satisfied to live like an Indian. What kills me (i.e. financially) is buying horses. We have no good stables, no oats and the horses die off fast. It's the same with all of us.

I don't smoke. I used to play cards but I quit when Mrs. Coming Day told me that it was making me sick.

I myself have no pawa-guu. But I often dream about dead people and maybe they help me. I dream about my first wife often.

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