"I'm going to sing a song which the older men used to teach me. This is how they used to gather around, and this song was used like an Indian Prayer a long time ago. I know a few more songs but I just want you to hear them and respect them. Father of all and the guardian angels gave me these songs. I sing once in a while before and after I pray. Just like today, we're gathering and we only have a few old people. They, the older people, used to be strong and now you don't see many people last long, because they suffer when they get old. Nowadays, the people tire out easy; a long time ago they were active. A person gets tired quite easily. I notice that their lives are being burdened by disease and our children too. The children suffer a lot from diarrhoea, which has been spreading around. We lost two kids, one last summer and the other not so long
ago. The place I'm talking about is Little Pine, where me and my brother-in-law come from."

Then, they pass a pipe around.

"If you could learn how to sing my songs you could sing them sometime. I usually call them "Thank you songs," these songs I'm going to sing." (He prays). "Our Father, I'm not going to talk to you too much, but I'm just going to sing these songs, I don't know where they originated from. I'm going to sing these to my relations. I know these songs were given to me. After these songs I'm going to sing, I'm going to pray. I'm going to pray for these people here and for the people back home and for the kids. I'm not going to sing too loud because the cops might pick me up."

"It doesn't matter you are allowed to sing loud here."

Then he sings.

"That's what the old man said, the fast one, that comes up the first time now, the one that works for the Almighty Father. This is why I sing this song every morning; this is his song."

He sings again. (He speaks again, but we cannot understand.)

Prayer after song.

"Oh, Father of all, it must be you that gave us these songs through the spirits. Old men used to believe in the power of the song. I used to search around for these songs and this is how I know them and these are what I found. Every morning I burn sweetgrass and ask for a good day. I sing at my house when I don't use liquor, because I, too, use liquor. I can't brag. I think of you every day and every night, thanking you for my good thinking. Oh please, pity us, the poor. The reason why we gather here is because they want to hear something informative and good to talk about.

"My white brother is very weak in mind and health. I do not wish any bad luck upon them, even though they destroyed our culture. The reason why we are asked here, is to try and lessen the destruction of our Indian culture. It would give us satisfaction to see our relations and friends have peace and prosperity and good health.

"I ask for health for those who are sick, to look towards, in mind, the Indian religion. I really believe in Indian religion. I try to show this to the Father of all.

"My dad last told me to believe in the Indian religion. I'll do the best I can to show this, believing in the Guardian Spirit. Give us the straight road of life where my people shall not falter. This is what I ask of you and thank you, Our Father."
SMITH ATIMOYOO:

We are very pleased that you all came down to speak to us today. There are more coming from the east. Those are the ones we are waiting for. It is very hard to concentrate in this fast moving world and we are led astray. It is you that we look forward to, to lead us straight again. Doesn't it look like that? Because we are getting lost. It seems like we are in a hurry all the time. We are trying to go back to the older ways. I guess because we lost our Indian ways we younger people are like we are today.

We heard that the old traditions were good. I guess the older people think that they are alone, and feel that they, too, should forget. The older people try to speak to the younger people but they won't listen, so they give up. And now us middle-aged people are turning back to the Indian ways. Every effort should be made by the older people to keep up this tradition. The population is increasing and so is the relationship of people to each other. Ways like theirs are being forgotten. It seems the students see now. There are lots of them who go to town to educate themselves, but there are lots of drawbacks when they live with the whiteman. They are taught in the white society and forget their Indian traditions. They are brainwashed. It is very hard to live in the city; there are a lot of problems.

What is it that we are lacking as young people? There isn’t anyone who is supporting us or anything supporting us in our aims. I hope the older people will hear our plea and tell us. This must be the reason that they sent for you. We would like you old people to tell us about the old sayings and we will think about them.

I will tell you a story about my parents which I will never forget. For instance, my parents use to say, "Give the old men and grandfathers tobacco to smoke." And they used to be thankful, and they would say "May you live long enough to have white hair." This is what my brother and I talked about. The old ladies used to say this to him too. Then I told him what I used to ask my father. Why did the old men thank us so much and wish us to live long and have white hair? Because they are proud to reach old age. They used to enjoy talking to relatives and their grandchildren, etc. and to young people, putting them on the right track.

This is the time they reach old age and have gone through the good side of life.

They were prepared for any young man who approached them asking for their knowledge. Whenever a young man came over, they were so thankful. They gathered the good ideas of life and told them to the young, just the way my uncle was praying for good things.
This is what I heard from my parents, and we are pleased that you are here to talk to us and tell us young people good things and keep us on the right track telling us things that will help us. There are a lot of Indians that are searching for true Indian identity and they are trying to go back to what was given to them to believe in, and in the future this should be kept for a long time. We should also think about being looked after by God. We, too, should help to get good things happening because it's not always going to help us, but it may help the whiteman. Even the white people are being given a hard time by their children, with long hair and beaded head bands with feathers. These young people are searching for freedom and happiness.

I picked up a white hitch-hiker on the road one day. He asked if the Indians would tell them what they think and how they look at life and where you get your spiritual help from. He says, "This is what I am looking for." This is what this hippie was searching for, freedom and peace. He is well off at home but he still lives poorly and says he's going to travel around the world by thumbing.

Look after yourselves. A long time ago, the Indians used to take good care of themselves. They used to dress properly and they used Indian make-up to fix themselves up. "Why is it that you don't look after yourselves?" asks the white man. They ask us all these different questions.

HARRY BROBA:

What I think is that this world is moving so fast that people don't give themselves time to fix themselves up. More people are jealous of others when they dress themselves up. They used to understand this. The pride is gone and they talk amongst themselves.

There is wind, cold, snow, and rain and the way I think and believe, it is because the Owner (God) makes it good for us in the way he brings these to us, this is good for us. I am never scared of the weather. I think of the Owner (God) all the time, who will help me through no matter what kind of weather we have. This is what I always ask from him.

Now I'll tell you this story, although you know it already. This is my father's story. The first time he asked for Kingship in Fort Qu'Appelle, he asked for this land. This was hard, he brought along two hundred men. There was an opening and that's where he was. "The Queen sent me to ask the Indians about the land, and this is what I came for. To see if you would sell this land. 'If you don't get the land don't bother coming home,' the Queen said." "And what this meant was, if he didn't get the land he would fight," says my father. There was an Indian spokesman there and he said, "I can't sell this land 'cause this is not my land. This was leased to us by the Creator, to live on this land, therefore I cannot sell this land."
One said this to the King, "If you can handle the position of
being King, then if you can cover my land, bushes and all with
red carpet, then you can have it." The King said it was
impossible. This meeting took a long time, then finally the
King said, "How about saving the best piece of land you like, but
the outside I will have to live in. Then you will be given
$5.00 a year per person, until the sun stops shining, until the
river stops flowing, until the grass stops growing." Then our
grandfathers agreed on this. And on this reserve they said
there would be a school to educate the kids. "There will also be
a farmer instructor to teach you how to farm. Try and get away

from this fighting and stay peaceful and raise your family.
Cattle will be given, tools, vegetables, etc. Inside this
reserve you can hunt and fish for food but not outside."

For fifteen years after, the Indians received relief. They
should have received it for thirty five years more, but they
made the King angry over fighting. I believe in what the
grandfathers agreed to. They didn't sell the land, they
leased it. As far as the reservations are concerned I think we
are far better off than the whiteman. We live happier and enjoy
life better, e.g.: What Smith was saying about the white hippie
searching for a quieter way of life. Some place they can call
home and where they can raise children.

I guess this is the place we are, where the young Indian people
are lost. Maybe if these young people hear good news they can be
awakened.

This is what I'm telling you about and our leaders think we
should have an Indian Culture Centre.

Now you can tell about something good that you have heard. This
would be very good. It is very hard to be a leader, to try and
show the white man that we are humans as well. Things would
have been different but they, the whiteman, made us poor. If
they had kept up with our rights and told us about them, maybe
then, we would have lived differently.

Maybe the younger people today wouldn't be shy to be Indian, to
Indian dance or to sing our Indian songs. They are even too
shy to go to town with their elders, their grandparents. This
is how far this white society has taken us. Why is it that you
quit your jobs; and why don't you look after yourselves?

Sometimes I don't really want to help the younger generation
because they don't listen to what I preach to them, but still I
try to help them out.

I buy my son bullets to hunt with and snare wire also. I buy
matches for him to build fires in the mornings. I bring food
for my grandchildren, but when I leave for a while, my food is
gone already. Anyway, I really don't care. I love my
grandchildren. For example I walk them around, carry them, the
way they like and they feel satisfied, to see how their
grandfather loves them - this is why I do that. One of these
days nobody will care for them and they will have a hard time in the future.

I try to show my family how to love their children, by walking and carrying them around. But, they may know how by the time they grow up, how to love their children; right now they don't. Today they don't recognize what we're doing, this is what the white society is doing to them.

I don't really believe in school because there are lots of school children who are mischievous. There are only a few who are quiet. There is one here, his name is Rodney Soonias. He is from our reserve - Red Pheasant; he has a lot of knowledge. He is very sound in mind and he speaks good, and this other is Smith Atimoyoo who also has a lot of knowledge. These are the kind that are needed to teach - those who think soundly. They don't contradict themselves when they speak. There are lots of them that do that because the white society does this to them. This is the way I see it. I was in school only one month at the Industrial School in Battleford. This is where I learned my English. I don't like the day schools because you only get mischievous there every day. The parents have a hard time getting the kids ready, they have to wash them, get them up, put clean clothes on them. The kids don't get enough sleep. I don't like the day school at all. The residential school is much better because there you learn more trades. We were even taught how to bake bread. I used to make bread which was better than the ones we buy now. The white peoples bread is not good. There used to be two of us making bread, all day. The children use to grow better and faster. They also taught us how to work with iron. Rodney's father use to work there too, and also, he was the first man in Battleford to work as a first class carpenter as a foreman even over the whiteman. He got this from the school, and also, James Brown knew how to draw. He has a lot of knowledge from this school. We knew how to take care of the farm. I, too, knew how to work on a dairy farm. I was the leading milker because of my speed. We milked 20 cows in the morning, starting at 4:00 a.m. By the time my partner was out of bed, I had finished milking eight cows. Then my boss said I was to do this every morning and forget about the other guy. As I said before, I started at 4:00 a.m. and I milked eight cows every morning. Then after the milking I still worked hard, at a steady rate, without tiring.

Now, today when young people are asked to do something, they won't because of laziness. This is nothing, it is only work. Every young man should do the work without hesitation. Every morning we should pray and give thanks that we see the sun rise. This is what I used to do. As for me, I used to get up early and start my job no matter how tough it was. Nowadays when young people work, they sleep in or want to have somebody to work with - to talk to. Some sleep on the job, whenever the boss is gone, but as for me, I didn't so that I would satisfy my boss. I used to sing at work and sometimes I only had a few hours of sleep and it would be the same thing, day after day.
Nowadays, the people, especially the young, are afraid of work, "Anyway," they say, "I'm receiving relief, why should I work?" Whenever I hear young people something they are asked to do, I would like to show them if it wasn't for my eyesight. If it weren't for my age and eyesight, I would work. I want to work to earn my living. I want to live a few more years.

As for my knowledge of old age and grey hair, it is to understand and take part in the ceremonies. As for old age, this is when you know of God more. We are left here on this earth to live peacefully, to try and save our souls. To live properly and in peace amongst ourselves is the only way to get there. The younger generation doesn't understand and they don't want to understand.

A long time ago when our ancestors used to roam around, there were many buffalo here, that were given to us by the Owner (God). We were given these to live on; not to starve. There were millions and millions of buffalo; the Indian wouldn't starve. Then the white man came. He promised us a lot. He told us to drop our religion and culture. Then, they took the hides and left the meat there. My dad said the Hudson's Bay Company bought the hides, and the whites and halfbreeds killed all the buffalo taking the hides and leaving the meat to rot. As far as I could see, I could see the meat as a fat, shining reflection in the hot sun. Maybe this is why today we are punished by the white man. Then my father was sent to look for horses by the Battlefords; they were with a halfbreed. This halfbreed saw these buffalo bones lying around. The halfbreed said "I used to make money from hides." Then my father said, "Now you are complaining about being hungry, and a long time ago your people were the ones who killed the buffalo off." "He sure got angry at me, but this was what I told him," said my father.

NEW SPEAKER:

I'll tell a little bit of what my father used to say. Whenever I filled the pipe with tobacco, I would give it to my dad. I would ask him, "Could you tell us about the creation of man?" He would answer, "I don't know it that well, I have forgotten a lot." Another old man used to say, "The first time a person was placed on this earth, there was one man and one woman. They were made by God out of soil. Pretty soon there were a lot of people and a lot of tipis. He was given the Sundance lodge to use for worship. After this there were a lot of other ceremonies; ways of worshipping originated. These were done by our old grandfathers. The Round dance, smoking, smoking house, etc. All these came from the Big Lodge."

Where we are gathered around, if honesty goes I think we will be listened to by God and loved by him also. At least this is what I think and what I say.

The biggest sin you can commit is when you laugh at old people, or crippled people. This is how God created them. This is God's creation, so don't laugh at them.
I'll tell you another thing; my grandchildren, as they sit by me, another big sin you can commit, is when you disobey your parents. Don't ever beat an orphan child or abuse him because he is looked upon by God. Another is; old people, live and love them. They need it. Don't ever think or say wrong things about old people. In the future this will be your hope of your children growing up. It's going to be hard in the future because the white man is changing everything. This is what the men used to say. This is the truth. God listens and knows.

If this is what you want us to discuss, I will tell you a lot more about the truth of what I would be saying. But that is it, for now. Thank you. Maybe what I was saying here will make you think back to long ago, when the first man was let on this earth, this will take us a long way in life.

Don't be scared of anything. Our Father, the Owner, will take care of us. Don't do it secretly. You can do it secretly with other people but the Almighty knows the living things he made and he listens to you. Think. We aren't going to live forever. Up in heaven, we have four souls.

First, there is the one we live and move with and the one that's providing for us. The most important (valuable) one is when you leave the earth. This is the body of you which will be alive all the time. So save your soul, think about your soul. This is what the old people long ago have said, and still say this.

If you sin on this earth, the soul is the one who gets the punishment when you die. This is your body; when you sin on this earth the soul is hurt a lot.

This is what I understood of Smith, to talk about the old sayings of a long time ago.

Long ago, there was no whiteman and no liquor. I sometimes wonder when we are under the influence of alcohol; I think that God doesn't listen to us at all. So let us try our best to wake our grandchildren up and keep them away from alcohol. Just like me here, what I'm saying is to keep them away from alcohol, and talk to them. I don't lie, or I try not to, because God will not listen to us here if we tell lies.

CHOCO LACHANCE:

I will speak now, but not very long.

We, the younger children, used to be placed in a circle amongst the elders, for them to tell us stories to follow, as examples of life.

A long time ago when the Indian was placed on this land he was given his language. Watch a tree grow out from the ground, it is our Father who is growing it. These trees are like spirits;
they speak to each other but we do not hear. It will not speak to you, outside of a dream. Even if you have a hard time in life, don’t forget the Father’s makings. When we were placed here, he gave us a language, culture and a religion.

Our religion is much the same as the priests in the white society. This prayer with the pipe is a very good way of presenting ourselves, to ask for God’s approval of what we are doing. I like the way you have treated me, passing me the pipe to smoke.

All of you in here, think of our Maker, who guards us, in the morning, and when we go to bed. Did you think of Him yet today? This is what they told us. It is the white men who will break you in your beliefs, but think of God. Listen to what I have to say. They, the older people, had tears in their eyes when they told us this. The reason they had tears was because they were asking us to listen, because the Indian was given a Bible. This is what we see when we look around, the hills, the rivers, the different things we see. This is our Indian Bible. From here man should believe that he was the one who was put on this earth. The way things grow in bad weather is still beautiful. It is the white man who has to write things down on paper and if it rains it gets wet and a little is destroyed. His environment is weak. He only wants to make money without doing things wholeheartedly. Today, he is getting poor. He is leading us onto the wrong path. If Indians want to live like that they could, but the colour of their skin wouldn’t change. The Indian was made from the soil. It will show that he is Indian, my father used to tell me.

Prays:

Today, when I speak, not proudly, but, informatively, help us to gain your best, our Father. Help us in our need to speak to each other plainly and understandingly. Okay, thank you.

NEW PERSON: (Not clearly understood)

I'll talk about my great-grandfather, I guess he used to keep my father. He was a very young man at the time. I was hunting, I was poor. I used a wolf pelt as a pants. The tail was still on it. He went mourning around. The people used to hunt for their relatives. This was the kind he was, during the fall. All winter he went west. He said that he would go when the berries started ripening away. But later he forgot. It soon came time for him to go hunting. He then remembered. All the people came. They were in the middle, I guess. Even the people from the west, there were many of them. They made me moccasins. Everyone was leaving; I thought I'd go with them. One woman that wasn't married was along. I used to see her, when she went for water or wood. The men used to fear her. I went along with them because they were going hunting. In the evening as I was walking to the camp there were many round fires. Someone called me, some of my relations from out my way. "Tomorrow, we will leave."

When, then, there is meat after the hunt, you are not to break
the bones and eat the marrow, because it is your first hunting trip. We don't do this, you have to have someone to open it for you, or you will have to be blindfolded. Someone broke it for me. The bone was smeared with ashes first, then I ate it. One who could foresee the future. There was one they used for this rather than the leader. Then we were taken away from everybody till they finished then we would come back. The searchers would be finished. When there was three then it would be my turn. I was poor. I only had a buffalo robe. Everyone else had a wolf pelt and moccasins. It was my turn, my friend told me. There were the three before me sitting there. We did this to find out something. We were given berry bowls and pipes. I was among them. I knew nothing but I followed the rest. They got up and left singing. (He sings) I sang about the wolf anyway. I swung my belt around. It was sundown already when we left. Some ran and others walked fast. They were good. When it was almost morning they would sit and smoke. "We are almost there." We would walk far apart as if looking for something. We walked fast or ran. It wasn't easy. Then they came to a hill and sat to smoke, then we went again.

When we came to a prairie, buffalo were roaming around. When we were in the middle, there we saw a different person. We all saw him at once, I guess. We looked for a hollow part with stones. We ran there and looked. The rider came there. There were many of them. It was morning. "I guess these are hunters," they said. They must have chased the buffalo here. To the one side there was a valley. "We will try to get there. Okay, let's go," he said. A wolf was looking around then ran, then there was another, then there was me. I'll try too. There was a sloped hill there. One rolled down, then there was two of us left.

There he was, my friend, just flew away from me, flew away whistling. I turned into a wolf because of my pelt. From over there, by the river, they were thankful. Pretty soon there were different people there. They were killing the buffalo. We watched from there. Then, when they were finished, we followed them, close to the bush till we came close to the river. There was bush. As we were close. There were tipis by the river.

We stayed in the bush to rest till dark. We got dressed to go to the camp. We just walked on, closer. The dogs were barking. Soon, my friends left for the tipis. Then a woman came out of the tipi to go to the washroom. She went back. I listened and they were sleeping. I took two pegs. When I left, I found that my two friends were gone. I ran to the direction I thought they went. I guess I ran too close to the spring and fell in. I got hurt on the stones. I almost cried. I thought I broke my leg. Then, I got up onto the bank. I started walking. I stopped to brush the water off. Then I heard someone praying and smoking. There are my friends, I thought. I ran there fast. It was getting morning. Our leader said, "The place is near where they were to wait for us. It should be morning by the time we get there." He was right. "It should be over that hill over there." We saw someone there. So that was the place. They made fire there. Then, afterwards, they
rubbed black ashes on our faces. Then they said, "You be in the lead." Then I showed them what I got from the camp (peg). When we entered the camp they were ready. Everybody was in a crowd and in the middle there was bull shit. Then I kicked it, then everybody wished on something when they picked it up. Then they told me what they wished. Then I went to the camp mourner. I told him, "Your dad is waiting for you, there are horses, clothes, waiting for you." He says, "Come and get me." This was the same as what they do with the Sundances (Seekers).

We won't leave right away, until noon. Sew the clothes up first. Then at noon they left, hiding along the bushes and valleys. Then at dawn, they pitched up tents, near the enemy camp. Then they said, "Walk slow, don't make any noise."

Now everybody was walking slow. There were a lot of people, mostly women, walking behind. I guess this woman I was trying to get was there too. When it came night, there was a night watchman. I guess I sneaked out somehow. I went hunting for horses. I found some and left them there. The older men were sitting around waiting for daylight. When it came they were told to get ready. The seeker stood up and sang. I ran to one tipi and sat beside it. One person jumped out of it and I sliced him up to pieces and another came out and I chopped his neck off. I went to where the old men were sitting and gave them these heads. "Not any more," they told me. I also went to where there was shooting. Tipis were taken, horses, clothing and even kids. Then everything was all over. Then we left for home again.

There were songs and dancing. I asked my friends to look for the horses where I had left them.

The girl I had my eye on was given to me. Then I didn't go on hunting trips, but at times I fought.

This is what Dad used to tell me. Now that's it for now. I've got some more to tell later.

One story not a fairy tale. Maybe you have heard it before. It is about a man who married a thunderwoman. This is a half white story.

There was a farmer who lived in a house. He and his wife had a son. Then the man got sick and died. The boy and his mother were left alone. The boy was growing big already. Then one day a team and a wagon pulled into their farm. The man asked for the owner and said, "I came to see how everything was and also to see how your son is doing. I'll be staying for a while." Then he gave some money to the woman and her son. Then one day they went to town to shop. When they got home he said, "I wonder if I could take the boy with me as my son. I'll buy him a horse and everything." Then he said, "What do you say, my son?" "I guess I'll go with my uncle and see where he comes from," he said.
Then they left. When they were a ways gone they bought a horse for the nephew and they went on their way again. "We will not go to my place, but this way. We will go for money." They followed a road. "This is where the money is," he said.

"You take your horse," he said. And right at the top. Then his uncle killed his horse, skinned it, cleaned it. Then told his nephew to go inside, then the uncle sewed the hide up. He noticed a big eagle land right by him. Then he was picked up by the eagle to be fed to the small. He noticed again that the eagle had flown away. He cut the hide open and crawled out and there were two baby eagles. Which he then killed. Then he started out without his uncle and the money. The money he threw out where his uncle had put him in the hide.

There he walked around. He found human bones; people who have starved to death. Suddenly he saw one person alive. Then he said to him, "Oh boy, you are poor. I'll help you out to try and live. Just forget about me." Then the person gave him a rope and said, "Go over there and there is a big tree. Tie your self to the tree and the eagle will land there. When he does you jab him or cut his throat. Then hang to him real hard. The purpose of tying yourself to the tree is so he won't lift you up with him. Then after you have killed him, you cut off his legs and the wings. Then when you finish, go to each mountain and jump. Whenever you know you're moving too fast use the wings to slow you down. You will land safely," he said to the nephew.

So he did what he was told by the person he found. When he flew down below the mountain it was soft. So he cut off the wings and legs of the eagle and left them there. Then he started walking, wore out his footwear, and then the blisters on his feet. Then he had to crawl finally and found a lake. He drank water. Suddenly he heard woman's voices and laughs away. And this one he noticed right away, a beautiful girl and nice clothing coming for a swim. Later the girl he noticed found him by luck. The girl said, "I will come back and feed you." Then she said again, "This uncle of yours is really not your uncle. He is a demon and you wouldn't see him again. I feel sorry for you," she said. He stayed there four nights. Then she said, "I'll take you home to my place. But you wouldn't sleep on this bed," she said. Then she made him a bed. He slept there four nights too. She took him to marry him. He was kept really good there. She made moccasins for him. Then, they had a child. He must have been there for quite a while. "There," she said, "I've troubled you enough. Now we'll go home," she said. How is she going to take me home, he thought. Then they went out with her carrying the baby. "Stay there," she said, "as soon as I touch you, you grab hold of me." She went around the corner. Then there was thunder coming now and it touched him. He jumped on her back and the thunderbird woman carried her baby. Then they stopped and the thunder changed back to a woman. His parents were glad to see him.
ERNEST TOOTOOSIS:

These here I want you to pray. We are buying your words from you, for our young people ahead of us. You know where to send it to. Prayer: Our Father, I show you this pipe that you gave me. The plains Cree. You said don't let my people do the wrong things. And these young people that are going to talk about which they are buying the story. And let the young people think on the right track from what we will be saying. And let the white man who has given us miseries slow down his thinking, and I hope you think of us and help us all the time, our Father.

While it is high noon, I'll point the pipe that way. (Prayer not clear.) Thunder. This gift I give to you, give us life and happiness and my children let them be safe all the time. And this again, I show you this cloth, our Father. This was the highest thing to do, our Father. Our children - let think about them. Let them think clean and not brainwashed. Let the white man slow down his thinking. Now you, the sun, I give you this cloth. The trip that is beautiful, the life giver, the sun. Let my children have a good trip wherever they go, the same your trip is beautiful. This is what we ask, Sun.

I'll take these homes and I'll put them out there.

Harry: Like what I heard the white man is doing research about Indians. Many white man wants to join the Indians. For instance they dance in pow-wows. One time in Red Pheasant there was a Sundance there and there was this white man from quite a ways who participated. Yeh, I saw that one too. He's actually pulling towards the Indian way. There beginning to be more whites with Indians before some used it for moneywise for education. Some are quite scared they are lost and that's when they run to the Indians, because they know they are wrong.

I guess Ernie told you why you are here today. It makes a person think for a while at what is going on now. It's hard to find a quiet place for someone to stay, to think of their children. The white people aren't the only ones that are going to like this but also us. Our leaders are talking about this and to try to turn back the Indian way. I thought it was wonderful. You know how our families brought us up. They used to tell us about this. I forgot a lot of what they told us, they expected of us. If only this happened, I thought too. It is only you the elders that we could look to for help, for us to understand. Some are far out from this life but there are some who still hang on to it. This is what you should work for, these leaders think. The children should have it, to be proud they are Indian. Some have not heard of it. They are brought up the wrong way. If they hear how the Indian was brought up maybe this would change. This should also be taught in schools. He should be able to take it back, not to reject it, and feel proud. It should help.

Our daughter has a lot of trouble to be understood or for her to understand the white people. In this fast moving world it is hard to understand. If this understanding is not understood by
all, they all spread into different societies as we have today. Then we get lost and get into trouble. If this helps us, the Indian way of life, maybe this would help us. This is why you are here to help us.

It would be nice if this happened and that we are old, it is us that should be telling them.

My uncle is 94 years old and is already losing his memory. We are still young enough to remember some of these things. This is what they expected. At the end we will know if our mind hold out.

I read the Bible and it scares me to think what God is going to do at the end. The people to get punished for his wrongs. There is not lies in it and this is coming. We should teach the younger people to go the straight way and to understand if they hear our talks. We the older ones do understand. We are quieter and not to think fast at our decisions. Old ago our people said, "Think quiet, then you will not jump the good way of thinking." Today I'm pretty sure that our young people are lost because of the white schools. They are brainwashed when they go to school and when they reach the age of about 16 they want to learn more, 'cause anyway this leads to no good. When they talk they don't talk good and the only thing they talk about is the wrong thing. They have the way of the white man's thinking how he likes to chat all the time. The way to live. This is all what the Indian student knows. They don't know nothing because a person has to buy life. This they can't understand. For example, long ago, a young man would give an old man something, asked for advice about good life. I wonder if this young person got anything out of it? He got this from far away what he didn't know before. Because what he gave is for sending for a way of life. It's not for nothing that the old man is sending for it. The young person gets a good life that this old man is asking for. This will lead the young person through the best of life. That is how I understand it. You have to buy life, you have to send for it through the older person.

At the Giveaway, a person is giving everything for a life. The person they think, they give it to them. He gets life from above. That is the way I understand it.

I guess the person who give away is hear and is sympathized from above. I believe it is this way. That's it for now.

ANOTHER PERSON: Now, you guys. Yes, you are telling the truth.

SMITH: This can help us two ways. Like what we are searching for (looking for help) and you can help each other. Now it is happening that there are very few of you old men left. And some give up preaching because they say nobody wants to listen to me anyway. You are trying to be helped, when you are invited over here, not to give up hope for preaching to the young. And to think, I guess I must not be alone.
HARRY: Yes, you [are] right. This is what's happening. Yes, and this is what I was thinking before you said this. There is too many a people who thinks this way in Red Pheasant. The way I know them, they don't want to use this kind of life. They just raised themselves to say, because their parents never told them nothing. What they want to follow is the present life they are in. They don't know is misleading them. Nothing listens to us anymore. Anyway by now I think I'm the only one left. That's how I feel. Nobody ever bothers me. Whenever I visit anybody, there isn't anybody to talk to, like what we are talking about today. So where should I visit. All they talk about is nonsense, like, where there was a party last night, how got into a fight, who got a black eye out of it, and who got piled on up town. This is all I hear. I don't care for this. The first time Indians were let to drink I knew this was where it was leading. Long ago, when I was a young man, nobody used to drink. The only ones I saw that drank a little was the older people. But there was somebody who gave drinks to old people to think about them, for example, being lonely at old age, etc. All he does he would sit, give the people enjoyment, men to sing and ladies to dance. This is what I saw when I was growing up.

But today, even kids drink. But when I see that what drinking does, all it does it leads to no good, foolishness. This I don't like. I try to talk to people to make them understand and then I don't get through. They talk back. Then I just give up. Right here, I agree with Smith 100% of what he said. Old people gave up hope of preaching. When I saw Smith he talked about this at me. Right away I caught on, because this is what my mind is based on.

The white man way is being two-faced. Before, being an Indian was beautiful. When my father used to say when they travelled around before the white man came, they lived peacefully, when there was no law. But when they came everything was changed. This is what my father told me. Old people were respected a lot. Even kids were told not to walk in front of old people. Today again nobody respects; even they'll hit anybody including old people. And these are the ones that are misled by the whites. That's it for now.

ERNIE: What you said this morning about respecting, I follow this. At least I try hard to tell my kids this. I grew up with this; my parents talked a lot.

TAPE 3

Today here in Saskatoon where we brought the old people who stayed for one week to sing. But today they are going to sing old songs of long ago, for our young people to sing in the future. Long ago there were leaders of everything, they had (pow-wow chief) a lead singer, drummer, a man who kept the drum, even a doorman in the hall. A spokesman and the smoker. The guy who gave a smoke to anybody who fooled around inside the hall. If our kids used this method I think the dances
would work out better. And now my brother-in-law, Alex Bonaise from Little Pine, will sing songs of old and will tell what they were for. Also Walter Bull from Little Pine is here; he is the one who sang the first old song. Edward Kasokeyoo also is here who knows some songs. And Tom Sapp is here and my grandson, Mr. Nicotine, who is well known as a good singer will sing with us. And Mr. Ernest Tootoosis knows some old songs I heard, but now my brother-in-law, Alec Bonaise, is going to sing but I guess he'll talk first a bit.

ALEC BONAISE: I can't say much about this Indian dancing from long ago. Old men used to run the Pow-wows. Not too long ago the Round dances came and they used to use these songs. Made these songs themselves. These were giving to them by the Great Spirit. This is why the young people were told to take it easy with the songs. These songs meant a lot. To live by them and help them in the future. But today the Pow-wows are different. They respected the Pow-wow long ago. As for me, I knew quite a few songs. But I was told not to sing them at anytime, and to respect them 'cause they meant a lot to the old people. But since then I lost most of them. But these recent songs they have, I can sing them here. Today we have to remind the young, what Pow-wow really means. Most of these songs the old people sing were dreamt. This is why the Pow-wow songs and dances have broken it down 'cause of our grandfathers disappearing. But I'm only going to sing one song that has meaning, words in it. But we will use this in the future. When the old fellows arrive they will pray with these songs.

These songs of long ago was a song for married people when they separated. This is called separating song. They waited each other for four nights. See if the man will return. If he returns in four nights he was said to be weaker than the woman and was plastered with dog waste on his face.

(Sings)

Like this song, the old man knew this one. They were told to use this song for the purpose of separating of couples. This is why the method of dog waste was used to prevent them from separating.

They made all kinds of songs. Burned sweetgrass and prayed before and after a song; that was how much it was respected. I still respected these, and last time I heard these were in 1916. And then later I started to dance. Then today the younger generation starts to go back to the Indian way. They shouldn't try to turn their back on the Indian ways.

We went to Duck Lake where one girl left our land. I told the young people over there what they are always told. I went with Ernest Tootoosis, Smith Atimoyoo, Ed Fox, Tom Sapp, and I talked in Duck Lake. We should not take liquor because this is what ruins us.

I'm just going to sing one song, no more. The older men know
this song which they respected. This is for you to respect and think of your children.

ERNEST TOOTOOSIS: Alec is going to sing a hunting song. Long ago dancers used to replace themselves by other dancers. And this is what I'm going to sing about. It is called a replacing song.

(Sings)

TAPE 4	Tuesday, October 28, 1971

ELDERS:

Today you are scared, though it looks clear and nice, to take a sip of water to drink cause it's polluted, poisoned. Everything that was given to us here on earth is polluted.

Long ago there was no doctors, we depended on the plants for roots for medicine. Today we have nothing.

Long ago you could see an eighty year old have good teeth even better than mine. Today I see people with no teeth when they're just kids. Because today I should say we are being poisoned by the white. I've heard old people preach a lot ever since 1910. At that time they were covered only in the necessary places. There we used to sit around and they would preach to me.

What I'm telling you now is what I told some people.

Today the young people don't understand the kinds of worship although they are Indians. How come this Indian doesn't understand or og(?) been an Indian. Like me, my skin color, every Indian is the same. Won't he told, doesn't he have parents? Parents should talk to them about these things. He should because he raises them but now when they grow older they beat their parents. This isn't what they should do. This is what the white man has done. He gives us liquor. Miseries to the young drinkers.

Just like my cousin sitting here. He loves being an Indian obviously; his parents were Indian. I thank my cousin a lot because he loves being an Indian and showing his kids about Indianism. This is what we want. The parent not to see the kid the wrong thing. Because if a kid drinks once he's off on through the coming years. I've seen little boys been drink already and this is what they learn from their parents. This is one thing we should try and stop.

Just like me I have five grown up boys that are really on the loss. One is in jail in Regina. I went there to tell him of what I told him before and said, "This is what you get in return for not listening to me." They go out and their friends talk then in drink and this when they run into trouble. This is what I hate, but I can't do nothing about this.
These other boys are the ones to blame because they don't know nothing; they weren't told anything. They put the ones that were told in the bad spot. This I don't like.

There is only one boy who listens to me, second oldest boy. This is what they want us to do, remind each other. To give talks to the young Indian so he can use in the future. Now the age we are in we won't see the future.

We only have one church, if this disappears we won't have nothing, where will the ones that are coming behind us go. That's when it's going to be hard, they'll be go Indians. This is what they are trying to do before the Sundance dies out. But they do the others secretly, the old ceremonies I mean.

This is why I thank these people of Culture Center, because I am interested.

I like travelling around. If the bottle took the advantage of me I wouldn't leave. I would stay in one place. I wouldn't want to be in the crowd. This is how a lot are.

Some Indians they have to drink first before they go to a gathering. This is when he doesn't respect the Indians or the Indian himself. This goes on all over the place. So this is what I tell you. Don't be like the white man. We weren't given to live the white. So love being an Indian. An Indian will never be wealthy like the white man. He wasn't given that; he was given to live in a tipi. Long ago the women used to give birth to children, winter in tipis and breast feed. Today if they had to do this the women would die along with her baby. Today they raise their kids with the bottle. He turns away here Indians and does not breast feed. This is where all kinds of sicknesses occur. Before, they never had them.

So try and give them your mind and have the Indianism, and this is what I tell you.

ANOTHER SPEAKER:

One time I went on a searching trip, my old grandfather told me, who died here in 1914. My grandmother brother, my mom's mother. We got beat severely the day it blacked out.

Here the Blackfoot Indians camped with us. The tipis were real close all along the south side. And this Blackfoot chief said, "Ah, Crees, they're be another tribe in at noon tomorrow, and they will fill the rest." You are lying we would tell them. All the chiefs went to the sand pits, and everybody else was putting up tipis. But the Blackfoot were scared of us. They were afraid they would hit their own men. But what they did was they would shoot up in the air with arrows but still we could see them coming. There in the mid-noon direction there was one setting up a tipi real close to us. And as soon as this lady was climbing these poles to fasten the tipi together,
I asked for a gun and aimed on her side, and fired. There was people crying there. That night they built fires and all around close together. They danced and sang and some even cried. That morning, there was more people arriving and now by then they filled the area with tipis.

"They are going to kill us all now," he said. But we didn't know their plans. Apparently they tied poles together and row them down to us from all around.

This is when it was hard, we didn't have anything to eat or drink for three days. Because we had left them where we took off from. Then we said somebody among us should use the pipe and pray for us to survive the Blackfoot. This was our only hope.

Finally one of them said, "I'll try." We went out then we saw these pecks and jumping all over them. Because these other people had fires all around, and there was bush all around.

This is how I survived, my grandson, he would say to me.

(End of Interviews)

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