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HIGHLIGHTS:

- Robert Goodvoice, born 1901.
- a number of stories of people and objects which were lost,
and how they were found with the help of "people with the power
to find things" (prophets).

(Side A)

...18th, a Friday, 1977. I am Robert Goodvoice. My age is
76, living on Round Plain Reserve and I belong to the Wahpeton
band. I have lived here all my life and this reserve is
situated about eight miles, nine miles northwest of Prince
Albert. And some of these tapes were used once already but
they didn't turn out good so I am using them over again and I
hope they turn out good this time. Now I am going to tell some
short stories.

First of all, I am going to tell a story that my
grandfather had experienced himself. He was lost. And what he
went through and what he heard and how he got home and what
brought him home. This is the experience that he had and it is
a good experience and he often tells this to people.

Now, one day he went, it was a nice and bright morning so he went out hunting. From where they camped, he went southwest. And before midday, the day was cloudy. Pretty soon, you can't see the sun and there was very, very little wind. And he was hunting, he was hunting this way and that way and pretty soon it started to rain. Just a very fine rain. You can't see anything. The sun was out of sight. There was no wind and there was a very, very fine rain. It was just a heavy fog. That is what it is he said.

Anyway, he figured towards evening, he sat down and come to a slough where there is water and he boiled a pot of tea and had lunch and then he started out for home. He said he didn't know which way he was going but he was going anyway. He walked and walked and walked and pretty soon it got dark. Still he was walking. He thought he was - he thought his home was that direction and that is the way he was going. And he walked and walked the biggest part of the night. He sat down, he come to a bush. So he went into the bush and sat down, laid down and went to sleep. He woke up, it was daylight. So he started. And the day was just the same as it was yesterday, a heavy fog. And in the low places you can't see nothing. A little rain, everything was wet. And he was walking all day, couldn't find no place that he knew or where he has been before but anyway he kept on walking. He couldn't see no game. He scared up some game but he couldn't see them. He come to a slough but he can't see if there is any ducks or anything in the slough for him to shoot at and have something to eat because he can't see them. And then he stopped and boiled up what little tea he had left and what little lunch he had. He had that. And then he walked, walked all day. There was a river running east and west. This was - this place where he got lost is between

Regina and along south of Moose Jaw and up towards the border. Up in there someplace, towards Wood Mountain.

So he kept on walking, then he changed his direction. He turned right around and walked the other way, backtracked himself. Well, he think he did. Of course, this was in the fall of the year, it wasn't too cold yet. And he walked, walked all day. Evening came, nothing to eat, no more tea left. He had a kettle all right now. He was going to make fire and all the matches that he had were wet, no good. And he walked all night, the biggest part of the night, searching for his home. He noticed that the formation of the land is different. Hills, small hills and lots of them. He was climbing one or going down one, that is just how close these hills were. And he couldn't make out where that land is of that shape. Small little hills and lots of them. He couldn't remember knowing any place but he figures he must be southwest, a long ways from home.

And then he walked and it was the third night. He was getting weak, sleepy, tired, worried, and the sun didn't shine. He couldn't make out where he is and the wind was blowing but what direction is it coming from. He didn't know whether it was blowing from the north, east, south, or west. When he

looks up, he can't see the stars, he can't see the sun. The third night, by this time he was weak, hungry, tired and he was - he commenced to worry very much. So he started praying. He prayed to the Wakan Tanka, the most holy, and he prayed. And while he is praying, the tears would come in his eyes. And he was wet and feeling cold so he stopped on, if he would climb a hill, he gets on top of the hill, he know he was on top of a little hill, he would stand there and look towards the heavens and pray toward the Wakan Tanka, to God, the most holy. And walk on, keep on walking and he don't know whether he is going straight or in circles. He don't know what. He couldn't see far enough ahead to tell whether he is going straight or walking in circles. When he goes walking down the hill, he makes sure he gets right to the bottom to see if he could find some water. But no, by this time, where he was, the ground is very light, it is sandy.

Then he kept on walking and that night he said, if he stopped for a short time, he will fall asleep. And he was walking and he commenced to go down hill. So he walked down hill and by gosh, that is those, a little bluff. He walked down and he felt some trees and, pretty fair sized trees. Now, he knows that he is a long, long ways from home. So he made up his mind he is going to stay there and hopefully tomorrow

morning he would see the sun. Or tonight he can see the stars and the dipper, what they call the dipper in the sky and the north star. He knows his directions, he can get home even if it is in the dark. The stars, he can't see not even one. The moon, if there is one, he can't see it. The same complete darkness. He walked into this bush and he felt his way and by gosh, he come to a poplar tree. It is about the size of a stove pipe he says. He stood there and he hang on to that. And by gosh, he said he feel kind of safe and relaxed when he come into that bush. Just a little bit thicker than the other bushes that he had went through. So he sat up against this poplar tree. His head against it and sat there and prayed and cried, cried and prayed.

Finally he fall asleep. He said he don't know how long he slept. All at once he was awakened by somebody talking to him. So he opened his eyes, it is still dark but there is somebody talking to him. His head was against this white poplar tree that is about the size of a stove pipe. And he says, "You are crying, your voice is heard and I am sent here to show you the direction to go so that you will get home. Your people in your home are waiting for you. So when you get up, you go this way, this way, not that way but right straight this way and keep going straight ahead, keep going, you will get home. Your people are waiting for you. They are asking for help for you to return home safely so you do that." And he felt where this voice was coming from. That's the poplar tree right where his head was against the tree, that is where the voice was coming from. So he got up and he put his hands on this tree in return of thanks for what he heard.

He was expected to go a certain way to get home so he

started that, it's this way. He didn't know which way that was but, he knew it was that way so he followed it. He went that way. He kept going, kept going, kept going, he can't stop. Pretty soon daylight, daybreak. He kept on walking, he didn't feel tired, he wasn't hungry and he wasn't worried. He knew he was going home and he was happy so he kept going. And he never stopped, never looked around but he just looked straight ahead and kept going. And the sun was between the sunrise and the midday, between there. That would be about nine, ten o'clock. Finally he could see, the day was getting brighter, the sun was shining through the clouds once in a while and he knew which way he was going. He was going straight east. So all the time he was lost, he was travelling towards the west all the time. He kept going, kept going, pretty soon he come home.

When he got home he told them what an experience he had when he was lost. He couldn't find his way home so he prayed

and he cried and he sat up against a poplar tree, a white poplar tree and went to sleep. And during that sleep, that tree woke him up by talking to him. That tree guided him, give him the direction to follow. And he said he followed it and then he said he came home. If it wasn't for that tree he said he could have been out someplace for another day or so. And from that time, from that time my grandfather used to say, he told me very many, many times, he said, "Don't ever cut a poplar tree, don't ever bruise a poplar tree that big. That is a living thing. It might be one of us." He said, "For sure he is one of us because he spoke to me in my language, in the language that I understood every word he said. So never cut a poplar tree that big. Never cut it down. That is a living thing. Only it is in one place, it is a person. So never, never bruise a white poplar in any way. You can cut a smaller one or bigger one but that size of poplar tree, it is a living thing. If you ever get lost or get hurt while you are in the bush, if you can get up to a poplar tree that big, put your hand on it, both hands and ask for his help. Ask him to help you to get home. To guide you to your home. He will." This is what my grandfather used to say. Many, many times. He used to tell me that and I heard him tell my brother that.

And he never cut a poplar tree that is about the size of - the same as - about six or seven inches in diameter. He said, "That is a living thing, they can talk. If you are going to respect anything in the forest," he always tell me, "that poplar tree, that white poplar tree. If you go beside a poplar tree just put your hand on it, touch it. And think, you don't have to say, just think, you are touching a friend, you are touching a living thing. Bear it in mind and do that. Even if you have to touch one every ten, fifteen yards, do so. You are touching a living thing. The Wakan Tanka put that there and give it that language for us Dakotas or Indians to depend on. And if it wasn't for that poplar tree, I could have been, I could have played out and dropped someplace among them little hills. I could have been fox meat or coyote meat if it wasn't for that white poplar. I was lost, I couldn't find my way and

that is how I come home to them. By the guidance of that white poplar. He spoke to me, told me which way to go and I followed it and I came home." This is what he said. That is my grandfather. He was lost for three days and the fourth day, he came home. He spent two nights and the third night, part of the night, he started walking home. That is that.

And another man that was lost. This was around 1912, 1911. This happened north of Prince Albert, oh I'll say about twenty miles, twenty-five miles north of Prince Albert. There was about six men went there to hunt. This was in the winter time. They went there to hunt and a young fellow by the name of Epunna. They all went out that day and in the evening they all returned but not Epunna, he didn't return. He got lost. And this is the way he told his story.

He was tracking a moose and "It seems to me," he said, "it seems to me that he was leading me away. I could see him through the bushes but not very long. Before I could get the aim to shoot at that moose, he is out of sight. Then I will sneak up and I will see him and pretty soon it got dark. I went out to come home. I don't know which way to go, to come to the camp." He said, "Anyway, I started going, thinking that I was coming home." He spent one, two, the third night. Early in the morning he came home.

And the people that were there with him, they tracked him. And he was heading for the northeast all the time and on the run all the time. They say he didn't stop to eat. He shot a moose and just took a little bit of the steak. Maybe one or two pounds. Never stopped. Sometimes he would sit down, brush the snow off a fallen tree and he would sit on that tree, on that log or whatever it may be. And then get up and start right on, on the run just as soon as he would get up. You could see his tracks. He was on the run. The searchers were out. In the evening they returned to the hunting camp and early in the morning, this Epunna, his uncle, (368), his Indian name and his English name Willie Gun, he said to the youngest man there, he told him to go home, back home. And he told him to go to this certain man.

This certain man, his name is Opetawaseechu. This man had an extra power to find things. If one loses his key, they go to him and ask him, tell him that they lost their key and he would talk to the spirits of the air and the spirits of the day and the spirits of the night and he would pray and he would sing some sacred songs and they would show him. He would know where that key or knife or jack knife or whatever it may be, or lost horse or whatever it may be, he would know where it is. He found lots of articles like that.

So, this Willie Gun told this messenger, "You go home and you tell the people. You tell his mother that the boy is lost. He was lost all day yesterday, last night, and this is the second day. And tell her to go to Opetawaseechu and tell him to see if he can locate this boy, this lost boy by his powers.

The powers that were given to him for us to use when we are in desperate positions or conditions. Tell him to look for him."

So this boy left and the searchers, they went out. They went to the place where they left his tracks and they tracked him. They tracked him all day but he was on the run. They know they will never, never catch him. That is the second day he is out. And then that night is the second night that he will be out and there were three places where he tried to make a fire. He cleared off the ground right to the, cleared the snow rather, cleared right to the ground and he got some dried twigs and put them there and break a few matches, break the matches in half. He couldn't light the fire and he would leave it and start running. Well, that means that his hands are that cold that he can't hang on to the matches, to strike it, to light it. He break it in half and then he would throw it away and get another. He would just leave them right there with a bunch of dried twigs all piled up. He couldn't start a fire.

But anyway, this boy went back to the main home, just north of Prince Albert about three miles. He told the lost boy's mother that Epunna is lost, didn't come home all day and all night and he - that's Epunna's mother is Willie Gun's sister - so he says, "Your brother told me to tell you to go to Opetawaseechu and perform and with his extra power and look for him in the north country." So she did that. She went to him and told him about what happened out in the hunting grounds. So Opetawaseechu, he performed. He sang and he prayed and he talked to the spirits. And when he talked to the spirits, he don't talk to them as I am sitting here talking, he used a language, it don't sound like a language. So, he stood there looking towards Candle Lake, that is the district in which this boy was lost. Up and over that way and he performed and he said, "Yes, he returned now. He is returning. He was going straight north. Now he is returned and he is coming towards the south. He will be all right."
(End of Side A, Tape IH-106)

(Side B)

...Sometimes it is way up on the tree tops. Sometimes it is halfway up the tree tops. And up there the trees are great big trees. They would be about two feet in diameter at the stump and they would be about fifty, sixty feet high. And underbrush, there is lots of it. And he got scared. He listened, the more he listened the fear seemed to set into him more. He was scared so he picked up his gun and started

backtracking himself. Run, run, run and he would stop. He would stop, stop and listen and this noise, this sound, the sound that scared him, it is coming behind him. It is following him. Sometimes it is just close to him and low. Sometimes it is close to him but above him up on the tree tops. It is a human voice but then the words, he couldn't make out what they are saying but there is more than one. It sounds like there is two or three of them and he was scared of them so

he run home. Now he is going south.

And all this time, back home, about twenty-five, twenty miles, twenty-five miles away this Opetawaseechu, he was still in that position looking towards the north and he can tell when he is coming home. And his messengers or the spirits or whatever power that he has that is what it is that made this noise and headed him off and got him started southward and they just keep behind him. He see that. All night and then pretty soon, he come to a road, a well-beaten road so he stopped and listened. I think that is when the noise is coming again. He would stand there and listen and it is coming to him. Closer and louder and then he would take off on the run.

And then he come to a crossroads. This road that he was following going towards the south and he come to a dead end where the road hitting the road, and then the crossroads. Then it goes east and west. West into a place called Arborfield and east, that is the road that they took and they camped on that road about a mile and a half from that crossroads. When he come to that crossroads, he intended to take the right hand road. He was thinking what to do. He was standing there listening and by gosh, you know, this sound was in that road which he intended to take going west. They were over there so he turned east and took the eastbound road. And when he took that, run and stop and listen, that sound was coming behind him so he started running. By this time, Opetawaseechu, he said, "He is home. He is all right, he is home. He is alive, he is home." He put his sacred rattle and other things, he put those things away. "He is home, he is all right," he told the people that.

And sure enough just about five, six o'clock in the morning. His uncle Willie Gun was up and made a fire in the tent. They were living in tents. There was about three tents I think. He made a fire and had a nice place and he was listening and all of a sudden he could hear something coming through the camp on the run. He just listened and listened and sure enough somebody walked by the other tents and this Willie Gun's tent is where this Dick, Dick Crow is his English name, Epunna Star Dog, he come right inside there. That is how he got home. And Opetawaseechu at home, about twenty miles away,

he knew when he got home. That is a - things like this happened among Indians with this here what we call extra powers. This extra power is good, if they use it right. But some people, they have that extra power and they don't use it, they commercialize it. They use it and then they charge people, collect money. But they don't go very far. Maybe a year or two and then they lose that extra power and they don't have nothing to depend on. That is that.

And then another one. This is a white boy. This is blueberry time. This happened between Round Plain and Prince Albert. He was a white boy. He was about four years old. His parents were picking blueberries and he was playing around the trees, running around here and there and when it was time to

come home, he was gone. And they yelled and called him and run in circles here this way and that way and all the blueberry pickers that heard this yelled and cried with this lady. They all come there. And little - what was his name now - anyway his last name is Cook, he was lost. Nobody knows where he is. They searched and searched in the dark and the night came, they made a fire then and some people stayed there. They thought he might see the fire through the bushes and come back to the fire.

The next morning, there was a bunch of Mounties there and lots of people from Prince Albert went out there to look for this little lost boy. They walked and they covered every square yard of that bush only within about a mile radius. And an old Indian woman, she had this extra power for finding things and she happened to be there. And one white man. He was our minister on the Round Plain Reserve, he was there. He joined the search party. Just then this old lady and her husband were both going to town in a team of horses. So he stopped her and he told her that there was a little boy lost yesterday. Last night, he is out in the bush someplace, and all day today. And this is getting towards evening again. About mid-afternoon. So they asked her if she can help. She said she would try.

So she got up out of the wagon onto the ground. "And where was he last seen?" "Over there on that place there." And they took her there and the little boy's tracks were there. So this is where she stood and she prayed, sang, and prayed and this and that. By gosh, she said, "That little boy is laying down. He is not dead but he is laying down. He can't get up. Straight over here," she said, northeast from where she stood. "Straight over here," she said, "there is a lake, a good sized lake and on the west side of it, the west side of that lake, he is laying among the tall grass, bulrushes. He is laying there.

He is not dead but he is pretty sick, pretty weak." So they all rushed that way. They didn't look for that little boy but they looked for that lake. Somebody found that lake and then he followed. On the west side of the lake, walking towards the north and sure enough, there he was laying in the tall grass, bulrushes, he was laying there. The little boy went to the slough and took a drink of water and then coming back, he laid down and he couldn't get up. So that is how they found this little boy, that lost boy.

And another time, another time, this happened not too far from here. There was a man lost a horse. And this horse was tethered out in an open place and the post was still there but the tethering chain and the horse was gone. And he looked all over for a few days. He looked and looked and he couldn't find his horse. So he went to a lady that had the powers to find things. He told her about it and she performed right standing in her own house, right in there. And she said, "Your horse is over here, straight over here beside the river. He is tied to a tree. He is down, just about dead. He is still moving but pretty weak. Straight over here," she said. "I tell you, you

get to the river here and then follow the river right on the river bank and you will come to it." And sure enough he did that. He went to the river and then followed the bank, the river bank. And sure, there his horse was tied to a tree. Somebody took that horse and tied it to a tree. They wanted to kill that horse or wanted to see it die.

There are lots of people like that. They have kind of the ability of finding things. Now these are short stories. I am trying to get them all together in one tape if possible. But it all amounted to the same thing of this here power and coming right out to brass tacks about where this power comes from. It seems to me that - I'll ask the few people, two people that have that power, I said, "How do you get this power?" Well they spend a night or a day someplace fasting and asking for power, the ability to see things that nobody else can through the power of him that created human life and the giver of wisdom and all that. They say they pray to the most holy, the Wakan Tanka. But they don't think he is the one that appeared to them. They figure it is this here, what we call Iktomi. He is the one that appears to them and he is the one that talks to them. But when they are in that position of communicating with some spirit power, they don't see things, they don't see but they

hear the voice. That is the only thing they hear is the voice. And they all seem to - when they they hear the voice, the first thought that comes into their mind is Iktomi. With the Crees they call this being Wisakedjak. We call - we have one too among us and we call him Iktomi. It seems to me that the Crees, they wrestle with him and they run races with him and he takes the girls away and this and that but our Iktomi don't do that. Nobody touch him. Nobody ever touch this Iktomi of ours. So I often wonder if that could be the same - what do you call it - the same person or same being or same power. We had one here on this reserve. He passed away about seven, eight years ago. Or six or seven years ago.

There was a man lost, oh, I say about 85 miles northeast of here on a hunting trip. He never found his way back. So, a minister heard of this man having extra power for finding things that are lost and this minister, he know this lost person. That was one of his closest friends. So he come to him and he asked him if he can look for his friend who is lost up in the hunting grounds, in the forest, in the Candle Lake district. So, this man here, this Dakota, he said he would try. He said he will try. And he did try. And he found about three of them, three people that were lost. They got lost over there and died over there. They were not found. And he can see where they were. Where they lie to die. They were lost and they wandered away into the bush someplace and fall and couldn't get up and they died there.

He found them, the three of them but, they didn't show up as a man, like flesh and blood and bone and with clothing. There is sparks and red lights, different lights that show up, that appear. Well, that is the spot where these lost persons

passed out. So he couldn't tell which one but they were far apart, very far apart. So he couldn't tell which one is the one that they were looking for. He was just gone about five or six days when they come and ask this Dakota to look for him and that is what they saw but nothing looked different. They were all, some of them must be quite a while since they were lost and died and never returned. It all showed the same light or same spark. Just because one was ten years ago, that didn't mean nothing. It is all the same. The light or the spark, he saw, that was all the same.

So he told him that he is not going up there to go and show them the exact spot. Because there is a man northwest of here, he has that ability to find lost people or lost horses or anything that is lost. There was man that got lost over there.

And he never returned and he died. They come to this Indian and they ask him if he can perform and find whether he is alive or whether he is dead and where. So he did perform and he found him. He is over there at this certain place. He is right there. And they went there, sure enough he was there, laying there. Well, the Mounties got after this Indian, how did he know he was there? They don't believe in - the Mounties, the white man don't believe in these kind of powers so they suffer him. This man of ours here, he heard of that and then this preacher came to him and told him about his lost friend but he found him all right enough but that is a long ways from here, long ways. And he didn't want to go there to show them the spots. They might accuse him for something that he wouldn't like.

So this man with that ability, this is a Cree Indian. The Mounties wanted to find out how he knew he was there. Did he put him there? Did he see him there? All these questions were asked of him and by gosh, you know, they sure bothered him for a few days. He said he was given the power to do them things. Who give him the power? What kind of a power was it? How did he get that power? Who give it to him? Who is he? Where did he come to get that power and pass it on to him? All these kind of questions. Well, it was pretty bad for the old fellow. And he can't hardly speak English and he was trying to explain but he was up against on how he got this power and so on. But he couldn't make the - the Mounties wouldn't take it. He has got to show them black and white before they believed in this here getting powers, standing on a bush someplace or on a hill and cry and pray and cry and pray and ask and ask and then got the powers. They don't believe in that too much.

I can tell of a few more like that but I don't know if it is worth it. These things that, this having extra power to find things is not in the white man's history and I don't think they believe it. But we Indians believe it, I believe it. I am Robert Goodvoice telling these stories. I told it because I know it is true. Especially this little boy here, his last name is Cook. I forgot his first name. That is not too long ago. Let's see now. That is around 1905, 1906 when this

little boy got lost from where his mother and father and a bunch of them were picking blueberries and he went astray from there. And this old lady, the performer, told them he was beside a slough. He is still alive. But he is very weak. He couldn't get up. He was laying among the tall weeds and bulrushes. She described it that way and sure enough it was that way. Where they found him, that is where they found him beside

the lake among the bulrushes and tall weeds. This is things like that. I could tell a few more.

There was a man lost his keys and he couldn't get into his house. So he didn't break the door, he didn't want to break the door. He slept in the neighbor's place. This happened at Sturgeon Lake which is thirteen miles north of here. The next morning he hooked up his horses and came to Round Plain Reserve and came to a man here that is very familiar with that, having the power to find things. So he come to him and told him about it. He said, "I lost my keys and I don't want to break the door and I don't want to go in through the window and I don't want to break nothing. If you can help me to find my key, I will be very, very glad." So this man here performed and by gosh, he said, "Yes. You know, look where you had spilled your slop pail yesterday morning." he said. "Your keys were in that pail. You swept it up and you put it in there and then you took it out and you dumped it and that is where your key is right now," he said. "So go home and look, look where you spilled your slop, emptied your slop pail yesterday morning. Look carefully there and it is in there." Sure enough, this fellow went home and he know where he spilled the slop pail yesterday. He went in and sure enough his keys were there. Now that is thirteen miles from here and a small article, about three or four keys. And yet this man down in this reserve here with that extra power saw the keys and knew where they were and he told the owner where to look and he did look there and he found it.

And there is another man. He lost a white cow from his herd. And he went to this man who had extra powers to find out, to find things. So he asked him. He told him that he lost a white cow, a white cow from his barnyard four days ago. This was the fifth day. "And I sure miss my cow. I would like you to help me to find him." So this fellow, he went on a trance. He changed into another form of life, I believe, and he come to him and he said, "Your cow is standing in a barn," he said, "your neighbor's, east of you. Not the first one but the second one. You go there and look into the barns. He has got lots of little barns. Your cow is standing in there," he said. So he went home, he went to his neighbor's, look into the barn, look into another barn and look into the granary. There that cow was killed and the meat was done away with in a fridge, I suppose, or down the well or someplace and they had that hide nailed inside the granary on the wall, drying it.

And that is what he saw, that hide in there as an animal standing in the barn. Many of these things happened. The white

men when they lose things like that and really...

(End of Tape IH-106, Side B)

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POWER				
-acquisition of		GOODVOICE 4	10	10
POWER				
-prophets and diviners		GOODVOICE 4	10	6-13
POWER				
-vision quests		GOODVOICE 4	10	10,11
RELIGION & SPIRITUALITY				
-prayer		GOODVOICE 4	10	3,7,9
SPIRITS				
-guardian spirits		GOODVOICE 4	10	4
SPIRITS				
-Iktomi (Sioux)		GOODVOICE 4	10	10-11
SPIRITS				
-spirit powers		GOODVOICE 4	10	4,5,10,11
STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL)				
-divining		GOODVOICE 4	10	6-13
STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL)				
-spirit intervention		GOODVOICE 4	10	2-5