

DOCUMENT NAME/INFORMANT: CHILD MARRIAGE
MRS. WADSWORTH
INFORMANT'S ADDRESS: BLOOD RESERVE
CARDSTON, ALBERTA
INTERVIEW LOCATION:

TRIBE/NATION: BLOOD
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INTERVIEWER: J.C. HELLSON
INTERPRETER: DAVE MELTING TALLOW
TRANSCRIBER: JOANNE GREENWOOD
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HIGHLIGHTS:

- Child marriage.

John: This is June 21st, 1968. Recordist, John C. Hellson, at the home of John C. Hellson interviewing Mrs. Wadsworth, aged Blood Indian. Subject: Child marriage.

Diane: First you will tell your Indian name.

Mrs. Wadsworth: Yes, my father thought I was cute and I got it for my name and I got famous with it -- Brown Woman.

Diane: How old are you?

Mrs. Wadsworth: I am 76 years old.

Diane: What is your mother's name?

Mrs. Wadsworth: Forward Stealing Woman.

Diane: Where did she come from?

Mrs. Wadsworth: From here. She is a woman from both sides. Her mother is a Gros Ventre woman and I don't what they're called in English, the Gros Ventres, and her father is from here. Her father's name is Elk Bear and her mother was a Gros Ventre. Her name is Little White Horse.

Diane: Your father's name?

Mrs. Wadsworth: My father's name is Moon Calf.

Diane: Where did he come from?

Mrs. Wadsworth: His is also a man from both sides. He is from here, a Blood Indian and his mother is a South Peigan woman. That is why I am related to the Peigans. I have relatives from both.

Diane: And you, where were you born?

Mrs. Wadsworth: I was born at the east end. I am from the east end. At the old Agency, farther down, there is a bridge. There are some ghosts (cemetery). People know them. Houses were built for them. On the ridge, our house is located on the east side down in a valley. That is where I was born myself.

Diane: Here on the Bloods?

Mrs. Wadsworth: Yes, here on the Blood Indian Reservation, only it's located on the east end.

Diane: And ah, when did you get married and how old were you when you got married?

Mrs. Wadsworth: I was seven years old when I got married.

Diane: And your husband's age and what is his name?

Mrs. Wadsworth: His name is Wearing a Tail Feather Head Piece (Mr. Wadsworth), Wearing a Tail Feather Head Piece. He was 18 years old when I married him. I married him when he was 18 years old. Do you know that they were ten-eighteen.* He was beating me with 11 years. He was ten-one (11) ahead of me.

Diane: How many children did you have?

Mrs. Wadsworth: Our children were 12 people and now only two are living.

Diane: And now you will tell a story of how you got married.

Mrs. Wadsworth: When I...

Diane: Yes.

Mrs. Wadsworth: Married him.

Diane: Yes.

Mrs. Wadsworth: Yes, I was still running amongst the girls. I was still small and naughty. My father then told me, "You will get married. There is a boy that just came out (discharged from school). He is a gentle boy so he will be kind to you." I was very proud that I was getting married. I used to tell my

playmates, "I am going to get married." I was very proud of it. I was getting married. I should have been educated. Instead I obeyed my father to get me married so that someone will comfort me. He was getting ill then. Things went on and my mother would be sewing moccasins. Those were being sewn for me. I was to get married with them moccasins. Things went on and when winter came, it was on Christmas, they got me my horse and rigged a travois on him. There is a way how the people in the past rigged their travois. My bedding and two rawhide containers. One of the containers was full with moccasins and the other one was also full with grub. There were dried meat. If we could eat some now, and some backfat. It was also filled with grub. I packed those and my bedding. Those are called pillows and those were loaded too and also some blankets were

*10.18 means 18 in the Blackfoot Indian count.

put on top and two horses with blankets packed on them. I don't know how many because I was small. All I can remember about it is here and there. So we started. The road went down along the valley. My horse was led by the rope. I had a travois. I was on horseback. I wore a buckskin dress. My pants (leggings) were beaded and I wore a fancy blanket with a safety pin in front. My shawl was a wooly fancy blanket. How would I have a coat? I am an Indian woman. I was an Indian child. We arrived at the old place where we used to get our rations. An interpreter lived there. His name is Scabby Young Bull. My mother told me, "Stay in here for a while. I'll go and get my rations." This was ration day. We get rations.

Diane: This person that is named Scabby Young Bull is a black white man (Negro).

Mrs. Wadsworth: He is a black white man (Negro). His name is Scabby Young Bull. He is a black white man (Negro). That is why his grandchildren existed. (Shell Woman) Mrs. Christie Red Gun is one of them. It's their grandfather. It's her father's father, that Shell Woman (Mrs. Christie Red Gun).

So I sat there. A woman came in and she kissed me and she said, "We are going." I was hoping to see my mother but I never saw her again. She took me out and put me on the horse with the travois and the horses that were tied to a hitching post. So we started off again. The woman led the two other horses. She was on horseback and that place is called Many Turnor Houses. We came to a house; it was the house of my deceased brother. His name is Bull Shields. A man by the name of Bull Head had two wives. One's name was Shaggy. They both jumped out and took me down. I must've looked funny. A woman by the name of Annie started to laugh at me. (She just died. That was John Cotton's wife.) She sure laughed at me. I must've looked very funny. It was in the winter. I had a buckskin dress and my shawl was a small fancy blanket. They fed us. So we ate and then we started off again and on and on. Finally I couldn't see my home land which is beyond the ration

house.

We came to a place that is called Willows In the Water. As we came into the open there was a house with a sod roof. We got there, we went in, and they took my belongings. At one side there was a wooden bed. These are old beds of the past. They're wooden beds in a way; they're carved fancy. And here it was the bed of the one that I was going to marry. And my blankets were brought in. The boy had a sister. I told her, "Have you got any toys?" She gave me a small rawhide container. It was full with her toys. She sorted them out for me and gave me one and she told me, "Take this to put your toys in." A rawhide container. Then I got lonesome. After I was there for three days I was very lonesome.

Just like as if there was a lump in my throat. I wasn't thinking of my mother, I was thinking of my father because I loved him the most. A person told me, there is a person by the name of Joe Wolf Chewn Clean's (Joe Chief Body) mother told me, "What is the matter with you?" I told her, "My necklaces are too tight, that is why I am crying." So she tied them loose. She knew then that I was lonesome and longing for my parents. She said, "Both of you will go down. You will go to your mother." I was anxious to go so finally we went. I rode my horse and they led some horses too. They all had blankets on them. This a custom. People in those times sell their children. It's just like a trade. Well, they get something in return if they sell them. When we came to the top of the ridge my home was down in the valley and I was happy. I didn't even greet my mother. I jumped my father hugging him. I was kissing my father. I was so glad to see him. Things went on. We slept there and in the morning we started coming westward.

Diane: Is that all?

Mrs. Wadsworth: Yes, after that we carried on. Then I must have been, I was seven years old. I was there for two years and the mother of the one that I married went up west. Her son-in-law is the Head Chief. His name is Crop Eared Wolf and what was his other name. The one that he died with -- this is my absent-mindedness. I don't remember things very good. Old Sun, I guess that's his name. Yes, that's his name, Old Sun. Jimmy, the Head Chief, that's his father.

Diane: Yes.

Mrs. Wadsworth: Old Sun. That was the woman's son-in-law. That is where she went to and after that things went on. I tested myself and now what kind of fingers I have for all the efforts I did.

Diane: You started to cook right then?

Mrs. Wadsworth: I started cooking right then. I was nine years old when she went up west and the other mother is of his -- his mother's sister was very mean to me. That is why I am not mean to my daughters-in-law because this woman was very

mean to me. I carry too big buckets of water and she never feed some bread. Before I got to sleep I used to steal some bread and I go to bed with it and eat it and my husband used to get mad at me for crumbs of bread used to be all over the bed. I told you the story plainly, just the way I know about my marriage.

Diane: How many wives did your father have?

Mrs. Wadsworth: Who?

Diane: Your deceased father?

Mrs. Wadsworth: My deceased father?

Diane: Yes.

Mrs. Wadsworth: I know my father's wife is.

Diane: Did he stay with all of them?

Mrs. Wadsworth: No, he had only two. My mother and the other one's name is Charging Back.

Diane: Oh, that is how.

Mrs. Wadsworth: He had two wives.

Diane: The time you was going to get married.

Mrs. Wadsworth: At the time I was going to get married he had two wives. We are not many in our relationship. There were only three of us. Last Man (Fred Tail Feathers) that just died lately, I am his little sister. And the other one, his name is Singer (Earnest Brave Rock). If you saw him you'd think that he is a very old man and that he'd be my older brother. His hair is just white and he uses a walking cane. His name is Singer (Ernest Brave Rock).

Diane: Singer? (Ernest Brave Rock).

Mrs. Wadsworth: You know him?

Diane: Yes. He is your real brother?

Mrs. Wadsworth: Yes, he is my brother.

Diane: The same mother and you have the father.

Mrs. Wadsworth: Yes, the same mother and the same father.

Diane: Oh, is that how.

Mrs. Wadsworth: Yes. Last Man (Fred Tail Feathers) is the oldest.

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