- Mrs. Littlewolfe was raised on the Moosomin reserve and attended day school for a very brief period.
- Story of how her grandfather died and returned to life after four days; his prophecies.
- Brief account of her childhood and short period of schooling.

When I first heard this story, I can remember many old men were there. They were sitting in a circle and they also were listening to this story. That was a long time ago. I was then eleven years old, but as a child I heard many stories. This one story stands out in my memory. Later my father used to tell the story. He was a boy of fourteen when it happened and he remembered very clearly everything that happened at the time.

It was the time his father, Wah-pah-noos, died and came back to life after being dead for four nights. My father never told us children the story, but we were there when he told it and we listened. This is the way I heard him tell it.

One night my father became sick. Since he was not too sick, no one thought anything of it. He had been sick before and
always got well again. But this time there was no sign of him getting well. On the fourth night he refused medicine that was offered to him. He told the people gathered around that he was going away for a short time, that the Great Spirit had asked him to come. In four days, he said, he would come back to life. Later that night he died, and people waited and watched with interest to see if he would come back to life in four days, like he said he would. After being dead for four nights, people began to keep a close watch on his body, but there was no sign of life. Then someone felt his wrist for pulse and announced that the body was still kind of warm and also it was not yet stiff. Several people began to rub and massage the body and very soon Wah-pah-noos opened his eyes. He began to breathe again and told the people he would stay in bed for four days. After four days he was up and strong again and he invited people to come to his lodge. He would speak to them. People came; many people came to hear what he had to say. Soon it was apparent his lodge would not accommodate all the people who came. So the walls of the tipi were raised several feet above the ground so those sitting outside could see and hear him.

My father sat in a back rest in the center of the lodge and I sat beside him. When the people had been seated, all was very quiet. Father asked if they were ready. Then my father said, "I have been away on a visit and I have much to tell you."

Then he told of what was to come in the future. The things he told the people were very strange and hard to believe and they told him they did not believe a word he said. Father then turned to me and placed both his hands on my head and said, "Son, you will live to see these hair change color. Try to lead a good life. If you are good in this world, you will go to live with the Great Spirit who is our father. If you are bad, there are also evil spirits. You will go to these evil spirits when you leave this world we live in now.

I would gather that Indian people did not know of Jesus till some of them died and came back to life again to tell the people of the Great Spirit. My father told people that some time in the distant future pale-skinned people would come to our country. Times will be hard for our people when they arrive. These people will be able to fly. Also, they will have wagons that run by themselves. Young people will be taken by them and the things they have and many will suffer. Parents will worry about their children. Our people will fight like dogs amongst themselves. They will go so far as to kill one another. Brothers, cousins and people otherwise related will have no love for one another and the hearts of parents and grandparents will be broken. People who are bad on this earth will not live to be old. Good people will get along fine. Half the people on this earth are going to the evil spirits when their time comes. The other half will go to the Great Spirit who is our father and who expects us to live a good life while on this earth. When these strange people arrive, our people will be confused. They will have many different religions and they will drag some of us away from our own religion.
I heard my father tell of the time his father came back to life several times. But always when he noticed us children in the lodge, he would think of some chores for us to do to get us out of the lodge. "The horses have to be fed and watered and firewood has to be cut," he would say to us. It almost seems like he did not want us to hear the story.

I am sorry that I never did hear all the story, so I could tell it to the younger people. My mother-in-law, my late husband's mother, whose name was Kah-skih-chay-qwayo, (Black Face), lived to be very old. She died not too long ago, but in all the time she lived, she refused to eat white man food. Till she died, she ate only meat and fish. No one could get her to eat bannock or bread.

Interviewer: Has anyone ever told you stories of the Frog Lake troubles (1885)?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: Very little. Only what I heard from my mother-in-law. I came here when I was fourteen years old. Now I am old and I am still here. I have been told that my grandfather was a cook when the soldiers came and fought the Indians at Frenchman's Butte. That's what my mother-in-law used to tell me.

My father lived to see airplanes flying around. Also he saw the first cars that came out. I am sorry I don't have any good stories to tell you. I strongly believe in our religions. It was not in this country that Jesus came, then died, and came back to life and ascended to heaven. This must have happened long before any white men came here. The Indians had no way of knowing about it till the white men came here. Therefore, that religion is for them only.

Interviewer: Is there anything that you would like to talk about?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: Ahh, no. I have told you part of a story I thought would interest you.

Interviewer: And have you ever gone to a school to attend classes?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: I went for a very short time.

Interviewer: Where was the school you went to?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: The school was at Moosomin Reserve and it was a day school. But I didn't stay long. Only long enough to learn 1-2-3. I guess I was six or seven years old when I went. Then the residential school at Delmas was opened. The children at Moosomin were sent there and the day school on the reserve closed down.

Interviewer: Were you in school about one year?
Mrs. Littlewolfe: Oh no, I wouldn't think it. I think it would be close to half a year.

Interviewer: Can you write your name?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: No, no, you must think me a smart woman. I am stupid. I could not write anything. Like I said, all I know is to count to three.

Interviewer: Were your parents strict? How were you treated when you were a girl, about the age when girls start thinking of boy friends?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: My parents, like all parents, were very strict when their daughters reached that age, and kept a very close watch on them. Young men would wish they had so and so for a girl friend, but their chances of getting near the girl were pretty slim. Girls were watched that closely. I would think there is a man for every girl. That's how I came here when I was fourteen. Here I am an old woman and still here.

Things were very different when I was young. There was no liquor. Although old people could get some stuff they called white water from some white men. But only old men drank it and they did not drink much. Just enough to make them want to sing. Young people did not drink it. Young people did not even smoke. Old people were greatly respected by all. Children were not allowed to play near old people or even to call them by name. I think it is good for children if they are given a little slap on the hand when they are bad or not behaving themselves.

Interviewer: I have a folder here with questions written on it that I should ask you, but I can't find it. How were you treated at school?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: We were well treated. The teachers were good to us. They kept a close watch on the children, so they did not fight one another or run off somewhere.

Interviewer: If you know any old Indian customs, I will be glad to take them down. I can't find my folder and don't know what to ask you. Was the school you went to a Catholic school?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: Yes, it was a Catholic School.

Interviewer: How many children were going to this school when you were there, do you remember?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: I think there were twelve of us boys and girls.

Interviewer: Where were the children from?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: They were all from Moosomin Reserve. No one was there from the Saulteaux Reserve.
Interviewer: How did the parents feel about putting their children in school?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: I would think most of them agreed it was best to put children in school to learn to speak English and to be able to read and write.

Interviewer: How far away was the school and did you have to walk in the summertime?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: In the winter we were picked up by a man who had a sleigh and a team of horses.

Interviewer: Were you ever given a spanking at school?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: No, I was never spanked. I guess I was not there long enough for that. I was only there a short time.

Interviewer: Do you know any Wisakedjak stories? Perhaps you could tell some of them?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: Oh, oh.

Interviewer: Were there any doctors when you were going to school? or was Indian medicine still in use?

Mrs. Littlewolfe: Oh yes, there were doctors around, but Indian medicine was used when someone was sick.

(End of Tape IH-049)

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