Lived in mouth of Wiza Creek for the winter. I was maybe in early twenty's walked over to Snake Lake, which is around 10-15 miles from Wiza Creek. Seen lots of deer, I was looking for moose came in to this thicket hill. I could hear some kind of noise some where. Kept on walking. This noise become louder as I walk. So the noise come from on top of this hill. Stopped & listen. Thought I'd go & watch. There was Parrie chickens the twitches of their tail feather make these strange noise. One was sitting in the middle of the circle, the feather pilled up. Looked kinda odd, as the rest of them, looked like their having a pow wow or some kind of ceremony.
they are dancing around
later one in the middle
island Carrie Chickens
I was standing about like
maybe 300 feet from them
I didn't want to come up
with them at was standing
there. I seen a mad
coming to me. Towards
me. Holding a gun,
stood beside me. Started
talking — he said, come
to watch them closer.
so we went close, sat
down on the ground.
we watch them like
for 5 hr. I wanted to
start walking back home
as far as I was away from
home. I told this guy
next to me. I better be on
my way. I don't want to
walk alone in the dark.
I said, let's stay a while
longer. I'll walk you
home. we stayed more
The sun was going down
just this guy wasn't
in a hurry so finally
we started walking home
we came the dark anyway
this guy I was with says he
lives on the island in
3 mile lake, witch is across
from when we live
then a few places around
there we name a few.
Vision Quest

When I was about 6 or 7 years old, we camped in Smile Lake just on the other side of Ivory Falls. My Grandma & Grampa & a few other families. My Grampa talked to my grandma. I didn't know what he was talking about. All I knew is, I was camping in a small island with out food or water and all I had was my Indian blanket. He gave me some kind of medicine for a couple of days explaining me not to go anywhere while I'm there. And not to hide when people or portaging. That year I was there for 4 days 4 nights. They told me not to drink water or chew things. I was really hungry. Not know why I'm there for. When I finally came, Grampa came & get me. gave me more medicine to drink.
After that I got a small meal. A meal that was bigger than a peck of my & both hands.

They went on doing that for the next 50 or 60 years. There on the same place. Between 4.5.6. night at the time, lot of dreams mostly, no real visions. But I do remember the last year I was there. The 7 year. Around the same time of the year. Early spring. Always in early spring.

They always stood, grew with new plants, leaves & grass.

So this last year I was there I began to travel, but I don't know how. I got to this place "Bill Lake" High Falls, they call this "Willow Pond". The other side of High Falls there is an island there as well, like the one in "Ivy Mill", I guess when I was sleeping something moved me there from "Ivy Mill" to High Falls.

I go to sleep in the evening. Wake up in High Falls Island.
I was there all day... played around. Well this past year I posted. I had a small knife, jackknife, which folds. Any way, I cut lots of twigs and peeled them with my knife. Made a small wegin about the size small pot, like soup pot. Then I made one more. This is a small tepee by evening came. Went to sleep. Again... Wake up in very foggy back to where I started from. I still don't know how I got there. So up until now, I still don't know what took me there. So I guess the time came again for me to go home. I seen Grampa, paddling over coming to get me. I went back with him and got some medicine again. With a small meal which followed later.

Then my Grandma & Grampa put up their water drum. jettied up... and started.
They sang there for quite a while. This was the following morning. I came home. So they called me over. And said, you are ready. You don't have to do this anymore.

Only if you insist, but any way, I went back on my fasting for the next 3 years different place. Each year, and I will tell you about those. Each depart year I think is a different story. It self.
Little Portage

People used to hear a bell ring almost every time people portaging
would go across mig... As I was a small boy I use to play around the
shores lines run over the portage. Many many times just to try and
hear this bell. People talk about but I never heard such thing but
some thing else had happened. I've met people and seen people
talked to them. I thought these people were from somewhere else. They began to
show me places... place like painted rocks. I guess this was a vision. I saw every
thing, what Whitman has such as, chickens, horses, cows, sheep, even elephants,
lions, all kind of peggins, even white men and ladies.

Young and old and houses
A village of Indians just like our village here but only
in Old way. Like teepee's, wigwams, lean to's,
smoke houses. I guess they
look like. Teepee's is a place
where they dried meat. I even
met people that got lost.
Never been found. These are
the people that got taken
from their own spirit.
That's got too powerful.
They never die. But taken
from spirit. And I asked
why. The paintings are there,
one of the great spirit came to
me and explained, some of the
ways. This was done. People were
selected all over from Bass Wood
lake from North to Aspen. As while
after ta to lake of the woods. This
is one of the very secret places for
the young girls to fast to recover
visibility. A wisdom of

Some girls that stayed there
for so long such as 3-10 days.
received power, and spirits came to her. She had all kinds of berries and edible berries. Dom in in her own blood to go and make her one mark in this rock. When she did that, then her spirit took back to her special place, where she had passed what she had to learn, to pass on to four women. This is why the Indian women are strong. Very strong. So believing next to mother nature, they are becoming stronger and stronger, and the other thing I have heard about this special place, you can get to all over the world, by way of under water tunnels. They said we way about 4 miles, under the ground, they are tunnels, which would get anywhere in the world, from Sea to Sea, 4 directions, same as we pray our medicine here.
Vision Quest. Fasting

On our trapping days in early
fifties, the settlers,
I was about 7 years old, when
I first did my fasting. My
dad told only a story about
what to do, how he'd had done
it, it was exciting to hear
and I was really more interested.
I wonder if I could do it myself.
He gave me medicine for at least
a couple of days ahead of time
before he took me to the island.
Here in jean jacket just went out
like a couple days ago. Weather
was nice, picked up your
Indians blanket and your deer skin blankets.
That's all. Nothing else, I'll leave
upon arrival. I spend for today 4 hours,
don't drink water nor chew things.
at night time if you get cold,
pick up a flat rock put it on your
cheek. Leave it til you get warm.
as seen around the island a
few times, til you warm up.
I did exactly what he told me.
It was cold in the mornings before sun up, that when I ran, and lifting rocks, I didn’t hear anything the first year. My first Friday nights was empty but gambling tumbling, so the next spring we went out there again. Around the same time of the year we leave around middle of April once, we’d stay for one month out there trapping. We be back home usually around 1st week of May. Some where there. Every spring Second year my fasting began again, I guess the second night I stayed in this island. I heard strange voices almost felt like I was crazy Trees began to talk to each other talking stories to each other places they’d been. Today and places they want to go tomorrow, they named a few places I know so I believed them. The second wasn’t too hard for me. I was not too hungry. I was full of excitement.
I guess this year came, I was more looking forward to it again. Was full of dreams and visions. As I don't want to get into every detail of my Vision Quest, trying to make the story short, I simple, I skip a lot of things. And finally, my forth year came, I began to travel around with the spirit, let around the world in four directions to see some places I've been. I recongized a few places, so far. In my real travels. As this is my way, how I learned now to be an Indian or medicine man. Which I wanted most. Knowing these animals and different of spirits, I enjoyed. I was more afraid of my own people. I don't like to trouble, I also don't like to talk or many people. I obeyed my parents orders or elder's stories. I still love them all for them sake. I received.
Just a walk.

Around the month of Oct.

I met a group of guys. We went hunting near Thompson Lake, which is about 15 miles from Snake Falls. As we got to where we were going, we started out walking and rode by side. Maybe 500 to 400 feet apart.

I gently slowed. As we'd see a deer, walking along so slow, I saw a deer on the next ridge. I sat down and watched it for a while. He was on the edge of a cliff. Never saw me yet. I don't think he

broke a piece of branch and right away he saw me, and

the next thing as I was going to shoot it, with my 30-30, slowly moved for a better shot.

just as I was pulling the trigger. As my ears were plugged up, I heard it. I began to talk, so I laid off my aim for the while, and again
Aimed at him, he said something again, says this was
the name of this hill and the next hill was different so the time I shot him
anyway, I ran down across the hill, got there, broke a
small popular tree, put my pack sack there and
started looking around for my
buddies, Holland & Holland
for them, never answered, so
I started running, I could
hear them off in a distance
ahead of me, ran as hard as
I could. There was the same
distance all the time. Came
up to the end of the ridge
I was resting and I thought
this so where I see them,
but ended there was four
deer running. Shot all 4
of them, Krishna them in the
same place together.
I kept on walking, put a
package shot it, cut it.
head off. With my bullet dropped the other shell on the ground. This was my last shot. Looked for it for a long time but never found it. There was a hole in the ground. About first size. A voice came out of it. Said you'll never find this shot you're looking for. It's taken from the owner of this place. So I started off again. Kept on walking. Came to an old, bracken pond. Grass grown about 4 ft high. Just barely took over them. I saw deer playing running around the bracken pond. Playing some sport. A couple deer sliding in mid-air quiet high. One of them saw me standing there came to me. Stopped about 15 or 20 ft away from me. Changed itself to a human being. A girl put it this way. We talked for a
Long time. Asked me if I could join in in their game. I said I couldn't hear in the tall grass. She said try it, so I did. Then I was running like I couldn't believe. So anyway it was good. Felt so good. I couldn't run with them. Stopped. Kept on walking. The next was coming. To a moose herd. There was 10 of them standing where I was heading. I didn't want to change my way. Not even side of my stand. Then I kept my straight line. Making their sound. Said to the closest one that was standing, don't bothers me, or I'll shoot with this gun. None of them moved. Looked back at them when I passed by. They were still standing there. It was about night fall. I stopped. Gathered some wood. Put lots enough. It the night. Moon light full moon
I got up to put more wood in the fire. Went back to the church. I was leaning on the wall. I heard a voice, about 10 ft. high. I recognized my dad's voice. I asked if you were hurt, if you have a broken leg, and what happened to you. Why didn't you come home with the guys you went with. So after that, a deer came across my fire. I looked around. My ears felt like they were blocked or plugged. Right away she changed herself to a girl. She stayed across the other side of the fire. She was there a long time. Saying lots of different things, naturally. Teaching me, Machen's teaching. She gave me her secret name. This married for a long time. She said, if you're going home in the morning, see where the sun will rise from. Follow his head right toward him before it comes midday. You should be, where you started from. It was true. I got home.
Leader of the Bugs.
MAP - The Place of My Name.
Oct 29.

This was around middle of March. The ice and snow is half melted. Walking along on the ice on a small lake not far of one trapping cabin there a creek maybe 1 mile long then this small lake. Very shallow lake - in fact if you shoot a beaver in the spring when the ice is cut, you don't have to worry about beaver sinking, you're able to see it if it does sink. But anyway, Dad & I decided to go out there to sit & wait for beaver in the evening. Out on the beaver pond. We went early say 11:30 PM got there around 2 PM. The ice on that small lake was very dangerous. Then the sun was very bright & the snow was sparkling as we were walking along on this thin ice being very careful. On this lake, a point with big boulders sticking out of the ice. Say 2013 I remember them very well. 2013 hundred feet off the point. Also a very strange thing I saw, but I didn't realize till I was sitting in the pond waiting for a beaver to come along. Now I thinking there is only 3 boulders, sticking out of the ice, off that point. I'm sure. But there was 4th + 5 one - there also. A big boulder about at least 30 feet long & 10 feet in front of it. Maybe 3 feet high and 2 feet on the other.
I was thinking, this wasn't a rock slight gray in color, when we came back. I told my dad, there was a big rock sticking of the ice right under there, and he said he didn't notice it at all. I went over there just to be sure. Sure enough, there was a big hole on the ice. About 30" long, an 8" across about 10 feet, that must of been its head! I asked my dad to come over here, it must of been a big creature if there was. I knew there was for sure. It might be a big turtle, but it was long and narrow. At least 20 feet wide.

I can't ever forget that lake. Almost every spring there are signs of big turtles, big fish, yet it's very shallow muddy. The mud is so soft as you're paddling along you don't feel that mud at all. Your paddle sinks down more like quick sand.

This is also the lake where my dad and uncle fought the winter on spring.
And another time—Coming from hunting trip, with Edmen, I went to Wildgate Creek—over to big lake—fished for salmon—got 6–to fry for dinner.

This about 3 years ago. So anyway, after lunch—I guess I might say lunch—it was pretty well mid-afternoon. I didn't know the time. Early mid-day. The sun is overhead—so that around 11 and 12. The sun was halfway from tree tops. So we gathered up spoon and cup cooking gear. Smashed our camp fire week water. So we sat around for a while, waiting for the sun to go down. First, just above the tree tops. That I should mean it around 1 o'clock. We got on the little canoe. Had a small 4HP motor on a rack. Took us about 1 hour to get to pig lake with it.

So it was time to get on the canoe and start paddling out. The creek—We went about half way—from the little lake to the big lake—that was Joe Creek. We shot a moose mid-way out—skinned it—hurry-like. The wind was still blowing hard. The sun had gone down. So we decided to stay there other night.
Oct. 28.

I decided to write something about trapping - on the lake. We had our trapping shack where we would leave the muskrat traps and stay there until the last part of May - which is around the last of April or first week of May. And sometimes later - say last week of May we get home. We'd leave our trapping shack - like a week at a time and camp out. One spring we set a camp out in a little lake called Red Pine Lake - it's about 10 miles from our cabin. We'd drag our bags, pulling our camping gear with us. Even a small wood stove, stove pipe, black tar paper and plastic to cover our wigwam. This was easier than gathering birch bark or spruce bark or cedar and bark.

Anyway we'd set up camp and had time to go out and set out a few beaver traps. I went to the south side of the lake. My dad went to the north side. Out to beaver pond he said it was real late in the evening. I remember nice day. I set out a couple of traps and then I saw a beaver shot it - then it - shoot - shot it - died. It - Jule the next thing I heard it.
Noise go from a long skirting point
I had a dog with me his name was (sheshgoch) dog want to
go out there but I made him not go
A good dog - this noise I was listening
was a human cry - exactly like
some one crying not loud sad
I was skinning my beaver when I
got done skinning if I moved slowly
making no noise at all. I strung
my beaver across my back t-ying
A bear hole an leg with a piece of
string I crawled but to the middle
of the point where I can see
both sides of the lake I wanted
to see this thing making a cry
out in that point I loaded my 122
automatic then I told the dog
to go out chase this thing to me I
made up my mind what ever
that is I wont start shooting it
until it got close enough I can
shoot both of his eyes then I'll use
my axe when the dog got there
I heard passenger fly up the
trees then I ran up there there
was 6 or 7 passenger up on the trees
so I guess this was their mating
call, my dad said Strange noises
now then I worked of ran away to
scare my dad telling him I heard
someone cry very close to me
I'm glad I had the heart to check
it out and when I got home
I started a fire put on the tea pot
to make tea for my dad, he wasn't home yet. there was a big hill behind our camp - very pretty. i went over there. i can see a long way from there. i sat around for a while i could see our camp looking down then i heard my dad laughing and his footstep on the snow crust as it started to free in the evening but i couldn't see him, i looked out to find him but he didn't answer ran down the hill. checked my tea was ready, untouched. thinking he had money went back out, after having a cup of tea - but he was nowhere around. then i went out on the ice and there he was, on the north side of the lake, just leaving, he was about 2 miles away. comically this way. i was really worried, i was listening to him around here earlier. i didn't pay any thing to him, when he got here. he ate, bannock & roasted beaver tales & tea. that was our dinner that evening. i was sort of sitting around quiet. he noticed. & asked me why i was quiet. i told him about the human cry i heard. then i didn't tell him about himself. when i was listening to him from up the hill. but the knew the next morning he told me himself. it was a bad sign. and sure enough we lost my mom the next spring.
One night after we came home from Saulphi Sunday night Oct 3 1966

Me and Judith gave out 3 names one little girl 3 months old lady and her daughter Sunday morning.

We dug me a sheep little girl be big more we go now.

At this we go no big.

That Sunday night around 12:15 our time I had started dreaming. Some spirits came and got me they took them. We started going west past arid picked up more spirits 2 and we went along the shores of the Main Ocean. Sloped about the middle way North shores called. Ne la we go 4 more great spirits. Great people and 2 meal he's. We went on west coast into great mountains when my Spirits done from here Thunderbirds butterflies deer and more we were there already so in the butterflies lots of other, people all my names taken we were all having the feast what I got for offering that Sunday morning there was a lot of discussion.

I ask them about my naming ceremony should I go on with them. They said yes you as you see us there a lot of old we all have names yes go on we love you
So I guess, these two came from the North. They picked me up. And the Creator is also in my heart he was there.

After thinking about them - they all came from the four directions. That I prayed for.

They told me I should not leave my pipe anywhere I go - that I take it with me. Same to me since I was a child.
We arrived at Indian Narrows late in the evening - the wind hadn't let up yet. We had tea, then we had left from dinner we had - now we were talking to gather wood roost some meat. We didn't have a flashlight or flashlight to see to get dried-up poplar - for roasting meat over the smoke fire - Yas we struggle, tripping along the woods until we get a few driftwood along the shore line - got some from the woods enough for a roast - it was around mid-night, when we ate our roast - just roast we didn't have anything else - tea it was good - since thing in the morning - the wind was still blowing - continued all day -

I was thinking I should do something - I wanted to get home - we were supposed to get home last night.

It was noon again - got some tobacco ready - went to a nearest store to get white pine saw - had drink and went with me on my prayer - my ears were ringing - ploughing - knew my prayer was answered - little gust of wind leaves flying around us in circles between us. It was about 7 o'clock, the wind had died down - but we waited until the waves settled down, about 1/2 hr. after then we went home.
Coming home from Crane Lake -
With Stella

Drove to pick up Stella and her 2 kids 2 years ago. Nice day - but in the afternoon it became cloudy as we were on Vermillion Lake. The rain started pouring big rain drops. From Vermillion to Freddie's that the portage - halfway -
To the dock. Before we called Freddy put an offering of tobacco in the water. Stella was wondering what I was talking about. She doesn't understand much Indian. She's
hay head - anyway after my prayer I told her what I was doing. I told her if the good spirit take the tobacco, it might stop raining now. I went ahead and called Freddy. For the boat to come down to the other side of the portage. We had set up. We got in the boat - starboard - a patch of blue - overhead - like a circular circle forming bigger by the minute. My cousin was amazed. I don't really know what she thought of that. I know she talked about it for a long time. Her name, Emma told me about it. I just didn't.

I used a plastic tarp to cover the little kids. But they wouldn't get wet. They got wet anyway. And they had to get off to meet the potlatch anyway.
do. is prepare for it. By making or burning sage - at least once ever eight I day - with aspin bush - they were saying. Maybe the cold weather will he able to push it to the south - hopefully. Cause the cold air is greater - they said - but the sickness is setting pretty fast. some how there working on it. by the weather. To try it even it up by the cold air - I to even pushing it over. With east winds and it goes over us. here. I'm sure they'll do it, it's easy for them to do. Things like that. It's nice to feel and talk to my dad.

spirits and henry 0.

4 turtles were my dad's and 4 of mine - 2 to henry. there was 2 other spirits for Henry and that met spirit - the whole tent was pull it was pull already when I went in. I didn't even had to go around it. I said: there is 3 of us. Working together it has to go. The winds came up about halfway through. thunder lightning went. Most of us - just before I went in. I prayed for the thunder. Birds if there to be danger. I asked them to guard me.
And she has a lot to say.

"Ge get i go, gi sha wi ni min, ga wi ge go, gi te bu ge wi. Mi go si min, a bi chi, me wi she ga, bi si chi mi. Mi go wa ge go wi to ga go min, ler tsah te bwe te wi lan, ga i go to can, qa sa hi ya, ga pi mo a mutaw i nan. A be sa, bi si to war shin, qi za ya, can, a bi chi, wi to se, mi shin.

Lillian's boy.

He was asking why she has night noises of moose— all the time. Sometimes her eyes swell up in the morning when he wakes up.

This moose spirit says: when he was a little baby before he was 11 years old, these moose talked to him. Taught him what she should do: respect now, at his age— at 14 years—

Moose spirit, try to go to them, but he is afraid. When they talk to him, she thinks that's a bad dream, but it's not. They say they'll come again in his middle age— and he'll be ready— for healing or what ever they teach him. They also told him, not to tell about dreams at his age— or they'll meaning will lose its powers. Each time you talk about them, at young age— and the rest of the time they were talking about sickness coming from West. What they should
Oct. 9/88. Friday

Evening

This morning, we had a feast and a drumming ceremony. Dad was doing the feast. Lots of people came. It was over around 1:30 p.m. and I told my dad to make the shaking tent. I'd do it for him. Elmer, Henry, Mrs. Marie, Helen, they all made it. Melvin swept the sandy beach to cut a small white pine. I was afraid I knew someone was coming in. Indeed, I asked my dad and Henry what should I do - if someone comes in, they said: don't let anyone in. I guess Henry was doing it this tent. Someone came in, and started to argue and arguing at him, and finally had to drive him out. So they didn't want it to happen again. A moose spirit told me. There was someone getting ready to come here in my tent, getting his medicine and something himself. And saying bad prayers to me. I told his spirit, but to let the guy in. And they did - he didn't want to force his way in further. He just turned around and went back. This was about midway through. I was in the tent almost 4 hrs. 11:30, when I came home. Here at the old house - I really miss Judith, that night. My spirit knew. So me and the skii. She began appearing. She is a very pretty girl. I just like Judith.