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...Hello, hello...Howdy there Doug! [laughs]

Hello, this is Louis—Louis Bird. The day today is February 4, 1999. It is a very beautiful day, a blue sky, a bit a cloud, and minus twenty. [laughs]

But anyway, here is a story that I promise to send to you. One, I mean - there is two. I may, I will ask you to listen to this first. It's, it's something to do with a person by the name -the "Omushkego man" who had more like Oji-Cree, they called it. He speaks Ojibway, and he speak Cree language, and he's right in the middle. And, he have lived around west coast of James Bay and also southwest coast of James Bay as far as York Factory, today, in Manitoba. This man is, has been well loved. He was well loved because he was a kind person, and also he was a shaman - a "mitew," they call that. But his reputation was respected because he, he was a kind person, he never misuse his power or anything. He never take advantage on people, and by being, being like that, he was trusted. And he was always depended upon, if there is any necessary for some leadership, he was asked to do that. And when he has the children growing up, as I understand, he had maybe four or five sons, and then they're all married, and they begin to have five families at least, in the clan. He was one of those people in our story, in our Omushkego story, we, we say, respectfully, "A powerful family man." He is a clan; he established a clanship. And, it was said that the reason he got his name was it was one of those - his Dream vision. I guess when he was, when he was, when he was trying to get the Dream, or to make himself a Dream, when as a young person, I think that's where he mentioned about the bee, a bumblebee - "amo."

In our country, in the Omushkego land, the bumblebee is respected for his sting. You know, he can stab you with this, whatever he has. And you will puff up, and you really get sick. And if it hits you close to the eye you will almost go blind. And if it hits you near your ear, and then also you have very sick. So the amo is one of the— something that you don't take lightly. And the amo fits the name of this old man, what they call amo, bumblebee, because he can, he can hit with his shaman power. Like a bumblebee, he can sting, he can stab you. [laughs] And he was respected; the other shamans respected him, more like feared him, although he never shows any aggression or never—he never did what they call "impulsive" on anyone. He is always humble. And for that reason, people love him. And he was well-known around the James Bay and also within-land, I mean with land that means in the, right up to the headwaters of these major rivers on the west coast of Hudson, James Bay, and the southwest coast of Hudson Bay.

So he, he has a reputation as a, as an honest person. And, also for his shamanistic mystery, the mystic powers he has. And, he was a good leader. He provide leadership when there was necessary. And he was a good provider, organize his people well, and leads them very well. And he was well respected. And so it was said, he traded for the Hudson Bay Company, fur trading company, in York Factory, in Fort Severn, and in Kashechewan in James Bay, which is about, six hundred or seven hundred miles distance in between York Factory and, in the James Bay, in the Kashechewan area. So to him to travel in there, with the fur trading, was something that not too many people can do that. So his home is in, right in the middle of the Omushkego land. All of it was this, was the land that he uses. And he travels extensively around the bay and also within land. We have some stories about him, which they say one of his, one of his deed as a protector, of being a shaman.

There are times when he must, they were bothered by someone, another shaman challenging him or pestering him, and one day he got, had enough. So he had, he had to go and do away with this bothersome person. And it didn't take him very long to do that. So for that reason, he establish a respectful way of living. So he was set. The friends love him, and people who consider him a foe respected him; even fear of him. It was said one day when he was invited, when he happen to, to come with people who were there, came together in the spring. They usually have the, they usually have usually what we call today powwow, where people get together in the season and then usually they have the games, and activities, maybe singing, dancing together, those kind of things that we see today being practiced by the First Nations. He was, he was always invited to be something like a Head Man, and one of the respected ones.

One day, there were challenges. Those, those, the shamans. There are times when the shamans happen to be called upon to be the performers, you know, to show their stuff. But of course, Amo, always, always reluctant, always, what do they call it - modest. He says, "No, no, I don't want to do that." But somehow they manage to coax him because he didn't want to offend anyone. If he can do something what the other shaman cannot do in front of people, he would offended them. He knows that. So he doesn't want to do that. So respectfully he sometimes declined. But this time, it was, he hoped that nobody's going to be offended whatever he was doing. Every other shaman there was so fantastic; they show them the powerful things they can do that impossible to be done by ordinary person, or even the shaman. One day they had this game. There was a little creek, this happened to be in James Bay, somewhere around there. And there, you know how those, the little creeks run into the bay, they usually have very nice grassy and dry place, and the creek usually very shallow. Maybe you could walk across it when there's low tide, and when there's a high tide there's usually full of water. And this was the situation what they were, people were camping.

So towards the evening, he was asked to come and see all this activity. So he was placed there and he watch, and all those other shamans having performing things that are impossible - almost impossible. So everybody else did their thing in front of those, in front of everybody. One guy that they was so amazed with that some of them, they, they use a little bit of a canoe to go across without any paddle; some people use some kind of a blanket to go across, they don't sink, and it was very wonderful indeed. And even one guy use a stick, a polling stick; the stick that you use to poll your canoe which is usually sometimes eight feet long and maybe only about an inch and a quarter diameter or maybe

less than a two inch, anyway. So this was a polling stick, canoe polling stick. So one young, one guy put it in the water and stand on it. Something like a one-legged ski! [laughs] Or water ski, one-legged water ski. That's how he put that but it's a tiny stick, you know, nothing could lift without any, without any pull from the front. So anyway, a guy that was the last person I think who was, who was taught most, and then he step on it and he went across! Just standing on that, that little stick and come back again.

So everybody was fascinated, and they really admire him. And that was the end. That was the most, most, the champion, maybe. That as soon as they were going to put in him into whatever the reward they were giving, or, or, to give him a sign that he's a winner. And this Amo, and lift his hand, he says, "Hold on! Wait a minute!" He says, "Since that you have invited me here to give our best," he says, "let me try!" [laughs] So they ask him, "What would you need? So he got up and put this blanket down, walks up to the edge of the bank, the little bank, the river, and it was, the tide was high. The river was about six or four feet deep. So he says, "I'm just going to walk across." [laughs] So they thought he was just going to walk across, to his chest, whatever it is. So they started to laugh, and watch him walk into the edge of the small river bank, the little creek bank, and he just step over the water! Moccasin feet! And walk across the river, or creek, and come back again. And that was it! Nobody else can do that. So he was the winner. So everybody was really enjoying, and mystified, and, everything. Just like the way we enjoy the champion when, when we see someone competing and happen to be a winner. That's the way those people were cheering and all that stuff.

Anyway, I guess, he insulted the other shaman who didn't do enough, who couldn't do anymore. And he didn't, he knows that there would be someone that he was sort of putting him down. And he didn't want to offend anyone. So the story goes. So it happened that he saw Amo, this man, and...everything else went and that was the last act that he did. Nobody else could do any better. And, the game went on, the other things went on around, the other activities in the same place. This happens early, early in summer, just after the ice clear from the river. And just when they meet with each other, that the friends get together and they used to have a temporary village; so they just have teepees and all over the place, and visit each other, and brought they their food with them. Sometimes it last, maybe six days; just depend on how much food they have brought in and because they share it amongst each other that they will have again. So this is one of those days, and these were the real, they called powwows, or "Indian Days" but these happens to be Omushkego in the James Bay area.

And so it happened, so everything went well after they usually do that. This was, this was about around, let's say, seventeen-hundred-and-seventy, something like that. About a hundred years or so after the fur trade start. It's somewhere around there, eighteen-hundred, I'm not sure if it's eighteen-hundred, I think it's eighteen hundred - eighteen-twenty, thereabouts. Because they had guns already, you know, those muskets, front loaders, or whatever you call them.

They had guns anyway. And, one of those games that they did one time is a sharpshooters - everybody is a sharp, sharpshooter. And they were really experts, some of them. They were really sharpshooters, they, the people who can shoot a fly off the air almost! [laughs] Anyway, they come, they compete. It was that same time they used to, they used to go "sharp shooting" they call it, or, sometimes they used to do a , "hunting contest". And they used to hunt loons in the bay, and on James Bay, when the waters

begin to open on the bay, maybe only about half a mile out into the, into the bay. And usually in that particular place where they were doing this, they usually a lot of red throated loons. In those days they were lots of those red throated loons, I guess before they, they get trimmed down because of the oil spills; now they don't have them anymore. But in those days they used to be a lot more, they say, I saw some myself. There was, sometimes there was lots. So these loons are not easy to hit, for the person who not used to hunting loons. But that's what they used to compete; they go out in the little ways off the shore of the bay, and that's where they were anchored, they would put the stone in the water and they would sit there, in the canoe. And the loons would take off and fly, fly towards them sometimes, close by. And that's when they shoot them. But only the good shots, only the person who is expert shoot can actually knock down a few of those. But not everybody can hit them that easy. So he used to, they used to do that.

And then again, after this, but that's not the game, that is not part, it is part of the game but its not a, a very serious part. But the seriousness come in when they begin actually practice shooting, when they actually have, have an object to throw out, or even to put it in the ground, or put it in water, and who's going to hit the most. And this time they use a slug instead of a pellet; so they use that slug to hit something, and they were pretty good with those things I guess, you know, the only type of gun they have. But they didn't have any repeaters then, they only have this black powder and, and the, the pellets, and sometimes they have slugs. So anyway, at the height of this game, and again he was invited to watch, of course he didn't want to participate, he was afraid to hurt anyone's feelings. And then they were hitting something, they were shooting something, I don't know what it was there. And anyway, this person was really good. They were trying to do who's going to beat, who's going to reload faster. And I think they was, they were very fast, and the one that was really fast, it was fascinating to see how fast he can do it. And he was the champion, he was applauded and everything when they would hit this dummy in those days. And they were going to, they were going to give him the reward, whatever it was, the prize for him. Again, here is Amo, he says, "Wait a minute! Wait a minute!" he says. "I guess by the, he was get carried away."

So, they gave him a gun, like the rest of the others. And he begin to shoot. But him, he didn't even have to load! He just had to press the trigger and then it fires; nobody see him reload. He just seem to keep on pressing the trigger and then he fired. And that's when the other shamans were getting mad, because he was using powers to do that. But the others did it, but he was much faster, more impressive and everything. And that is when he really insulted the other shamans. And then the other guy came in and walked past him, and said, "We will see who is fast," he says. That means that's a challenge; this is the challenge shaman against shaman. And so Amo says, "We will see." That's it. That means 'okay'. And then, they went down south. They went down to the Kashechewan to, to go to work there with the Europeans who were preparing everything. And the summer went by with nothing happening for him. And then the winter came, and when he went out there in the bush by himself to hunt, he begin to notice that he was not very lucky. He begin to notice that every time when he want to go hunting, he would miss! The things that he usually killed very easily with the gun he'd missed, as if there's no shot at all. And sometimes a fire wouldn't, the fire wouldn't go, I mean the gun wouldn't fire. [laughs] I'm not used to this 'fire' thing, this 'fire stick'.

Anyway, his fire stick wouldn't work; and for no apparent reason, so he begin to suspect that this is another shaman's fault. So he waited for a long time, and then he was getting hungry. Doesn't seem to be able to kill anything because of this. So he finally decided man, I'd better find out about this thing. So he decided to check, think about what he should do. Hold on. Stop. So he went to test that it was actually somebody is after him. So what he did was, he set up the shaking tent and invited whoever is bugging him. Finally, he, he knew the man. So he, he summoned him to come, and ask him, and ask him you know, "Why bother? Why do you have to bother me? I never meant to hurt or to insult anyone for the game." So he says, "I ask you to stop," and he says, "If you don't stop I may have to take some action."

So the, the result, the answer was, "The action we must see." That was the answer; it means the other person won't stop. So it, it happens that, you know, some day he was, Amo, Amo was, was, getting annoyed. He, he think it was a bit too much for him to be cautioned to have, you know, the privation of what he, what he could do. Because, he couldn't hunt, he couldn't kill anything. And he was now beginning to depend on somebody else to feed him, his friends, who was nearby. But they keep, they keep saying that, "Why don't you do something? Why do you let this man bother you so much this way?"

But him, and that's how honest he was, because he was an modest man, he had hoped the other person would get tired, you know, just simply get fed up of doing something, that he cannot provoke him to get mad. That was exactly what the other shaman wanted to do; trying to push him on the edge so he can have a, he can, he can actually have a challenge with him because he thinks, the other shaman thinks he can beat the Amo. But of course, Amo knows that, and he doesn't want, doesn't have to prove it. So the, the challenge went on. He ignore it, Amo ignored it for a long time. The other people said, you know, "Let me fix him, let me!" The other shamans say, "Let me put away that guy." But he says, "No, no, no." he says, "He's going to get tired; soon he's going to get tired." But he wouldn't, the other person wouldn't stop. These things happened so much. And so finally, he was convinced that, by his friend he said, "Why don't you just, take action? You know, show him that you are not approved. Better still," he says, "get rid of him! Kill him!"

So anyway, what he did was, you know, he, he actually did very little; didn't do much. All he did was, one time, when it was in the evening, he took his gun. He took his gun outside, no, in the daytime I think, he took his gun, and he put a plug on it. Pushed the little plug inside there just a little short moss and he put it halfway through the barrel. And he takes it out. So he says, "Well, let's see what he feels like, if he has his gun, if he has his gun, if he has, if he fires his gun and plug, he says with a plug." So he just waits there said, "nobody knows about that, nobody know what's going to happen." And then after that, after that day, he brought this gun back, clears it up and everything. And sure he says, "Actually, I think he's going to stop. I don't think he will need the gun anymore." And so they were asking him, you know, what he did amongst the shaman. He says, "Well, I just plugged his gun. So when he hunt, it goes out the middle, halfway through, and is blinded. And that's it."

So he didn't kill him, but it blinded him temporary anyway. So he says he won't, he won't do it again. So that's when he begin to have a, luck, you know, hunting with his gun and doing some trapping, so he begin to get back as a regular being. The way he

usually traps, when he traps, when he shoots something. So he have actually defended himself, but he didn't kill a man, nearly did. I do not want to explain exactly how the shaman does things, because if I have to explain something about a shaman, exactly what they do, I would need time to do that, I would need, I have to spend many hours to try to explain this thing. Even then I won't be able to prepare everything because I don't know that much; but I know some. Because if you listen to the people who speak this language, it's impossible to understand it.

What I am going to say is like this: a shaman is a Dreamer. First he Dreams, as a young person, he Dreams many things; terrible, some, mostly terrible things. Fights, threats, killing, or being threatened or always try to save himself. Always something that is against him, especially the things he don't understand. That's a shaman, as a young person, do that. And he has to have a Dream on every subject. If it's a dangerous animal, he has to conquer it. If it's a dangerous situation of nature, a storm, thunderstorm, lightning, you name it, all these things he has to Dream. And he has to find a way to tame those things, to be able to control it. Just for example, the wind, the storm - how can he control that? A human? Yes, the shamans were able to do that. They were able to command the storm - thunderstorms, the wind, almost anything. And this is what, the "Dream Quest" means. I think the "Dream Quest" they call it. But anyway, let's get back to the other side of this tape and we will talk a bit more about this stuff. And for now my story line. [laughs] My tape is almost coming to an end.

Okay! I'm going to turn this tape around and then we will continue on the other side.

[SIDE B]

Hello, hello! This is Louis Bird. "Amo Mitew" February 4, 1999. This is the continuation of the story about a person, the Omushkego elder called Amoe, who lives there, who lived around 1790 and, 1845 - thereabouts. I don't know how long, or how old he was, but we know he was living that period in time. There was already Hudson Bay fur trading company. There was already Christianity, a little bit, not much. But he remain, he retained his own spiritual beliefs intact, and he was known as one of the Omushkego powerful shamans. Honest one. The humblest one. The modest one. But he's dangerous.

So anyway, we tell the story about him; that he was very honest, and modest is the most that is talked about. He never show off, he never brag about it, but whenever it calls for he uses it. So, we talk about this man as honest as he was, and how great he was. He, he, he traded this fur with the Hudson Bay Company with honesty as best, as best as he can. When he was, healthy and strong, he did. But when he get older, he was not as active and then just like any other, anybody else; he begin to lose his power, and he begin to dwindle down to just an ordinary man, almost. But he remained to be a powerful shaman, just the same. But he didn't, by the time he died he didn't use it much, because he wanted to be an ordinary person. So anyway, it was said to be that he can almost do anything with his power. And, he was able to control almost anything, like the storm, the wind, and, and also the other powerful nature. It was said one time that he was able to, to control almost anything that is in, let's say, the water, and the storm, the north wind; even turn the north into a Mister North [laughs] and all four winds he had formed it into his

mind as the four, four beings of the four corners of the earth, they call it. And many other stuff. So he was one of those total shaman power. He was able to, to travel distance without much effort. He was able to show himself a distance instantly, and he was called upon, he was summoned by other shaman shaking tent, for challenge. And able to survive and come back again. Sometimes he would win the challenge with the shaking tent or with the other activities. And, I think he was also known to be, to be a singer. I think he sang quite a bit; they called it mitewhamaasowin, that means 'singing shaman songs'. These are, these are more like, the spiritual songs, not, nothing evil in that time. And, I do believe that he was also singing with the drum. The hand drum, not the big one. And, I think he was also able to help the Native people, I mean his own people, to avoid confrontation with the other tribes. I think he was able to use his power to avoid that, or to defend his own people. And all this was required the honesty, and trusted person.

So that's him. Now, after telling about all this Mister Amo, he had the brother. Whether he had lived that period in time I'm talking about, between 1700 and 1885, 1845 for sure, he had a brother. He had a brother by the name of Shiiwepun. Shiiwepun. Shiiwepun. It means "sweet lunged", you know, lung we breathe with? Sweet, Shiiwepun. That was his brother's name; he was younger, younger than him. But Shiiwepun was not as honest as Amoe. He was bothersome kind of person. He was not properly mentally structured; he was a bit more like a mental retarded person. Not, not quite crazy, but he may have.

Because of his character, they say, no women wants to marry him because he is not that, he is not that respected. And he was not that well off. He was not well liked, but he was a man, he was a big man. And then when he begin to know that he was treated that way, he begin to be resentful. He begin to, be more like an outlaw among his own people. He would steal, yes, he would steal if he saw the cache, what I mean to say is, where the people left their stuff for later use, he would take that, yes. And then also he was aggressive. He take women for his pleasure, with force. Not necessary hurting them or killing them or want to killing them, no. Nothing like we call rapist and murderer, no not like that; he does, to be honest, and honest to goodness, what we call today 'rape', there was no such thing in those days. The Native man, the Native people, the Omushkegos, the sexual harassment, it was not called "harassment." It was the way of mating, just like the way of the animals too, they fight each other and then they jump on the female. This was the way the Native people were. No, there was no such thing as the a romance, a beautiful romance a very, very little was mention about that, very few times. But there was lots of arranged marriages, and arranged marriages can be only done by the selected group of men. If a man is not good hunter, if he is not well healthy, well he was not, no, no, no person arranged marriage with him. So it was in this condition this Shiiwepun had. For some reason, he was not fit to be a married person. So no, no one wants to marry him. No, no family or family person who have a daughter, no, nobody wants to arrange marriage with him. So that was his problem. So what he did was, whenever he can get ahold of women by herself, he would just grab the woman, have his way. Have his satisfaction, or release, whatever you want to call it. And, he has that reputation and nobody quite trusted him. He was not a killer, really. He was not a killer. He never kill a person. Never, until the end, until such time.

So it happens at that time, and he, he frequented into Kashechewan, and James Bay. He also travels with the group same as his brother Amo. But he never travel with him; he travels with the other group. He goes as far as Fort Severn, and he goes inland, down into the headwaters wherever there's a fur trading is done. So he travels a lot too. So that was, is, very bad reputation is that stealing women, or even bothering women, the married women. So he was not well-liked person. And so at that time, in Kashechewan, there was a man, there was a, there was a Hudson Bay man, a Hudson Bay manager I think he was, and he had a wife. He had take himself a wife of Native woman, in that Kashechewan. And, the years went by during that time when Shiiwepun was around; they had two children. They had three children I think, there were, there were two girls, and I think there were some boys. But the two girls begin to be a teenagers and begin to be young women, eligible young women to be married.

But, the, the woman who was a Native woman, so proud of her daughters she didn't want to give her daughters to anyone, except the very best. And she was so protective she want nobody to ask her who is not good enough to marry her daughter, and they were beautiful; they were half-breeds, they were, whatever the were. But they were, they were very beautiful women and many young men wanted to marry them and they wanted to. But marriage arrangement couldn't fit for some reason, and of course our man Shiiwepun also have looked at those women and he wanted them. For the time-being, he was able to bring the fur into he Hudson Bay store many times, you know, for that reason. But the Hudson Bay manager knew all men, and he knew about this guy. So he traded furs with him, just like the rest of them, and didn't treat him any different as long as he stayed away [laughs].

So, the Shiiwepun was quite well known in Kashechewan area, and also the other, like Fort Severn, he was known there. But he lives out in, by himself, he didn't stay with anybody. Very seldom does he stay with a group of people. They usually just sort of push him away because of the way he is. When he begin to bother women, sometimes even the married women, that's when he was told to leave, and threatened sometimes. And he would leave, yes. And it was this time that the Hudson Bay manager's wife, because she is an Indian women, she really wanted to go out in the springtime when the Canada geese are arriving, when the, the weather is changing and the spring season arrive. All Native women, the Omushkego especially, their total joy is to go spend out in the camp, away from the winter camp, to wait for Canada geese to come, because by that time the Omushkego people have guns. And it was very easy to hunt the Canada geese with the gun. All you have to is just make a goose blind, a few decoys, and you are there. You would get as many geese if you can. But in those days there were not that many geese; at times there were very few Canada geese in the area for some reason, and at times there were plenty, in period. And it was one of those situations that, the Hudson Bay manager's wife beg her husband to let her go for a few, few days or week, or maybe even a month, to go, to go spend camping with his parents. Parents may not have been living all, but they would go where people were camping not far from the commu, from Kashechewan, the fort; there was a fort there. So the managers says, "Okay, but make sure that you look after yourself and the children." So she left, and she took her daughters with her. And then they went camping, we don't know how far exactly and what's the name of the place. And it so happened Shiiwepun was there, in around someplace, and when he went to the community for the last time before the ice begin, or, or the snow

begin to melt, he went to the community to do some last shopping. And he was staying somewhere. So when he went to the community he find out that Hudson Bay's wife was out camping somewhere with his two daughters.

So, that gives him an idea, this Shiiwepun: he thought, maybe if I go and approach them there, in the wilderness, maybe they will consent. Maybe the old lady will allow me. So he went, so he, he left the village and went heading back to his camp, and then move closer to this Hudson Bay manager's camp. But not right close, just maybe a mile distance. So he just happened to, to appear that he was just arriving and settle down there for the spring camp. That's what he made it look like. But the people know better, the people know what he wants. But it was too late to do anything; it was too late to, the spring was coming, and the ice will break soon, and why bother? Just wait, so they thought.

So one day, the, the Shiiwepun came to the camp and ask the woman, the mother of the girls, ask her nicely. He says, "I want to marry your daughter. I want you to give me one of your daughter." He even pointed the one that he wants. But of course the mother just didn't want to hear at all. She even threatened him with an axe to chase him out of his home, and said, "Don't ever come near, because if you come near, I am going to kill you!" And so, Shiiwepun went back. And then one day, he arrive again. They just barely saw him as he was approaching the camp, it was on the river. So this time he was carrying his gun; so what's wrong with that? Everybody that has a gun in that springtime carry a gun all the time. It's part of dressing up! Just put on your pants and jacket and moccasins and gun and axes, what the way you dress. There was nothing wrong with that, nobody, nobody think about those things.

But then unfortunately the Hudson Bay manager's wife, being a Native, and being a protective, she just simply didn't want to see the man. And just because he brought the gun with him, he was carrying it on the left shoulder, and come up to, to the bank, and nicely, I guess he was just going to come and say hello. But the Hudson Bay manager's wife was so annoyed by her, by him, that she simply take a gun and load it, and go meet her [him] halfway. And she shot him; whatever the reason, whatever the reason she missed. Or maybe she forgot to put the pellets, whatever it is. No, he did, he did put the, put the pellets or, I think it's the pellet he put, but he miss his body, she, she miss his body. But Shiiwepun just stood there, stunned. When he was point at the gun he didn't think that he was going to be shot, but he was shot. And he was shot, he was missed, his body was missed, and his right hand was shot. His right hand, halfway through, from the shoulder to the elbow, and there was just blasted, just almost just barely hanging. And that's when he drop his gun, we must remember he is not proper-minded person, so he just stunned and he just grabbed his gun and put it down on the left hand and loaded very fast, and by this time the man, the lady who shot him, she was so stunned he was still standing and she forgot to reload! But him, Shiiwepun, just simply expertly reload his gun, load his gun, and take aim before, when she start to reload again. And she just aimed on the left hand.

Then he fired. And he put the slug in, not the pellet. And he shot the lady right through the chest. And the lady died instantly. And Shiiwepun just stood there, all open-mouthed, and just as if he just awoke. And everybody also! So he just turned, just turned right back and his gun, and, and his bloody arm dripping with blood and hanging there loose, just like a, just like a rag, and he walks down to the bank where he came and

disappeared back toward his camp. And those other people, they were just stunned and screaming, whatever it is, everybody scream and, take a grab at the old, the lady. And it was too late; there was nothing that can be done. Within a moment, she died. And that was a very sad situation. And that was the end of her. So these people managed to get back, they managed to get back to, to the community, I think they did get back before the ice break. But once they get there, the ice begin to be so bad to travel. What happen is that the next morning, the young girls, you know they were so stunned so they couldn't do anything, they were afraid that guy might come again, so they had tried to ask the other man that was guiding them, that was sort of protector, they ask him to go and check if the man is still around, and that he should try to persuade him to leave. So the next day, this guy went, he did went there. He didn't go the next day; he went that evening. And when he got there where he was camping he was gone. The man was gone. Shiiwepun. He had disappeared; he had took his camp away and everything. They left. So the man just checked the trail around his camp and he noticed that he has, he has took off. How did he manage? Nobody knows. And so, he came back and told, told the girls and the others that Shiiwepun is gone. Apparently he left. So they said, "Good." For some reason they say good, because they were afraid of him. They thought he will come again and shoot them. So, that didn't happen.

So they, the next day they manage to try to get things around, and then they, I don't know exactly what happened; I forget. I think maybe it was sometime later that they report back to the manager and say that his wife has died. And that the manager was so mad, and that he was looking for Shiiwepun, and that he was going to, he was going to do the, the prosecuting. Because in those days, when the Hudson Bay manager was there, he was the judge and police and everything. And he, there was a story that, that happens before that. There was a man who was hanged in the Kashechewan because he stole seven pounds of flour. He was hung, in the tree. And there was the man there who had told the story; as a young boy he has watched his father hanged in the flag post. And he says his shit came down, because he shit. I forget the name of those people, but there is a name.

But it was after that that Shiiwepun killed the Hudson Bay manager's wife, the Native wife. And for that reason he never showed up; he never went back to the community. But he stayed in the bush. Nobody knows exactly what happened to him, whether he showed himself any place at all. But he never was found. So apparently he died somewhere by himself. But some people say he showed up some years later; somebody saw him in the bush. Somebody saw his track, the man that is alone. Not, not closely but away from there. And, he was simply hiding. He was not going to show himself anywhere. I think he knows that time that he know what will happen if he shows to the community. Especially the, he was afraid the white people. So that's the end of the story of the Shiiwepun. And this story happens between that time, between 1775, somewhere around 1845. That fifty-year period, or sixty.

Okay, that's the end of the story. Now, whoever listen to this tape recorder: the idea is, is to see, during that time period, in the, Hudson Bay Archives or whatever they put their report, every manager has what they call a journal, where they put their activities every day. Whether the person is coming to bring the fur and how much they bring, and what do they do. And Hudson Bay managers used to know the names of every person they deal with, what year, and how much he brings, and all that stuff. So if this

really have happened, was there a manager in that period who have married the Indian woman, or com, as common-law wife, and lost the wife? Or simply left her, him, or have lost? If there is anything that can be found in the, in the recordings, in record-keep, record keeping, maybe the Hudson Bay accounts. Maybe in the journals, or whatever it is. Maybe there might be some truth in this. But according to our people, the Omushkegowak in Hudson Bay and James Bay, this is true, this is a true story. So that is one story. And that is all for now. They are, there are some other stories that happens in that time after the European came in; after the Hudson Bay fur trade started, there were incidents, I mean, the some very, very unfortunate stories. I mean there are murder stories, or accidental killing, and whatever it is.

It's like one of the stories that I have heard in the area of Big Trout Lake, where the Hudson Bay manager's wife, whether if it was a Native woman, or his wife from the old country, we don't know. But the Hudson Bay manager's wife one time was lost, and what happened was that in the Big Trout Lake, Ontario. And his wife was caught in black bear trap, a trap which is called "deadfall." There was an old man there used to set the deadfall for the bear, in the spring and in the summertime, because he likes them, he likes to eat the black bear. So this was the month of August, thereabouts, or July. Just when those, ground berries were, were, were ripening. What they call "head berries" in, in our language. They are yellow colour and they are very juicy. And the bears like to eat those. And that's the time when this Hudson Bay's wife was picking berries, and walks away into the distance, and happened to see this, this, a basket that was sitting there, which just actually was a bait for the bear. Apparently she had filled the berries and then wants to have another container and founded this out from a distance and went crawling into this deadfall, which she didn't recognize. And tripped the trigger, and died. And that's where she was found, by the man who set the deadfall. And unfortunately the man didn't have guts enough to tell, because he knows that the lady was missed for the last three days and that the lady was already in bad shape. So he decided to bury the lady right there and never reveal the secret until the day he died. And that's another true story. When did it happen, is what I don't have. Is there a story in Big Trout Lake that a Hudson Bay manager had a wife, or had a common-law wife, that he happened to lost? And that is the story. And whoever listen to this, to this recording will have a time to search, and to prove that such story may have taken place, and what year was it? Who are those people?

So that's the end of the story. And, thank you for listening!

My name is Louis Bird.

ADDENDUM

(In writing, April 22, 1999)

Now. About tape transcription.

I have read through the paper once, I saw some mistakes, not many, but! That's the way I wanted. To show it is genuine. It's real recording done by me.

The word, 'mitaw' or 'miteo' is fine. I write it this way: mitaw-wee-win; as noun. 'Mitaw' as a person, who practice such a thing. Sham – Metaw – shamanism – mitaw-wee-win.

On page 4, paragraph 5 of transcription, where Mr. Amoe said 'wait a minute'...he meant to say:

I can't help it as to just stand here and not participate etc., so he asked for the gun. Then he used his shaman power to compete. By doing this, he insulted those who have thought they had won!

So, the other shaman was mad. He then had that excuse to challenge Amoe. Because they know he is powerful. Amoe did not want to retaliate right away. He waited for some time, that other shaman will stop bugging him. So, some time later, he had to deal with him – He nearly kill the man, using his shaman power.

What he did is like in Africa. There was “a voodooism”. They use a doll or figurine. They stick a needle on the figurine, to kill their enemy.

In Europe, there were witches who use similar activities. Our First Nations of North Americas, were the same.

They did, accomplished deeds which ordinary person cannot do. They did accomplished, to travel in time, to astro[astral]-projected themselves to far distance places instantly. They can. They did able to use animals – birds and fish to be where they want to be, where human body cannot go. Very much more. All these were there in our stories.

Thank you again.