

Afterword



In these remarks, Ellen integrates the stories, her own experiences, her spiritual beliefs, and the caring and wisdom of her long life to benefit family, friends, and the generations to come.

I gonna tell story.
Little bit.

Food or out there,
what we do,
or funeral service,
what we do way in the back.
But us, we don't see, before us, but he tell a story,
why funeral service,
why he lose loved one.
He's gone.
So this is story.
People tell us story all time,
what they can do,
to love our sister and brother.

And the food . . .
to put away your food all time.
There's no refrigerator.

Fall time, you gotta stand on you feet.
You gotta work so hard, it no matter.
If you have family, 'bout eight, nine children,
lot of children to feed.
Way in the back, woman, husband together
have sometime fifteen children.

That's what my mother and my dad used to tell me.

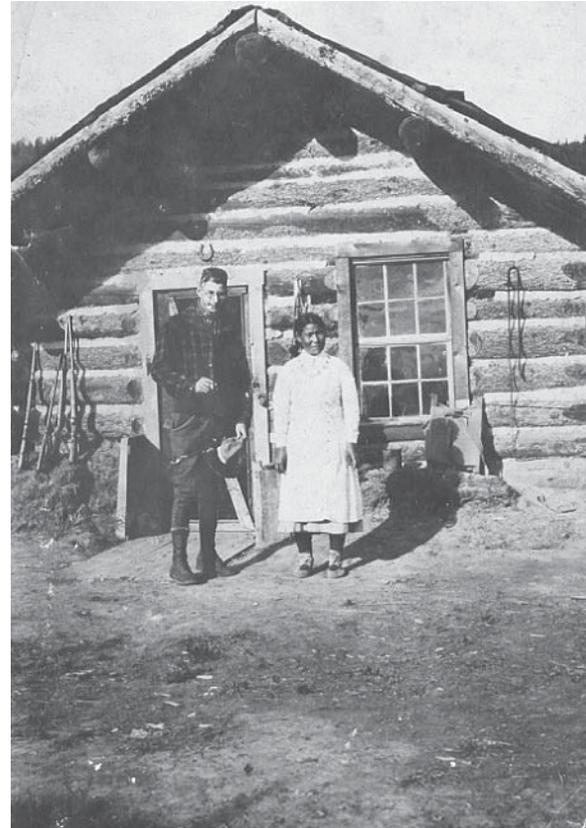
And myself, I had eight children.
Six girls and two boys.
They all die.¹
Today I have two daughter left.
Today I don't know when
I goin' close my eye.
It's very painful.²

I got try best I can
for this little bit story.
Leave it behind.
And I tell little story for my friend.³
The food . . .
Anything out there on the land, growing,

¹ During the pandemic of 1942, Ellen lost both her mother and father and five of her eight children. Her son Talbert passed away later and Ellen was left with two daughters, Agnes and Daisy, who are still living.

² Ellen had been living with leukemia and severe arthritis for several years.

³ What follows is Ellen's understanding of the traditional values taught by *Yaabaa Teeshaay* based upon her long life on the land and in relation to her people.



**Annie at the
trading post
in Healy Lake**

Photo courtesy
of Lee Saylor

You know which one you goin' eat if you
hungry.

You not goin' be hungry if you know what you doing.
Go out on the land. Look around.
What kind mushroom you goin' eat,
what kind berries you goin' eat.

Rhubarb, wild rhubarb,
you goin' take a lot of rhubarb home,

roots and all.⁴

On the banks, you dig sand,
and little bit of water in there.
You goin' dig the sand and covered you rhubarb.
Before ground freeze, you goin' take it out,
you rhubarb.

One like that before, I let real ground freeze,
take it out and my mother *iin* have fresh rhubarb.
In back days I can't understand how I can do.
The rhubarb out there, you keep breaking, breaking,
breaking,
until fall time.⁵
That's our fresh food.
Anything on the land,
mushrooms.
Anything out there, white one,
but make sure we put it away good.
And you cannot shoot animal for no reason.
If you lazy, don't shoot anything.
If you goin' clean it, you goin' use it,
yes. You could shoot it.
If you lazy, don't do.

With us Native people, we never waste our food.
We got moose. . . .
Anything what any in there,
we got feet and all. Blood and all we take.

⁴ If rhubarb is pulled by the roots, it will keep coming back until the end of season and it will return the following spring.

⁵ There are large beds of domestic rhubarb that are shared in Healy Lake.

That's us Indian.
We never waste.
We never waste our food.
That one day in this world, goin' be different.
We get there now.
Maybe one day goin' be starvation
and that one day, you don't care for food, whatever you
do,
and you can't eat this.

This is for young children.
I hear lot of young children say,
"Oh, yuck!"
You cannot say that. You can't use that word.
That's bad word for us Native people.
When the day, in your hungry day, starvation day,
it's get there.
You guys be ready for that.
Because I know; I know what I'm talk about it. It's goin'
be there.
This world not goin' be forever.

The food on the table,
Someone eat food, don't look their food.
If you smell, just walk away.
And just ignore it.
People eat anything on the land.
Don't have to be hungry.
Anything!
In the back days, we don't have that much food.
We do have rice, and macaron[i], lard, all kind of, some
kind of cookies, fresh food.

But we get so used to in our food.

You got prepare you food.
If you gonna make dry meat, you gotta stand on you feet.
I used to get up middle of night, smoke my meat.
I don't want smoke to spoil.
When I'm young, I don't care what I'm doing.
Be sure you meat's good.
Good dry meat.
The dry meat you could have all summer.
'til season open again.
Fish, you goin' take it out, fish,
you goin' dry, smoke 'em.
Put it away. You put it away, fish eggs, dry, smoke it.
You put it away
smokehouse.
You put it away when it's real dry.
You put it on the side, sack.
You put it away in the cache.
Don't be lazy. Just get up early in the morning.
Do you work.
That's what I did all my life.
I really work hard always in my life.
I don't know how to be lazy.
I raise children up.
Today I got no more family.
I just got bunch of grandkids.
I hear sometime, one of my grandkids,
"Oh, yuck! I don't want to eat."
Whatever we eat,
spit it in the trash can.
I see my grandkids do that.



Moose skull and antlers

Photo courtesy of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service

That's hungry days comin' . . .
"Gee, why I did that day?"
And you gonna feel bad.
That's what my mother used to tell me.
And you gonna think about it,
why that day I did . . .
Starvation he talk about.
*Nahoge nen ket dii de ta' kol dai' ha. Di dex ta kol dandiige
de dii de ta kol.*
Starvation day.
It's happened like that, long, long, long time ago,
many years ago, before us.

The Adventures of Yaabaa Teeshaay

And we don't see, but he tell us story,
'bout take you food away.
Don't waste.

No refrigerator, you gotta stand on you feet.
Take care you food, to have good food.
If you don't, you lazy,
you food goin' be rotten.
Tax jet. That's mean rotten.

I hope all our children learn
how to eat
like we used to eat
on the land.

I talk about this food sometime,
But lot of way, different way,
we prepare food.

Berries out there,
blueberries, we pick blueberries.
We put fish oil in there.
Cranberries, rosehip, anything,
dry berries, we mix with moose grease.
That's the food for us.

Today, even those, we don't have.
Dendai' shee u tayu k'ol.
That's dry berries,
We put grease in there.
Cranberries . . .
you don't cook, like right now

I see my mother *iin*,
Uket ok ch'egh xun degh
What's that?
He put cranberries in fry pan and little grease,
little moose grease and he fry.

That's the way old people wants eat their food.
Soup, anything.
You young people, look at them.
Don't make fun of them.

But one day,
gonna happen to you kids.
Injii, us Native people, *injii*.
We never talk like that.
We never say "smell" or anything;
we cannot say that.

Last week I went in town,
My niece, Ella Demit, David,⁶
He clean moose stomach.
Her mother clean moose stomach and Ella,
she's teenager.
She say, "Oh Mama, yuck!" and her mother,
she never say nothing.

That's how old people goin' do you guys.
Her mother, never say nothing,
She got that *ch'itsaage*,
She throw at his daughter's face.

⁶ Ellen corrects herself from Demit to David. This happened a long time ago, but in Ellen's mind it was just as yesterday.

The Adventures of Yaabaa Teeshaay

Ella say, “Still today, I never talk about food.”
“Smell” or “yuck,” I got my lesson 'cause [of] my
Mama.

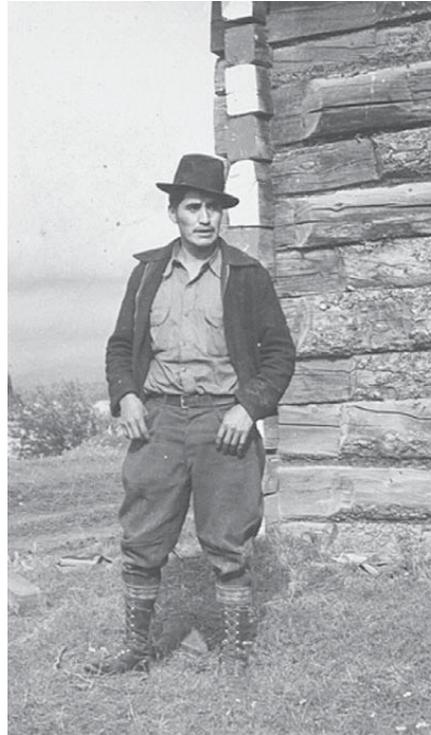
That word some reason gots me in to . . .

That’s what all our children need.
It’s no matter, it no matter white people or Na-
tive children,
we all share the food together.
Kids gotta be ready for that.
Gotta learn.
It’s like we hungry, gotta eat something.
Anything out there.
What’s on you way, you goin’ eat it.
And not to be hungry.
And this much I talk about food,

Today I just gonna talk about little bit story,
all different.
Little bit story, what I remember.
I just begin losin’ my mind.⁷
I’m pretty sure, I do this is last one,
for children
to be learn,
to be understand.

Fall time, you go out and make cache
out there on the brush.
The log, you build log,
just like house.
You got five logs up.

⁷ Becoming forgetful.



Paddy Healy, left; Kataba, above



**Members of the
Luke family of
Healy Lake**

Photos courtesy
of Lee Saylor

The Adventures of Yaabaa Teeshaay



Members of the Paul family of Tanacross



John Healy at Big Delta

You got you moose,
whole moose.
You skin it,
put under birch bark.
You put all,
you spread you meat
fish meat all,
fat and all,
and then he cover with birch bark.
Make sure mice don't gets in,
No even little hole in there and he call
Mehmiits'ül.
All people like it.

In the cache,
all winter,
'round Christmas time,
one person's gotta go back,
dig it out.
Bring fresh meat.
It's got little bit sour taste,
but I like it.
No refrigerator,
can't do nothing.
That's their way.
That's their life.

You goin' have lot good meat out there.
All kind things in this world
to eat,
if you know how to fix it.
You gotta think.

You gotta think how you prepare you food.

I growing up hard way.
My mother just rough on me.
I just only one child.
She taught me lot o' way.
He taught me to stand on my feet
and work for myself.
He taught me, I got my hand to take care of myself.
He taught me not to be lazy, not to be sit.
Today he got TV out there and
today children sit front of TV,
watch all the day.
It's just like nothing to do out there.
Those are no good.

The back days, we don't have TV,
First time, I never . . .
Chief's son, Paul Healy, got big radio.
We pile up there every night
to listen.
And it's just like we go to school, we listen.
We learn from that radio.
You just . . .
We never get away from Chief's son.
Sometimes he getting tired of us,
but he never say nothing.
Uncle Paul said, "Don't bother [the] kids."
That's the way we learn.

Today you have to go school to learn.
You gotta get educated. You gotta get Indian educated.

Most that Indian educated are very strong.
Give you lot of ideal.⁸
Give you lot of protect.

Out there on the brush alone.
That's how many years ago.
I got lost this talk.
Nobody know.
Today I talk about it.
When my son's gone,
potlatch come up.
I got my two bucket,
my rifle.
Those out there on the brush,
I feel so bad,
I don't care what I do.
Out there on the brush,
I pickin' berries.
I never eat all day.
It's okay.
'Round like nine o'clock night,
I begin hungry.
I have piece of candy in my pocket,
I eat that one.

My two bucket all full of blueberries,
cranberries.
I'm so tired.
I lay down under tree,

⁸ In several places Ellen uses the word *ideal* instead of *idea*. This may be due to Athabascan being her first language, but the connotation that *ideal* brings to her soliloquy seems appropriate and relevant.



Rose hips

Photo courtesy of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service

I fall asleep.
And when I wake up,
pitch dark.

I got no flashlight. I forgot my flashlight.
I don't know where I'm at,
but I know because I'm Indian woman,
I know what to do.

I wake up,
I don't know where I'm at.
Lot of tear run down from my face.
I miss my son too bad.
I start to walk.
I lose my gun
on that day.
Still out there someplace.

I walk back.
I don't want get fell down,
I don't want scratch my face with willow.
I carry two bucket blueberry.
I walk all the way back.
Once [in a] while I listen for car;
nothing.
But I keep walkin', walkin'.
Pretty soon I stand up.
I hear car, far, far . . . away.
"Oh boy, I goin' make it."
I head with down pump station⁹

⁹ The Bureau of Land Management pump station was a fuel pump station for the military approximately five and one half miles from Tanacross. Wilderness surrounding the pump station is part of Tana-

in the road
with my two bucket,
mean,
hungry.
That's how we do for live.

Potlatch, it's not that easy,
but Native people, we work real hard for that.
And lot of money in there, but it's okay.
The loved one we miss is *importantny*.
Money, just a paper.
It's hard to earn, but it is
just paper.
The money not goin' talk with us.
But the one, loved one we lose,
it's the one goin' talk with us.

And we lost . . .
That's what I did.
It's hard way.
Nobody know what I'm doing on earth.
I really work hard.
This potlatch come up.
Tee tiithe.
I stand on my feet 'round the clock.
Earn my little money,
sewing.

The girls today don't know how to sewing.
Girls today just know how to pretty-up their face

cross hunting grounds. Ellen at different times lived in Healy Lake,
Dot Lake, Tanacross, and Tok as well as Tetlin Junction.



Jeanie Healy tans a hide.



Paddy Healy holds a fox near the Healy River.

Photos courtesy of Lee Saylor

and don't know what to do.

Lotta hard be learn,
but I tell you this,
you hand goin' bring you maybe hundred dollars,
maybe sometimes. . . .
Depends on how much you sell you stuff,
maybe four hundred right there.
That's you hand
earn that money, too.

That's what woman,
Native woman do that.
Tan you own moose skin,
you own beaver skin.

Today we don't tan moose skin, beaver skin,
we gotta go store and buy.
Just 'cause you get to point,
you get to middle age,
You cannot do anything.
I say this to give you ideal,
you young children.
Please just try to be learn,
if you can.

You gotta careful
what you goin' say.
Don't talk about you friend behind back.
It's no good.
I really believe that,
that you could talk to you friend.

You gotta treat you friend right.

We used to go out to pick rose hip.
My mother used to tell me that rose hip, special rose hip
he taught me.
Hard to pick it.
Sometime long. . . .
Rose hip, Healy Lake, we got some.
Middle just three seed
and they pop open.
You take that seed out,
and maybe you got enough, one big bucket rose hip.
You split it out there and dry.

In wintertime, fall time, time when real cold,
you mix with dry berries.
And you put moose grease in there.
That's very very special food.
And you could pound you meat soft.
He call *jech'iis hutai*.
That mean berries and moose meat together.

You got put canvas out there and back days he don't
pack,
we don't use hammer.
Rock we use to pound meat.
You pound that meat and wash you hand and make it
soft.
You put moose grease, marrow grease, you put it,
and put it in the cache.
And you don't eat too much, you just eat little bit.

The Adventures of Yaabaa Teeshaay

Anything out there: porcupine, you could roast on the campfire.

You know what you doing, take his guts out, quill and all, you just clean off his stomach and you cook it maybe four hours and it goin' be done and you take it down and you take all that quills out and just like baked oven.

It's no danger to eat.
It's real good.

You could do beaver.
You could cook campfire with stick.
You save his feet until you cut up,
put it inside stomach.
Take stomach out.
And you put all those good stuff inside and you bake it.

Beaver, you can cook maybe five hour in the campfire with stick, big stick.

You could cook moose rib out there on the campfire.

Caribou head, you can cook campfire.

You could do anything!
Lot of way to work for food.

Us old people, we already go past,
but our young children don't know nothing.
Our young children don't want listen old people that much.
I have grandkids myself.



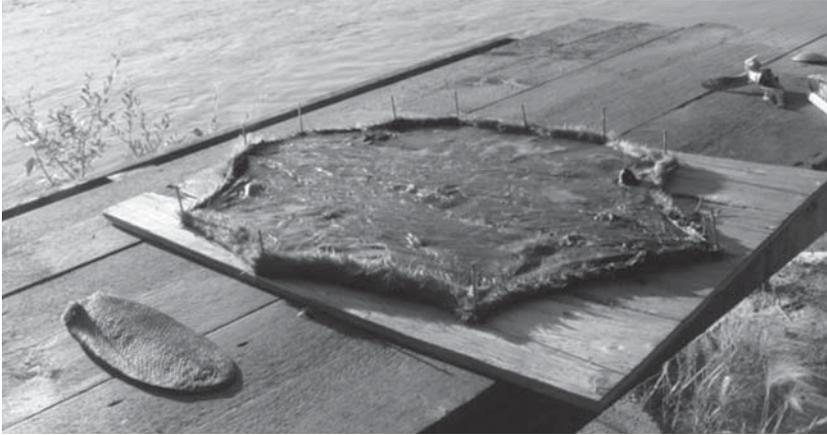
**Stanley Young at the
Tanana River bridge in
the 1940s**

A lot of people are hungry to listen story.
I still want hear story.

And then we done that one,
We gotta put into boat,
go down to river.

We go to island where lot of rabbits.
We put old grandma in the end where rabbits' trail.
We all set snare for rabbits.
Us, we say, "Woo, woo, woo."
We just cover that island and rabbits go down to snare.
Sometime we got fifty rabbits in the boat.

The Adventures of Yaabaa Teeshaay



A beaver skin is staked out to dry, above.
Salmon dries in a smokehouse, below.



Photos of Howard Luke's camp courtesy of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Connie Friend

We get home, we clean it,
and we put it smokehouse and we smoke it.
And keep away from fire little bit.
It's cold already.
And all winter we have rabbit.
You smoke [it]
it tastes good.
Gah hits n'del hundiit.

We pile in the boat
from little village.
The Healy Lake,
I think,
altogether three hundred people been buried there.
So many cemetery . . .
all over.
But when I growin' up, not very many.
But that's the way we learn;
went through lot of good stuff.

Even rabbits, we don't waste.
Get fat.
Any rabbits, we dry skin,
real good;
no hole in there.

During the night, we turn.
It is lot of hair,
but it's okay.

You tan, you make scarf out [of] it.
I remember I sew two rabbit skins together

for my children's neck.
You could make little head [scarf out of] rabbit skin.
Little boots for inside moccasin.
Inside mitts:
Feet never cold.
You could make lot of pretty stuff
out of rabbits.

Fall time, rabbit skin real fancy lookin'.
They change the color.
In wintertime, it's pure white.
But we always get rabbits, brown.
Change their colors,
fancy lookin'.
That's what we did.
Those,
you young children don't know.
That's why I talk about it.
Us, we know.
We know how we growing up.
This much I could talk, tell story, little bit
for you guys.

And uh,
fish go down on the lake,
go down to fish camp.
*Ts'aan*¹⁰ we take it out, *ts'aan*,
We take liver,
'n' eggs.

And then we just hang out there,

¹⁰ Burbot or lingcod.

for wintertime for our dog:
lingcod, and pike.
Whatever we get,
we fry for our dog.
Our dog gotta eat too,
back day.

Back days dog very strong,
'cause he eats wild stuff.

Fish, fish guts we make with something.
Fish don't have much survive.
You could smoke fish. We call *ba*'.¹¹
And people know how to cut fish.
All those, I know.

And fish trap—
Every little thing we use out of. . . .

In the springtime, we go out,
hunt for anything, for whatever to eat.
We see anything in our way, we get it.

Springtime pretty hungry.
Springtime, we dig roots out.
These roots I talk about taste like sugar.
And we call *ts'oth*;
our Native food.

It's something every fall,¹² I wish somebody give me

¹¹ Smoked dry fish (whitefish generally).

¹² These roots are traditionally dug in the spring and fall. They are



Fish from Healy Lake

some.

It's my favorite food I growing up with.
Healy Lake used to have a lot.

This much I tell little story,
And Jeanie Healy, that's first woman.
I say this for Pat, Jo Ann, and Ben;
and Mike, Cory, Jeanie.
That's their grandma.

He really expert cook.
That's first woman, back days.
He ask where is.
I never see that kind.
She got yeast.
And for whole village she bake.
She got dish pan,
yeast, two yeast she use.
That woman, she make huge, huge
homemade bread.
We smell homemade bread all over in the village,
that little village.

After he done, he goin' pass around to village
one loaf of bread.
He's chief's wife.
He know what to bake.
He know what to do.
He know how to work the skin.

called Indian potatoes and are especially prized in the whole Upper
Tanana valley. Their scientific name is *Hedysarum alpinum*.

We go her house,
He always tell us story,
how he grow up.

He's very good cook with wild stuff.
Anything on the land,
she cook little bit different.

She make dry meat different way.
Right now we try to figure it out,
but we just can't.
I can't do like way she make dry meat.
I don't know how she did it, but
even wintertime, hungry, get moose or something,
she make dry meat at home.
That dry meat taste so good.
Her cook so good.
She get expert.
I just wonder right now,
I think about it,
how she did.
She taught lot of many kids to cook.

I go his house.
Christmas come up, no turkey.
We have whole berries for Christmas.
In back days, she don't have law for swan,
I guess. I don't know.
We got one swan for Christmas;
two.
One for Thanksgiving;
one for Christmas.

What Jeanie Healy do,
she put washtub all full water.
Real[ly], everything freeze up.
She put swan and geese,
and washtub freeze up.
By time Thanksgiving come up,
she's goin' pull out, just like fresh one.
And Christmas time, he goin' do that too.
Just like real fresh. . . .

What he do, chief's wife,
she make doughnuts.
He make doughnuts.
Right now, we got a lot of things to go with our turkey.
The back days, we don't have those, but she cook rice,
doughnuts, cranberries, dry meat on the side, and
swan.

We go chief's house,
We get together.
We eat.
Chief, he never put one on the side.
Every one of them in the village go their house.
Eat.
Right now, maybe we gonna say,
"Gee, too much work. Wash the dishes, cleaned up."
But chief and his wife never say that.
That's where I learned.
I learned from chief and his wife,
My mother and daddy, my uncle, my grandpa.
So many way I got taught.

The Adventures of Yaabaa Teeshaay

And chief's wife, she goin' cook for us.
Boy, nice to see homemade bread.
Nice to see doughnuts,
home cooked.

After we eat Christmas dinner,
She sing Native song for us,
and we dance.
And old-fashioned music,
old-fashioned record.
You have to wind all time.
Somebody play that one,
and our storekeeper come down to village.
I still remember their name: Kathleen, March,
Howard¹³ . . .
We growing up with little white kids.
We are just like sister and brother, play together.
That's where I learned;
ever since I'm small.

Some reason, ever since I growing up,
I respect.
I respect people.
I want be learn.
I want do like them.
I did. I take care of myself.
I don't depend on nobody
'til today.

The chief's wife,

¹³ These were the children of W. H. Newton, who opened a trading post at Healy River in 1907.



Ellen's cabin at Healy Lake



Healy Lake Community Hall

Photos courtesy of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service,
Connie Friend

She told us,
“You kids, go dance.”
And we did. We have a good time.
Real good time, all night.
Even our mother and all people sit there with us,
we have good time.

This story, I put it in for their family
and my family.
I was grown up on their grandma.
I’m the only one on lake now.
No more old people on lake.¹⁴

We all get together.
And we want play . . .
I don’t know how we did.
All us girls, we get together.
The end to village, we put long stick.
Today he got lot things to play.
Us, we already grown up,
but he just tell us what to do.
We do
to be tough.
Protect yourself.

We put pie pole,
Long pole,
stick to end village.
We tie with scarf.
Top, make sure that pole never fell down.

¹⁴ Margaret Kirsteatter’s husband, son, and daughter are still living at Healy Lake, but Ellen likely did not consider them to be old.

Who goin’ lead?
We end stick.

Our chief tell, “Go.”
And all the way down to the end of the village
we hold down that pole and we jump.
How far we jump,
and the creek, cold water!

She tie our waist with rope,
He put us other side creek.
He pull the boat away from us.
He told us, “Go in water.”
Cold water.
We jump in that water.
We go across the other side.

We been taught quite a bit,
lot of ways.
I been taught lots.
That’s why I don’t . . .
whatever.
I just want everything perfect
for children growing up today.

Another story,
We gets in to
boat.
We goes across the lake.
We pull canvas boat,
not canvas boat,



Ellen Demit

Photo courtesy of U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, Connie Friend

*K'ii ts'eyh.*¹⁵

Chief got *k'ii ts'eyh*,
old-fashioned boat.
We like that one.
It's light.

The big hill,
we climb.
We drag that boat.
Go down to Five Mile Lake.
It's called *Xelt'aaddh Menh*.
That's where our moose some place.
Nice hill and nice lake.
Beautiful lake down there . . .
Menh suu eth shugge de tqq.
That's mean, I say, "Beautiful lake."
And we just paddle around, and . . .
look for moose.

Here's the big bull moose.
We got big bull moose.
Back days,
if you young lady,
you cannot go
close to where moose.
He told us, "*Injii*."
We don't do that.
But we just watch.

From there we pack meat

¹⁵ Birch boat.

The Adventures of Yaabaa Teeshaay

maybe twelve miles to village.
That big hill, we pack meat to other side, to Healy Lake.
And bring our food, to the Lake.

It's hard way, to do that.
Those, we do that with chief.
Where our chief go,
we gotta go.
'Cause our chief, we respect.
He's our lead.
He tell us what to do.

Our chief, in the morning time, he get up.
He pound something with fry pan.
We dress up.
He tell us, "You sleep too much.
Day's over."
We all get up and we go back there and cook.
Campfire cook.
That's where we all learn.

That's why I tell this story.
Maybe some children goin' like this story.
If someone can't understand . . .
I don't talk good anymore, too.
Just have a hard time to breathe.¹⁶
And then, from there, we bring all of our meat,
and we go to Healy Lake.

¹⁶ It should be noted that Ellen survived with leukemia for five years, and true to her heritage virtually never complained of the pain that she suffered or how difficult her life became as the disease spread.



Cabin at Little Gerstle River, 1940s



John Knight on the Healy River in the 1940s



Jeanie and John Healy and infant. John Healy was a chief in Healy Lake.

Healy River,
where our chief house.

We got those special fish,
huge, huge whitefish.
And that one, that's our last round.
We got that fish.
And we have special fish in that lake.
I don't know today.

That's many many years [ago].
If you got that two whitefish,
the biggest whitefish you ever see.
When I first got one, I don't know what to think.
I never see that kind of fish.
Huge, huge whitefish that really looked
nothing but fat.
You make big huge *ba'*.¹⁷
That's dry meat.

And old people say,
"If you goin' lose you family,
You goin' get that fish."
You got man and wife.
You got that two.

And I started to believe it,
'cause I take two of those in my fishnet
and I lose all my family.
Gone.
I believe it, that part.

¹⁷ Smoked dry fish.

I really believe it.
That's where I learned.
I pass on to my children.
I told, "Don't do that."

One day, we stay up there,
Healy River.
Our chief digged a hole.
He told us, "Digged a hole."
We did. Digged a hole.
We set out there on the tent.
Digged a hole and,
he tell us what to do.

That fish,
we put grass the bottom inside.
Very strong,
but our chief tell us how to cook it.
He say, "I goin' take *dzenax*¹⁸ out."
He take it out and we get . . .
Wonder how that fish goin' be.
He take it out.
It's already clean.
He boil water.
He dip it to that boiled water.
Dip it and out.
He put it on a dish and our chief eat it.
You can't overcook that *dzenax*.

That's little story
of food.

¹⁸ Fermented fish.

I think I getting' too tired.
and I think I just about ready to quit tell story.
But some time nice to talk about back story.

The bottom line,
You talk about story,
That's kinda like
the bottom line. . . .
Nen daaghe aiy hundeg aiy mits'iishtiige
Taa man uh degindege.
That mean just like the word
"underground."
You don't know.

You can't talk about it.
Lot of people,
That's what she say,
"History."
But, I don't talk about history,
'cause us, these, we don't know.
We don't know what's goin' on.

But this word,
my grandpa tell us stories, lots.
Every night,
every day.
Back days, no job,
so nobody worry about job.
They tell us stories, every day,
every day,
'til we all gets into it.

We learn.

And then us kids, we go someplace,
we do just like our grandpa tell us story.
We have to do, that's way to learn.

So, some people say, "History."
Me, I can't say, 'cause I not there.
I don't see.
But this is I learned from my mother, my daddy, my
uncle,
that little story.
And little stories there and there and there and there.
And I goin' close it with umm. . . .
Camprobber story.

Camprobber's up there in the hillside.
One day he say, "It's too cold.
"Ts'inkee shaa taa shitee," he say.
That's mean, "My kids goin' freeze."
"Ch'aatuge ts'del ts'inke iin xutel."
That's mean, "on the flat."
He take his kids down
the mountain,
And uh, Camprobber say,
"It's too cold. My kids goin' freeze."
But, he make it today.
That's little camprobber story and I close with this one.



John and Jeanie Healy and family