

By John Lamot

I had a trading post on High River - Dick Bary and myself. Dick Bary used to be with Jessie James and that gang. I had hired a Blackfoot Indian by the name of Blackfoot for an interpreter and he was married to a young girl, and when she came to the house she said, "I am a white woman now. I am going to live with the Whites." She did not have her husband but got Irish John, a nigger, for an interpreter. She was afraid to get her husband, afraid that he would not tell what she wanted to tell.

"I am a white woman and I ought to have a white woman's dress." I told her, "Yes." So I went and got ten yards of calico in the trade room. I gave it to her with thread and needles. She said, "I can't make it; I can't make it. I can't cut it." I said, "I can cut it for you." I got a butcher knife. (It was a dirt floor.) I got to measuring her and cutting it with a butcher knife. When I got it cut I handed it to her with needles and thread, and she said, "I can't sew it. I can't sew it." So, I went to work and sewed it and made it for her, and she went and put it on and came back and said, "Now I got a white woman's dress, I ought to be able to cook."


We wanted her to cook awful bad. I said, "Yes, we want you to cook." She said, "Can I cook some ears?" Said I, "Yes." They are dried apples in strings. She went and got them and cleaned them nice and clean. All I had were five gallon camp kettles. Two or three men walked in then and she went to cleaning the dried apples. She cleaned them good and clean. She put them in the kettle and when she thought I was not watching her she got up and pushed them down with her hand as hard as she could. These men tried to have me stop her but I told them, "No, let her go." I was going to have a big trading party the next day and it did not hurt to see. I could give the Indians a lot of apples and they would be all soaked up. They would think I had a big heart.

She got the kettle over two thirds full of dried apples pressed in tight. She said, "Now, can I cook some beans?" I said, "Yes, you can." I was close to the fireplace and I was trying to knock out a chinking out of

#2.

the wareroom. She would look at me every time I hit the chinking and I pretended I was fixing the fire for her. When she was not looking at me I would knock the chinking, and got it knocked out at last. She started putting water in the kettles and I said to the men, "Let's go in the other room."

So, we went in the other room and I took out some robes and put them close to where I knocked this chinking out so we could watch her. She did not have them on the fire no length of time until the apples began to fall out and she would just take off a few that was dropping off and put in dishes and in rags. So it was not long until she come to me and she called me by an Indian name, Little Mule, and said "I want you to get something to put them ears in." So I got up and went in the trade room and got ten yards of cotton and tore it into one yard strips, because I thought it would make good dish towels.

I kept watching her put them in there, and you ought to have seen her when the beans began coming out and it just kept her jumping from the bean pot to the dried apple pot, and she filled those rags full of beans and dried apples. When she got all done putting the beans and dried apples that  out into the rags, she had a put full of dried apples and a pot full of beans.

When they were cooked I took these dried apples and beans in the trade room, on account of a big trading party coming the next day, so when the Indians I gave them a load of dried apples for tails (presents) came they thought I had an awful good heart.

Afterwards she come on this side of the Line and my sister come to the country and she got acquainted with my sister, and got so she could talk good English, and she told my sister about what I had done to her and about my getting her to cook the dried apples and beans. She told my sister thtt I ought to have stopped her and I told her, "No, it was no such thing; that I

#3.

was doing her a good lesson in teaching her how to cook beans and dried apples." She said, "No, I have never forgotten it. Every time I cook beans or dried apples I think of the first time I cooked them."

15