

## Chengwatana Pioneers.

This is a little story of the life of our Chengwatana pioneers. It was a day in early winter. One of our pioneer mothers was home alone with her children. She was tending to her house-work when suddenly she realized there was some one outside the door. Now ~~how~~<sup>who</sup> could it be? There were only a few neighbors. Maybe someone was in need of something to borrow. This happened quite often, because they did not get to town very often. It was ten miles to town and the roads were bad, sometimes impassable. It made a big trip with a good team of horses. Yes it very likely was one of the neighbors at the door. The pioneer mother went to the door and opened it and there stood, not one of the neighbors, but an Indian! The mother became a little frightened. Now what do you suppose this Indian wanted? He was carrying a rifle and under his belt was a knife and on his back was a pack sack. Apparently he could not speak very much English. He began motioning with his hands and pointing to his mouth. The mother reasoned that he must be hungry so she put some food on the table. The Indian ate hungrily and when he had finished, he had eaten almost a whole loaf of bread and also a large quantity of other food. After getting up from the table, he began motioning with his hands again. He pointed to the food and then to his pack sack. The mother understood that the Indian wanted to take some food with him, so she packed him a lunch. Then the Indian spoke, he said, "Me go = kill devil of the woods!"

A few days later he came back, carrying a big slab of meat in his pack. This time the

father was home. The Indian spoke to him.

"Me kill devil of the woods - you go get him" - follow tracks," said the Indian, pointing in the direction from which he had come. Then the Indian turned and left going straight north with his pack of meat.

The father and the boys harnessed up the horses and hooked on the sled and went in the direction that the Indian had told them to go. They found a big moose cow that the Indian had killed. It was so big that it was with a great deal of difficulty that they got it loaded onto the sled. On the way home the father said.

"Well I guess we won't have to hunt any more this year. We have a whole winters supply of meat."