



Lake?níha? Wahatnuhsu·ní· Tekalu·tátu.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1970/1979

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My Father Built a Log House

Long ago when I was a child of twelve years my father built a log house deep in the woods. Then he started to make a garden and finally we got animals - one cow and two ponies. There were good forests at that time so we would haul lumber to Green Bay eight miles away to sell it there. Various animals lived around at that time and it was the first time I knew animals as livestock. They would run free.

Every spring we would make maple syrup and the way we preserved fruit was we heated it usually to put it in jars, but we often dried it and then flattened it to the size of a cracker and put them out on popple leaves in the sun until they were dried. Then we ate them during the winter.

We used to live five miles from the church and we would go there on foot because there were paths, usually small paths all over. And in the spring we rode horses going to church when it was too muddy.

They were strict at that time. If we went to dance, then they often kept us from church for six months and there was no tavern where we live until the white people came here to our settlement. Now all over there are taverns and dance halls. And then the Oneida took up the ways of the white people living here and they brought down the Oneidas living here but they don't find Oneidas in prison (where they make nails).