

*Translation*

Give me my knife,  
Give me my knife,  
I shall hang up the meat to dry— *Ye'ye'!*  
I shall hang up the meat to dry— *Ye'ye'!*  
Says grandmother— *Yo'yo'!*  
Says grandmother— *Yo'yo'!*  
When it is dry I shall make pemmican,  
When it is dry I shall make pemmican,  
Says grandmother— *Yo'yo'!*  
Says grandmother— *Yo'yo'!*

This song brings up a vivid picture of the old Indian life. In her trance vision the old grandmother whose experience it relates came upon her friends in the spirit world just as all the women of the camp were engaged in cutting up the meat for drying after a successful buffalo hunt. In her joy she calls for her knife to assist in the work, and says that as soon as the meat is dry she will make some pemmican.

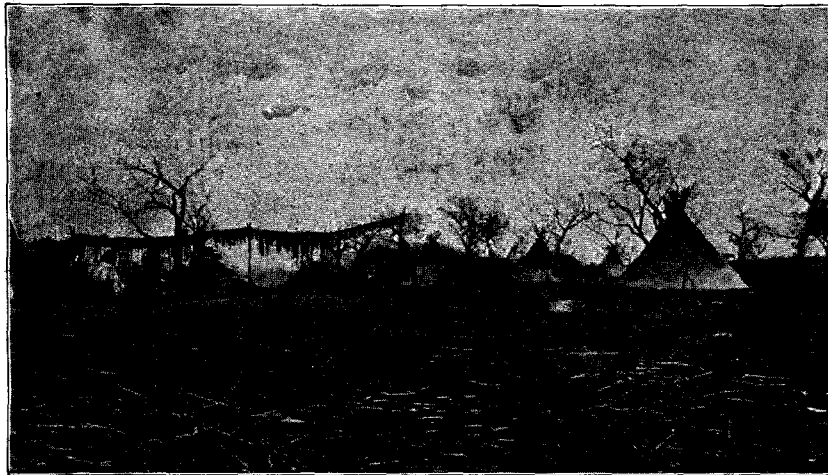


FIG. 103—Jerking beef.

In the old days an Indian camp during the cutting up of the meat after a buffalo hunt was a scene of the most joyous activity, some faint recollection of which still lingers about ration day at the agency. Thirty years ago, when a grand hunt was contemplated, preparations were made for days and weeks ahead. Couriers were sent out to collect the neighboring bands at a common rendezvous, medicine-men began their prayers and ceremonies to attract the herd, the buffalo songs were sung, and finally when all was ready the confederated bands or sometimes the whole tribe—men, women, children, horses, dogs, and travois—moved out into the buffalo grounds. Here the immense camp of hundreds of tipis was set up, more ceremonies were performed,