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Field Worker: Lenna M. Hushing
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BIOGRAPHY OF: Jacob wyman (Ha-so-wa-ha-ka)
 Full-blood Sac and Fox
 Avery, Oklahoma

BORN: Early fall, 1882 (approx) in
 Oklahoma

My father and mother belonged to the Mo-Ko-Ho-Ko band of Indians, and came to Oklahoma with the rest of the band. I am between fifty and sixty years of age. I am not sure, because my parents failed to keep a record of my birth. They told me, however, that I was born in the early fall.

Many changes have taken place since I was born which are sad to see. The younger generation are forgetting the old traditions, customs, and religion. It is pitiful to see how the young people scorn the old beliefs and ceremonies. I am clinging to the old ways, and with a very few others am trying to carry on in the best way I know.

My clan is the Deer Clan. As you know, there are many clans in the Sac and Fox tribe. Some of the principal ones are the Wolf, Buffalo, Beaver, Thunder, etc.

I have, in my possession a water bag belonging to the Deer clan. It is very sacred to us, and we use it in our worship. With it we give thanks to the Great Spirit. That may sound foolish to the white man, but it is not foolish to the few who still worship Him. In this bag are clay pipes, a few medicine herbs, Indian tobacco, gourds, and whistles, eighteen to twenty-four inches

in length. The gourds we use as we sing to make a musical instrumental accompaniment. All of these articles²⁹ are Indian-made, and I don't believe that any white man has ever seen one of them. The white people are not supposed to know what is in this bag; neither are they permitted to know what goes on in our worship.

We assemble from two to three times a year, either in the springtime, summer, fall, or winter. There are just a few of us now. I can remember when hundreds of Indians came to these feasts. Now they average from twenty-five to fifty at the most. It shows how fast the Indian traditions are dying out, and how disinterested the young Indians are. I hope you will remember for a long time the sound personal advice of an older Indian: always cling to the Indian ways--be honest, truthful, and faithful.

As for hunting and fishing, it was plentiful when I was young. I did not go on extended hunting trips. There was always enough game in this locality.

(Field Worker's Note: My Wyman also relates the selling of part of the Sac and Fox Reservation as told to him by his father. The time placement is vague, and I am afraid that some of the details are slightly mixed. However, it does show the difference between the way the business committee and the tribe carried on their business then and the way it is done now.)

There were around fifteen on the committee at that time. Whenever they wanted to meet to discuss a matter,

they passed the message around as to where they were to meet and at what time. Always they were prompt; their means of telling time was the sun, and their estimates were usually quite accurate.

On this particular occasion they met to discuss the selling of half of the portion of the Reservation remaining after the allotments had been given out. Most of the old members wanted to keep the land, but the younger members did not look into the future, and they wanted to sell. All day long they argued without coming to a decision. They finally had to let the matter stand as it was, and set the date for the Council Meeting.

The Council was held just north of the Sac and Fox Agency Office. Early that morning a man went around to awaken everyone. No one was allowed to sleep after a certain time. Everything clicked off with clocklike precision, and as soon as breakfast was over, they all gathered for the business session. The agent was there and a representative from Washington. First the agent spoke and then the representative, who put up a good line, as to why they should sell the land. The older Indians argued not to sell the land, the younger ones to sell. Back and forth went the dispute all day long. The Keokuk group finally won, and the land was sold to the government for one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre.

We believed that there was some crooked work going on, but were never able to prove it.