

At one time he was dismembering a  
wasted musquash with his fingers. My  
father that he pulled off he recommended  
thus: "Here's some mother me good piece".

When ever he found anything in a trap he  
would just say "Somebody there", then "Some-  
body die".

Polis had a skunk skin for a patch hanging  
and the sheath of his sheath knife was the  
skin of a caribou leg with the dewclaw  
left on for a finick.

Polis was the only man in the tribe in my father's youth  
who was nose-beard. His justice was a foot long. Father  
hunted with him. He was a Mohawk adopted into  
the tribe. One time when he had been off proposing  
his cause came ashore broken and nothing more was  
ever known.

"Haray, ne wan' get it fo' pence."

"What do you want four pence for?"

"My wife she bought it candle."