

Watápe Pábi





Ohpájağa

as told by

Joseph Runns







Nakón I'ábi Nakón Wicóh'age Kó Uknúhabikta.

Nakón Oyáde Né Ti'óšpaye Dóken Wúspe Ųkíyabįkta.

Waní Wašté Ųk'úbikta!

Wįcóh ʾąge Wįjána Wo Nécen Ópa Wo Téhą Yaníkta No Košgábi Wįkošgebi Į́tą́ca Ayá.

- Pté Hóda Wíyą -

We Will Continue to Have our Nakóda Language and Customs.

This is How We Will Teach our Nakóda Relatives the Customs and Language.

We Will Give Them a Good Life!

Believe in Our Customs, Be a Part of Them, You Will Have a Long Life, Our Young Women and Men Will Become Leaders.

- Gray Buffalo Woman -





Ohpájağa



Buffalo Pound

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About this story

Ohpájaga (Buffalo Pound) was told by Joseph Runns of Carry The Kettle, SK, in 1983. It was recorded and translated by Raymond DeMallie,



with the help of Linda Cumberland, Selena Ditmar, Geraldine Earthboy, Tuffy Helgeson, Bertha O'Watch, Dean M. O'Watch, Tom Shawl, and Juanita Tucker.





Joseph Runns (1900-1986) was the son of Oyouka (Runs With Another) and Oganawinyia (Round Woman). He was a member of the Carry The Kettle Nakoda Nation of Saskatchewan, Canada.

Raised in the community of Qu'Appelle, he was one of the first generations born after his people left their traditional home territory at Wazíñe (Cypress Hills). He married Claudia Blackbird in 1922 and together they raised a dozen children.





Midáguyebi aké wąží, oyáde Wadópana oyáde, dóken pté wįcáktebi žé omnágįkta. Ohpájaga eyá.

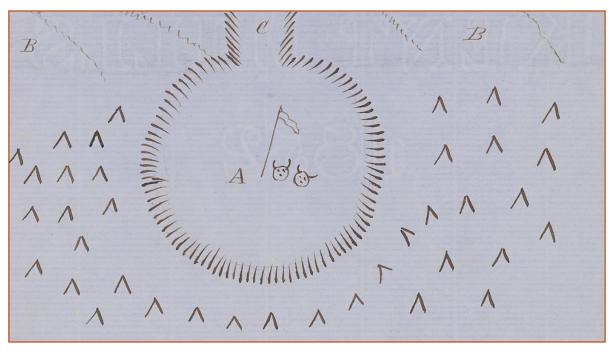
I will tell again about my relatives, the Canoe Paddlers (of present day Ft. Peck), how they killed buffalo. It was called a buffalo pound.





Žé duktén cągákna cá yuké žé, cá žéca miméya, tíbi nécen gáğabi.

Žécen wíhinąpa nétkiya, tiyóba gáğabi.



They built it near the woods, where there were lots of trees or brush, putting wood in a circle, like a tipi.

They made it with the gate facing east.

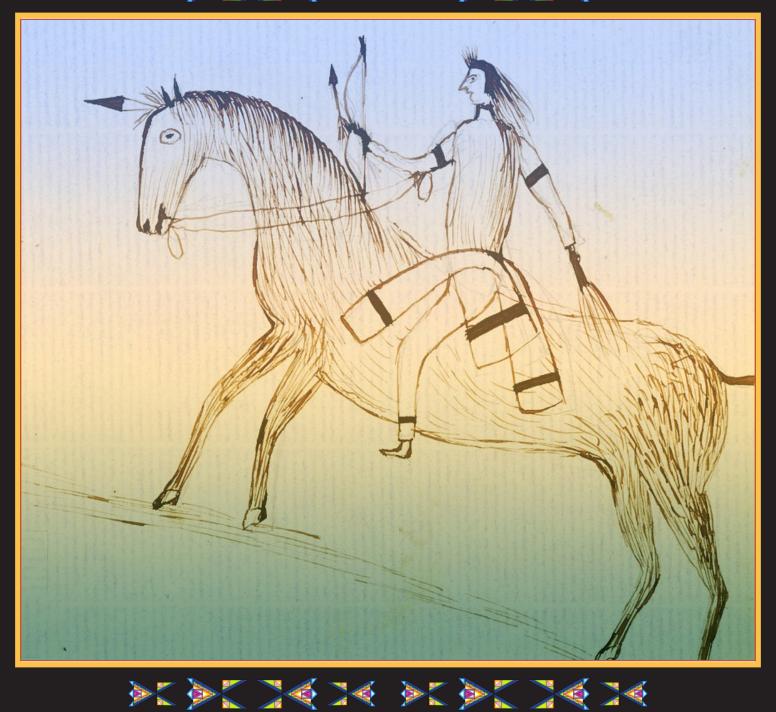




Ó žécen wįcášta wąží, pté ewįcagiya, buffalo wįcášta žé įwákąbi. Žé wówaką k'úbi. Ó žé wįcášta žé cégiyabi žé, dohán ováde įdúkabi hąda, cégiya hįkna.

So then there was a man, a buffalo caller, a man with a spiritual gift from buffalo. He had been given a supernatural power. So that man would pray, whenever the people were hungry he would pray.







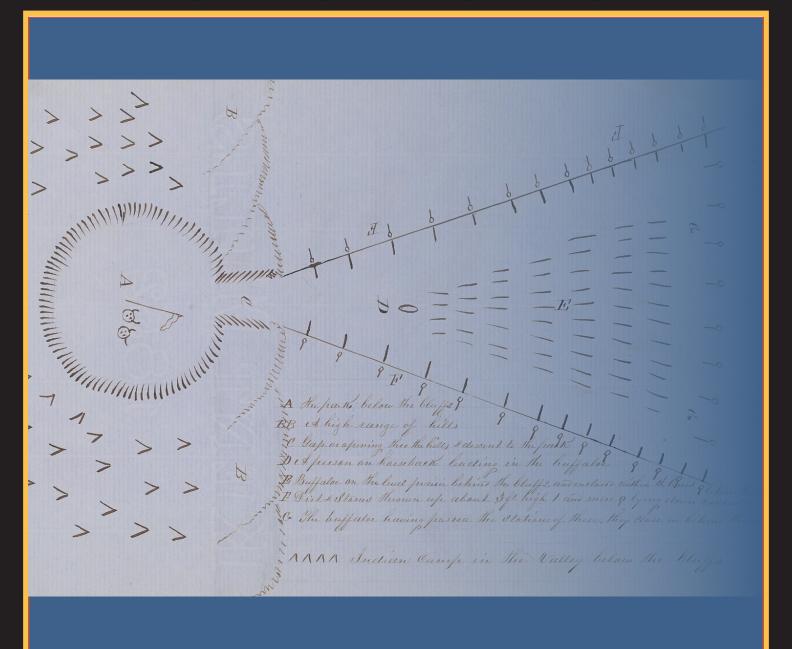
"Įhiyų́ wó, oh̃pájag̃a wąží gág̃a bó."
"Né oyáde, wóyude, tanó cį́gabi nó,"
ejíyabi.

Žéca hąda, hąhébi dóm nową.

"Come on everyone, build a buffalo pound! The people need food, meat," he told them. When it was done, he sang for four nights.











Žécen įdóba ába hąyákena én, makóce ádaya cup'ó, fog, cup'ó, dáguni wąyágabišį.
Ó žé cup'ó žé įcíjahi, pté mánibi.
Né ohpájage ecúbi nénkiya úbi.

So then, on the fourth day, early in the morning, there was fog everywhere - fog - c'up'ó - so you couldn't see a thing.

So in that fog, he mixed himself in with the buffalo as they walked.

They were coming close to the buffalo pound they made.





Gákiya wiyódahą, iyákam owá, cup³ó né, owás³ina gaħmókya hík, aké maštá. Écen waná pté né oħpájaǧe né kiyána wiħ³abi.



They came around the middle of the day in the fog, then all this billowing fog cleared away.

So now the buffalo were grazing near the buffalo pound.





Žécen háda né wicášta pte jwaka né, canúba, canúba wakác eyábi, canúba žé, caní okná, okná wacáše kó yuhá ektáya abáha én ináži.

Né wįcášta né pté nážįbi étkiya édųwą, dóbah bą.

Once that was done, the buffalo caller took a pipe, a sacred pipe, and filled the pipe with tobacco, and taking it and some sweetgrass, he went up on a hill and sat down. The man looked toward where the buffalo stood and called them four times.





Dóbaň bá né įdóbaň žédu háda, dohága ogíhi aktága, né oňpajağe, tiyóba gáğabi žé awácįyą akták gú. Žé koyá nén pté oyáde wódabi né, kuwá a'úbi.

Né wįcášta né, pté ... pté wįcášta né aktága né ihágam.

He called four times and after the fourth time, he ran as hard as he could, running back to the gate that was made into the buffalo pound.

The buffalo herd that had been grazing came running along with him, chasing him.

This man, buffalo..., buffalo man, he ran to the back.





Gá timáhen, ohpájaje né, žé wągám nų ... nų ... oyágeja túbi o'íya né gíjaja. Žéci yuhá, yá canúba nená knuhá iyódaga.

Žé koyá né pté né iyúha tín ahíyu tín ahíyu, ožúna háda, tiyóba é natágabi.

Well, inside the buffalo pound there was a raised thing... something..., sort of a raised thing, with steps to get up, that had been made for him.

He took his pipe and everything over there and sat down.

When the pound was filled with the buffalo that

came with him, they closed the gate.





Duwéni cótąga ú a'úwicatabiši. Wahíkpe ejé'ena úbi, wicáktebi. Hé wicášta, pté wicášta, pte'íwaką, žécen wósuye wicák'u. "Cótąga núbikteši nó," eyá owícagijiya.

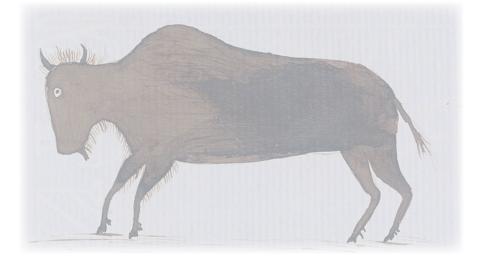
No one used guns to shoot them.
They only used arrows to kill them.
This man, buffalo man with buffalo power,
had given them rules for that.
"You will not use guns," he said.



Žécen owá wįcáktebi hą́da, né kút giḣpá. Žécen cąnúba yuhé žé kná²įtku.

Žécen pté ogáğe né iyúhan, nécen šóda

awįcaboğą.



Then when they had killed them all, he climbed down. So then he took his pipe and lit it. So then he blew smoke on all the buffalo that had been killed.





Dohán įtkúnskiya hík, įjúbi knağúbi háda, žéhąn wapádabi.
Dóna wicábi iyúhana pté wicápadabi.
Oyáde owáštejaga wóyude óda, cądéwašteya wódabi.

When it was all done and the pipe was smoked up, then they butchered.
The men, however many there were, butchered the buffalo.
The people enjoyed themselves, happily eating an abundance of food.





Žé pté wįcášta įwáką žé, žéci ohpájaje gája, wįcášta oda niwįcaya.

This buffalo caller who made the buffalo pound made many people live.





Illustration Credits

A Buffalo Pound, 1820 (drawing by George Back, engraving by Edward Finden) (In Narrative of a Journey to the Shores of the Polar Sea in the Years 1819-22, John Franklin, 1923).

Buffalo Pound and Buffalo Hunter, 1853-1854 (illustration by Nakoda artist, annotation by Edwin Denig) (Manuscript 2600-b-1, National Anthropological Archives, Smithsonian Institution).

Arrows made by Assiniboine artist Ernest Gendron.







Nakómiyábi Uspéwicakiyabi



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