

Georgina Morin

Summary

My name is Georgina Morin. I was born May 10, 1924. My parents' names were Edward and Adeline Caisse. I was two years old when my Dad died. (passed away) My grandmother raised me. I was twelve years old when my grandma died. From then on, I was, more or less, on my own until I got married. I was very young when I got married. I was fifteen years old when I had my first child. My Dad used to work on the barges (boats); they hauled stuff. There were seven of us in the family, but she lost three of the children. I married Jimmy Morin, August 15, 1937. I had seven children and their names are Therese, Edward, Jeffrey, Frankie, Alan, Dorothy, and one died. I used to do a lot of beadwork. I used to make moccasins, jackets, etc. We didn't do much to celebrate the holidays, like Christmas. We just went to church. We did not celebrate like they do nowadays. Violins were the main musical instrument used for dances. We used to have lots of dances for entertainment. There used to be no alcohol available then. If there was alcohol, only men would drink and that was only on special occasions like Christmas. The women did not drink. When someone got married, sometimes they would have a dance. They didn't have receptions like they do today. When I got married, I didn't get dressed in fancy clothes, just an ordinary dress and moccasins. When someone died, they made caskets out of ordinary boards and lined them with cloth. For the children's caskets, they lined them with white cloth. The men that used to play violins for weddings were August Durocher, Samuel Gerard and another guy. They used to travel around the surrounding area to play and dance. They danced in the houses because we did not have a hall. The one medicine woman I remember the most was Misdado (nickname). Her last name was Johnson. She was a very good medicine woman. This conversation is the continuation of (12:53:20) The people that had been at the wedding dance went to church on Sunday and they were all asked to leave. They were told they were doing the devil's work, dancing. Father Rossignal was the presiding priest at that time. They were not working for the devil. They were just celebrating and enjoying themselves. We used to travel by dog team and horses. We didn't have the kinds of food we have now. We subsisted on fish, wild meat (moose, deer, caribou), potatoes. We never had anything fancy, for example, on Christmas, we did not have turkey. We had ducks, mooswa wiya (moose meat that had been prepared). We have rice, raisins and prunes. We did not have cake. Not like nowadays. We have all the trimmings. We used to have some candy which would have been doled out in small amounts. We were never wasteful. I also recall my mother making candy (taffy); they used to pull it. I don't really remember too much, but I recall my grandmother was a very happy person. She liked violin music. That's probably why my children like music. I never traveled far. Maybe my family and I would go on camping trips. I was born here and I'm still here (in Ile a la Crosse). I lived here in town in a house that Jimmy built. He

used boards and logs to build the house. In the old days people worked, trapped, fished to make a living. The people don't do much of that nowadays. We worked hard to survive. My husband fished, trapped and hunted. I did beadwork which I traded or bartered for things we needed. It was not necessarily for money. I never worked out of the home. I stayed home to look after the children. I would pick berries and preserve them in fall. My husband would. Which I would also preserve, also ducks, meats, etc. This saw us through the winter months, so everything was well preserved and didn't spoil. We did not have refrigerators in those days. We also had a garden which I preserved, like carrots and we had potatoes. We were not lacking anything. The only language I spoke was Michif until my children started school. Alan would sit down with me and taught me English. He would also show me how to write. I never attended school. There used to be an old lady named La Petit Nord (nickname) who used to tell a story about Wihtikow (The Greedy One). I personally did not hear it myself, but my children would go and listen to her tell the story. She would scare them that kids would end up spending the night with the old lady. Some people would donate meat and fish to the mission to feed the boarders (kids). We used this kind of patterns, moccasins (sample). We would draw flowers and bead them. We never wore pants, just dresses, skirts, stockings and moccasins. We did not have shoes.