

Rose Hudy Interview by Norman Fleury – English Paraphrase

Name – Rose Hudy

Born – Rose Henry

I was born in Saltcoats, SK in a tent. My dad was Georgy Henry and my mother Clementine Henry was a Flamand.

This is my mother's picture, when she got an award, this is her marching with the police (laughs).

Dad worked all over and a lot for farmers. Mom dug a lot of seneca roots, picked berries. She picked strawberries, raspberries, chokecherries, saskatoons. Mom canned, crushed chokecherries and dried them in bags. When she wanted to cook she'd take from the bag, put in a pot, add sugar, flour, and water, make a pudding or fry them. When they would add lii gortoon and fry the berries it was called li tooroo. I ate that, it was good. My mother made a lot of lii gortoon, and we ate with bannock and salt.

My aunty was there to help mom when I was born. There were around twelve prairie chickens that were dancing and dad was able to kill four of them, so aunty made a big soup. These weren't partridges. My dad always had his gun and would kill something for food like deer, rabbits, or whatever.

I was raised in what they used to call Tokyo but they changed the name to Crescent Lake. My dad bought land there and bought a house. My dad sowed wheat. He used horses to do his work. He had a lot of cattle, horses, pigs, chickens, and ducks. My mother made a huge garden. If we didn't work the garden we would get a scolding. I think we milked ten cows. My mother sold her cream in Yorkton. My mother had a good price for her cream as it was always a good grade. My mom was a good milker. She could milk three cows while I milked half a cow. My mother liked working outside. She would stoke sheaves, cut wood, and we would haul water in a stone boat. Mom would cut a hole in the ice so our horses and cattle would drink. Mom was always tough until she passed away and left us. Mom also challenged in a flour packing with high heel shoes and won. She was able to carry five one-hundred pout bags. I got married in 1967. I married an Englishman from Yorkton. I have two daughters who are nurses, one is married to a policeman and lives in Melfort. The daughter lives in Cormac and her husband works in a power plant and farms and she works in the hospital. They have a big farm. They raise grain and a lot of cattle which they sell calves.

I bought three restaurants, one in Archerwill, one in Rose Valley and one in Roblin. I had a new one built in Roblin. I sold my restaurants then I worked for the police, taking care of prisoners before they were put in jail. I then got sick and couldn't work anymore.

I remember my grandmother and my grandpa. My mother's parents were my Godparents. Their names were Alex and Adèle Flamand. They had twelve children. There are only two living now. My grandma couldn't do much as she suffered from asthma. My mooshoom used to work for farmers. My uncle bought land and they built a house for his parents.

When we lived in BC the teacher asked my daughter where she was born and she said Tokyo so he said Japan and she said yes. She didn't know, she only heard that is where I was from (laughs).

My dad's parents were Pete Henry and mother I think Philomene Desjarlais, not sure.

My mother's mother was Adèle Allary. On my dad's land title was George Henry Allary. We used both in our family, Allary and Henry. There were five in my family. We were two girls and three boys. We are only three left. One of my brothers was ran over by a car. He was 16 years old. I have a brother in Moose Jaw. My mother passed on last year. My mother was 84 years old.

Our fun in Crescent Lake was going skating and playing cards. My dad hitched a horse up to the stone boat, gathered kids up in the community, skated, went home, made hamburgers, fed the kids and then they would go home. We also played football, baseball, and hopscotch of course. We also played hide and go seek, we skated. Mom made us dolls. I don't remember having a new doll. Now that I'm old, I buy dolls for myself. My mom and dad made us dolls. Dad would take men's woolly socks and make the body parts, use buttons for eyes, and shape the doll. Mom would stuff the dolls with rags. We had a play house and my brothers would play with us. We built a play house with boards and cardboard. My daughter's girls don't play dolls. I bought my grandchildren dolls. They love different games.

My grandfather was good at telling stories and legends. I have regrets so many times that no one put him on a tape to get those valuable stories and legends. There was a man, I think he was called Gaa-dii, my was he good, he was asked to go around visiting so people could hear his stories and legends. I would give anything to hear him again, one thing in particular was his stories about the northern lights. We used to go to dances every weekend. We couldn't go to dances before we were fifteen years old and then we went with Mom and Dad. There were a lot of house parties. The fiddlers were Bruce Flamand, my Uncle Frank, and a man called Galanto. My mom's dad played the fiddle, Bruce accompanied with the guitar, Claude Langan was the caller.

The people in Tokyo when I was little were Albert Flamand, Grandpa and Grandma, the school, the Langans, Uncle Frank Flamand, Uncle Ernest dad's brother, Kourii, Gilbert Pelletier's family, old man Daniel, Walter Shingoose. We were a lot of us. Years ago the Métis were somehow related. Years ago people were hospitable. They fed you whatever they had. If they had tea and bannock and jam or tea, bannock and lard. Mom and Dad had a lot of visitors on Sunday because people seem to know that mom cooked chickens and made rababoo. Then they played cards all day. We played Barouche for sure that I can remember, and rummy and 500. My dad loved to play a hand game called Koochuk. He learned from his dad. Dad was very good. The Métis don't know anymore. I sure wish we could live like years ago, the way it used to be.

My grandfather was a very strong staunch Catholic. He would walk from Crescent Lake to Yorkton to go to mass. We sometimes had mass in Crescent Lake. I once walked into the church without a hat and Grandpa made me and reminded me in no uncertain terms about my hat and get one now. My grandpa always said his rosary more so than Grandma. My grandma liked news and gossip but not Grandpa. My mother never smoked but she started when she lost our brother. Then she got sugar diabetes from there. Grandpa and Grandma didn't smoke. We certainly didn't smoke, we would have been in trouble.

Mom would make you get your own switch in the bush. If you didn't get a good one she would make you go back and get one of her approval. Dad never gave his five kids a spanking.

We had big celebrations for a week when New Years was celebrated. We would start at midnight. Dad shot up in the air with his shot gun. We would all go to Grandpa's, he'd give us the benediction, bless us then we would eat lots. The older people might have a drink. You visited all the people in the community. You did this for a week. We ate lii boulette, lii taart, la galette. And if you had deer or rabbit you ate that too. We had raisin pies, dried apples, and prunes.

When mom was in the hospital my dad fed us sardines and crackers. He even bought us grapes. My mom fed us good healthy food. She would buy flour, make cracklings, her own lard, had cream, made butter and cottage cream. When we had a cow that calved we gave Grandpa the first milk and he'd make a pudding. The first milk was colostrum and was rich and a delicacy. It was like a custard.

Mom worked in threshing time like a man. She was never afraid of hard work. Mom had two other kids in a tent and also two in the hospital. My aunt Mrs. St. Pierre, mom's sister, was our midwife. My dad came from Crooked Lake. We spoke Michif at home. I couldn't speak English when I started school. The Métis in Crescent Lake were given the land that they lived on for 99 years. The priest wanted the Métis to work in the mine in Estherhazy, SK when it first opened so I think that was another reason why they were thrown out. Many Métis lived in good houses in Crescent Lake. I always speak my language, Michif, whenever I have a chance. I love my language. If someone comes here and speaks English I still feel like speaking Michif. Everyone had nicknames so we knew them as that. We had a hard time knowing their real names. Alex Allary's mother and my grandfather worked on getting our school in Crescent Lake. Our school was called Allary School. My mother never went to school and my dad either. My parents never spoke English growing up. We were forced to speak English in school. We got the strap if we were caught speaking Michif. We learned English, then mom and dad learned from us.

My dad's mom and aunt Vitaline were midwives. My uncle's mother-in-law was the best midwife and healer. I remember a few medicines, like li boume and l'harb blédeine, and la haar rooge. We used to go and get the medicine and mom dried the medicine and put it in bags.

Alice Pelletier speaks good Michif, and Gilbert. Louisa Gregory speaks good Michif. My aunt Vitaline, but she is in a home, Laura Coates and Martha Lafontaine. Some people have attempted to teach Michif here in Yorkton but they can't speak properly. We need good teachers. We must speak Michif again. I have regrets that it isn't like the old days. The Métis don't visit like days gone by. Now everyone speaks English.

Maarsii.