

At the Trading Post with Grandfather - Sidney Byrd - OSEU #4

Many of the old people at the trading post, before that naming ceremony already knew me by that name. He called me that. I'd go to the trading post with my grandfather.

And these old grandfathers, grandmothers, and grandfathers, they knew I was being reared almost like an orphan. So they always give me treats. And ask I would ask Grandfather, "Grandfather, don't you think it's time to go to the trading post?" I know why you want to go. But those old grandfathers and grandmothers, they endured themselves to me. They knew I was being reared almost like an orphan.

And I remember one hot day. Um, Charlie Red Bear came. "Oh, grandfather. It's a warm day." "I'm glad you came. Wait." He dug in his pocketbook and pulled out a leather pocketbook and gave me some coins. "Get me a cold one and get one for yourself." "What kind do you want?" He said, "the red one." He liked strawberry soda pop.

So I went and I got two of them. And just then, a lady, [Lakota word? Sheila Walsh]. They started talking to me, distracted me. So I brought the I gave it to old and grandfather Red Bear. What's wrong with this thing? Grandfather, I forgot to take the cap off.