

Then we go down to the brook and put them in water, then we scrape the skin off, and split them in half. We make some wide pieces and some skinny ones.

When we get the stuff to make the patterns on our baskets we get it off the wild choke cherry tree. We cut it around and around the branch, and we pull it off, and scrape it with a knife, and then it is red and shiny, and if we want it black we put them in tea leaves, or some times we get an old rusty tin and put it in, and it gets black. Then we go into the field and get some dry grass, and they are green at the first, and you hang it up to get dry, and when it gets dry it gets white.

Then we get a bone out of the deer's leg, and we sharpen it with an axe for a while, then we take a sharp knife and sharpen it sharp at the end.

When you start your basket you must soak the roots before you start, because if you don't they will break. First thing you must do is to gather lots of the skinny roots, and put them together, and then get a little wider one and twist it round them, and you make the holes to put the wide one through with the bone.

And the old women make some round baskets, and some square. They call the round basket "Water Cap," and some women make larger baskets to wash their clothes, as big as clothes baskets, and some of them make cradles for babies.

Christmas Stockings

On Christmas Eve we had Choral Evensong. The Bishop was up here to take the services, and after the service everyone was sent to bed, the older girls because they were to be up for Midnight Celebration in the little Chapel, and the little girls (as they thought) so that Santa Claus would come quick.

It was well that they were sent to bed so early, for next morning, about half-past three, one little girl who slept in the corner woke her neighbor, telling her to get her stocking and feel it, and gradually the whole dormitory, I suppose by the sound of it, were feeling their stockings too.

At last we thought they would never lie down and sleep if they did not each see what the other had, so we lit the lamp, and then the racket began. Our ventilator was open, and we thought, as Sister had no stocking, we had better shut it and keep as much of the noise to ourselves as possible. So we asked the little girl nearest the door to shut it, which she did with a great bang, in her haste to get back to her stocking, and next morning Sister told us the big bang of the ventilator was the thing that woke her.