HIGHLIGHTS:

- Antoine Lonesinger, born 1888 on the Red Pheasant Reserve, later went to live at Sweet Grass. He attended school on the reserve and later farmed. He is a good singer and storyteller. (For biography see IH-052, p. 11).
- Story of a Stoney boy who won himself a beautiful wife by rescuing her son from the Blackfoot.
- Story of a young Blackfoot who leaves his own band, marries a Crow woman, and returns to become chief.

As a boy, we often camped with or near Stoney Indians. Now and again I would sit in and listen as the Stoney Indians told stories. Stoney Indians are good storytellers. This story I heard an old man tell. His name was Ah-moo-kah-mik (Bee Lodge). Ah-moo-kah-mik was Moosomin's grandfather. The story he told happened when he was a young boy. I would assume it happened on the plains to the south of us. From time to time I tell this story so I remember it well.

A long time ago there was a band of Stoney Indians camping on the prairie. It was early summer and the time for raiding Blackfoot camps and bringing back good Blackfoot horses. In the Stoney camp was a middle-aged brave. He was a veteran of
many raids and had many scalps to prove it. Also from the time he was very young, he had brought back many horses from Blackfoot country. Being a brave he deserved a beautiful wife and that was what he had, a very beautiful wife. They had one son. The boy was about ten or twelve and was a very good rider and was learning to hunt when his father decided to lead some young braves into enemy country, the idea being to raid a Blackfoot camp and bring home many horses.

One morning before the sun was up, a group of young Stonies left the camp riding horses and headed southwest. They were led by the handsome middle-aged brave and their destination was Blackfoot country. Cree Indians walked to Blackfoot country when on a raid, and rode back the horses they stole. Such was not the case with Stoney Indians. They rode their horses into enemy country and chased back whatever they stole, riding their horses. Also it was a precautionary measure in case of a surprise attack on the prairie. After the raiders had been gone many days, people in camp began to watch for their return. One day when the sun was just past midday, a boy who had been on a nearby hill, watching, came running into camp with news that the raiders were coming. "They come fast," he shouted, "and will be here within one smoke." Soon the raiders came into sight. There were two less than had left camp. When they arrived in camp, they told of how they had been surprised on the prairie and their leader and another boy killed. Because her husband had done much for the band and was respected by all, the widow of the fallen leader did not suffer. She had many fine hunting horses and when on a buffalo chase, hunters would use her horses and her son would go along. For the use of her horses and the help of her son, the widow would be given meat and hides, and she and her son got along fine.

One day two young men went scouting for buffalo. They came to a large lake. The east side of the lake was heavily wooded and a small creek ran south from the lake. The creek was not wide but the water in it was deep. On the west side of the creek where the land was level, the boys spotted a large herd of buffalo. They returned to camp and prepared a buffalo hunt for the next day. At noon the next day, hunters left camp and headed for the lake. They had timed it right. A large herd of buffalo were having a drink at the west side of the lake. In short order they had dropped a dozen or so fat buffalo. After their throats had been slit and the buffalo lay bleeding, the hunters sat down beside the creek to rest and smoke before starting to skin. As the Stoney hunters sat smoking, they joked and laughed and all were happy. From the bushes across the lake and unknown to the Stoney hunters, a small band of Blackfoot warriors watched. They were after scalps and horses and were waiting for the right time to strike. After smoking and resting, the Stonies began the task of skinning. All were busy and their horses grazed some distance away.

This had to be what the Blackfeet were waiting for and
without warning and without a chance to defend themselves, the Stoney Indians were attacked. It was a one-sided fight and did not last long. And soon the Blackfeet were on their way with a dozen horses and as many scalps. And back at the camp of the Stoney's, women waited while some of the older men made new racks on which to smoke and dry the meat. Evening came and the sun went down and then it was dusk and the hunters had not returned. The people in camp were worried. Some thought something horrible had happened to the hunters. Others said not to worry, the hunters would bring meat into camp next morning. Very late that night, when the hunters did not return the people went to bed.

At daylight and before the sun was up next morning two men rode out of camp and disappeared in the direction the hunters had taken the day before. Long before noon, they were back in camp with news of the massacre. All had been scalped, the men reported. Children and women wailed. They would never see their fathers and husbands again and women undid their hair as a sign of mourning. The widow and mother of the young boy was undoing her hair. She was crying when one of the men stepped up and said, "Do not cry and do not undo your hair. We did not see the body of your son. Perhaps he escaped and will turn up." Later that day, the people went back to the lake and buried their dead. In vain they searched for the body of the boy. After the burial, the beautiful widow let it be known that she would marry any man who brought her the body of her son, that he may be given a decent burial.

After burying their dead, they returned to their camp. All were very sad and nobody said much. Early next morning, people took down their tipis and a move was made to a new campsite some distance away. When camp had been set up and the people had eaten their midday meal, a young man was seen leaving camp. He went in the direction of the lake where the massacre had taken place. Yellow Stone was a shy and quiet young man. Though he did go on a vision-seeking quest as a young lad, he stayed in camp when other boys went on raids. For this reason he was never offered a wife and therefore had remained a bachelor. Now after hearing the beautiful widow say she would marry any man who found the body of the son, he set out to find the body. All afternoon he searched the waters of the lake and creek. The woods to the east of the lake had already been searched and he concentrated his search on the lake and creek. At sunset he sat down to rest. He was very tired and his search had been in vain.

Sitting there and having a smoke, he came to the conclusion that the boy had been captured and taken to Blackfoot country. Dusk was upon him when he had made up his mind to go to Blackfoot country to see if he could find the boy and bring him back. After walking for a while, darkness came and Yellow Stone became aware of walking through a heavy growth of wolf willow, an ideal place to spend the night. Covering himself with a blanket he carried, he slept soundly and when he awoke it was early morning. Getting up he went to a nearby
slough where he had a wash and a drink and ate some pemmican he
had with him. Then he headed straight for Blackfoot country
keeping in the low spots as he walked along. Now and then he
would climb a hill to scan the countryside. Later in the day
he came to a place where some people had spent the night and
concluded it was the Blackfoot band who had massacred his
people. From there on, it was a simple matter for Yellow Stone
to follow the tracks of the war party. Every now and then he
would come upon wolf or coyote dens beside the trail left by
the Blackfeet. He would check out these holes but none
contained the body of a 10 year old boy. On and on he walked,
sometimes running.

Day after day, all day long, and far into the night he
would travel. One morning he awoke to find he was near the
mountains. Having used up all his pemmican, he continued on
his way without breakfast. About midday he came to a creek
where he had a drink and a wash. Then he followed the creek.
Towards evening he heard Sundance whistles and drums. Very
cautiously he went towards the drumming. Soon he came to a
hill which was wooded on the north side. He walked through the
woods and soon came to the top of the hill. From there he
could see a large camp with a Sundance lodge in the centre. He
lay on top of the hill and waited for darkness to come. When
it was dark, he covered himself with his blanket and went down
the hill to the Sundance. He stood outside the lodge and
listened to the drums and singing and watched the dancers as
they danced and blew their whistles. No one bothered him.
Many Blackfeet were there from distant points and strangers
were a common sight. Far into the night they danced. Then in
twos and threes, the dancers began to leave. When none were
left, the singers put down their drums and they too went home.
It was then that Yellow Stone heard someone crying. It seemed
to be coming from the centre pole. Then the crying stopped and
someone shouted in Cree, "I want to go home. I want my mother."
Yellow Stone knew he had found the widow's son.

The boy was at the top of the centre pole, in a nest that
had been made for the thunderbirds and in all probability had
been offered to the thunderbird spirits as a gift. Since the
dancers and drummers had retired for the night, the spectators
began going home and soon only some young teenage boys and
Yellow Stone remained. Yellow Stone walked to the centre pole
and climbed it. It was now or never. The teenage boys paid
no attention to him, thinking he had been sent by their chief.
At the top of the pole, Yellow Stone found the boy in the nest.
He had been tied down. "Do not make a sound. My name is
Yellow Stone and I have come to take you home," he said to the
boy as he whipped out his knife and cut the boy loose. Then
with the boy on his back, he climbed down. Once on the ground,
he headed south where there was an opening in the ring of
tipis. He had not gone far when he noticed two heavily armed
men. They were talking and pointing at him and the boy. No
doubt they were night watchmen. To keep on going he knew would
be courting disaster. He would, he was sure, be asked for an
explanation. He did the only thing left to do. He walked to a
tipi nearby and still carrying the boy, walked in. In the tipi
all were sound asleep and in a low voice Yellow Stone told the boy not to make a noise. Then he looked out to see if the night watchmen had followed him. They were nowhere in sight. He had fooled them into thinking he was one of them.

Now there was nothing to do but wait. Yellow Stone and the young lad sat in the tipi while the occupants slept. Soon daylight began to filter into the tipi and Yellow Stone wondered what his next move would be. When it was daylight a short time later, Yellow Stone noted only a man and his wife were asleep in the tipi. The woman woke up and saw a young man and boy sitting there. She got up and got a fire going. Then in sign language asked what they were doing in her tipi. "I have come from Cree country. I have come to take my little brother here back to Cree country with me. That is why we are here. But before we go, we are hungry. After we have eaten, then we will leave," said Yellow Stone. The woman then woke up her husband and Yellow Stone noted he was a chief. For a while the chief and his wife talked, then the woman left the tipi and the chief and Yellow Stone had a sign language conversation. In a short time the woman was back. With her were two other men. "Should I kill these intruders now?" asked one of them. "No," said the first chief, "this man, it is plain to see has many spirit helpers. His medicine no doubt is very strong. If such were not the case the thunderbirds would have got him when he took down the boy we had offered as a gift to the thunderbirds." "I cannot look upon this intruder as a medicine man, as our first chief would have me suppose," said the second chief. "First he should prove himself and I would be glad to give him the test." "You have my permission," said the first chief. "You will see that I am right. Stoney people live with the Crees and Crees are powerful medicine people. The Stoneys learn from the Crees." "Fine," said the second chief. "First I want eight buffalo heads."

It was by now sunrise and still very early in the morning but Yellow Stone heard the camp crier shouting up and down the camp and in a short time eight young Blackfoot boys were standing in front of the chief's tipi each one holding a buffalo head. These heads were placed in a straight row and Yellow Stone was asked to walk on them while carrying the boy on his back. Now buffalo heads placed on the ground, neck side down, tend to roll from side to side and it is next to impossible to walk on them without tripping or missing a step. If Yellow Stone missed a step, he and the boy would be shot. Yellow Stone found it necessary to say a prayer before walking on the heads. He asked his spirit helpers to come to him. He needed them now. Then with the lad on his back, he stepped on the first head. It was solid like a rock. He walked to the end of the line of heads, then he walked back walking backwards. The people who had gathered shouted and clapped their hands. Yellow Stone had done the impossible. The first chief came over and congratulated him and Yellow Stone reminded him that he and his little brother were hungry. The chief asked them both into his tipi. After they were seated, the second chief and his friend came in and he handed a pipe full
of tobacco to Yellow Stone and asked him to light it. Yellow Stone took the pipe and looked around. From a small hole in the tipi he spotted a sunbeam. He held the bowl of the pipe to the sunbeam and took a few puffs and the pipe was lit. He handed it to the second chief who took the pipe and sat there smoking and not saying a word. After a while, the first chief spoke and his message was for the second chief. "As I told you before the test," he said, "this man has powerful spirit helpers and his medicine is very strong. You have tested him, not once, but twice. Now I would ask you to return to your tipi and my advice to you is you resign as chief and ask your people to elect a new chief. If you continue as chief, you could very well lead your people into disaster." Without a word the second chief and his friend left and the chief's wife set before Yellow Stone and the boy the very best food she had.

After they had eaten their fill, the chief asked them to remain several days before leaving for home. Yellow Stone agreed to this. In the afternoon, he and the boy had a bath in the creek and later they wandered around picking fresh berries and eating them till it was time to return to the chief's lodge. Four days they stayed and then the chief ordered a farewell dance for them. At the dance Yellow Stone was presented with 18 head of horses as a gift from the chief and his people. Also, he and the young lad were given many beautiful clothes. The day after the dance, Yellow Stone and the boy headed for home with 18 horses and after many camps, arrived home. And Yellow Stone took the boy to the lodge of the widow. The woman wept as she put her arms around her son. Being very shy when it came to women, Yellow Stone was starting to leave when the widow saw him. "You stay home and rest," she said to him. "You must be very tired after the long trip." Yellow Stone did not need much urging and he stayed and became the husband of the beautiful widow. That's the way the Stoney people used to tell this story.

Littlepoplar: We are now ready, you can start your story.

Lonesinger: Once there was a band of Blackfeet. Their chief was not an old man but a man past middle age. He and his wife had a grown boy, their only child. This young man was a very handsome man and also a very neat dresser. One of the braves in the band had a very beautiful wife and it was rumored that the chief's handsome son was having an affair with her. For this reason, when the band moved, the handsome boy would take his gun and his clothes, of which he had many, and would ride abreast of the moving band some distance away. Other times he would stay away behind.

One time when the band was on the move, the brave heard that the chief's son and his wife were seeing one another and he was furious. He, of course, knew what the chief's son did when the band moved and knew where to find him. The chief's son was riding some distance away from the moving band when he saw someone coming toward him at a fast gallop. As the rider approached, he recognized him as the brave whose wife's
affections he had been sharing. He became frightened. The brave, he saw, was armed with bow and arrows. When he was a short distance away he stopped and sent an arrow at the boy and missed. The boy who was riding a very good horse, moved his horse back and forth, making him hard to hit. Several more arrows he sent his way and all of them missed. Then the chief's son shouted, "Do not shoot at me any more. I will leave the band and not come back." Then he dug his heels into the horse's ribs and rode south at a fast pace. The brave did not follow him.

When he was far away, he slowed his horse down to a walk and wondered where he was going. He could not go back because the brave could very well kill him. Even if the brave did not kill him, he would be the laughing stock. No doubt the brave told everyone about his scaring away the chief's son. So he kept on riding south, on and on he rode, never seeing anyone.

After riding many days and living on wild ducks and other small game, he came to a river. The river ran through very flat country and here and there he noted there were bushes and trees on the banks of the river. He rode along the north bank of the river looking for a place to cross. After riding along for a ways, he rode to the river so that he and his horses could have a drink of water. When they had had their drink he continued on his way. By and by, he came to a curve in the river that was heavily wooded on the north side. He was surprised to see a footpath from the river leading into the bushes and up the bank. Then he saw footprints. Someone had just come for water. The water spilling out the pail beside the footprint was not yet dry. The footprints were those of a young boy or a woman. At once he rode up the bank where he tied his horse to a tree in the bushes. Then he crept to the edge of the bush. A short distance away, beside another bush, were two tipis some distance apart. One was larger than the other and the smaller one looked new and four horses grazed nearby. No one was in sight. He sat and watched for a long time. It was apparent there was no one at home. He was seriously thinking of going into one of the tipis and stealing some food when a girl came out of the smaller tipi and began working on a robe. He returned to his horse and took the horse to a prairie where he tethered it so the horse could graze. Then he went back to the edge of the bush. The girl still sat and was still working on the robe. Late in the afternoon, a man rode up to the tipis and unloaded a bunch of fresh meat where the girl was working. Then he entered the larger tipi carrying the rest of the meat. The girl at once put the robe away and began working on the meat. All this the chief's son saw as he sat at the edge of the bush. He saw that the man lived in the bigger tipi with his wife and the girl apparently lived alone in the smaller tipi.

At dusk he went to his horse and had wild berries for supper. Then he changed his clothes. He put on his best clothes, which were heavily scented, and later that night went to the tipi of the girl and got into bed with her. The girl was frightened and did not dare scream. She liked the smell of
the man's clothes and he did not molest her and the girl said nothing. It was almost daylight when the man left. Only then did the girl go to sleep. Two more nights the man came to sleep with her. He never spoke to the girl and he never tried to molest her and always he would leave before daylight. After putting up with him for three nights, the girl told her sister-in-law about the man who came to sleep in her bed every night.

(End of Side A)

(SIDE B)

When she mentioned this to her sister-in-law, the sister-in-law found it hard to believe. "We have camped here for many moons without ever seeing anyone," she said. "Your brother is away hunting and it will be late when he returns. But I will tell him about this stranger who creeps into your tipi at night." Late in the evening the man arrived bringing with him much fresh meat. When his wife told him of the stranger who crept into his sister's tipi at night, he sat down and remained very quiet for a long time. Then he said to his wife, "We will have to catch the man and demand an explanation. This cannot go on. You will run a cord from her tipi to our tipi. When the stranger comes, she can pull on the cord to wake us up. We will then corner him in the lodge." His wife then got out some rawhide thong. "Wait till it gets dark," he told his wife. The man may be watching us from some bushes. It was dark but early in the night when the woman ran the cord from their lodge to the lodge of her sister-in-law, and told her to pull on the cord when the stranger came in. Later they all went to bed and soon after, the man crept into the lodge of the girl and went to bed with her.

But the girl did not pull on the rope. She had other plans. It is my belief that it is natural and normal for all girls to want husbands at some time or other. This is one of God's greatest gifts to his children and it is not something to be ashamed of. After lying in bed for a little while, the girl got up and started a fire. When the fire blazed and the tipi was lighted up, the girl was pleasantly surprised to see how handsome the boy was and the clothes he wore. She had never in all her life seen such beautiful clothes. She spread a robe beside the fire and in sign language told the boy to sit on the robe. Then she pulled the rope.

The stranger was sitting on the robe when the man walked in carrying a pipe and a knife. He sat down on a robe next to the boy. Using sign language he said to the boy, "We will smoke. Then we will talk. We both have some explaining to do." The stranger agreed it was the proper thing to do. After a good smoke the boy told how he came to be here and why he left his band. "I am now homeless," he said. "I can not go back to my band. Perhaps," he said, "if this girl would stoop low enough to become my wife, I would have a home and I would become her slave. I am a good hunter and a good worker," he
concluded. After another smoke, the man told the Blackfoot boy his side of the story. "I am hoping," he said, "that my sister accepts your proposal because we too are homeless and can not go back to our band till my sister has a husband. The only thing wrong with her is she is so pretty it gets her into trouble. We left our band because our chief, whose wife had died, insisted on my sister marrying him. He is an older man and very ugly. This is why we are here. We would like very much to go back to our band to see our parents and other relatives. We sometimes get very lonesome living by ourselves. So now I will go home and hopefully I will see you in the morning."

The next morning the girl went to the lodge of her brother and told her sister-in-law that she now had a husband. A long time ago it was the custom for brothers and sisters never to speak to one another. The man then told his wife that they would return to their band and his brother-in-law and sister were welcome to join them if they so wished. The Blackfoot boy agreed to go. "I am now your slave," he told his wife. Long before midday they were on the move and as they travelled the girl taught her new husband their language. These people were Kah-kah-kee-wah-chay-nuk (Crow people). Day after day they travelled and after many days of travelling and camping out many nights, they topped a hill one day and saw below them a large ring of tipis. They had arrived home.

At once the chief was notified of the arrival of the girl he had wanted for a wife. Riding a pinto horse, the chief went to meet the new arrivals. When he was informed that the Blackfoot boy was the girl's husband, he became angry and refused to let them come into camp. So the two couples set their lodges up some distance away from the main camp. The chief was furious but there was nothing he could do. He did, however, take the Blackfoot boy's horse. "Later on, you will come to my lodge to get your horse," he said to the boy as he led the horse away. When their lodges had been set up and they had eaten, the Blackfoot boy left. When he arrived at the lodge of the chief, his horse was nowhere in sight. "Sit down," said the chief. "For being in our camp, there must be an explanation. Many people of late have joined our band and two chiefs are required." Then he sent a boy to the other end of the camp to fetch the other chief. He soon arrived and the two chiefs talked and talked. After what seemed a long time, the Blackfoot boy was asked to return home with the second chief. "You will stay there for four nights," he was told. For four days he was kept there. His wife or her brother could not come to his aid since they had been expelled from the band and were no longer members. After four days he was allowed to go back to his wife since the two chiefs could not agree on what to do with him.

By now it was getting colder and the days got shorter. Winter, it was plain to see, would soon be here. The Blackfoot boy and his brother-in-law moved their lodges into the shelter of some bushes. Here they remained for the winter. Their food
supply, they knew, would not last through the winter but they hunted small game, and now and then frogs would wash out of a spring which ran out of a hillside. These frogs they cooked and ate. Frogs are good to eat and they lived through the winter. And then it was spring and with it came the buffalo and once again there was food in abundance. The season of the berries arrived and it kept the women busy.

One day a boy from the main camp arrived with news that their people were being attacked a short distance away where they had gone to pick berries. Since the Blackfoot boy and his brother-in-law were not members of the band, they had nothing to do with the fighting but decided to ride up and watch the fighting. They took only their tomahawks since they would not be fighting. The fight was just over when they arrived. Only one of the band was killed while three Blackfoot fighters lay dead. The Blackfoot boy noted that one of the dead was the Blackfoot brave who had run him out of his own band. The boy made no mention of the fact to his wife or her brother but some time later he hinted that he would like to visit his parents. "I will come with you," said his wife. "Maybe we will be accepted in your band if you take your wife with you." "I will come too," said his brother-in-law. "If there is trouble and fighting perhaps I could be of some help." And so, some time later, three people, two men and a girl trekked across the prairie heading for Blackfoot country. Many camps later, as it was getting dark, they arrived at the edge of a large camp of Blackfeet Indians and they knew the annual Sundance was in progress. "We will camp some distance away," said the Blackfoot boy. "It is too dark to enter camp. We might be mistaken for enemy and killed. No doubt there are guards and night watchmen around."

Early the next morning, they entered the camp and the boy was disappointed when he saw no tipi in the centre where his father's tipi should have been. "Where is my father?" he asked a man standing nearby. The man at once knew him, "Your father has resigned as chief because he thinks you are dead," replied the man. "Come, I will take you to his tipi. Arriving at the lodge, the former chief and his wife came out. They were in mourning and shed a few tears of joy when they saw their son who they thought was dead. When told the girl was their daughter-in-law, they wept some more. They were happy to have such a beautiful girl as their daughter-in-law and they told her so. Very quickly news of the arrival of the former chief's son spread through the camp and soon head men of the band began arriving. "We are without a chief," they said to the boy. "When a chief retires or dies, his closest relative must take over. As of now you are considered our new chief." The boy had no choice but to accept.

A large new lodge was set up in the centre and the new chief and his wife moved in and the girl asked her in-laws to move in with them. After they had eaten breakfast, the girl's brother turned to his brother-in-law and said, "Today I will rest and after a good sleep, I will leave for home in the
morning."  "No," said the new chief.  "I want you to stay a few
days.  We will attend the Sundance.  We will go on a hunt and I
want you to get to know my parents and other relatives and most
of all, I want you to know your sister is in good hands.  I am
still her slave only now she has three slaves and if the chief

over there does not accept you, you are welcome here.  And if
the chief accepts you, my wife and I, also my parents will
visit you from time to time and I want you to do the same."
"I am sure our chief will take us back," said the Crow Indian.
"It was you he did not like for marrying the girl he wanted but
in the end my sister got to marry a chief."  That is as far as
I heard the story.

Littlepoplar:  It's a story I enjoyed listening to.  It could be
called a Blackfoot story.

Lonesinger:  Yes, it is a Blackfoot story.

Littlepoplar:  You may have known a man named See-see-qwan-is
(Little Rattle).

Lonesinger:  Ah yes.  I knew See-see-qwan-is.  I knew him well.

Littlepoplar:  It has been said he was one of the best singers
around.

Lonesinger:  Yes.  See-see-qwan-is was one of the better
singers.  He was my father's uncle.  Because he was married to
my father's aunt.  He was a tall man and I have to agree he was
one of the greatest singers I have known.

Littlepoplar:  I have heard See-see-qwan-is would be gone all
summer long and only came here, Sweet Grass, for the winter.

Lonesinger:  You heard right.  Early every spring See-see-qwan-
is would leave and return late in the fall.  Sometimes he would
arrive in early winter.  He would spend most of his summers in
Blackfoot country; because of that he could speak the Blackfoot
language very well.

Littlepoplar:  Was See-see-qwan-is a Cree like we are?

Lonesinger:  Ah yes.  He was a Cree.  He was related to my
father's mother.

Littlepoplar:  Did he spend some of his time at High River?

Lonesinger:  Apparently he did.  White people call it that but
the right name for it is High Forest, not High River.  Cha-qwa-
now (Bull) had a son named Peter Bull who was attending classes
at the residential school in High River.  Before returning to
Sweet Grass each fall, See-see-qwan-is would visit young Peter.
"Grandson," he would say, "I am going back but will be back
next summer."
Littlepoplar: Did See-see-qwan-is move across the Battle River to Thunderchild's reserve to live?

Lonesinger: Ah no. He visited Thunderchild Reserve and died over there. He was buried over there. His wife waited for his return then someone came over to tell her he had died. Ah, See-see-qwan-is could really speak the Blackfoot language.

Littlepoplar: Did he and his wife have any children?

Lonesinger: No. They were childless. Ah-moo-muskwa (Bee Bear) and his father, Sa-sa-kah-wah-pisk were related to my father. They used to belong on Sweet Grass then they left and never returned. Bee Bear had a brother named Nah-nee-kahn-ew (He Comes First). He Comes First died many years ago on Red Pheasant Reserve. These two brothers were young, Bee Bear had a son living at Snake Plain. His name was Henry Bear. Bee Bear had another brother named Snake Man. Snake Man was sent to jail in Winnipeg and died over there. Bee Bear also had a sister named Tah-woh-tah-hum (She Knocks it Open). She was married to a man named Baptiste and Pyayecuck was a cousin to these brothers.

Littlepoplar: See-see-qwan-is (Little Rattle) is long dead. Do you know when he died, the year?

Lonesinger: Ahhh, now, I would think about 1900.

(Here the tape runs out. Lonesinger added this bit.)

I am not so sure about the year. I could be wrong a year or two either way. When See-see-qwan-is died, his wife married again and went to live on Stoney Reserve.

Littlepoplar: What was the name of See-see-qwan-is's wife?

Lonesinger: Her name? I can't think of her name now. She had a very odd name. I can't seem to remember it but later it will come to my mind.

(End of Side B)

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