Strange Stories by Annie Whitecalf

First, I would like to tell you about the time we saw this big snake here on Sweet Grass. I was with another old woman named U-pista-cheek-oos. We called each other Old With Me.

It was the moon when the berries are ripe. We were working on berries, picking and preserving berries. The year I
do not remember. I may tell a lie. This is one reason I do not like to have my stories taped.

I may tell a lie without knowing it, but very clearly I remember it was the year of the big flood.

Littlepoplar: Was the flood preceded by a winter of heavy snow?

Whitecalf: No, no, the snow was not deep the winter before the flood. But the creeks were full of fast running water. There was also big blocks of ice. A man named Harry Wittunee tried fording a creek with a team of horses hitched to a wagon and they almost drowned.

He had his wife and little daughter with him. My mother used to tell about it.

The man did a stupid thing, trying to take his family across the swollen creek. They would have all drowned had they not been pulled out of the water.

As it was, he lost both his horses. This was a silly man. "Do not try to cross the creek," he was told by his neighbors. "The water is high and running very fast. You will not make it. You will all drown," he was told. "Oh," he replied, "the water is not high where I am going to cross." But he was wrong, the water was high and they almost drowned.

Littlepoplar: Where was he trying to go anyway, at a time when the creek was flooded?

Whitecalf: He was going home. He was caught on the other side of the creek when the flood struck. Apparently, he'd been to Delmas. This was before a bridge had been built there. The year I do not know.

Littlepoplar: Might have been 1927. That was the summer then that you saw the big snake?

Whitecalf: I am wrong there, son. I remember now it was another flood. You must remember the time the railway bridge was washed out. Robert, my grandson, was almost 2 months old, at the time. I am thinking hard. I almost made a big mistake there. From his 2nd marriage, Robert is my son's oldest boy, though there is a girl older, Eva.

At the time of this flood, I lived with my son David on the banks of a small creek on Sweet Grass. Half a mile from where we lived was a railway bridge. The water was rising at an alarming rate, and I worked all night moving things to high ground. I was worried about my little grandchildren, and told my son as much, but he only smiled and said everything would be all right. In the morning, I was surprised to see so much water so near the house. During the night, the water had risen.
Now, I was really scared. Also mad at my son for his apparent lack of concern for his wife and children. I scolded him and told him to pack up and take his wife and children to higher ground. He laughed softly and said, "Mother, there is no cause for alarm. The water will start to recede at ten o'clock." My grandson Robert, at the time, was less than two months old. I have so many grandchildren, I have lost track of the ages. At the time of the flood, we also lived with two other old women. One was U-pista-cheek-oos and the other was called File Hill Woman. Slowly the water kept rising all day, behind the house was a water course, which was also full of fast running water. We were on an island. After a while it became evening and then dusk. Shortly after dusk, we heard what sounded like thunder. It came from the direction of the railway bridge. The ice jam at the bridge had given way, and at once the water began to recede. That night we had a good sleep. Very early the next morning, I went outside and saw large blocks of ice on the creek banks. The water course behind our house had no water, only the odd block of ice here and there.

The creek itself was a mere trickle. Things were back to normal. The railway bridge was damaged and had red flags on either side till some men came to fix it later that spring. Now I remember, that was the year we saw the big snake.

If I knew how old my grandson Robert is now I would count backwards, and know the year but I do not know his age. He was less than two months at the time of the big flood.

Littlepoplar: 1948, spring and summer 1948 is the time my aunt, Annie Whitecalf, speaks of.

Whitecalf: Now, I remember the first big flood would be too long ago. Robert was not even born then. He was born April 19th of the year we saw the big snake.

That was also the year of the second big flood. That year was a very good year for berries.

Not too far from where we lived was another creek named Drummond Creek. The banks of this creek were heavily wooded with poplar, willow, birch, and other shrubs. There was also many saskatoon berries. Upistacheekoo and I would pick these berries right beside the creek. When our berry pails were full, we would carry them up the hill and leave the berries there while we went back to pick more. In the evening or late afternoon, we would walk home and my son would go back and bring our berries home for us which we would dry in the sun for winter use. The days were hot and it did not rain. Every day we walked to this berry patch and picked.

On a high bank, beside the creek and not far from the berry patch, lived a man named Ugly Bear. He was a widower and lived alone. One day, he came walking by as we sat in the
shade having a smoke. When we told him what we were doing he
offered us the use of his house. He was going away, he said, to
put up hay and wanted someone to stay at his house and keep an
eye on things.

"Every time I'm gone overnight someone breaks into my
house," he told us. The people at home agreed with us, that
it would be handy for us to stay at Ugly Bear's house since
the berry patch was right below his house. We would also be
doing him a favor. So we went to a store and bought groceries
and moved into his house.

That evening, my son moved us, and we tore up an old tent
which we spread on the grass to dry our berries. Young people
do not dry berries. They freeze them in a freezer. Whole
berries were very slow drying. If the berries were first
crushed they dried very fast.

After we moved into this house, berry-picking was a lot
handier but the season is short and we did not come to the
house to eat. We took our dinner with us to eat and we ate
beside the creek. We had to make the most of the berry-picking
season.

We had a good path to walk on as we went to the berry
patch. Someone had skidded logs or wood right past the patch
and left a very good trail to walk on.

Right beside the water was a great clump of willows which
formed a big shady spot. Here we spread a sheet of canvas
where we dumped our berries as our pails became full. We also
ate our dinner over there. One hot day as we picked, I kept
hearing noises but I thought nothing of it thinking it might be
squirrels or bush gophers. U-pista-cheek-oo's agreed with me
when I suggested we quit early. We joked back and forth as we
picked. All this time I was hearing these noises. Then I
noticed some brush on the ground moving. As I stared at the
moving brush I saw the snake. I said nothing to my friend, not
wanting to frighten her. I myself was very frightened and for
a moment could not move and then looking the other way, I could
see buck brush moving. The snake was crawling towards the
water. I made no mention of the big snake but said to my
friend, "We will not bother filling our pails. Let us go home
now." "You are always in a hurry," replied my friend. "Let us
stay a while yet, and fill up our pails." "No," I said, "I am
leaving now because I don't want to stay here with this snake.
It is quite a big snake." As I gathered my things, the snake
moved closer to the water. It was dark rust colored and the
size of a stove pipe. I did not see its head or the tail part
of it. When I mentioned a snake, my friend, being a timid
person, came running to where I was. Very quickly we picked up
our things and ran down the path towards home.

We had not gone far when we came to a clearing beside the
creek. "I am out of breath, let us rest here," I said. "What
about the snake?" she replied. "The clearing is big, we can see
the snake coming," I said. So, we sat down to rest a few minutes. When my friend went to fill her pipe for a smoke, she found she had dropped her tobacco can between the clearing and where we had seen the snake. "We'll go back and find your can of tobacco," I said. "Oh no," she said. "That snake might still be there." "That snake was headed for the water," I told her. "He will be gone by now." So, I got up and started down the trail we had come.

I had not gone far when I heard her coming behind me. I turned to say something to her and saw her carrying a big, long stick. When we arrived at the clump of willows where we usually had dinner, the snake was still there. It had wound itself around our clump of willows. We did not stay to watch, but we noticed it had feelers on its back. They looked like tiny horns. When we came back to the clearing, we picked up our berries and other things. We climbed the hill back to the house. Soon after, Ugly Bear arrived. He had come for a hay rack. We told him we would not be staying at his house anymore because of the snake we had just seen. I don't think he believed a word of what we said.

As he was going right past our place, we loaded our things on his wagon, and he took us home. Nobody was near we could go tell who could come see the snake. All were camped at the hay field putting up hay. We therefore have no witnesses.

Littlepoplar: As far as we know, that big snake might be still there, eh?

Whetcalf: I don't think so. Sometime after we saw it, there was great thunder and lightning at that spot. The thunder birds must have got it. The creek at that spot is no longer deep. It is very shallow and one can see boulders and rocks sticking out of the water. At the time the snake was living there, the water was so deep it looked green. I do not know what to make of it. When we told my uncle about it, he thought it over for a while. My uncle was very old at the time. Then he said, "It was a stroke of luck you did not see his head. People get paralyzed with fear and can not move when they come face to face with big snakes. Then also you might not have seen a big snake at all. It may have been an apparition warning you of impending bad luck. Things like that have been known to have happened."

A year after, when the berries were ripe, this uncle died. Soon after, another uncle died. For a while after, we had bad luck. Friends and relatives died one after another. It is a strange story, hard to believe.

There is a place southwest of here called Cree Raiders Wintering Ground. A war party of Cree were caught in a great blizzard and found shelter on the north side of a wooded hill. After many days, the storm abated and the braves saw it would be useless to try to make it home. It was bitterly cold and the snow was deep. They built a wooden tipi and spent the winter there. That is why it is called Wintering Ground.
Littlepoplar: How many braves were there, Auntie?

Whitecalf: I do not know how many there were or what their names were. I forget. I used to hear my uncle tell this story many years ago but I forget. Also, my grandfather used to tell stories. He was a great storyteller but I forget many of the stories I have heard.

We children used to sit around our grandfather as he told us stories. When I was a young woman, I knew and could tell many stories but I have forgotten most of them.

Children today are not interested in these kinds of stories. Some of the Indian children today do not even speak Cree. Once in a while some of my grandchildren will say, "Grandma, tell us some old Indian stories." Instead of telling them old Indian stories, I preach little sermons to them. I try to tell them how to live right and to love and respect one another. Also, if they are married, to try to get along with their husbands and wives. Also, I tell them, "Your mother is dead and you are all alone. You cannot go to your father for help; all he thinks about is liquor. He is drunk for weeks at a time." I never tell my grandchildren old Indian stories, they wouldn't be interested anyway. I think a little sermon is better for them.

Sometimes when I visit my oldest grandson, his wife will say to her children, "Sit still and be good and Granny will tell you some stories." Then I tell my great-grandchildren some old stories I had heard when I was young.

One of my grandsons, Tommy, lives with his brother and is a very good boy. I am hoping he stays that way. His brother is a hard worker. He may learn from his brother and grow up to be a hard worker. The two smallest girls are also in a very good home. The oldest, who is 9, dances at Powwows but they can't get the young one to dance. The older one who dances has a very beautiful costume.

Littlepoplar: How many camps would it be from here to Sounding Lake?

Whitecalf: I do not know. I heard about Wintering Grounds and Sounding Lake from my grandfather.

Littlepoplar: What kind of a story did he tell of Sounding Lake?

Whitecalf: It seems that a man was hunting near the lake when he heard some thunder coming from the direction of the lake. Upon investigating, the hunter saw a thunderbird sitting on the edge of the lake. The thunderbird had a hold of a very large snake. The snake was too big and heavy for the thunderbird to fly off with him. The thunderbird refused to let go for fear the snake would beat him and pull him into the water.
The thunderbird then promised the hunter many things if he would help him defeat the snake. "No, no," said the snake. "you will get nothing if you help him. If you help me I will make you a very great medicine man. You will have many great healing powers." "What he tells you is not true," said the thunderbird. "If you kill me, you will not get what he promised you. Snakes represent evil spirits and then if you kill me, my relatives, my brothers who live in the sky, will know about it and take revenge. Snakes are our food," said the thunderbird. "Only this one was too big and strong for me to take up to the sky." My uncle used to say, what the bird said about revenge scared the hunter and he killed the snake. It was too late in the season for the thunderbird to go home so they took it to his lodge. In his lodge he spread a red cloth where the bird sat all winter long. Inside his lodge and outside for quite a ways around the lodge, it stayed very warm all winter long.

The thunderbird sat there all winter with his eyes closed, never saying a word. In time, spring came and as the leaves began to appear on the willows around the lakes, the thunderbird moved and said, "My relatives are getting ready to come. They know I am here and they also know how you saved me and also how you kept me all winter." The thunderbird then taught the hunter songs. He taught the hunter many songs as time went on. The hunter would sometimes go to a trading post to get cloth for the relatives of the bird he kept in his lodge.

One day the thunderbird told the hunter, "I have given you great powers, also I give you authority to make four Sundances. Flex your fingers and see what happens," said the bird. When the hunter flexed his fingers he was surprised to see lighting came out of his fingers. My uncle used to say the hunter had many powers given to him by the thunderbird. Then one day the bird said, "My relatives, my parents and brother are now on their way here. They are not far from here." The hunter then took the thunderbird and the cloth offering to a hill a short distance away.

(END OF SIDE A)

(SIDE B)

On the hill, he spread the cloth offerings on the bird. They were in 5 different colors. Then he set the thunderbird, whom he had come to call Grandpa, beside the cloth. Then the bird said, "Now you go back to your lodge, do not go inside, stay outside and listen. But before you go, I want to tell you that you will be on this earth until you are so old that you are helpless. As a reward for saving me you will have many children and grandchildren. They too will be on this earth for a long time. Also they or you will never become sick. My parents, brother, and relatives are coming. They hear me as I tell you these things. They are not far off. Now, you go sit outside your lodge and listen."

Dark clouds began to appear in the sky as the hunter walked
thought over what the thunderbird had told him. Suddenly, a roar of thunder was heard on the hill where he had left the bird and the offering. The hill itself became obscured by what looked like smoke and dark clouds. He could not see the hill but he could hear laughter and what sounded like a happy reunion. "This cloth will be mine," said one. "I'll have this one," said another. Then above the laughter and talking, he heard what sounded like an old man say, "You there, sitting by his lodge. I thank you for saving my child. You would have done very wrong had you saved the snake. Snakes are our food. For saving my child, I give you this earth to live on until you are so old as to be helpless. Also, same for the children you will have and your grandchildren. That is all, we are leaving now." What the hunter thought was smoke cleared way. The clouds began moving away as the hunter looked on. He could see a cloth blowing in the breeze around the clouds.

The thunderbirds had left. He stood till he could no longer hear the rumbling of the thunder in the distance.

Littlepoplar: I guess that must be why we Indians still make cloth offerings to the spirits.

Whitecalf: Offerings of cloth and tobacco are a very important part of Indian culture, Son. A long time ago, people and animals were able to speak to one another. That was because the land was clean. Today, we do not converse with animals. There is too much filth on the land. We do not see it but it is there. The spirits do not want to come to a place that is not clean. For a long time after the thunderbirds left, thunder could be heard around the lake. That is why it is called Sounding Lake. My uncle who told this story used to sing a song with the words:

I live with a thunderbird
I live with a crow

That was one of the songs the thunderbird taught the hunter. My uncle learned it from his grandfather who told him the story of Sounding Lake. I used to hear my uncle sing this song and I know the song. The man living on Sweet Grass that we call Crow, his real name is He Lives With a Crow. That was taken from that song, but people call him Crow for short. This is the way I remember the story of how Sounding Lake got its name.

A long time ago, young men and boys never spoke to young girls. Men and boys had great respect for the opposite sex. If a young man had his eye on a girl and thought she would make him a good wife, the boy would go to the girl but not speak to her. He would stay at a respectable distance and watch the girl as she cut wood or cooked. The girl knew the boy was there watching. If she did not like the boy, she would pay no mind to the boy. After a time, the would-be lover would catch
on, and go looking for a second choice but if the girl liked the boy and thought he would make a good husband, she would favor him with a smile. Only then would the young man walk up to the girl and speak to her.

I sometimes tell young people some of the old Indian customs I have known or had heard about. They believe the stories I tell them but I don't think they are interested.

A camp crier rode up and down a camp one morning shouting, "Everybody be ready to move this morning. The lakes here are getting polluted and the horses have used up all the grass close to camp. To the east of us are 2 large lakes separated by a bit of dry land. The move will be made to these lakes." In those early days, it was women's work to move. The men did no work.

One young man walked up a little hill close to camp. He lay down on the hill and watched as the camp was being broken, finally, falling asleep on the hill. When the young man woke up, everyone had gone. Only a few smouldering campfires was all that was left of the camp. He sat up on the hill, he thought he heard a woman wailing. The wailing became louder and clearer and clearer. It came from where the camp had been only a short time before. His first thought was some tragic thing had happened while he was sleeping. The wailing did not stop. It was a woman. Now and then she would stop her wailing to cry out, "My children, my poor little children."

The wailing and crying seemed to be coming from the camp just deserted, though he could see no one. Slowly, he came down and walked amidst the few smouldering campfires. He could see no one, but he still heard the wailing.

Indians long ago pitched their tipis in a circle with the chief's, councillors' and hunters' lodges in the circle. This was where the wailing was coming from. As he walked about, he saw where the chief's lodge had been, a little mouse. The mouse was sitting the way dogs sit with her head up and wailing. She would stop to cry out, "My poor little children."

The man walked up to the mouse and said, "Why do you weep? Why do you cry 'my poor little children'? Tell me what happened, perhaps I can help you."

"Human Being," said the mouse, "I have just had some very bad luck. I had labor pains and crawled in the chief's food bag and had my babies there, eight of them early this morning. I went somewhere. When I came back everybody's gone, even my babies. They must be dead now. That is why I am crying for my poor little children." "Do not cry anymore," said the man. "I will go find your babies for you. If one or two are alive, I will bring them for you. If all are dead I will come and tell you."

I have said before, people a long time ago could and did speak to animals. "Human Being," replied the mouse, "I
appreciate what you are doing for me. I hope you find my babies for me." The man then left for twin lakes where he knew his people would set up their next camp. This man was the quiet type. He never visited anyone in the camp. The chief was therefore surprised when this man walked into his lodge. He made him very welcome, thinking the man came to visit with him. "I am in a hurry and will not stay long," said the man. "I am wondering if your wife would let me look in her food bag." Upon hearing this, the chief's wife got her food bag and placed it before the man.

When the man opened the food bag, he could hear baby mice whimpering. He reached in and brought out a nest of eight whimpering mice. Then he told the chief what had happened. "Young man," said the chief, "for what you have done, you have just earned yourself a head of white hair. A mouse is one of the strongest spirits a person can have to fall back on." The man then left, carrying the nest of eight mice with him.

The mother mouse was still wailing when he set the nest of baby mice before her. "Here are your children," he said. "All eight of them." Happily, the mother mouse thanked the man, and said, "For what you have done for me and my children, you will live to be very old, you will also have eight children. Also, I will give you power to go on four raids. We mice are very quiet and sneaky. You will never be caught and you will bring with you many horses from these raids." This man and his wife were blessed with eight children, all of whom lived to be very old. The man and his wife died of old age.

Many years later, again my uncle told me this story. It was told to him by his grandfather. There is also a story of a horse with his leg broken in two places. I do not know this story very well. I heard it told when I was very young. I will tell you what little I know of it.

A band of Cree were preparing to move camp one morning, when it was discovered that a horse, one of the best in camp, had a hind leg broken in two places. When the owner of the horse was told about it, he was very sad since it was his best horse and also his favorite.

As the camp began to move, he went to where his horse lay on the ground and put his arms around the horse's head and said, "I love you and I am sorry. I have to leave you here, there is no way I can take you, or I can help you." The owner of the horse then placed a red cloth around the horse's neck and left the horse laying there with a broken leg.

It so happened that an old man had been left behind by the band. When this old man returned to the camp, he found it deserted. All the lodges and people were gone. Then he saw a horse lying on the ground in the distance. He walked over and found the horse had tears in its eyes. It had been crying. It was too much for the old man to see a horse crying, so he wept too.
This is a true story. Many years ago, an old man named Night told this story to my uncle. Then the horse said to the old man, "I am sorry that it makes you weep to see me in this condition. Go," said the horse, "follow the band who have just left. You will see how strong I can be. Just keep walking, do not look back if you hear anything behind you." The old man left, walking in the direction the band had taken.

As he reached the top of a hill, some distance away, he heard behind him what sounded like the galloping of a horse. As instructed by the horse, he did not look back. In a very short time the horse who had had a broken leg passed him. The horse then turned and came back to him. Its broken leg was healed up. He then told the old man to put a rope around his neck and lead him into the new camp.

"Because you took pity on me when I had a broken leg," the horse told the man, "I want you as my new owner." This is the sorrel horse the medicine men in later years used to sing about as they performed their rituals. This is another strange story. It is a true story of a strange happening. I still remember a few of these short stories.

Away down south is a river called Pee-hah-mou-see-pee. A band of Indians were in camp on the north bank of this river. This must have been a long time ago. One dark night, when the Indians were still camped by the river, they heard, upstream, what they thought was thunder. Very quickly a great flood was upon them. All night long, the people were busy moving to higher ground. At daybreak, the move had been made and not any too soon. As people sat on higher ground, they watched a wall of water sweep the bank where their camp had been. An old woman was drowned but what could people do when the river was dangerously high and running very fast. The camp crier could hardly be heard as he shouted, "Os-kah-tah-min's mother is lost and can not be found," but he could not be heard above the roar of the water. The woman was never found. It must have been a big flood because for many years after, people would say, "The time Pee-hah-mow-see-pee flooded when I was very young," and old people told the stories.

They would give the names of people. I have forgotten all the names though. Only the other day I asked a cousin the name of his grandfather. His grandfather had two wives who were sisters. Their names were Kah-yah-tay-moo and Squway-ween. The grandfather was killed in the battle of Cut Knife Hill in 1885. It is said his daughter was buried the day before he died. He had no wish to live.

Irene: Would that old man's name be Kah-yah-tah-kowit?

Whitecalf: Why, yes, that is the name I could not think of. A lot of names I have forgotten. I remember years ago, a man named Night used to come to Sweet Grass to visit. He got his name from his grandfather. That was the practice in the early
days. An old person would give his or her name to a younger person since he will not be needing it much longer. I had two names myself. I gave one to my last granddaughter, Julia. Her Cree name is Tin-oo-noo-tok-wayo. Every spring Julia and I buy cloth as an offering to the spirits because I have given her one of my names. When I was younger, I used to say I would give my first grandchild my name but the first was a boy. So I gave the name to the second, who was a girl. My great-granddaughter who is four years old, also has a Cree name. I named her Walking Bear. This child had an operation some time ago. She was small at the time. She used to chew paper and swallow it and that made her sick. One day my grandson walked into my house. I could see that he had been crying.

"Grandma," he said, "my little girl is going to be operated on today. What will I do?" I told him to place his trust in Kitchi-manito. Also the spirit helpers were kind and would look after his little girl. I told him to get two kinds of cloth as an offering to the spirit helper. I also told him to get one dark green, the other red. This he did. Then he and his wife left for the hospital to be near their daughter.

They returned home very late in the evening with news. Their daughter had been operated on, had a long sleep, and was awake and feeling much better. When they left, my grandson was a happy man. My great-granddaughter did not stay long at the hospital. She came home and is well again. She is well and eats well and is fat. She was skinny when she was sick. Her Cree name is Walking Bear but her brother calls her Walking Dog. This boy was born on the morning an old woman had a dream. This woman dreamed she saw a strange young man, who told her his name was Stepping Around and that he was here to stay. She got up next morning and later that day she heard my great-grandson's birth. So, she named him Stepping Around.

Littlepoplar: The tape is running out, Auntie. It is good that you are not stingy with your stories. Your grandchildren, also your great-grandchildren, in the future will be glad. You will not be sorry that you are not stingy with your stories. The tape, I think is about all used up. We can get together again sometime for more storytelling. In the meantime, try to remember more stories.

Annie Whitecalf as told to Littlepoplar

The river that runs through the city of Medicine Hat, Alberta, is and always has been called by the Indian people, Ah-skah-wayo-see-pee (River that Never Freezes). This is where Ah-hay-chah (Mrs. Annie Whitecalf) spent many years of her childhood. To the north of Medicine Hat is another river called by the white people, Red Deer River. This river is known to the Indian people as Wah-wah-skay-soo-see-pee (Elk River) In the year 1890 a band of Cree were in camp beside this river. It was the season when chokecherries were ripe and while men hunted, women picked and preserved chokecherries for future use. It was then that Mrs. Whitecalf was born, the daughter of Kin-istinoos and Gray Sky Woman. In those days,
white men were few and far apart and the Cree were free to roam that part of the country, which they did for the next 24 years. They hunted antelope, held Sundances, and lived much like their ancestors did. They lived in various places on the plains, places like Maple Creek, Cypress Hills and Medicine Hat and numerous other places. All this time, settlers were arriving. Year after year they came and by 1914, Mrs. Whitecalf and her family returned to Sweet Grass Reserve. Mrs. Whitecalf had married Hot Sun Man and had a two year old child in 1914 who died soon after. Another was born in 1916 and four years later Hot Sun Man died in 1924. Annie Whitecalf married Jim Whitecalf and lived with him until Jim died in 1947. When the chokecherries ripen in 1975, Mrs. Whitecalf will be 85 years old. She enjoys good health and does all her own work.

(END OF SIDE B)

(END OF INTERVIEW)

INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>INDEX TERM</th>
<th>IH NUMBER</th>
<th>DOC NAME</th>
<th>DISC #</th>
<th>PAGE #</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>FOOD -gathering of</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>4,5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FOOD -preservation</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARRIAGE -courtship</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>9,10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAMES (PERSONAL) -origin of</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>13,14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>NAMES (PLACE) -origin of</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>7-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>PIPES AND SMOKING -and women</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POWER -acquisition of</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>8,11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>RELIGION &amp; SPIRITUALITY -offerings</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>8,9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOCIAL ORGANIZATION -camp</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SONGS AND SINGING -acquisition of</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>8,9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SPIRITS -Thunderbird</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>6-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL) -animal</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>4-6,10-11, 11-12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL) -landscape features</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>7-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL) -omens, warnings</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>4-6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL) -unexplained phenomena</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>TIPI</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
-construction of  IH-089  A.WHITECALF2  20  6
  WOMEN
- work of  IH-089  A.WHITECALF2  20  10

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>PROPER NAME</th>
<th>IH NUMBER</th>
<th>DOC NAME</th>
<th>DISC #</th>
<th>PAGE #</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>SOUNDED LAKE, SASK.</td>
<td>IH-089</td>
<td>A.WHITECALF2</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>7-9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>