Antoine Lonesinger was born in 1888 on the Red Pheasant Reserve. After attending school he worked at farming. He married and moved to the Sweet Grass Reserve where he is known as a great singer and storyteller. (For biography see IH-052 p. 11)

**HIGHLIGHTS:**

- Story of a Cree band who avenged the killing of a young boy by the Blackfoot.
- Story of Lonesinger's grandfather who helped a Cree raiding party that could not find food.

NOTE: The last part of the original for this document repeats the Legend of Cut Knife Hill found in IH-050 and has not been included here.

My grandmother said, "I'll tell you a story so when you get old you can tell this story to your grandchildren."

At the end of Red Pheasant Hill there is a river called Black Eagle River. Across the river, people were living alongside the river. My father was small at that time and my
uncle was the only man in the family.

My grandmother said we were with the oldest brother and his friend was a good man. I have talked to this man, but I never saw him. We just exchanged words. My brother told my grandfather that he was leaving with his friend and anyways, we were all right. They had a war party any time. "So your grandfather and I thought about it."

Kwaskwantoowan (Small Bull) was a brave man and his wife was called Big Forehead. This woman was tall and beautiful. The other young men desired her very much.

One day he and his wife went to town, down by the river in a ferry boat. They went to town to get some tobacco. This brother-in-law was living next to them; he had a teen-age son. He had a strand of hair in the back of his head and he braided something into it. That's how he was dressed. He had a bay pony saddled and well-trained for him to ride. His uncle who was an honorable man (Kwaskwantoowan), had a daughter, soon to reach womanhood. She was tall and beautiful. He left his daughter with his niece and nephew. His nephew was going to be a young man pretty soon. The man asked his cousin to come along and bring his horse too.

At the edge of the hill were some buffalo and then he said, "I'll walk, you ride the pony, so we can carry the meat. But I'll kill the buffalo first." So he killed the buffalo.

So this young boy was playing on the hill that wasn't to be seen. The oldest boy was butchering the buffalo when he saw some Blackfoot Indians sneaking up on them. There were nine of them. He ran fast and left his cousin behind (for his cousin to have time with the Blackfoot), so that he could have time to run for his life. When they reached the top of the hill, the young boy was gone. Then they chased him, but they couldn't catch him even if they ran fast. They found the young boy and when they saw him, they killed him and scalped him and the boy's horse ran away. The people thought his horse must have run away on him. He didn't come home. So the next morning they went to look for him. They found him lying down, dead and scalped. They buried him there.

Then Kwaskwantoowan returned and found his son dead. He and his wife were broken-hearted. Then his brother-in-law got there, ready to go home. He asked the young man, "What happened to your cousin?" and the reply was, "I don't know."

Kwaskwantoowan, his wife and only daughter moved away. The people said Kwaskwantoowan would want to avenge his son's death. There were lots of people in the camp. In the morning, he and his wife came out of the tipi. Then they went around the camp, crying to the people for his mercy. Then the people started to cry with him.

They walked in front of the tipi. There were two men sitting by me and they cried also. I started to cry. We all
felt sorry and pity for them. Then they went to the chief and the people would say, "What will the chief say?" The woman cried to the chief and the chief told the woman, "You have told on the young men to go, that means yes. The young men are staying quietly now, but as you say, 'yes.'"

Then the woman stopped crying. After the men had smoked, the chief said, "Go slow and get your revenge. There are lots of young men to go with you. And not far from here in the south, the people there are crying to them also. There is a good man called Kinihus (means Little Sharp Point). He never comes back empty-handed. He always had to bring something home, when he went on a war party. If you come back, the men will be ready and you'll go with them." Kwaaskwanntoowan agreed with them and left south. The people weren't gone long and came back again. They started walking around crying to the other people and the other people started to cry too and said, "We're ready."

My grandmother was told to look after your brother and cousin to go with them. She was ready in no time, so was my grandfather. But they had to look after their son. So my grandfather said, "I'll keep my son, and anyways there's lots of food to eat. We can't eat it all anyway." "You could go away a long time," he said to my grandmother. "So I went along, too!" said my grandmother. "My brother and the nice man went along. So I had to look after them." Kwaaskwanntoowan said to Little Sharp, "You could have my daughter for a wife." That's what he pays to Kinihus. The woman had prayer cloth on her back and never looks around even when they're travelling or resting, only when they camp. They travelled on the other side of the 40 mile bush. They are now on flat ground, and camped there for the night.

In the morning they started getting ready. Soon the sun was turning red and green, the sun disappeared then it was dark. "Don't go anywhere young men! Maybe it will be dark all day," says the leader. "You will get lost." It started to lighten again to red and green, so it was green all day. While they were ready to leave, the leader said, "This place will be called To Turn to Dark." The place was about 20 miles southwest of Kerrobert. They kept on going until they reached and camped at Cypress Hills.

"The leader Kinihus will conjure the spirits," he said, "that all the young men will come and smoke." The men thought he was going to conjure the spirits, then my brother told me to go and listen so I did.

The leader sang a song. "I don't want a two-legged beast, we're too many. I want a four-legged animal. I don't want my people to walk by foot." And he finished singing and then he says, "Young men, listen to each other. I'll bring all the arrow sticks back. We don't have to hide, we'll just walk in the open with lots of people."
"I like this young man, he's very quiet and he's from the south," said my grandmother. "He must be your lover," said my grandfather. "Don't get jealous," said my cousin. "You're getting too confused. Shut up and listen!"

After two nights the leader again conjured the spirits and said, "Those sweetgrass on the hillside of where the sun comes up from, not far from here, is a place where there's a hill called 'Picking Kinikinik.' On the other side of the hill, is a low flat ground along the side of a small narrow hill, not high. The village was down there. From there the tracks came from where they killed your son. We will keep walking but we won't hide, it's not a big village." We walked on, then I saw lots of horses. In the distance, we could see the Sweetgrass Hills. My brother said, "We'll be there, and it's not far from here now, we'll be there at sunset."

Then when the sunset was down we got to the pointed hill. It wasn't far, not even a mile, to the flat ground. We went down in the centre of the flat ground. The leader said, "We'll leave our belongings here." Four men were chosen to watch our belongings. The other men were told not to make any mistakes or let anything go wrong or we'll walk home. They heard a drum up the hill. Then we got ready to go up the hill. We went a little ways and stopped four times, stopped to smoke and finished smoking. Some sneaked away and lots of them on the other side of the hill. On this side of the hill were lots of horses. So they hid there. They said when they heard gun shots, "We'll chase the horses away." When they got there it was already daylight and now they could see the camps.

The young men sang quietly. There was an old man, his name was Red Cloth. He had a loud voice and he was told to yell four times so the young men would fire.

Red Cloth went up the hill and yelled so the young men started firing. They were up the hill yelling. I went along with them. The leader said, "Don't peek out or they'll kill you." The enemy was screaming and beating by us and I could hear the falling of the tipi poles. The young men came up the hill, my brother took eleven horses.

The rest of them took all the horses. They chose eleven good horses. The other men brought the rest of the horses from the Blackfoot Indians, while they were fighting the enemy.

In the morning, I could see them hiding behind the canvas, still shooting. Before daylight, "I'll go steal something too," thought Grandma. "I went down there and I saw a new tipi. I went for it and I went inside but I guess there were two women there. I threw out their sewing outfit, one pemmican. I took the tipi down then I put all the stuff in my wagon. I put a saddle there in the wagon, tied it with rawhide rope."

Then my brother came running to me and said, "Sister, you
got something too?" "Yeah," I said. He said, "I'll go get your horses." Then I hid myself under my wagon. He brought a bay horse with a spot on his forehead for me. And then I harnessed him and led him down the hill. So I got there with our belongings. Then we were all here.

The Blackfoot Indians were standing on the hill, and yelling. That means they were gonna stop fighting. Then I looked over there and saw someone going up the hill. One was going down the hill with a white pony. Someone said that they were gonna meet. Everyone looked to see. The one going up the hill had his horse running up hill. Then they met each other. Now I could see the dust of smoke as they were fighting. The Blackfoot and the Cree jumped off their horses and started wrestling. The other Blackfoot shot him from the hill, but missed him. It was far. It was long, he was coming on his horse leading it. The white pony galloping and leaning over his horse. As he was coming closer, they shot at him but missed again and he was there already.

My grandmother said, "This is the fellow I like very much." Then Big Forehead stands up and welcomes him. The young man brought the head of his victim and gave it to the woman. The pony was pulling the rawhide rope and he told her to use it somehow.

He said, "Have this pony too." She took the head and cried hard. Then she sang a song. She sounded really good. The young man was smiling. She finished crying. She wiped her tears with the hair of the head.

She said to my people, "You have revenged me, and you young men revenged me of our enemies." Then she sang a thanksgiving song. She was happy and dancing. The song goes Big Forehead. Then she talks again. "Thank you, people, you have revenged me." Now as they were ready to move with their belongings we moved out toward home. I had my horse and wagon and stuff. We camped two nights. After two nights, the leader said, "Don't run. We took all the horses from our enemies." Then he said, "Pick out the best horse you like." Then everyone had his share of the horses so they did that. My brother gave me two horses and my boy friend gave me three horses. I had five horses to take home. One to ride, one pulling the wagon, while I led the other three horses. They travelled home and got there. Everyone felt happy. The old man and the southern people were going home. So they got ready for the young girl had to go home too. And Kinikus was ready and said, "If you want to see your daughter you'll come. It's not far, if she wants to come and visit, I'll bring her again." He had to give her for a wife. That's why she was given to him but instead he had her for a daughter. Two nights after Kwaskwantoowan was home. People were gathering around quickly. Then my brother said, "I'll go and check. Maybe something went wrong." So he went. The people said, "There were eight braves that brought the head of Kwaskwantoowan's son. They went, before we did, but we didn't even know they went, the poor men," they
said. He told the young men to put the head back with the body. Then he said, "That's what hurts me the most." So the young men went to put it back and buried it with the body.

The time they sneaked away, when they were fighting the enemy. One of them said, "We went along the river, went far but never saw anything. We came home by the forty mile bush and by Ugly Point Hill to the end of the hill, and down to the flat ground and by then it was morning. We found a pile of stones in a hollow place." So they said, "This is a Blackfoot path; they always used this trail. The daylight was coming, we might meet them on this war party." Then one said, "You'll sleep here, I'll watch, so nobody will bother you; and anyways you never slept for two nights. After midday, I'll go to sleep." Then they went to sleep. Then suddenly he saw people coming close to them and noticed it was the Blackfoot. He woke up the young men quickly and sang quietly. They hid their heads. One was looking and saw them running and said, "They are running and easy to kill, chase them." One was ahead with the others behind us.

The enemy ran to the stone pile in the hollow place. They jumped in there but they couldn't fit in there. They cut the enemy one by one and killed them all except one -- the one running ahead with a bag. The other man was chasing him, caught him, looked to see what was in the bag. He found Kwaskwantoowan's son's head with a strand of hair on it. They said, "That's the one. Don't throw it away. We didn't know what was going on at home."

That is when they gather around Kwaskwantoowan's place. At the ferry the Blackfoot were there a long time, northwest of Duck Lake, but were all killed.

"While lots of Cree people were living in Batoche, Saskatchewan, that's how it happened," said grandmother.

Here's another story my grandmother told. Before we had any children, your grandfather was a fast runner. We were very poor then. We didn't have any horses. I tanned one buffalo hide. I made the hide soft as a blanket and it was very thick. I made cut-off pants for your grandfather. I made long underwear. I also made pants same length and a fur coat. "Now," said the old man, "I won't be cold when I join a war party. I'll stay warm and cozy." One day someone said that a person was forming a war party. He was taking fourteen men with him. The people were still living on the side of the hills. My grandfather told his old lady to go and ask the leader if he could go with them. My grandmother asked the leader. He said he was glad to take him. "He's a very fast runner. We will use him, when we steal horses. Yes, I'm very pleased."

Finally they left. They reached a place which causes them to feel afraid and weird. In the bush they saw two tipis
pitched up. They decided to stay in those tipis and stay close for they were afraid of being tracked. The leader felt afraid, and eerie. There was absolutely nothing to eat and the men were hungry. One day someone spotted a squirrel. The squirrel ran up the tree and they all rushed it and killed it. All of them had a small morsel of it, but it wasn't enough. They were still hungry. Time went by. Your grandfather told the others. "My friends I'm leaving. I'll walk beside the river. I might find something."

While he was walking he spotted a porcupine on a tree. He knocked it down with a long pole and dragged it back to the camp. They cleaned it, divided it up. They singed the hair of the hide and ate it, even ate the insides and the head. The hide was still prickly. After my grandfather had eaten, he said he was leaving. He was going further this time. It was bitter cold. So off he went the second time. He saw a young buffalo bull. He shot it and began to skin it. After cutting it up he ate some raw meat. It was in a low hidden place no one would spot him. It was in a river valley near a forest. He put the rest of meat in the rawhide to freeze and dragged the rest home. When he got to the camp, what noise they made eating.

In the morning, they went to get the rest of the meat and began to dry it, pounded it. He said, "Now, when we go steal horses we'll have something to eat." They were ready to move on. One day the leader said, "Come young men and smoke with me." Your grandfather decided not to go; so did his friend. "There won't be enough room for all of us. Somebody will tell us what went on." The leader started his ceremony for conjuring. He began to sing. As his voice rose on his second song, they heard a snapping of a whip. It sounded like someone was running the horses. The leader sang again, this time they heard the sound closer, coming from the west. They still heard the snapping of the whip and running horses. The leader said, "Friend, hand over the pipe. There is some tobacco in a war cap." He untied the cap and filled his pipe. He told his comrades what he had just heard. Once more he started to pray. Your grandfather never knew how to smoke but he took the pipe. When they were through smoking, the rest of the men came in. They asked their leader what the knowledge spirit told him. He replied that the Blackfoot camp is not too far from where they were. He said, "It has been pointed out to me. There is a ravine and the other side of it is a butte. There is a lake on the other side of the butte. Yonder the lake is another hill. Beside this lake is the enemy camp. The camp is not big. It must be true." "If we're lucky we could steal a lot of horses," thought my grandfather.

In the morning they got ready to leave. They left their food in a place where it could be grabbed quickly. The next day at sunset they left, walking along the ravine. It was almost dark when they climbed the coulee. From there, they could see the butte. They sat down to rest. They heard a
beating of a drum coming from over the hill. The leader said to your grandfather, "Now you take a friend with you. The rest of you go the other way, to where the horses are. It should be easy to steal them." They ran taking the long way around.

The shadows hid them as they went. And the others from the opposite side found more horses and started choosing them. They rounded up many horses. "Come now, let's run for it. We don't have to pick up our food. The enemy will track us down. They might catch up with us. Let's run as fast as we can," they said. They ran beside the place where they left the food and rode all night. The leader was ahead of the others, singing a victory song. "He shouldn't be taking his time singing. The Blackfoot will catch up with us. Go tell him to do something, or we'll surely be caught. His singing is not doing any good. My friend, go tell him I said what my grandfather said." The leader said, "He's right, the enemy's probably pursuing us at this very minute. You pay close attention to the wind. You'll know when it changes its direction," the leader told his comrades. He payed special attention to the stars. He started singing and praying. The moon was very bright. Yonder it looked blurry and hazy. The leader said to my grandfather, "You were right." Pretty soon clouds covered the moon. It started snowing heavily but it was still warm. The wind started blowing hard. It was now a heavy blizzard. In the morning it passed. Their trail was covered with snow. We'll just keep right on running all day. There is a sand hill over there. We'll camp there. They found a cave-like hole. But what were they going to eat? They were sitting around, doing nothing.

When morning came they looked, but did not see any buffalo. They spent another night there. There was plenty of wood, though. The leader told them to burn small stacks. The big ones would make too much smoke. It was snowing lightly, but the day was warm. We had nothing to eat. It was quiet. All of a sudden we heard a gunshot behind our campfire. They killed one horse. It was fat. "Come every one, come and cut yourselves some meat," someone said. We cooked the meat over the fire. We cooked some to take with us. After we finished we started toward home.

The next time we stopped for the night, the horses were divided among everybody. The leader told my grandfather to choose first. He took six horses. Each of them took four or five horses. There were enough for everybody. That's the way our grandfather was. They got horses, because my grandfather went with them. He was telling the six men what to do. That is how it went for our grandmother and grandfather.

(Page 10 to end not printed. Duplication of #IH-050)

This is a story I heard, when my grandfather was in the battle, the time Cut Knife was killed. My grandfather was
called Hovering Walker Man.

That's how people found out about Cut Knife. He was Sarcee and a war party leader. He was tall, heavy set and his skin was not too light. He had pieces of brass hanging from his head. A trader in Fort Rocky Mountain House said Cut Knife speaks a little bit of Cree. He also said he was courageous and daring. You watch out for him. When people saw a Blackfoot, they said, "We saw Cutknife. He was living in the mountains." One day he was sitting and thinking. He did not get married, for it would hold him down. He did not want to be chief. He was always leaving and going on war paths. He never raided the Sioux. He thought, "There is one thing I have never done. That is the only thing I have to do. I never bring back woman and children. All this I raided enemy camps. I will form a war party, he thought. I will pick the most courageous and daring." After he had picked the man he thought were the best, he told the man, "I am going on a warpath with the Crees." The man asked him what he wanted from the Crees. Cut Knife answered, "I want women and children." The man told Cut Knife, "The Crees are very fierce people. They are brave and cunning. You will never come back, Cut Knife. But I will go with you. Be very choosy about the men you are going to take with you."

He chose the men he wanted. He picked twenty-two young men. The last of the young men sat down. "That's it, that is the one who's willing," Cut Knife thought. He said to the man, "I am going on a war path. I want you to come with me." The young man asked where he was going this time. Cut Knife said, "I'm going to the Crees." "But Cut Knife, what do you want? You have done everything there is to do in a battle. There is only one thing you never do, is fight with the Sioux." Cut Knife said he wanted women and children this time. "Cut Knife, you will not come back. I will go with you anyway. Get ready and we will be off." And to his father he said, "Father, I'm going on a warpath with the Crees. What you did before, when I leave. You set fire to dry grass. If they burn fast, that means we are coming close to home. You do that again and go by the fire when you get tired of waiting." His father said, "Son, the Crees are brave and have supernatural powers. You think about that." "Cut Knife only said when you think we take too long to come back you make the fire. If it burns fast we are coming home. Now father, I must leave."

Past Manitou Lake near Macklin there's a place called ( ). They felt scared. Cut Knife was afraid. They passed Manitou Lake; they were very hungry. In Neilburg where the river wound in a ridge of the hill, beside the hill was a small bumpy hill. "We will go towards those hills. We will have something to eat if there is buffalo in the hills." They found a well hidden place to camp. Morning came, they started out again. Sure enough, they spotted a herd of buffalo. "Now, we have something to eat," they said. They sat singing and eating raw meat on a hilly place. There are two hills; down those hills they found a heavy wooded area. It was already in the afternoon. They made fire to cook their meat. Cut Knife took
his spy glass and said he was crawling up the hill to look around. He looked everywhere but saw nothing. Looking from those hills you could see Little Pines, Maidstone and all over the area. He looked over to the foot of the hill, and saw a big pack of wolves. He thought the wolves were eating on a buffalo carcass. He ran down the hill. He told his men he saw something over that hill. "Bring my spy glass," he said. "Look over there. The wolves were still eating." He took the scope he saw men cutting meat from their kill. They saw a lot of beautiful horses. Cut Knife already made a mistake. They should have lay down and seen which direction the men went. But while the others were cutting up meat, the Sarcee ran down the hill. Cut Knife told his men to put the meat away and tie it up. "The Crees are busy with their kill and cooking meat. We will run along the river if any one sees us." The Battle river was a very winding one.

It was late at night, when they reached a hill. Down this hill was a heavy wooded area. They found a good hiding place in those woods. The Crees had one woman along with them. Her husband was killed and this woman was very beautiful. Men desired her and many of them proposed but she would not have any of them. "The first man who brings me a fresh scalp will be my husband," the woman said. But who can give what she had asked, something that was almost impossible to get? One poor young man wanted her. But how can he give her a fresh scalp, he never fought in a battle. His name was Red Feather. He was very much in love with this woman. His uncle was once a great warrior. This man had a beautiful brown horse, which he brought back in his last enemy raid. Red Feather went to visit two very active young men. One of them was Sweetgrass. They had a blade bone of a buffalo over the fire. He just cut some of it off to eat when he get home. When Red Feather went into the tipi, Sweetgrass told him to eat. He cut off some meat and ate. Another man came in, he also did the same. Sweetgrass said, "In the morning I am going to hunt the orphaned buffalo calves and drink their milk." The other man said he was going with Sweetgrass. "I am going along with them and ask if they would give two raw hides. So I will have blankets," thought Red Feather. He went home to sleep.

When morning came he got up early to get ready. He went to get his horse, saddled it up and sat down to wait. Sweetgrass started out; the other man went behind. After getting on his horse, Red Feather followed the men. He caught up with them when they reached the place where John Tootoos lives now. Sweetgrass said to Red Feather, "Young man, so you come to drink the buffalo milk too?" "Yes," he answered, "if you kill the calves, I want you to give me two hides. I want to have blankets for the winter." Sweetgrass said, "All right, you can have them." They went around the hill and rode to a small hill where Sidney Frank lives at the present time. When they came to the top of the hill they spotted someone lying down. Sweetgrass said "It's probably a Blackfoot sleeping. Go home, I will stay and watch him. It is a war party. It is a scout that overslept." He loaded his gun, he forgot to close
the barrel and the powder all spilled out. The other two went back home. He rode up the hill.

The Cree camp was so big it nearly filled the whole valley. Cut Knife looked around, and saw nothing. While sleeping he faced the other way. The brass he wore were shining brightly. His scope was sitting above his head. Sweetgrass rode up to the enemy. He should have walked and snuck up on him. Cut Knife was still fast asleep. He got off his horse and shot him. The gun made a loud noise. Cut Knife jumped up and ran into the nearby bush. He grabbed his scope and quickly loaded his gun. He sat down in a place where Adam lives now. The Sarcee came into view. Sweetgrass counted twenty-three men. One was ahead of the others and wearing the brass. "That must be Cut Knife," thought Sweetgrass. "I will find out." He fired at him, the man ran the other way. They were heading for a very difficult place. He fired at them again, they ran the other way. He was making them go where he wanted with his gun. They ran straight down where John Tootoosis is now living. "You are heading straight for the tipis," Sweetgrass called out to them. "You are a lying dog," somebody yelled back. He knew it was Cut Knife for he speaks a little bit Cree. He yelled again, "You are heading into the tipis." "You are a lying dog, tonight I am making all your best men cry," came the answer. "I am Cut Knife." Now Sweetgrass was positive. They ran straight for the hill. They stopped at the top of the hill and stood together. The people below saw them. Many of the Crees came to rescue Sweetgrass. When the Sarcee ran this way, he pulled up that way. They ran for the hill now called Cut Knife battle grounds. They ran across the field. Whenever they changed direction, Sweetgrass chased them the other way. The Cree lost them. Next time they spotted them they were heading toward the Sundance grounds. There were so many people on the flat, where the Sundance ground is now located. "You are heading into the tipis," Sweetgrass yelled again. This time there was no reply. They cut across the Sundance grounds into a big flat. They kept right on, heading for the flat. They will stop there and dig pits to fight from, Sweetgrass thought. Sure enough, the Sarcee piled up logs and started digging pits. By now people were all around them. Red Feather got ready and came where the people were gathering. While he was running he was crying and hoping God would help him to do something when the people all rush enemy he thought. His uncle caught up with him and said to him, "Come on nephew, jump up behind me," and away they rode. "You will have the woman you were crying for, my daughter to be." Red Feather didn't say anything. "Nephew, if we get here on time somehow. You jump into the pit and scalp. You give the scalp to the woman you yearn for. She said the man who does will have me," said his uncle. He thought his uncle wanted him to get killed. "I will do it uncle." He was armed with only a knife for he was a poor man. They approached the enemy from behind. They saw a man lying in the centre. There were two men beside the man. His uncle said, "One of them will jump into the pit for a scalp and get the woman for
himself. "He jumped off the horse and went where the three men were lying down. He lay down a little below them. One of the three looked at him and smiled. This man was a great warrior and very daring. The man said, "Oh, so you have come, too?" "I just arrived," Red Feather answered. The man told him, "The Sarcee nearly hit us at times. When the Crees jump up to fire, the Sarcee shoot at them. But no one was hit."

Red Feather said, "I am going to sing four songs, after the fourth I am going to jump into the pit." After his fourth song he jumped up and started running toward the enemy pit. "Cover for him and they try not to hit him," the Crees yelled. The Sarcee started firing at him but he kept jumping this way and that way. He jumped into the pit he saw Cut Knife sitting facing the other way. He rushed at him and grabbed the hair. He pinned him down. You could hear the sound of the Sarcee being scalped. The stench of their stomachs being cut open was overpowering. Red Feather would not let go of the hair. Some one yelled, "Try not to cut each other." He still had the hair of Cut Knife. My grandfather came running toward the men. "I jumped into the pit. I was going to say I jumped into an enemy pit, when we tell of our adventures in the annual Sundance," said my grandfather.

There is one part of the story I forgot to tell. When the Sarcee crossed the creek, one of them saw lots of people walking single file and he stayed behind. He stayed hidden till night and went home. He was the only one in the party of twenty-three that wasn't killed. There were twenty-two Sarcees killed. Red Feather jumped out of the pit and had a scalp. He said, "I just scalped the great Cut Knife." They saw the pieces of brass on the hair. The rest of the people went in to get booty. Souvenirs from the enemy.

Red Feather went to his uncle. The uncle said, "Nephew jump on the back of the horse and go home. Nephew, now I will have a daughter. There is a path leading down to the Sundance grounds. Here comes my daughter. Give her the scalp and say, "Here is the scalp you wanted. Find some use for it.' That is all you have to say to her. I will handle the rest," said his uncle. They met the woman. He jumped off his horse and said, "Here is the scalp of Cut Knife, if you have some use for it." The woman took it and started crying. After she finished crying, the woman said, "I will go back, and get something. That is what I said. The scalp is fresh." They went home. The people had not eaten yet. When they rushed the enemy, it did not take long to kill them all.

They went into his uncle's tipi. "Set the food out for our nephew. He killed Cut Knife. Our daughter is bringing the scalp home. Nephew, wash your face and comb your hair." He washed his face and combed his hair. After finishing his meal, his uncle said, "Nephew, what we said before happened." The door opened, the woman said, "I have come for you. I want you to come home." His uncle said, "Go, my nephew, go home." He went home with her. Now he had a wife. He went into her tipi; the scalp was already stretched and hung up. She set out food
before him to eat. He sat down. "You probably had nothing to eat yet. Our enemy came early." Now he was talking like a big warrior. He was still a poor man. After he finished eating he sat down to wait. The woman was putting her best clothes on and putting some red stuff in her cheeks. "Tonight you keep our tipi. I have been grieving for my husband for so long. Now you have avenged his death. You gave me sweet revenge. Now I am yours; you are my man. But I am going to celebrate for four nights. It's been so long since I had fun. It will also be the last time." So he sat looking after their tipi. She went where the people were dancing. A big victory dance. The woman sang beautiful victory dance. Red Feather waited four nights. The fourth night the woman came home and took her clothes off. "Now you own me," she said. Her late husband was a great warrior. He was always away on war parties. Red Feather never went anywhere. Now he would have to go. "I will be killed," he thought. "I will steal horses so I won't get killed."

That is what he did. People would say, "That's Red Feather, he's bringing back a lot of horses again." The Sarcee that escaped went home, and when he got home, he told cut Knife's father, "Don't expect cut Knife to come back. They were caught and the Crees killed them all." The father knew something went wrong when they were gone. When he made the fire, it died down. It wouldn't burn. cut Knife never came back. The place is called cut Knife's lookout point in Poundmaker's reserve.

THE END

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>BLACKFOOT INDIANS</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>2-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>BUFFALO</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-hunting of</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CEREMONIALISM</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-music</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CEREMONIALISM</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-smoking</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HORSES</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>5,6,9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-theft of</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>5,6,9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HUNTING</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>7,8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-small game</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>7,8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POWER</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>4,8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-from dreams and visions</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>4,8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>POWER</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-prophets, diviners</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STORIES AND STORYTELLING(GENERAL)</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-intertribal warfare</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>2-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WARFARE, INTERTRIBAL</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>2-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-accounts of</td>
<td>IH-064A</td>
<td>LONESINGER15</td>
<td>18</td>
<td>2-9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
-motives for  IH-064A  LONESINGER15  18  3,4