HIGHLIGHTS:

- Mr. Pooyak was born in 1919 on the Sweet Grass Reserve. He has worked as a trapper, farmer and carpenter. He is an excellent singer and storyteller. (For complete biography see IH-080, p.2)
- Story of the origin of the Sioux Dance.
- Story of Sliding Hill and how it came to have a deep depression down one side.
- Story of Drumming Hill.
- Story of an amusing encounter between a group of Indians and a Chinese man.

ORIGIN OF THE WAR DANCE (OR SIOUX DANCE) as told by Eli Pooyak

I will tell you yet another story. This story happened when this land of ours was still very beautiful; before strange people came to ruin this beautiful place.

This is a story of one of our ceremonies, which I am now beginning to see is being abused and ruined by ourselves, the Cree people.

As the story goes, it so happened that a Sioux boy was very sick. He was an only child. The father of this boy
called many medicine men to treat his son. He gave his best horses to the medicine men who worked on his boy. His wife also gave her best robes and blankets to the men who treated her son. Whenever they heard of a medicine man, they took their son to him. Sometimes it was a Saulteaux, or Stoney Indian. Nothing helped. The boy grew worse instead of better. The boy grew weaker and weaker, and he was also very thin.

It seemed no one had the power or the medicine to make him well again. At last he was so weak he could barely sit up by himself. All this time the people were moving about here and there.

After camp had been set up one day, the boy called to his father and said to him, "I am very weak and very sick, and I am a burden to you and the people. It is apparent I will not live very much longer. I get weaker every day. I would ask you and mother to leave me here. Leave me some food and water; leave them here where I can reach them. Although I do not care to eat much, but leave plenty of water so that I may drink when I get thirsty. I can't be with you much longer anyway. Think about it." The parents thought about it, sitting outside the lodge by the campfire. The husband asked the wife what she thought about it. After talking for a while the father said, "It is going to be a hard thing to do, leaving our son here to die. Because we love our son, let us grant him his last wish, let us show him our love."

Two days later, the camp crier could be heard shouting, "Hear this, everybody. Hear this. Today we move camp. Buffalo have been seen south of here. We will move our camp south so the boys can hunt buffalo." So the people prepared to move. The parents of the sick boy did likewise. Neither liked the idea of leaving their son, but the boy insisted he be left behind, telling his parents to go with the rest of the people. "I have not long to live," he told them. "See," he said, "I am weak, thin and very sick. I am about to die. You will be glad later that you left me here. It will be better than you watching me die."

Slowly and sadly, the parents of the sick boy prepared to leave, taking only their clothing and bedding. The tipi they would leave for their son to die in. Before they left, they dug stones and placed them around the lodge. The mother then got fresh water for her son, "Here is the water, my son," she said, "and here is dried meat, and some flaked meat and berries, in case, by some miracle you get hungry." The father then walked in and said, "The people have all gone. Only your mother and I are left." Then he shook his son's hand and the mother kissed her son. Then they left him.

As the sick boy lay in the tipi, he could hear for a long time the wailing of his parents, as they walked away to the south. Then he fell asleep. In his sleep he thought someone came to wake him up. It could have been a dream, or maybe it was what the white people today call a vision. We read in the Bible of prophets having a vision. The boy did not
know exactly what it was. "I have come to get you," said the stranger. "I am going to teach you something." "I am so sick I can hardly move," replied the boy. "I don't think I can get myself a drink of water, I am so weak, as you can see." "Ah, come on, try to get up," said the stranger. When the stranger said, "Come," the boy thought he had taken a hold of his hand. He found he could get up, and they went outside. It also seemed to the boy he was awake. Together they walked south, over a ridge.

They kept on walking to a very flat piece of land close to another ridge. "You wait here, young man," said the stranger to the sick boy. "Those who sent me should be here shortly." The boy sat down, as did the stranger, and waited. They did not wait long. They saw coming over the ridge south of them, three young boys. These boys were carrying something that the sick boy did not recognize. As he watched the three boys coming to the foot of the ridge, four more boys appeared on the ridge coming toward them. These four boys were dressed in a strange fashion. The sick boy had never seen such clothes before. Then the three boys who came over the ridge first, arrived where the boy and the stranger sat. The sick boy then noticed that they were carrying drums. He then looked to see the other four boys close by. He saw they were wearing headdresses. He did not know a headdress, or what it was made from. He had never seen one. The four boys were bare-legged and had on breechcloths. These boys also wore mink skin bands on their ankles, above their knees, on their wrists, and above their elbows.

Then the stranger said to the sick boy, "Now you watch very carefully, and listen very closely, although you will not forget what you see or hear." Then the boys with the drums began to sing. There were now four, because the one who went for the sick boy also sang. The other four boys then took their places; one to the south of the singers, one to the west, one to the north, and the other to the east. As the singers drummed and sang, the dancer on the east side danced forward toward the singer and back again. This he repeated four times. Then the one on the west did the same. Then the one on the north, and finally the one on the south, the same.

When they had finished, the stranger asked the sick boy, "Did you listen closely and learn the songs?" "Yes," replied the boy. "I have learned them and will not forget them." Then the whole procedure was repeated, starting with the boy on the west. This was repeated a third time and then a fourth time, to give the boys on the north and south a chance to dance. As the sick boy watched the four boys dance he marvelled at the ease and grace with which they danced. They were good dancers. When they had finished the stranger said to the sick boy, "Here is a dance and songs we want you to learn."

The singer sang again, this time a little slower. Then the dancers got up and began to dance. This time though, they danced in single file, around the singers. After dancing
around the drummer four times the four boys walked off apiece and sat down. "Did you learn the songs?" asked the stranger. "Yes, I did," replied the sick boy. The singers then sang four more songs while the dancers danced around them four times. Again the boy was asked if he had learned the songs, and he replied that he had. The stranger then told the sick boy he would never forget the songs he had heard.

Then he said to the boy, "When you perform this ceremony, look over there to the north." The boy looked; quite far away he saw women. "Do not let the women come too close to the dancing. They will bring you bad luck. You will never forget the songs you have heard because we have pity on you. We give you this ritual because you have suffered so much."

Then three of the drummers picked up their drums and walked off in the direction from which they came. They were followed very shortly by the four dancers. Then the stranger said to the boy, "Do you know what we are?" "No," replied the boy. Then the stranger laid down on the ground. As the sick boy looked where the stranger had laid down, he saw a cluster of tall bone grass waving in the breeze.

As he stared at the bone grass he heard the song the four boys had been singing coming from the bone grass. "It is a strange dream I am having," said the sick boy. As he said this, the stranger got up and said, "Now do you know us?" "Yes," replied the boy. "You are the bone grass." "Yes, we are the bone grass," said the stranger. "Now you will perform this ritual you have just seen when someone is sick, when all medicines have failed and there is no hope. This ritual will make them well again. You may go home now, and you will start to feel better and get stronger from now on."

Then the boy went back to his lodge. On arriving at his tipi, it was like he never left it; just like he never went anywhere. When he awoke next morning, he was hungry, so he ate some dried meat flakes his mother had left for him and had a drink of water. From that time on, he ate and drank often. After ten suns, he was able to get out of bed and walk around the inside of the lodge, while hanging on to the lodge poles. With plenty of good food and exercise, he was soon strong. When he felt his legs were strong, he decided to go home.

One day he left the lodge and followed the trail left by the band, who had left him to die. After travelling for some time he found his people, south of Stepping Hill, along the banks of a river. People were surprised to see him looking so well. He then told them what had happened. A long time afterwards, he used the ritual he had learned from the bone grass to help a sick man.

Afterwards, the Sioux War Dance has been performed by numerous people for the fun they could get out of it. It has been misused and abused. And that is the story of the Sioux War Dance as it has been told to me.
The Legend of Sliding Hill

This story I am about to tell you happened not too long ago because it is said that when this happened, there were strange people already on the east coast, also on the other side of the mountains to the west of us. I will try to tell it just the way my uncles, Atcheynum, and Chee-chee-qwayo told it to me many years ago. The time this happened no strange people were amongst us, therefore the land was still very beautiful, and clean. This is the story of Sliding Hill, and a little to the south were camped a band of Cree. Their lodges were many and they formed a huge circle. There were many men, young and old, also women and children and many young braves.

One evening, after the evening meal had been eaten by all, groups of boys were sitting and standing outside when one of them noticed, coming over a hill to the west of the camp, a stranger. My uncle used to tell the name of the boy who said, "We have a visitor. Wait! I'll go tell the chief." I have since forgotten the name of the boy. The boy went to the lodge of the chief. When he arrived he said, "Chief, are you at home?" "Yes," said the chief. "We have a visitor," cried the boy. "Who is he and where is he from?" asked the chief. "He is a stranger, and comes from the west," replied the boy.

Then the chief said, "Go and tell him to come to my lodge to eat, and to tell me the news. We have relatives in the west, perhaps he will bring us news from them." The boy then ran back, passing as he went, clusters of boys here and there. As he got close, he noticed the stranger was stark naked and was sitting cross-legged with his elbow on one knee and his chin in the palm of his hand. Not too close to the man, he stopped, and said, "I have a message for you from the chief. You are to come to the centre of the camp, to the chief's lodge. The chief invites you to eat and to tell him the news. No doubt you bring news from the west." The stranger just sat there and did not answer. The boy repeated the message a second time, then a third time, and finally he repeated the message a fourth time. Then he turned and started walking back, as he turned he could feel or hear the man get up and follow him. As they walked toward the lodge of the chief, men, women and children stood outside of their lodges to see them, and they saw he was naked. They all ducked into their lodges. Indians had and still have a great respect for the privacy of others. The boy and the stranger arrived at the lodge of the chief. "Are you at home, Chief?" called the boy. "I have with me the visitor you sent for."

"Send him in," replied the chief. The boy then opened the door of the lodge and motioned the visitor in. As the visitor entered the lodge the chief cried, "Welcome, relative!" Then he and his wife noticed the man was naked, they half turned to
avoid looking at him.

The chief, while the boy was out fetching the visitor, had spread out a beautiful robe for the visitor to sit on. This robe the man picked up, folded it neatly and put it to one side. He then sat on the bare ground. He sat the same way he sat at the hill, cross-legged, elbow on one knee and his chin in his hand. The chief said to his wife, "Our guest must be hungry. No doubt he has come a long way. Bring out your best food that he may eat. After he has eaten his fill, he may give us some news." The chief's wife then handed her husband boiled tongue, meat, and also stewed berries which the chief set before the visitor. "There you are," said the chief. "Eat your fill, you must be hungry." The stranger did not move, just sat there.

After a little while, the chief filled his pipe and had a smoke. "I do not think our guest would care for a smoke," he said to his wife. "He does not even care to eat." As the chief was finishing his pipe, the visitor moved the food away from him just a little. The chief then took the food away and gave it to his wife to put the food away saying, "He does not wish to eat." Then the chief said to the stranger, "My relative, you have come from the west. I would very much like to hear news from the west. My brother-in-law and other relatives are there too. If you have seen them tell us how they are." The visitor just sat there. He had not moved or uttered a word since he arrived in camp.

By now it was dusk, and was getting dark. The old lady said to the chief, "Let us now go outside, before going to bed." After they got back in the lodge, the stranger got up, and went outside. As the door closed behind him the chief said to his wife, "Bring me your best blanket, I will make a bed for our guest." The wife then handed her husband a very beautiful robe. The chief then took the first robe the man had folded, put the other robe there for him to cover with. Then they went to bed. In a short while the lodge opened and their guest walked in carrying a big arm full of sage brush. These he spread down on the bed that was made for him, and laid down on them. The chief and his wife had a very good sleep that night. They wondered if the stranger had anything to do with their having such a good sleep.

Very early the next morning, they were awakened by the cries of people outside. "Chief," they cried, "come outside and see." They got out of bed and noticed their guest was gone, his bed was empty. When they stepped outside, people were everywhere and everyone was looking at the top of Sliding Hill. On the very top of the hill the chief and his wife saw their guest standing facing east. His arms were outstretched and he was looking at the sky above him. If he was singing or praying or just talking the people did not hear him; the distance was too great being 400 or 500 paces away, or possibly a little further. The people were all surprised at the doings of this stranger who had come upon their camp. His hair was
shoulder length and very white, though they did not think he was very old. Also, his skin was very white.

In a little while the man turned around and sat down. He then slid down the hill in a great cloud of dust. So great was the cloud of dust, it was like the dust kicked up by white men when they work in the fields on a dry summer day. At the bottom, the stranger slid to a stop in an even greater cloud of dust. The people in camp did not see him for dust, but in a little while the stranger walked out of the dust. He walked straight south, walking on the west end of the Cree camp. As he walked by, the camp people once more ducked into their lodges to avoid looking at a naked man. The man kept walking south. The boys of the camp then climbed a hill east of Sliding Hill, and watched the man go away going straight south. They watched as the stranger became a small speck in the
distance and finally disappeared altogether. Later that forenoon, the chief ordered camp broken and a move was made to the west where buffalo had been seen. Buffalo hunts would be organized in preparation for another harsh winter on the prairie. Some boys and men went to see the place where this man slid. They found a deep depression the man had made, also where he stopped.

To this day this depression can still be seen. It is said that when a person was sick and all medical help failed, as a last resort these sick people would be carried to the top of Sliding Hill and pulled down on a buffalo robe on the depression made by the stranger. Many of them used to get well mysteriously. Nobody in recent years has gone to Sliding Hill to seek medical help. Before this stranger slid down the hill it was just an ordinary hill without a name. After the man slid down, it has been known as Sliding Hill.

So this is the story of Sliding Hill, as it was told to me many years ago by two very fine old men. Both, sad to say, have long since gone to the Happy Hunting Grounds where I am sure they are very happy. They have earned it.

The Legend of Drumming Hill

This happened a long time ago. This story I am going to tell, it was told to me by my uncle Chee-chee-quayo who used to say he was 13 at the time of the fight on Cut Knife Hill.

Like the story of Sliding Hill, this happened on Sweet Grass. This of course was not yet a reserve.

A band of Cree arrived north of Drumming Hill late one evening and prepared to make camp a little ways north of this hill. Beside was a good spring-fed creek. These people had come from a place called "Saki-Tawow," a place to the east where the Battle River joins the broad Saskatchewan River at the time
called "Kichi, Seepee." In those days people were scared of Drumming Hill because each night, soon after sunset, a strange drumming could be heard coming from the hill. Nobody would camp near this hill because of the drumming that could be heard accompanied by a weird singing. Many of those who camped there fled during the night.

This band of Cree, however, made camp north of the hill this night. In the evening, after camp had been set up, the young boys circled the camp on horseback singing songs. Later, that evening a 13 year old girl left the lodge of her parents and did not return. It grew later and darker. After a little while, the father said to his wife, "Go to my sister's lodge across the camp and see if our daughter is there. If she is not there go to the lodge of my other sister on the other end of the camp. Perhaps she is there and is afraid to walk home alone in the dark." So the mother of the lost girl went to the lodge of her sister-in-law. "Sister-in-law," she said to her, "your niece left the lodge some time ago and has not yet returned. I just thought she might be here." "She is not here and we did not see her," replied the sister-in-law. "She may be at the lodge of my sister's across the camp." The mother then went to the lodge of her other sister-in-law. "She has not been here," she was told, "but do not worry. She is a beautiful girl. You may have a son-in-law. You go home and have a good sleep. Do not worry."

When the woman got home without their daughter, the father said, "We will not worry, we will go to bed. I think we may have a son-in-law in the morning, we will see."

Very early next morning, the father of the lost girl went through the camp asking about his daughter. Nobody had seen her. He then went home and told his wife of his failure to find their daughter. "Perhaps the camp crier could help us find her," replied his wife. The father then went to the lodge of the chief in the centre of the camp. "Chief," he said, "our daughter left the lodge early last night and has failed to return. I want the young man who has her to bring her home or at least come forward and tell us so we may stop worrying and have peace of mind." The father then returned to his lodge. In a very short time the camp crier came riding down the row of lodges shouting, "Last night, so and so's daughter left her lodge and has not returned. Will the boy who has her bring her home, or go tell her parents as they are worried. Do not be ashamed, young man. Whoever you are, take the girl to her lodge and explain to her parents." Twice the camp crier circled the camp shouting the same thing, but nothing happened. Nobody came forward.

After waiting a while the father went back to the chief's lodge. He now told the chief he would like help in finding his daughter. The chief once again gave instructions to the camp crier. Once more the camp crier circled the camp on horseback shouting, "Young men, all young men, listen carefully. All you young men who have riding horses, the chief wants you all in
the centre of the camp near his lodge. Bring your horses with you. The chief wants to speak to you." In a very short time the boys had caught their horses and were in the centre of the camp waiting for what the chief had to say. All the boys were there, all accounted for, no one was missing. This is what the chief said to the boys, "You have no doubt heard the camp crier. A girl is missing. I want you all to fan out and look for her. Also, look closely for tracks, maybe we had Blackfoot visitors last night. If so they could have killed her or she may be hurt and lying somewhere. It is also possible they have taken her with them. Go now and search." At the time this happened the land was all prairie. There was no bushes or trees; only here and there were a few berry bushes. The reason for that is when bushes tried to grow, the buffalo would eat them up before they got too big. The boys searched all day without any luck. When the sun was low in the west the boys began arriving at the camp. Having found no trace of the girl, one by one and two by two they arrived in camp and reported to the chief their fruitless search. The chief later walked over to the lodge of the missing girl's parents. Outside the lodge the chief called the name of the girl's father, as was the custom in those days.

"Are you home?" he asked. "Yes, we are home," came the reply. "I do not bring you good news," said the chief. "The boys who have searched all day for your daughter have had no luck. Tomorrow they will search again. Do not give up hope; tomorrow they may have better luck."

Before sunrise the next morning, the camp crier could be heard shouting. "Young men, you are to continue the search today. Do not give up hope, you are to search further from camp today." All day long, the search was in vain. Late evening found them riding into camp, reporting to the chief of their failure to find any trace of the girl.

A man was sent to inform the parents accordingly. After sitting a while, apparently thinking the matter over, the father of the lost girl said, "Our only hope now would be a medicine man. Old lady," he said to his wife, "get me my gun, also my best buffalo robe and my mouse-colored horse, the one that chases buffalo." Then carrying the gun, robe, and also a suit of hair clothes and leading their best horse, the parents of the lost girl went to the lodge of the medicine man. The father called the medicine man by name when they arrived. "Are you at home?" he called. "Come on in," replied the medicine man. The couple tied their horse outside and entered the lodge of the medicine man. The father laid the robe, gun and the suit of hair clothes beside the medicine man. Then he placed both hands on the head of the medicine man and cried for his lost daughter. After he had cried, he said, "As you know, my daughter is lost. I have come to you for help. If you can tell me where she is or how she died, I will be satisfied. For you, I have brought my best horse, also a gun, a hair suit and a robe. I loved my daughter. I hope you will be able to help
me."  The medicine man then sent a boy away saying, "Go lad, tell the boys who sing for me to come at once and to bring their drums."  When the boys arrived, a pipe was lit and passed over sweetgrass smoke.  Then all present had a smoke.

After the smoking, the medicine man said, "Now darken the lodge, I will see if I can track the girl.  You boys get your drums and sing them songs you always sing."

They then sang while the old man held his rattle.  Twice the boys sang, then the medicine man said, "That will be all.  Stoke the fire so we may have some light."  Then he turned to the parents of the lost girl, "Hay! Hay! Hay!"  he said, an Indian expression of sorrow.  "Your daughter has been taken by the one who lives at Drumming Hill.  He cheated her into going with him.  I am sorry but we will never see your daughter again."  That was it, the parents of the girl left the lodge to go home.  They cried all the way home for the daughter they loved and whom they would never see again.  When they arrived home, the mother undid her hair, an Indian sign of mourning.  Early the next day, camp was moved away to the west.  After this had happened, no more drumming or weird singing was ever heard again from this hill.  I hope I have told this story the way my uncle told it to me when I was very young and he was very old.

The people today still call it Drumming Hill.

The Story of the Chinaman

I will now tell one of my grandfather's stories.  His name was He Shoots a Gopher.  He was my father's father and he was a Stoney Indian.

This happened when the iron road was being built by the white men.  At the time, working somewhere west of the present town of Swift Current, four of us, three of my friends and myself, rode south from the Eagle hills where we were camped to hunt coyotes.

Coyotes at the time were numerous.  These animals were a predatory beast and were a threat to ranchers and cattlemen.  Someone, therefore, was forced to pay a bounty on coyotes.  Some money could be made hunting them.

As many people did, we came upon the iron road somewhere west of where Swift Current was later built and we followed them west from a safe distance.  North of the tracks, riding over the crest of a hill, we could see to the west a cluster of pointed tents.  There were many of them.  Riding still further west we came upon many white men working.  There were so many, they were like flies.  These men were the railway builders.  They were pounding away at things and doing many other things.  After watching them for a time we rode back from where we had
come.

We again came close to the pointed tents. We rode close
to these tents where there was a creek with some willows close
by and rested our horses and had a drink at the creek.

While our ponies grazed by the willows we rested in the
shade. The day was hot. While we lay in the shade someone
noticed somebody was coming to get water from the creek. With
us was a boy named Spy Glass. Spy Glass said at once, "See
that woman coming to get water?"

"That is not a woman," said another man. So these two
argued back and forth for some time. "It is a woman," said Spy
Glass, "See her braid behind her head." Finally the two agreed
to make a small bet, to see who was right. Spy Glass agreed to
bet his horse, his gun, and a blanket. They were betting to
see if the person they saw was a woman.

The other man said, "I can not bet you the horse I am
riding for she doesn't belong to me and I have no gun. But
if it turns out that person is a girl, like you say she is, you
can marry my sister. As you know, I have a very beautiful
sister."

"It is a bet," cried Spy Glass. "Go now and lay in the
tall grass beside the creek and grab her next time she comes
for water and bring her here so that we may determine the sex
of this person," he told one of those guys. This guy waiting
in the tall grass did not have long to wait for apparently it
was washday. She was back for more water, in less than one
smoke. After filling up the buckets with water she turned to
go. The guy in the grass went into action before she could
turn to see what was the noise behind her. The guy had an arm
around her waist and one hand over her mouth and he half
dragged and half carried her to the clump of willows where the
other guys were waiting.

Three strong braves held her while Spy Glass removed the
trousers. To his dismay it turned out to be a man.

So Spy Glass lost his horse, his gun, and his Hudson's Bay
blanket. Also he did not get to marry his friend's beautiful
sister.

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>BUFFALO</td>
<td>IH-073</td>
<td>POOYAK 5</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-hunting of</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CEREMONIALISM</td>
<td>IH-073</td>
<td>POOYAK 5</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-music</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CEREMONIALISM</td>
<td>IH-073</td>
<td>POOYAK 5</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-right to participate</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CEREMONIALISM</td>
<td>IH-073</td>
<td>POOYAK 5</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-smoking</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
CEREMONIES
- Sioux Dance (Cree) IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 2-5
CEREMONIES
- acquisition of IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 2-5
CLOTHING AND PERSONAL ADORNMENT
- mourning IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 11
DANCES AND DANCING
- acquisition of IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 4,5
DEATH
- mourning IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 11
DISEASE AND ILLNESS
- attitudes toward IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 2
GAMES
- gambling IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 12
HORSES
- as gifts IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 2
MEDICINE AND CURING PRACTICES
- rituals IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 5,8
MEDICINE MEN AND WOMEN
- payment for IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 2,10
MEDICINE MEN AND WOMEN
- powers of IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 11
NAMES (PLACE)
- origins of IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 5-8,8-11
NON-INDIANS
- Chinese IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 11,12
NON-INDIANS
- first contact with IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 11,12
POWER
- from dreams and visions IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 3,4,5
SIOUX INDIANS
IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 2-5
SOCIAL ORGANIZATION
- camp IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 2,9,10
SONGS AND SINGING
- acquisition of IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 4,5
SPIRITS
- spirit helpers IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 3

INDEX TERM IH NUMBER DOC NAME DISC # PAGE#

STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL)
- landscape features IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 5-8,8-11
STORIES AND STORYTELLING (SPECIFIC)
- origin of the Sioux Dance IH-073 POOYAK 5 19 2-5

PROPER NAME INDEX

PROPER NAME IH NUMBER DOC NAME DISC # PAGE#
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Code</th>
<th>Plot</th>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Week</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Drumming Hill, Sask.</td>
<td>IH-073</td>
<td>POYAK 5</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>8-11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sliding Hill, Sask.</td>
<td>IH-073</td>
<td>POYAK 5</td>
<td>19</td>
<td>5-8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>