- Describes horse stealing parties he was on. Many of our Cree were on foot, only a few had horses. Those on foot scattered into the bush. Those who had horses tied them up and laid them in the grass. They lay there all day. Just one of the Cree pushed on with three of the horses. He went to the place where they said they would all meet again. We had arranged to wait there for two days before going on. One by one they came there and found each other. Only two didn't come -- my partner and myself.

The Crow had killed three Cree. One of the attendants, nitecakinigimiciaun, and two very brave young men were killed. One of these was killed immediately. One was shot through the arm and kept on fighting. His rifle stuck. It took them a long time to kill him. He chased them off with a knife but was killed from behind with a club. We were told this by the Crow many years later.
There also were three who were missing and unaccounted for. To this day we do not know what happened to them. Some whites -- Americans -- were hunting buffalo near there and they might have killed these three. Only three horses had been taken from the Crow by the others and with our seven it made ten in all. Years later we became acquainted with the man from whom we had stolen the seven horses. He told us that he had heard us doing it but he was all alone with his wife then and so he couldn't do anything. If he had been brave he could have killed the two of us. Had he shot one, the other would have run away. He was a coward and that is why we got away with the horses. Thirty-one Cree had started out from home. Only twenty-five came back.

The next time I went out the leader was ona-gataiwau "Coming Over a Hill." He was a namihkiyinu -- East Indian. There are just three of us alive who were on that trip -- Standing Horn at Poundmaker Reserve, my brother and my cousin in Montana. There were twenty-eight out on that trip. We didn't go out for a fight but just to get horses, but we know that if the enemy caught us there would surely be a fight. We went out to get horses from the Sioux or from the (?), "Cree Talkers."

The leader of the trip was known to be a great liar. On the fourth night out he offered a pipe and asked for luck. Then he starts to sing. Then he knows what is going to happen from day to day, until we get to the enemy camps. He'll find out all that. That terrible liar when he says something that he has found out from his dream -- it comes true.

I went out scouting again and came very close to where the Mud House people were. It was a bright moonlit night. Our leader had said that the first bunch that we came upon would not be enough. If we went on a little farther east we would have more than enough. But we would do something at the first encampment which would bring bad luck.

I came up close to the first camp. We were close to the place where the leader had told us that we would have more than enough horses. But we had come a long way and we were tired. I told my partner, "I am going to get some horses here. I am tired of walking." There were many horses there.

At night we went up. One of our party followed the two of us wherever we went and he came along. We saw three horses tied up and made for them. When we were out of the bush a little dog barked at us. I just went right up to a horse that was tied to a tipi door; it was a roan. My partner came up to get a black. The little dog quit barking and went into the tipi. The fellow who followed us got a little pinto that was tied up to a tipi. Among the tipis of the Cree Talkers, there were some tents. We got out of sight with the three horses. I gave a cut mare that was very fat to my brother.

Another fellow got a fat moose-colored horse after we got back.
There were a lot of horses but our fellow couldn't find them because they were hidden some place. At last they came upon two mules and a horse that were hobbled. That was all they brought home, seven head.

I went out with another leader, mahe-hkau-icis, "Little Wolf." His feet were cut off (frozen?). We went against the Peigan. We reached the place where we had been with Iron Child and went a little west to the Cut Rock River. We found them camped on a flat in the bend of a river. The moon was dark. I went up to a tipi with another fellow and took two pintos and one gray from the door. There were many horses tied to tipis, most of them pintos. Our partners came up from another side of the band.

I don't know who took horses first, those others or ourselves. I think they took them first and left the leader. But we ran off and ran all night. The next day they caught up to us. I shot one down but I was riding so fast that I couldn't stop. My partner took the scalp, belt, everything. My partner had taken three horses from the camps but they were not very good. But the fellow I shot down was riding a good horse. We each took a scalp from each side of his head. My partner was of the River people -- he was paipwat's father. I think the Peigan were afraid of us.

After we had this little fight, we ran on. We came up a hill and saw some horses with saddles. We thought they belonged to Blackfeet and took them. But some men yelled at us and it turned out that they were of our party and had gone ahead of us. We brought home the scalps and the horses. The others had taken the horses that were outside the line of the camps and they were not much good. We got the best horses.

I went with another war party. Day Thunder was the leader. He had just married my sister. The berries were ripe already then. We were looking for the Sioux. There were five of us. We found a Sioux camp. Day Thunder had been scouting through his dreams and he was afraid of this bunch. He was told not to tackle them. We went around these and on to another camp. This is where I was most scared in all my life. I and my brother went ahead to look where Day Thunder had seen the enemy camp in his dream. We looked from hill to hill but there was none there. It was getting late and we went back. He took our party to a valley but couldn't find them before night. In the morning we started out and looked for their tracks again. But we couldn't find the three others. The two of us carried water in a buffalo paunch but we ran out of it. We didn't know what to do.

We followed up the creek bed that day and the next night and found more and more water. The other three had gone down the creek while we were going up the creek. They found water. Close to where the creek joined a river there was a bush and they slept there. Their heads were toward a buffalo trail.
Now before our party had set out, another bunch of Cree had gone out before us. They struck this same bunch of Peigan. There were three of them, one was a little deaf. Two of them went around one side of the camp and the deaf man went around the other side alone. The two heard some Peigan talking and fled. The deaf man couldn't hear them and so walked right up to where the enemy was talking. They chased him but he was a very fast runner and got away.

Meanwhile we were coming down the creek still looking for our three partners. The Peigan who were chasing the deaf man saw us and ran after us. We ran until we came to a big hole that had been used by a bear or a timber wolf. We had only one gun. I put my brother in the hole and I sat outside to fight off the Peigan. The hole was so big that he could sit upright in it. I fought them off all day. As they came up, one by one, I shot them. Finally they gave up and went back. I asked my brother if he had been frightened. He replied "no" but in a very low voice. During the fighting I had taken off all my clothes and had only my breechclout on.

Then I said to my brother, "Do you know what you are wearing around your loins?" He said nothing. I said, "I know what this breechclout is for. I am a man. Our father is dead and so we will go back for more fighting." Only once before had it ever happened that a man went back to the enemy camp after fighting them off all day.

While I had been fighting the Peigan, back near their camp our three partners were sleeping. An old man happened to see them and raised the alarm. In the Peigan camps there were only old men left since all the others were out after me. But the old men thought that they would have an easy time with just three Cree. But one of the Cree had a big rifle and he picked off several of the old men at a distance. They got scared and retreated.

When we got back to the enemy camp, there were three rows of mud houses and two tipis. I heard a stallion call from the direction of the houses. I thought that it must be in the shadow of the houses and I crept up. A man came out of a house to urinate. I stooped down and pretended to be defecating. He went back in the house without saying anything.

I ran back to my brother and said that we would go back to find some place to sleep. I had heard that they kept the horses right in the mud houses and so I planned to get the horses during the day.

While looking for a hiding place we found twelve fat horses hobbled in a little valley. We unhobbled them. We ran for two days and nights. On the third day we killed a buffalo but we just cut out a few strips of meat and tied them to the saddle. We didn't want to lose any time.

The first enemy camp that we had come to on our way out, the
one Day Thunder had circled around, was moving as we came past. We thought that we had avoided them but instead we had gone right to where they had moved. They chased us. We were going around the shore of a little lake. Instead of keeping right on the shore, we made a sudden turn into the hills and in that way lost them. I brought twelve horses home.

When I got back, I told the whole story. The chiefs said that I was only the second man to go back after an all-day fight. They took me to be worth the highest in the Rattler's Tipi. Even among the big chiefs I would be called in to eat before some of the biggest chiefs. And a chief couldn't go between me and the fire but would have to go around me. Since that time I was the head one in the Rattler's Tipi until the whites came and put an end to it all. The big chiefs had done much in front of the people that was worth high but what I had done, none of them had.

Often the Blackfeet would come and shoot at us in the night. What deeds a man did then did not count because there was nothing to show for it. Sometimes when we were scattered hunting buffalo, the Blackfeet would attack. Many times high worthy men would be killed in these attacks. But after we got the long rifles there were hardly any more battles because both sides were afraid of being killed from a long distance. (Note this final quirk in the history of the gun.)

Once we went on a hunting trip and camped with the squaws and children. One old man told us that we should not camp where we were butchering the meat. We tied our horses. That night the Sioux came and shot at us. One child was wounded in the leg and ankle, another in the knee. A man was grazed along the back. He was out of his mind and crawled around on his hands and knees. When we came up to where they were shooting from, they had all run away.

In the morning one of our men was missing. We found his body nearby. We could tell from the moccasins and clothes that were lying around that the Sioux had attacked us. We saw a dead Sioux lying on a bank. When the young fellows saw him they all started to climb up the bank and in their eagerness to get the scalp first, pulled each other down. Meanwhile one boy climbed around and got there from the top of the bank and scalped the dead man. He had on a brand new blanket coat and had been wounded in the face and breast. I don't think we had killed him. He may have been accidentally shot by one of his own people or it may have been that the Sioux were fighting amongst themselves over the horses. The Sioux never came in for a fair open fight but would pick us off one by one.

Once when the buffalo were going out, we were on one side of the Peigan River and the Peigan were on the other side. Neither side would attack the other because both had long range rifles. But when the Peigan would see one man alone, they would shoot him. I saw much of this kind of sniping but I never did any nor did I ever get hurt that way.
That is the end of my story.

<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>HORSES</td>
<td>IH-DM.40A</td>
<td>FINE DAY #1A</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>2-5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-theft of</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WARFARE, INTERTRIBAL</td>
<td>IH-DM.40A</td>
<td>FINE DAY #1A</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-accounts of</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>