HIGHLIGHTS:

- Describes punishment for violation of hunting code.
- Describes selection and duties of ceremonial officers.
- Describes use of buffalo pounds.

When a herd of buffalo was sighted the men ride out. The ogihtcitau ukima rides ahead holding up his gun. When he drops it, the riders begin the chase. The horses were so trained that when they saw the buffalo it was very hard to hold them. Sometimes a man just couldn't hold his horse and would be carried on past the leader. Everybody saw that it was not his fault that he couldn't control the horse.

But when the ogihtcitau get home they yell and shout. They punish the chief of the man who lost control, not the man himself. If the chief were a good, kind chief (this was seldom done), he would fill a pipe and go out leading his best horse and holding good cloth. He meets the ogihtcitau and says, "Here is a pipe -- you can smoke it. Here are cloths
and a horse. Hold on a minute until the children leave the
tent." Then he goes away. His women and children go off
leaving everything in the tipi.

The ogihtcitau sit down and take the pipe. One of them who has
better horses than the one offered takes the pipe -- those who
do not have better horses do not smoke. He is the first one to
slash the tipi. Then he tells a story of when he was the first
to strike an enemy tent. As he strikes he says, "The Blackfoot
then was worth as much as this chief." Then all the Worthy Men
go and tear up everything -- even their cooking utensils. They
destroy all the robes and even the poles of the tipi.

Four nights later there is much yelling and firing of guns and
they all get together again. Then the ogihtcitau ukimau or the
aimihito ukimau -- Daring Chief -- would say, "Now we've had
this man living out in the open long enough." This would be
said in their own tipi which was called ogihtcitau ukamik, or
(illegible Indian word) (2 tents joined together and open in
the middle), or wewahtahckan -- Combination Tipi.

Then the man who took the first slash brings his best horse,
one that is faster than the one he got from the chief. Another
Worthy Man brings a newer and bigger tipi cover than the one
that was destroyed. Others bring good guns and bows and arrows
and a phtatawau -- quiver. The wives of the ogihtcitau furnish
bedding, robes, and wooden bowls. They bring the two kinds of
kettles -- the brass and the tin-plated. The women bring these
tings to the ogihtcitau ukamik.

Then the Criers go about the camp announcing, "So and so is
doing a very nice thing today for his braveness and kindness."
Then they call in the chief whose tipi was torn. They give him
the horse -- a better one than he had given -- and all the
goods worth more than those he had lost. They get paid much
more than they had had because of their good-heartedness. Some
men got mad when the ogihtcitau tore their tipis and they did
not get anything back. I know it because I have done that
myself.

Even if a man would deliberately ignore the ogihtcitau orders,
his chief would be punished -- not the actual culprit. This
might even be done to Sweet Grass if one of his workers broke
the law. If one of Sweet Grass's horses was hard to hold, two
men would hold the bridle so that the occasion never arose.

Sweet Grass always had several workers or servants around his
tipi. They would be boys who had no parents and who were
brought up by old women. As soon as they thought that they
were old enough to handle horses, they would go and beg Sweet
Grass to let them work for him. His people were all
cipiwiyiniwuk. He had his own band. It took very good people
to follow Sweet Grass. When one of them killed a buffalo they
gave part to the chief. When one of his workers killed a
buffalo, they brought it in and divided the meat all around.
The men who were better off furnished the poorer ones with
food. In Sweet Grass's band there always were some widows and orphans. When the horses would come in loaded with meat, Sweet Grass's wife would simply lead the horse in front of the widow's tipi and dump the fattest meat there.

A man could choose whatever chief he pleased to follow. But large bands did not have good luck in hunting so the people would settle in small bands of about ten tipis. At a Sundance each chief would say when he was going to hunt in the following season.

The Criers:

These were men who were too old to do any more fighting. They would be paid much by the chief and got much power from him. If a widow needed clothing she would come and ask the chief for some. If the chief were not at home, his Crier might take any thing from his tipi and give it to the widow. They were given many things when they assumed the office and from then on they were well-dressed. If any of the Worthy Men saw that the Criers needed some article of clothing, they would give it to them. They were called oca-kitestamakeu -- Criers. There would be two in a camp. They would call out the news if the enemy were near.

There also were ote-pwe-sta-ma-keu, "Callers." When the chief wanted to call men to his tipi he would tell this Caller and he would stand outside the tipi and call the men in order of their rank.

These Criers always slept in the ogihtcitau ukamik. They were men who had been Worthy Men but were too old and could not surpass other younger men any more. Sometimes there would be a meeting to choose the Criers and these older Worthy Men would not know that they were being chosen. If they got wind of it they would go out for it was a hard job and they would be afraid to take it. It was a hard job because if there was a madman in camp with a gun, wanting to kill somebody, the Criers would have to go up and disarm him. They were always the first two men to straighten out things. They would have no say in the ogihtcitau meeting.

Before I was married I was at a meeting of kihtco-ckinigiu. With us were ka-man-tco-mau, "Thunder Grasper", (illegible Indian word), "Moving Spirit," and koudjih. We were all Worthy Young Men. They were talking about the men who should be chosen as Criers and I didn't know that we would be involved. There were many there. There was a dance that night. The two who were to be chosen as Criers were sitting in their places near the chief, according to their rank.

During the dance one chief got up and made a speech about how he had saved two Cree from getting killed on two different occasions, how he dragged a wounded man from the Blackfoot to the Cree side. When he gets through he takes one of the older ogihtcitau by the arm and leads him in front of the singers. He does the same with another one. Then everybody got up and
danced in their places. Then the chief took me by the arm and led me from my place nearer the door to one of the places vacated by the older man. I was wearing the red flannel leggings that we wore then and a good blanket. I took them off and gave them to the man whose place I had taken. The other ogihtcitau gave things to the two men. When the two think that they have been paid enough they begin to talk and say, "That is enough, my friends. I thank you very much for what you have given to me. Don't let me yell too long for any of you when I have to call. Let me call only once and then come. To Young Worthy Man who is taking my seat I will be as a child. Let him not be ashamed to send me anywhere he likes -- for water or for wood. I will do the work as best I can. I will try to be kind to you and try to be kind to me." The other newly appointed Crier says the very same thing.

When they have done talking the old men who pray get the pipe again. At that time his name was maskawatik. Before anyone went out he said to us, "Your home and possessions are not your own from now on. You cannot say they are yours. From today on, these two old men are the Criers of your goods. Only your wives are really your own. If a poor person comes for help and you are not at home, these men may give away your goods. That is enough of that -- there is another matter. From today on you have to look after all the people. If their moccasins are torn you must supply new ones. Any clothing you have you must give to those who come for help and need it. If you see an old person stranded while the camp is moving, you must get off your horse and put him on. Then the horse is his. Also give him a handful of powder and five bullets."

That is what the old man told us. I never gave a horse in this way because I never happened to find an old person left in this way. But I did give away a lot of clothing. Once I was moving across to Little Pine. I came upon an old lady left alone in a shack. I had only a team and wagon but I picked her up and brought her to where we were moving. She was so lousy you could see the lice crawling all over her. My wife took all her clothes and my blanket and gave them to her. My wife combed her and brought the old woman to her son’s place.

I have seen all this myself.

Buffalo Pounds:

I'll tell you about pounding buffalo. The pound was about thirty feet in diameter. We used logs about sixteen inches. We piled up all kinds of sticks and all sizes of logs and packed them down as well as we could. The gateway would be about the length of a log. There was an inclined runway for the buffalo to enter. Extending from each side of the gateway there was a fence. It was simply made of thin logs lashed across trees. This fence was curved near the gate so that the buffalo had to turn before running inside. This pound was always made in the bush and always in the wintertime.
If the buffalo were far away the young men awoke in the night and went out to the herds. They surround them and drive them by hitting their folded robes on the snow, thus making a loud report. When the snow is deep, the young men use snowshoes and run behind the buffalo, but not too close. As the buffalo get tired they string out and some of them stop at intervals. Then they hit the snow again and the herd closes in. Many buffalo going along make a deep trail in the snow so we take off our snowshoes and run in that trail.

The fence leading out of the pound is called a-kanikan. Where it ends, we bend over saplings and bushes and tie them around and stick them in the snow leaning inward -- one wing funnelling out from each fence. In the middle we place another row of them but point them inward, toward the corral. These are called kis-kas-ta-gau.

When the sun is up a rider on a good running horse goes out on a hill to watch for the incoming herd. Other watchers go out on foot. The rider is called omaka-kama-keu. When he sees the buffalo coming he rides out to help drive them in. It takes a man that know how to do this.

When the brush is cleared off for the pound, one or two trees are left standing in the centre with their branches intact. They are called tawe-skatcima-tcik.

Beside the corral there is a big tipi which has but one fireplace. As long as the pound is in use, the old men live in that tipi and sing every night, i.e. they keep it up until spring. In the tipi there is a buffalo skull and many offering cloths. One eagle bone whistle is always in use. There are always four dishes full of berries in this tipi.

Before the young men go out for the buffalo they go into this tipi. There each blows the whistle in turn. The old men tell the boys to sit down and give them a meal of berries. Then the old men offer a pipe asking that they may have good luck. When this is done the young men go out.

Under the gateway there is a buffalo head facing inward. On each side of the fence little hiding places of boughs are placed.

The tunnel was purposely built in a curved form so that after the leading buffalo went in, all the rest followed and were not able to stop. The men in the hiding places would pop out and wave their blankets and so speed up the herd.

When the buffalo are in the pound, the old man in charge takes off his clothes (except for breechclout), goes to the pound and sings his dream song, accompanying himself with a rattle. He says, "Crow, they are butchering now. Rat Tail, they are skinning now." These are the buffalo songs.

Some of those who are butchering have the job of taking the fat from around the heart of each carcass. As they do so they cry.
Meanwhile the little boys in the camp undress and go in among the carcasses that are being butchered. They grab the guts of the buffalo and throw them on the trees standing in the pound -- as they do this they say "Kahk," imitating crows.

When they are finished they go out and call to the little girls to haul wood for the pound tipi -- pihtigchauikamik. The old man goes back to there and the heart fat and tongues are brought in and hung up on a stick. The little boys get washed up and then they and the little girls come to the big tipi. Each boy gets a tongue and each girl some heart fat. The old men sit and pray that the children may be lucky. The two young men that went out for the herd get the fattest buffalo. Inside the pound the animals are all killed with bows and arrows, only very seldom are guns used. When the animals are milling around with the arrows sticking in them a young man may jump in the pound and pull out the arrows. Then they belong to him.

This pound I am talking about was made by Solomon's grandfather, his name was ciki-tumya -- "Skunk Skin." The pound was north of the North Saskatchewan and was called Sand Pound. Only a man who had the dream power could make one. There also was one just north of Carruthers, one at Sliding Hill -- just northwest of the farm instructor's place, another just south of Prongun (?) at Round Flat. Each of these was made by a different old man. The pound was made for one season only. The next year one would be made at a different place. The entrance always faced to the east.

As the little boys were throwing the buffalo guts around, the idea was that they were crows. They also imitated timber wolves who also are scavengers. The "Rat Tail" of the old man's buffalo song meant the timber wolf. This occurred only when there were quite a few people camped around the pound. When there were only a few, the pound tipi was not put up and the little boys did not go into the pound.

Both men and women skinned the animals. The man who took out the heart fat had to have special dream power. After the hunters, the very poor and the widows got the choice of the meat. When the ogihtcitau tipi was up they got a fat buffalo.

It often happened that the buffalo would come into the pound late at night and they could not be killed until morning. Robes would be stretched over the entrance. Then all the men who can sing buffalo songs would go into the pound tipi and sing all night. They yell for the young girls to dress up in their best clothing and the young men too and they call to all to come and see the buffalo killed.

The buffalo songs had to be obtained through dreams. But they often were passed on and taught to others. Thus if an old man is about to die he will teach his songs to a young man. For that the young men will give him clothes. I have done that myself.
Buffalo pounds were never made in the south where there was no bush.

I have seen myself that the Hudson's Bay Company would take good hunters for chiefs. The only place we used to go to to trade was Pihoma-u -- Carlton. On one trip there I saw the chief nape-ckic, "Wet Pants," being welcomed. When he came inside they shot off a lot of guns. The people said, "That is the Hudson's Bay Company shaking hands with nape-ckic."

The Hudson's Bay posts were all fenced around. There would be a guardwalk along the palisades and a blockhouse in each corner.

Nape-ckic brought in a whole bunch of furs. When he came out he wore a chief's coat with gold braid, a pair of red flannel pants, a tall beaver hat and he carried a barrel of whiskey, and powder and shot and other goods. He came to his camp and distributed all the things he had. There were many there who were not really of his band but he gave everything he had away until he was left only with the new clothes he wore. That was the way of the Hudson's Bay Co.; they would take the best hunters for chiefs.

Nape-ckic saw that the men were getting very drunk and beginning to make trouble. He gave the barrel of whiskey to one of the Worthy Men and told him to pass the drinks out only to those who were not too drunk.

We camped there for quite a while and traded for many days. When it was over nape-ckic got a good gun and a lot of tobacco and powder from the Hudson's Bay Co. After nape-ckic and Iron Crow were both dead, Sweet Grass used to go over the Carlton and the Hudson's Bay Company did the very same thing with him.

Note: Here I asked Fine Day if the Hudson's Bay Company was instrumental in making Sweet Grass a big chief. He laughed at the idea that the company should be able to elevate an Indian to chieftainship. Thus he flatly contradicted the evident import of some of his previous statements on this point.

After we had settled here, the Hudson's Bay Company would give Sweet Grass powder and shot to divide amongst the people. He would get two wagonloads of goods every year and instead of giving it out he would sell it to his people.

One spring he went to Carlton and then went far to the south where the buffalo were going. His brother-in-law came into his tipi and as he was sitting there he began to examine a revolver that was around. Sweet Grass was reclining on a back rest. The revolver accidentally went off and killed him.

We found out that Sweet Grass had been selling the goods which were supposed to be given out, when we found out that Star Blanket and other chiefs divide the two loads every year.
I have never heard of Cree selling goods to other tribes. There was a Soto chief far in the east, pas-kwauw, who divided his goods -- and that is how I found that Sweet Grass had deceived us.

### PROPER NAME INDEX

<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>SWEET GRASS</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>3,8,9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### 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-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>5,6,7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-hunting of</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>5,6,7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CEREMONIALISM</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>3,4,5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-officers</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>3,4,5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHIEFS AND CHIEFTAINSHIP</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-clothing</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CREE INDIANS</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>2-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-memories of old people</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>2-9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>2,3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-hunting code, violation of</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>2,3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY (H.B.C)</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-Indians, policies re</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SOCIETIES</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>2,3,4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-Worthy Men (Cree)</td>
<td>IH-DM.41</td>
<td>FINE DAY #2</td>
<td>135</td>
<td>2,3,4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>