Today I finished up Dr. Herzog's questionnaire. The following are answers to the questions.

Deer hooves were used as rattles on the staff held by the leader in the Wigigoka-ncimiwiu. The staff is encased in hide and the hooves are strung along the side and also bunched at the top. The staff is thumped on the ground.

Very few clothes had deer hooves attached and then they were bunched on the shoulders. Mostly used by the Stonies.

The rattle cicigwau is not a plaything but is used for doctoring. It is not used in dances, except in the Rattle tipi where a special kind of small rattle is used. There are no gourd or turtle shell or any kind of rattle used except...
The regular cicigwau is made thus: two pieces of hide are placed one on top of the other and cut in this way (see original for diagram). Then they are sewn around with sinew and then filled with dirt to give them shape. Then they are hung out to dry. Before the hide is dry it is painted. When dry, dirt is shaken out and handle inserted in neck (does not go through) and tied around with antelope saganapi. Inside those rattles that are not painted we put the kernels from the seeds of the red willow, and little stones. Those that are painted are hung up outside the tipi with nothing put in. They are hung up outside the tipi and when the wind blows it rattles but we don't know what it is because we didn't put anything in the inside. Sometimes little holes are burned all over the top half of the rattle. These are used to sing with when there is lightning. There is no wrist loop on the rattle.

For the Rattle Dance the cicigwauuk are smaller and are made the same except that a hole is cut out in the middle and sewn around (see original for diagram). These are only used for the dance. The Sotos also make the Rattle Dance. They make tin box rattles.

Rattling precedes song -- does not follow it. At beginning of song it is held vertically at head height. Then lowered to horizontal chest position and shaken with up and down wrist motion.

Rattles are beaten against body of rattler (usually back) but against nothing else. No stick rubbing. No musical bow.

Wihipgaihigau — "Hollow." Water drum. Used and made by Sotos. Cree would buy them at a great price. Made of one piece of wood hollowed out. Water put in at top and then top fastened on with saganapi. Foot sometimes used to tighten head. Held by part of drum head that is beyond saganapi. After the head is fastened on the drum is shaken so that the head gets wet. The drumstick has a hook at the end like a fiddler bow and it is beaten with the tip.

Mistikwuskihikwuk — Tamborine Drum. Jumping deer or antelope hide used for head. Usually heated. Held by saganapi at back. Big drums rested on ground and against knee. Some painted to look funny. May be used for anything. Those decorated with dream designs must not be played with.

Bull Roarer used for toy towe-pitcigau (see diagram).

Same name for Buzzer. Made of one of two bones inside hoof of buffalo. Single sinew wound around and ends tied to small sticks. Just used for plaything.

Leaf Call used by women only when picking berries. Just for fun. Not used in (?)

Deer Call. Maple stick hollowed out with another stick —

Mistigokpipigwa-n -- Wood Whistle. 12" x 1" stick whittled to a tapering point. This bent around to form tube. Stick withdrawn (see original for diagram).

Whistle carved of wood. Bent stick placed over this and whole tied in mouthpiece of tin tube (see specimen). Reed made of any little piece of wood whittled flat and bent at the end. Tube blown and reed vibrates against tube. Holes punched in end of tube and weasel skins inserted. Used in bone dance before they sing.

Kitohtcigauisa - Eagle Bone whistle. From wing bone of goose, eagle or crane. Notch cut with knife soon after bird is killed. Hole drilled on end side with awl -- pig inserted. Pine gum put in about pig. Decorated with porcupine quills and weasel skins. Used in Sundance and sometimes in Cannibal Dance. No stopper at end, no tone, never tied together, not used for doctoring (?) no flute, flageolet or love music (see original for diagram).

In the Round Dance, War Dance, Sundance, the men stop singing and the women sing. Women sing only when men stop.

All songs, words and music come from dreams. These songs are passed on to the children.

Songs are bought all the time. They are paid for with we-piuacu-u -- cloth offerings. The one who gets the songs hangs the offerings.

Humor -- wuwias-atcimuwiu -- Funny Stories.

I have heard a lot of funny stories, especially from the ayahtciyuiuwuk. But these are Cree stories.

Once there was an old lady -- my grandmother(?). She used to try to beat the young girls in intercourse. The young girls would bet grub against the old lady on the number of men she could get. Not very long ago the girls would get money and food by having intercourse with the men at large gatherings. They would have a tipi of their own. This old lady had intercourse all the time when she was young. She was married and had many children but still she wanted more and more.

When her husband went out to hunt buffalo she would go to see the young men. When she expected him back she would go home and tie up her hair as if she was sick so that he would think that she had been home all the time. In that way he didn't know anything about it. When he brought meat back he would see his wife lying sick and he would unload the horse himself. He didn't want to let her work. At the same time she watched him so that he didn't go after girls.
Finally she told him to marry another woman because she was sickly and couldn't work. She wanted him to marry her sister. She used to say, "By pretending I was sick I blinded my husband's eyes, made him stay at home and got out of working."

He married her sister and she sat opposite him in the tipi. The old lady told us that she said to her husband, "You don't talk with your new wife and she is getting lonely. Sleep with her tonight." He did. They went to bed together. I put out the fire and went to bed too. I took a piece of charcoal and when it was cold I smashed it and blacked my face with it so that I could watch them and they wouldn't see my face shine. I watched every move they made all night. Even when they were sound asleep. I didn't sleep.

Then I fell asleep and was dead to the world. When I woke up I forgot about my face being blackened. My husband asked me why my face was so black. Then I first remembered and I said, "I was afraid of night dreams." But I couldn't fool him. He knew that I had watched him. He said, "You are a pretty hard woman. You do everything to watch me. I know why you blacked your face." I couldn't say anything because he knew.

That is one funny story I know.

Another old lady I knew myself. She was not right just like the first one. She was a regular whore. All at once she went off a long way alone. She camped twice. When her husband came home and found that she had gone he followed her. He was not mad but was just looking for her. But when he did find her he got mad. Her father and mother were back at his camp.

He made her walk home. He rode on his horse. Quite a long way from their camp they stopped on a hill. He said, "It is a long way yet. Get ready to go home. You will come back the same way you left." She was afraid of him. She hitched up her dress around her hips and started to run. He carried her blankets. He said, "You start to run from here. We must be back today." She told us, I was running pretty fast. He whipped me, "hi-i." I cried and ran faster. He rides alongside of me and every time I slow up he whips me. I sweat. As he hits me I feel that I am going a little faster. When I go up a hill I put on speed. He was not riding a fast horse but it was pretty good. I left him so far behind that when I looked back I couldn't see him. But I didn't feel tired and I went faster every time I took a step. I didn't look behind any more because I was afraid that I would slow down and get stiff. We had started pretty early in the morning. Just about sundown I could see the camp. I ran until I was close to it. I slowed down and pulled down my skirt. The first tipi was my father's. I felt tired only in my throat.

My husband followed me right along. When his horse got tired he walked it and then ran again. He got to camp the next morning. He asked my mother if I were back. I was lying down stiff and couldn't move. I had worn out my moccasins and the
soles of my feet were raw. My mother asked how it was that I left him behind. He told the story and said, "She can run pretty fast. I caught up to her a few times and whipped her. Then I couldn't catch up any more. Every time she went up a hill she would go faster. I whipped my horse but couldn't get up." He laughed but she couldn't walk for a long time.

I heard my two elder brothers tell these funny stories. There was an old man who had a very pretty daughter. But he watched her closely. As soon as a young man would sneak into the tipi he would light the fire and scare him off. One young fellow heard about this and said that he would try. The others told him, "You can't do it -- just try."

The next night all the young fellows gathered. The fellow who was going to try wrapped himself up in a buffalo robe and sneaked inside the tipi. The old man got up and made a light but he couldn't tell who it was -- friend or enemy. He filled his pipe and talked to the young fellow. "Now, visitor, take the pipe." The visitor didn't speak. "Oho, maybe you are an enemy. Well, I will find out."

The other young fellows were peeping in and seeing all this.

The old man took his muzzleloader and loaded it with powder but not with ball. The young man opened his robe enough to see that the old man didn't put a ball in. The old man pointed the gun and shot but the young fellow closed the robe again and didn't get burnt.

Then the old man says, "Oh, I am pretty sure it is an enemy." He loaded up with powder again and shot and reloaded and did it again. Now the old man got mad. "I'll find out for sure this time." He loaded with powder and ball. The young fellow, seeing this, got scared and ran away.

All the young men got together. The young fellow said, "Let's all pick up stones and throw them at the tipi." They did. That scared the old man and cooled him down. After that he never bothered anybody coming in because he was afraid of the stones.

Later in the fall this same bunch of young fellows knew that one young man was going into a tipi after a certain girl. They all gathered around after he went in. Another fellow went in after him. He kicked him to get out and the other fellow did. Then he took some saganapi from a hide that was drying and went in again. He tied a half turtle around the young man's leg and then crept over to the other end to the old man's foot. But he got the old lady's by mistake.

Then he went out and they all yelled, "You watch that fellow, he's going in again." The young man ran out and hoisted the old lady up on the meat drying rack.

This same bunch decided to play a trick on a young fellow one summer. In the summer the young men would wear only a
breechclout and a buffalo hide. They knew he was going to see a girl and they waited around her tipi. Pretty soon he came along, walking slowly so that no one should hear. He stands at the door and looks around. They were in a hollow and he couldn't see them.

He takes off his robe and puts it aside. Then he pushes the door inward slowly so that the light doesn't shine. Then he goes in. The young fellows creep up and cut his robes into strips. Then they make a noise and yell, "He went in again."

The fellow runs out and grabs for his robe as he goes. He picks up a strip, stops. "That's not my robe." He goes back and reaches for another strip. "That's not mine either." Then he sees a dog lying. He grabs it and runs off. The dog yelps and he drops it.

That's how they used to have fun.

Once a young fellow sneaked into a tipi for a girl. It was dark and he couldn't see. He sat down and sat right on a buffalo chip ember. It stuck to him and burned him badly. He crawled out and lay stretched out. The only relief he got was to stick his backside up so that the wind would cool it. Finally he fell asleep in that position. In the morning his brother came up and saw him there. "What are you doing here again?" And he kicked him in the buttocks.

Once my uncle went to see a girl in the night to make love to her. The girl told him, "I haven't talked to any other fellow but you." He was pretty glad. He promised her that he would be back in four days. But he came back three nights later and saw another young man was going after the girl. He had crawled under the tipi cover so that his head was inside and his legs were sticking out. My uncle could hear them talking and he knew the girl had lied to him. He got mad and thought, "Now I am going to do something funny to him." He sneaked up and sat on the other fellow and pegged the cover down tight so he couldn't move. He raised his breechclout and pulled his buttocks apart as hard as he could. Then he tried to shove his finger into the fellow's anus. But he couldn't so he spit on it and then it went in easy. The fellow was in pain and he got up right inside the tipi. My uncle ran away and so did the other fellow and he could hear him singing in the distance.

The next night my uncle went to the tipi and talked to the girl. The other fellow caught him in the same position. He flicked his finger at his testicles. It hurt him so that he yelled and fainted. Then he ran away. He knew who did it.

Once we were living quite a way from the river. It rained all the time. There was a young man living in the same tipi as I was with his brother-in-law. The buffalo chips were all wet and we had to go to the river for wood. The women got ready and hitched up their travois. In those days it was dangerous
to go out because of the possibility of an enemy raid and so some young fellows went with the women as escorts. This young man went and his wife went along for wood. In the bush the young man tried to talk to the woman. This man found his wife talking to another fellow. He got jealous a little bit.

When they got back, they ate. We all were in the tipi. Soon after he told his wife to prepare another meal. She said, "Why, we have just eaten?" "It is for the other fellow to come and eat, the one to whom you were talking today." She refused to do it. They quarrelled. She got mad and slapped his face. He jumped up. I am not sure if he wanted to hit her or not. She grabbed hold of his penis through the breechclout. He cried, "Let go, you are hurting me." "That's why I grabbed it," she answered. She twisted it harder and led him all around the tipi. She pretty nearly killed him. For a long time afterward he couldn't ride a horse.

In my grandfather's country, in the east, there were two cousins. One had a fast stallion who was a mean animal and would bite. Once the two chased buffalo. The one had a gun and made a kill quickly. The other, the owner of the stallion, had a bow and arrow and he had to ride over a hill before he killed one. When he did he dismounted to skin the carcass and tied his stallion to the leg of the buffalo. There was a hot wind blowing and he faced it as he was skinning.

The first fellow got through skinning his buffalo and went over the kill to see what had happened to his cousin. He saw him and came up. But the fellow skinning didn't hear him -- just kept on working. He was squatting and his testes were hanging down between his legs. His cousin came up and seized his scrotum, gently squeezing it at the top. He thought that it was the horse biting and gave a long grunt 'u...'. He didn't look around for fear that the horse would bite. Then his cousin couldn't stand it any longer and fell over laughing. He jumped on him and pummelled him. "I'll kill you today -- I thought it was the horse." Then he pushed his head and said, "I'll get even with you before long."

Soon after there was another buffalo hunt. This time the stallion owner had a gun and the other cousin had a bow. And this time he killed first and the other had to chase the buffalo until he made a kill in a little hollow. He squatted down and began to skin, keeping watch for enemies by looking between his legs every once in a while. The cousin who killed first came up and saw his chance to get even. He tied some brush on his head just like an enemy. He crept up and put his gun to his shoulder as though he was going to fire. Then the other looked up and there in front of him was an enemy taking aim. He got scared and jumped over the buffalo. He dodged from one side to the other and thought, "When I get tired he will shoot me." Soon the "enemy" laid down his gun and laughed. The cousin fitted an arrow in his bow and came up to prod him with it. "Don't kill me. I got even with you."
When the first school was being built in Battleford, there were many Indians around here. Not all were settled on reserves with chiefs and they came here to get rations. There was a big camp. In it there was a blind Soto woman who had come down, I know not how, from Jackfish Lake. She got married to a Sarcee and went off with him. Her father and brother heard about it and they didn’t like it. They came after her. She was gone but they were told that they had just gone.

The Sarcee came right along near here somewhere and pitched camp. In those days this was the place where people would stop and camp on account of the creek. My brother came along and he saw the Sarcee having intercourse with the blind woman. He didn’t pay any attention and went on. Later he saw the Sarcee and told him that his wife’s father and brother were coming after him. The Sarcee waited until they came and then boiled meat and they all ate. Then the old man said to him, "The reason why I came after you is this. I am going to ask my daughter if she is willing to go to a strange country. She is blind." The girl said, "No, I don’t like to go there. I am blind and I may be awful poor." The Sarcee said to the Soto, "You can have your girl." He gave them a horse and some good clothes, hitched up his travois and went off. They took the girl back. My brother was stuck on the Sarcee’s daughter and so he followed him.

At Battleford the blind girl was married right away to a Cree from the Reserve. The old man didn’t mind because his daughter would not be far off. The young man took her here to Sweet Grass, and camped just where the Sarcee had camped.

My brother came back with the Sarcee’s daughter. As he came past the place where he had seen the blind girl having intercourse, there she was having intercourse again with a different man. (This is the point of the story -- Fine Day laughed so hard in telling this that he could hardly go on.)

My brother came back and told me about it. Then we called the young man makauaki -- that was the Sarcee’s name.

My brother lived with the Sarcee girl. When he died she went back to her own country.