Coming Day started by telling me of a dispute between Fox and Lone Singer concerning a horse. It seems that Fox gave away a horse to a man from Duck Lake some four years ago. The horse apparently belonged to Lone Singer. The recipient just arrived for another visit and Lone Singer is pressing claims for his horse. Fox's justification is that he told Lone Singer to come
to him and pick out any one of his horses any time. Lone 
Singer apparently thinks that none of Fox's horses are good 
enough. Chief (?), to settle the dispute and erase any bad 
feeling between the two men will give one of his horses away 
(my notes say -- to the visitor).

I shall have to go over to the Chief's house about noon to talk 
for them. They are having a feast for the dead. I don't 
understand all about the feast but the reason they make it is 
this.

There was a man and a woman. The woman was pregnant. A girl 
was born to her. Later a boy was born. They grew up. The 
part I don't understand is where they stay now. (Cf. below) 
They lived in a tipi but I don't know in which direction they 
stayed.

The man died first but I never heard how he died. Before this 
the boy had left to look for the human beings. When the man 
died they didn't know what to do with him so they put him to 
one side in the tipi. The boy found that there was a Lord but 
he never saw him nor knew anything about him.

When the boy came home, he wondered what that was lying covered 
up by the side of the tipi. "What's that?" "That's your 
father, he died." "You were foolish not to tell me that my 
father is dead. We should have buried him long ago."

The next morning they went to a little hill and dug a grave. I 
don't know what tools they used. They put the body in with the 
head to the south and the feet to the north. Before they put 
the body in, they cut a lock of hair from the top of his head. 
When the grave was covered the son placed a stone at the head 
and a stone at the foot of the grave. He put the hair on a 
stick and stuck it beside the stone at the head.

When they got back home, the son told his mother to cook two 
pails of something -- they didn't know what it was. When it 
was ready, he went to the grave and brought back the lock of 
hair. He wrapped it in something and wrapped something again 
over it. He tied it in two places and fastened it on one of 
the tipi poles.

There are only the three of them. He asks his mother to put 
some food on a plate. "Now my father, you had better go to our 
father and he will tell you where to stay." He was talking to 
the ahtcak that we have been talking about. The hair (bundle) 
began to sway back and forth. "There are people coming behind 
us. They will do the same as I did. When they talk to you, 
you will listen." The bundle sways back and forth. When the 
son was through speaking, "Now my son, if I reach the Lord, 
I'll ask him where he is going to put me. If he tells me 
anything, I'll come and tell you."

They serve around that which they prepared. The ahtcak must 
have gone now. Soon the bundle begins to move again. "My 
son." "What is it?" "The way you have buried me, with my
head to the south -- that is the way the Lord puts me. You will call me kiceagisiyin 'Old Human Being'. Your children and all those that come behind will call me that. Now my son, in the future these (bundles) that you make -- nayahtcigan -- these will not speak. For if they do, the children will make fun of them and will say all kinds of things." Then it stopped swaying. "Now my son -- your mother was foolish. She ought to have known to bury me. For that reason your mother will be Sun(?). She will live in the (?) and be called notogowatayohtcan 'Old Woman atayohkan'. She will be there to look after the people. They will know that she is there but will never see her. She will listen to what the people ask. She is put there as an interpreter like. You -- after you are finished here, you will go and live in the north with your sister. The Lord told me this. The way you put the stones at my grave, that is the way km. had in mind. The Lord told me there will be deaths as I died -- but I live in spirit. If there were no deaths, there would not be enough room for all the people. When a person is born the Lord will take a part of his flesh and put it on top of the person's head -- that is the ahtcak. The Lord said, "This is part of my body which I will put on top of each one's head to keep him alive. When the ahtcak leaves a person he is dead. The ahtcak will go up to the other ahtcak and they will welcome it and it will stay there forever."

(C.D. again) When the people got the first nayahtcigan they did the same thing -- they made a feast. When a person who owns a nayahtcigan dies, his son gets it and puts his father's hair in it. Then his son or close relative gets it. Some of these bundles are very old. They are not supposed to be given away or sold. By keeping them we feel as though we and the departed are still living together. Now they no longer do it. They may take a part of the clothes of a dead child and wrap it up in there.

In the old days if a man who had no nay. lost a child, the old people would get together and make a fresh nay. starting with the hair of his dead child.

They are not supposed to be left alone. If you leave the tipi even overnight you must take it with you. Now that we have prints, we change the wrappings just as we change clothes when our old ones are dirty. But they must only be unwrapped when a new lock of hair is to be put in them.

Let us get back to the story. When they finished the feast, the bundle spoke -- "Now my son, this will be done by those who will come behind. They will make a feast four days and four nights after (the death). When the ahtcak is good, it will go up to kiceay sin who looks after them. Kiceay sin will tell kice manito that this is a clean ahtcak. Now my son, you will stay up there with your sister [note: I could not get the name of sister]. When you see that the people increase, you will come down and show them what you have done and tell them how to do it. If they handle it in a good way, you will show them wasigamecimuwin. -- by hanging the bundles there -- it is like
feeding the ahtcak.

When the boy went up north to live and later saw that the people were increasing, he selected the wisest man and showed him, in a dream, how the feast was made. Then he got another man to dream about wasagamecimuwin. In that they cook the very best stuff -- that is like feeding their relative. You saw the women get up first and dance with the bundles -- that is like dancing with the ahtcak.

The old man spoke on, "Now my son, because you put one stone at the head of my grave -- it will be above. The one at my foot will be under the ground. The people will call you tcakhapewatayohkan (no exact translation) "Touching atay" or "Touching Cold atay".

"The ahtcak of the stone lives up and is called tcipaiyusini. The one at the foot lives under the ground but is called by the same name."

C.D.: In the old days we used to call ahtcak -- tcipai. Since the whites have come we use the word ahtcak. In the old days we put a stone at the head and foot of every grave -- sometimes even a ring of stones around. That is never done now.

In the old days they used to visit the graves every year. If they were overgrown they would clear them. They would say, "As soon as I can get the very best food, I will feed you." Then they would make a feast as they do now. No, they haven't cleaned the graves yet this year. They were supposed to do it in May. Now the Chief has killed a beef for the feast today because there are many sports days coming later and there won't be another chance. The graves will be cleaned sometime.

I have never heard what the sister of tcakhapewatayohkan is called but a pipe is pointed to her.

Here Coming Day was called to talk at the feast. I took him to the chief's home where it was held. When we arrived there were twelve men sitting outside and the women in little groups in the back. There was a great deal of food prepared -- three buckets full -- a very large dinner of rice and raisins and other foods. A cloth was spread out in front of Coming Day on which were placed a lard pail of the meat and soup, a slab of bread with a hunk of butter on it. Fox acted as oshapens. The old man spoke and pointed his pipe in various directions. This lasted about 15 minutes. Then the people were called in and the food passed around. Then the old man, holding his pail up, spoke for 15 minutes more in a rapid fire of prayer. Then all ate. A fry pan held a sweetgrass smudge.

(Drawing - see original document)

After the feast -- I pointed the pipe and talked in this order.

1. Kicemanito -- pointing
2. Kiceayisiyinu -- south where the sun is at noon.
3. tcipayucini -- straight up
4. tciahkapewatayohkan -- north -- just one point (i.e. his sister included)
5. tcipayusini -- down to the ground

If it is a feast for the nayahtcigan they point to the bundle. If there is no naya, point to any fire for fire has lots of work to do -- cook the food, keep us warm in winter. Without it we couldn't live, that's why we point to it.

Km. is always the first one to point the stem to -- it doesn't matter what kind of a feast it is. After that all the others. Km. told the people that he doesn't eat, sleep, or smoke. When he is called he is always there. He is among us now but we can't see him.

Here Pooyak told a story. In 1903 there was a big camp near where Highgate is now. I heard that a kocupahtc gan was going to be made and I stood around the tipi (hoping to get in). I was invited to go inside. The tipi was full -- a big fire was burning. Ohopiec "Owl Thunder" a man from Thunder Child, was making it. He stripped to his napkin and stamped the fire down with his bare feet. Two men took him out and tied him. I didn't see it for I didn't want to lose my place in the tipi but I heard how they did it. He was doubled up -- knees bent -- tied together at ankles. His hands were placed back to back behind him and the fingers laced together tightly with sinew.

After they tied him, the man ran back to the tipi -- about ten yards. But Owl Thunder was in the the kocap. before they got into the tipi. Soon the ropes were thrown out at the top. I saw that the knots had not been untied. It was as if he had slipped right out of the bonds. The koca. shook -- there were bells on it somewhere -- they rang. You could hear all kinds of animals and birds -- also notog. atayohkan. Then Thunder was asked, (he, Thunder, did not make a noise however) "Why is this man sick, Thunder?" "He had lots of horses. He refused to lend one to Kumustusum t "Has Cattle" and K. sent a pitcitciht-cigan to him." (K. was the father of Maggie Acheriam's husband)

Many questions were asked. White Calf had lost two horses. He asked where they were. "Straight south of your house there is a small slough with willow bushes all around. They are feeding there now. In the morning I went there to look. There were the two horses that had been lost for a week. White Calf did not pay anything to Owl Thunder but had promised to give him a print.

Another man had married a young girl and he asked if the child she bore was his. The answer was "Yes, that is not your own child -- it is the child of your testes." We all laughed.

Then you could see the sparks fly upward. It was the atay. leaving. Then ohopici came out and the fire was built up.
Fine Day promised matciyan "End Fly Away" a horse to come here and make it.

Coming Day: No, Owl Thunder couldn't save the sick man for the pitcicitcigan had been in him too long and "His Cattle" had more power. If the victim's relatives get angry (this is their redress) they take a present -- maybe a horse -- and take it to a man who has power too. "I loved my son. He is gone on account of a pikictc. I want you to revenge him." If the man takes the horse, they go back and tell no one of what they had done. Now the atay. will fight. If the avenger has more he will defeat (and kill) the other. It is the one that has more different atay. that is more powerful. If Has Cattle and Owl Thunder had both dreamed of bear, the bear will go on the side of the one that gives it the most presents. No, it is not the same if both dreamed of horse for there are different kinds of horses. If one dreamed of a pinto and the other of a black horse atay. the best one will win. The Bush Indians never dream of horses and they are afraid of the Plains Indians because they have horse atay.

You see I am blind. It came of a pitc. and I am going to tell you the story. Once as I went to sleep I felt my face getting warm -- just like a stove. I couldn't see anything -- as though I were in a smoky place. Before morning my face was all swelled up. I was making hay at Little Sweet Grass. At sundown my face felt better but I had sore eyes and couldn't see anything. The Farm Instructor sent me back and I camped where Mrs. Wm. Lavel's father was. His name was mitcewayic "Inside Worker."

As soon as our tipi was set up, my wife took a gun and the best we had and gave it to him. He came and looked at me. "You had better make a sweat lodge." Heated up stones, put stones in. When everything was ready he moved me in. He felt my head. He felt my left temple -- sucked at it and sucked it out. He opened the sweat lodge -- came out -- and showed it around. "This is what was in your eye -- a piece of buffalo willow bush twisted and tied round -- painted red." He held it in his palm for the people to see. (Note: this visual demonstration is current in many accounts of doctoring)

After the sweat bath he took his rifle and started to sing. You know that bluff near Fine Day's place. An old man was camping there. He cut some earth in that hollow to the shape of a man -- eyes, feet and all. He took a sharpened stick and made a hole where the eyes are supposed to be. He took the bark -- painted it red -- rolled it in medicine -- pushed it in and closed the hole.

Mitceway cut my head on top and rubbed some medicine in. "I can't do any more. The medicine is all over your head now. I could help you in something else but you'll never get your sight again. There is something else that is going to make you sick. The same old man is going to do it." The next morning I
felt better -- I could even see a little. But my leg hurt and was swelling. Soon I couldn't walk -- I had to crawl. Mitc. said, "The man that did that won't be proud very long. I know he has done this a number of times." Two days later this man's wife came home crying. He had died in his sweat lodge. His name was cicigwanis "Rattler." Mitc. had something to do with that. He told me, "I heard that you can't do anything to the pitc. with medicine so I can't help you." I felt that pain for 10 years.

Then a man, Fire Walker, came down from By River. He stayed with us doing odd jobs. There was a man, Crow Child. Fire Walker asked him to make a sweat lodge. "I am going to look after that man." He took me in the sweat lodge. He sucked at my knee and took out 2 small flints. As soon as he got them he told them to open the sweat lodge. He took the flints from his mouth and showed them around. "That's the best I can do for you. As for your eyes, I can't do anything with medicine. What that man intended must be." I never felt that pain in my legs since.

No, I never heard of a person to dream of fire but I saw two men(?). A person comes to them, whether they sleep or not I do not know. "Do you know me?" "No." He throws himself down -- a fire starts. The fire goes out and a person stands again. An old-timer called Baptiste saw this but he never told anything. They called Baptiste to blow (tanipicket or ewininipicket) the (?). He told the people to make a big fire. He smoked until only the live coals were left. He took his rattle and sang. He shoved the coals to one side. He stepped on them with his bare feet -- he had only a napkin on. "Now fire, you have told me if I want anybody to be cured pretty bad (to do this)." He stood on them till the coals were out. He blew and sucked the child's chest only once.

The other one I know of was going to do some blowing. He went to the fire and while singing with his rattle, "I want this child to get well -- that's my wish." He took some live coals and swallowed them. He blew on the chest of the child. The first two times it was just like fire coming out of his mouth -- the next two times sparks. He sucked some yellow stuff out -- I guess that was what caused the sickness. I saw that myself. I guess those two must have dreamed of fire. No, it wasn't a pitc. -- that yellow stuff but was something like one.

The reason why they blow first is like trying to blow the sickness away. Also to blow an opening (in the pores) so that the sickness may be sucked out. It is matci manito that puts the sickness in. If it is not taken out the person dies.

Yes, the men who suck generally give medicine also after they suck. They use both ways. Medicine and sucking. Another way of getting that yellow stuff out is by giving the sick one something to make him vomit.

Very few dreamed of medicine. Those were old men who knew it
-- young men might take a horse or clothes and give it to them
-- then the old man shows him the medicine. The old women
seemed to know more medicine than the men.

B.P.: I have a medicine for syphilis. Henry Watani had a bad
dose and the doctor couldn't cure it. He was awful bad. He
came to me. I told him to take salts and not to eat supper.
Then I gave him my medicine. He got better. I bought it from
a man at Snake Plate. I gave a two year old colt for it.

In the old days, when a boy is able to handle a gun or even a
knife -- his first thought is to kill a Blackfoot. That is the
one we call (?). They were brave. They never depended on what
they had dreamt. An arm's length of flannel was the most.
They were always willing to get killed whether they had dreamed or not. The sahawiy nuw k heard about
this and used to say that when a Cree gets mad he will kill a
Bush Cree any old time. And the Plains Cree thought that when
a Bush Cree gets mad he will send a pitcitcihtcigan. So they
were afraid of each other.

Since the white man had a law there is nothing of the kind now.
Up north they still try to kill each other by dreams but it is
dying out, I heard.

Yes, they used to throw away red or blue flannels, guns, any
kind of clothing. An arm's length of flannel was the most.
They never throw away a gun that can be used. Throwing a piece
of skin away (your own) is like finding Manito. They used to
put the skin in the tanned buffalo gall bladder or heart
envelope. With the skin they put tobacco, (?), and a piece of
charcoal. I saw a fellow cut a piece of skin from his thigh,
pass it over sweetgrass, tie it in bladder, smoke it again,
then hang it on a tree or if on the prairie, on a stone. That
piece of skin may be given to Thunder, Sun, Buffalo, which.

The at. eat the skin -- that is what they like most. The
tobacco is enclosed for them to smoke. When a man gives a
piece of skin away he wishes for a long life for himself and
for his relatives. Just a little piece of skin was cut -- just
a pinch. I have 8 places on each arm where I was cut. When
some people cut you, you feel a sharp pain. When others cut
you never feel at all.

No, I have never heard of it [Crow Fox -- wife taking (?)] The
Big Dogs came from the Stony (?) and the Cree learned it from
them.

In a big camp there might be a cicigwans h and a mistahatim h
dance. There is always a chief of the ci. -- he would tell his
(?) to go and collect women -- the wives of the (?) -- for a
dance. They will wake the women -- tell them to dress up and
lead them to the (?) lodge. Each and kik. gets a woman and
sits with her. The old people, who quit dancing, sit and tell
stories. A big fire is made. When the men take a woman to sit
with they say, "This is my wife." When the others get home
they find their tipis empty -- no wife. They go to bed.

The old men tell stories, one after the other, until the sun is up. An (?) goes out to get water. The men wash the faces of the women they sat with, comb their hair, paint their faces, also wash themselves. About this time everybody is up. The men give blanket or beaded leggings, or even a horse to the woman they sat with if the kik. is very proud of himself. When they are finished they let the women go home. This is called, "sitting up all night" ewapanapi.

When the women get home their husbands tell them to go to sleep. "But don't sleep very long. When you get up cook the best you have. When the men (from the (?) tipi) come home go and feed 'your kinapem husband.'" This man would not be jealous and thus he would show that he was as strong-hearted as the other.

Sometimes very young girls would be taken because their fathers are kill. Not every woman could be taken, only wives and daughters of kill. The men might tell their wives to give the best moccasins they had to "their husbands." Then they would take a pail of food and go into the dancing lodge, put the moccasins on the feet of the man they had stayed up with and give him the food. Then they go back.

Some young men will not be given a woman when they are collected for there are not enough to go around. They go to sleep. When the food is brought in, the osk. goes and invites these men to come in and eat. When the pails are emptied the osk. tells the women to come for their pails. Then the kili. and (?) will (may) give them things again, paying for the meal.

They tell all kinds of stories -- no not about wisahketcak, so that the people don't fall asleep. They don't dance then. No, they don't copulate with the women then -- that is forbidden.

There will be some young fellows in the dance lodge who will try to go away when the women are brought in for they don't have anything to give them. But they don't let them go. They give them a woman too. When things are given away in the morning, one kili. goes and gives the boy the best blanket he has left. "Give this to your wife." Sometimes one of them will send the osk. to get something from his tipi to give away. His wife might give the osk. one of her own best beaded dresses to give away also. [Note: this is important as the wife is giving away her own property.] These poor kili. always give the largest amount away because everybody helps them.

It is like the cicigwans k and the m sta hat m k are competing to see who will give away the most. After the "sitting up all night" is over they have nothing more to do with the women.

The reason why the mitc. died (while the S.d. was carried on) -- Lacombe had something to do with it -- he said it was evil. For some of the mitewuk would show off their medicine. Both S.d. and (?) were forbidden when they first made treaty.
The (?) comes from the otcipweuk in the east. I saw one but I wasn't old enough to remember it rightly. My mother was in it. The old people who made it died without showing it to anybody for they were afraid to make it. When I was a young man I saw a S.d. west of Cypress Hills -- six years later they had another. Then they had it every year (I could not get any satisfactory account of why the mitc. died other than this).

I think that Bloomfield must have helped us to keep the S.d. for he said he was going to write to the department.

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