- Describes the transferal of bundles.
- Describes power acquired from spirits and through fasting.

When a bundle is transferred you just hand it from the old owner to the new owner -- from one pair of hands to the other. Say, "I give part to you and keep part for myself." They say "part" so that there may be no sin in giving it away, so that Joe can still give cloth to it.

We are told that when we give a bundle away never to forget it -- never to give it away in their mind. We were told that we had rights to sell it to be a chief from then and he would buy it because that is powerful in preventing bullets from hitting a person. Sometimes they would make a bundle which would prevent death -- not wounds. But they didn't want to buy those.

Sometimes the father of an infant will give a lot of cloths to
hang and dishes of berries to the old man who names the child. Then the old man will make a bundle for the boy to wear in fights when he grows up.

This summer I got back a bundle that I once sold. In the States they have no sweetgrass like they have here and this bundle has to be covered with sweetgrass (braided). This must be renewed every year. This bundle is a war cap. The man said that if I wanted to I should take it back to look after it in the right way. He didn't give it to me, I am just taking care of it for him. He gave me ten different colors of cloth to give away.

That bundle I bought myself. For it I gave two good buffalo-chasing horses, a repeating rifle, a heavy white blanket, and a new blanket coat and a pair of red leggings. I also gave many cloths to the owner for him to hang up. They cooked a lot of stuff when I was going to buy it. I first called the owner and asked him for it. He was the third man to have it. The two former owners were not ever wounded. The man I bought it from once used it in a big fight and was not wounded. I bought it just as you bought your bundle.

A leader unwrapped it. The owner passed his hands over the sweetgrass, took the hat and passed it on to me. We did no arranging before hand. I just thought of what I should give to make him satisfied. I got it very cheap because the owner had no horses. I used it in fighting twice -- once when I was out in the open, not in the trench.

If you wanted a bundle you didn't arrange anything. You prepared a feast, got all the things together, invited the owner, gave him the things and tell him what you want. It has to be an accident so that he won't refuse. An owner could refuse as soon as asked. I didn't see this happen but I heard of such cases often. They refused more than they sold.

My bundle came from Piecu. A bundle is called wiskwahpitagun but each has its own name. I don't remember any bundles being used for currency -- just for fighting. Each ogihtcitau would have one of them. The most powerful one was the hide of an eagle sewed onto white flannel and worn as a cape.

A man who wears that can take it off while chasing a fleeing enemy and it will bring him down. If a man wears that no one is allowed to go in front of him. Once two fellows got ahead of the man who was wearing it in a battle. They were after a Blackfoot with a broken leg who managed to kill them both. In the following fights he used to go on the outside to save his partners from getting ahead of him. I knew the owner, osa-wusk, "Yellow Grass," who was of the River people but I never saw the bundle used. His brother pehtcahgus, "Shouter," had it before him. But he died and that is how Yellow Grass got it. Shouter was getting to be a very high man just like Sweet Grass before he died.
During the rebellion I saw a man getting cured with a bear skin. He was misatimwas, "Hunting(?) Horse." I don't think that the bear skin was used in fighting because it was too awkward. Misatimwas was dying -- wounded in the belly. His fat (guts) was coming out. He told them to cut it off but they wouldn't do it -- so he did it himself. The bear hide was hanging in the tipi where he lay. Misatimwas drank a lot of water all the time. His father took down the bear hide near morning when Misatimwas was just about dead. The old man started to speak to the hide and covered his son with it -- head to head, and sat behind the heads. He took a rattle and started to sing a bear song. The fire went out -- it was dark. It was not very long before we saw the bear hide moving, and we heard a bear squalling. The old man kept on singing. We could hear the bear all the time coming down. I don't know if the sound came from the hide or from the man's body.

Misatimwas was so low that he didn't want any more water. When the fire blazed up I went close and misatimwas motioned me to come closer. "If I see the sun coming up I'll live." I could hardly hear him. His father asked what he had said and I told him. Misatimwas sank lower. It seemed as though the sun wouldn't come up soon enough. I listened to his breath and the others were watching for the sun. They finally saw it but I thought that misatimwas had fooled himself -- that he was going to die anyway. But when the sun was quite high he drew a deep breath. Not long after he breathed good -- called for water and was well. I saw this with my own eyes. He was Jose Cuthand's father.

For several days Fine Day has been chewing on some vegetal substance. It is called mihkeo and is a specific for diarrhea and other stomach disorders. It is chewed at dances on account of the dust that settles in one's throat -- at deaths against infection. It is the root of a plant that grows in the water, that has a white leaf and a yellow centre.

I never heard of a pipe stem bundle being bought. It was just given to some big chief. He was not told of it beforehand. If a fellow hears that he is going to get one he runs away and hides. They did this because a pipe stem bundle owner had to have a good heart and never be mad and also they would have to give a lot of horses to the one who gave it to them.

When a man has that it is as though he has the manito with him all the time. That is why they gave it to the big chiefs. When on the move they carried it on their backs.

When a man gets word that he is going to get a pipe stem bundle he hides out and doesn't sleep in his own house. Two or three men go out together to look for him for he might get away from one man if caught. He tries to get loose. They bring him back. They put him on a nice blanket and carry him home, or right to where the stem is. I have heard two men cry when they were caught like that. They lay the stem across his shoulders. He tells how many horses he will give to the former owner. Now
they tell him how he must care for it -- to be kind to the people, etc.

There was a man who owned one and yet was very quarrelsome. His name was mahihkamiwayan, "Timber Wolf Hide." He is funny. Once he got into a fight when he was travelling and had the bundle on his back. They said, "Mahihkamiwayan, you are carrying a stem bundle," and they twisted it around his neck.

He has a grandson on the reserve called by his name -- Moses Paskomin's little boy. I gave that name to my hound because he is foolish and brave and is going to get a lot of hides for me.

(Note that this mahihkamiwayan is an incipient mythological trickster. Many stories are told about him. Solomon laughed as soon as his name was mentioned.)

There is no atayokhan to the pipe stem bundle. Manito gave it to Earth Man first and said, "You must show me the stem first before you tell me something." The other stems we have are substitutes for the bundle stems so that we don't have to unwrap them all the time. There was no bowl wrapped up with the oakitci. There should have been a hole right through but lots of people made a hole just a little way in each side.

In the old days there was no law against whiskey. We would get it twice a year -- in the spring and fall when we went to trade. We brought barrels home. In my time a big crowd would come home drunk. There would be no fighting. Later they began fighting and killing each other. The ogihtcitau used to watch the drunkards at first but later on they were not as good men. The highest ogihtcitau would be chosen -- one by each chief -- to watch the whiskey. He would keep it at his side all night. He would give drinks only to those who were not too drunk. They gave out just enough to make everybody feel good.

When a man fasts the atayokhan send for him. Then he sees the bundle and one of the atayokhan calls him grandchild. They don't tell him right away what power they will give to him. They tell him to fast some more and if he can do it they tell him what they are going to give.

The atayokhan come to you when you are sleeping in your own house when you are young. If you want to be more powerful then you go out and fast. The ordinary dreams you see when you are sleeping are called pawamuin. They are not true nor worth anything for power, although sometimes you dream of events that are going to happen.

You can tell an atayokhan dream which is significant in this way. You are invited into a painted tipi and there is only one old man in there. The Crier calls and many come. I myself knew right away that they were atayokhan. I sit and think to myself, "That is such and such atayokhan." And the one that invited me says, "That's right." No one ever told me what to do. The one that invited me tells me to do more fasting. Many
times I went and they always told me the same thing -- I've got to do more fasting. Every time they invite me it is a different tipi. But they all are painted and they are atayokhan houses. I have put up a lot of cloth and given away many things.

Often after I wake up I wonder why they didn't tell me anything. I never was after any girls when I tried to dream. I tried to get as much power as I could. Now they told me that this is the last time. They want me to go and fast for eight days. One said, "Try hard to finish these eight days for they are finished with you now." I gathered as much stuff as I could. It was during the moon just past. I went out with a lot of stuff. The people were well off with grub and they wouldn't move for a while. I promised to stand and face the sun all day long and turn with the sun. Then (only) would I go and sit down (after sundown). I was told that this was the hardest thing to do and that is why I did it out of my own mind. I thought that I could help myself a little but still it was hard. (?)

The sun wasn't high when I got tired. I suffered all day. I got played out. I tried all kinds of ways to stand up but couldn't. I raised up my hands and cried. I could hardly finish. The sun went down and I just fell down. That was the first day.

The next morning I got very thirsty. I was not hungry but thirsty all the time. Four nights (the 4th night?) my brother came with horses to get me. I told him I was going to stay. He told me that I was looking bad. He went back. He had cloth spread all over and I lay around it all day long. At night I go on top of the hill and sleep where there is more cloth. The sixth night he came for me again. In the mornings I am very thirsty but I try to sleep and then I am all right again. My brother said, "You are starving. You'll get sick." But yet I told him that I was going to stay for two more nights. "Maybe I won't find you alive, the way you look." He went home.

The atayokhan told me that I was going to be invited to some house on the last night. All kinds of different atayokhan came to see me every night. I was glad when I heard that they were going to finish with me. The last one came and told me that I must not drink water close to the place where I then was (fasting). "Drink only when you get to your home where these cloths come from, nowhere else on the way back."

I was awful thirsty when my brother came to get me. When I got home I saw some water in a wooden cup. I wanted to drink it but my grandfather told me to wait and he held it up. I drank so much I vomited some back. The old man told me to vomit before I ate. Then I ate.

Each one of those who had invited me gave me power and songs. Then the atayokhan for the Sundance gave me power to make it. That is the way I got power and I know a lot of songs from
there. Pretty nearly every night (now) I sing some of those songs.

A long time ago when I was first going to make a Sundance the white people forbade it. I had promised to build one when my oldest son was going to die and he got better right away.

There were a lot of old men who were sure that I couldn't make one. I invited them and gave them whiskey so that they would tell me how to make it. But they wouldn't do so because they were sure that I could not make it since the Sundance was forbidden.

At that time Archie Fine Day's grandfather was Indian Agent. He was a bad man. The time came when I was to build it. I got the old man Thunderchild and we went to the Agent. He asked us what we wanted. I said to him, "I am coming to tell you that I am going to make a Sundance." "It can't be done. It has been forbidden a long time ago. You will be cooped for seven months and Thunderchild for three months if you do it." But I knew that I could make it. The atayokhan told me so.

I drove to the Chief of Police and said, "I have come to tell you that I am going to make a Sundance." He told me to go back and tell it to the Agent and to bring back his answer. We went back to the office. The Agent says, "What is it?" "I told you that I am going to make a Sundance and I have come to tell you that whether you say no or yes I am going to make it." He took a book out and showed me when it had long ago been forbidden. We went back to the police. He was waiting outside with his interpreter. I told him the Agent's answer. He answered, "The Agent figures on me to stop the Sundance. But you go ahead and make it go." He told me to make it closer to Battleford. There were no settlers there then. I said, "It is a slow job. But I already have sent tobacco around to invite the people to come." He asked me when it would be. "Tomorrow we will move up with the Poundmaker and Little Pines band." The next morning we started out. I had told him exactly where it was going to be.

The people came from all over. I didn't drink from the time we started off from here. There was an old man who was Crier for me. He said, "There is the Agent now coming right to your tent." He called to me to come out. "I am here," I said. "I have come to tell you to go and get some grub from the office so that you won't be hungry while you are dancing here." The Crier went around and told the young men to hitch up and fetch the grub. Each chief got a wagon full of grub. And that was the same man who was going to put me in for seven months.

Since then we have had Sundances around here. I have made seven now. I told manito that I would try to do eight. The only time I'll use that last one is when I am dying or afraid like that. I have done it only when there is some sickness going on among my grandchildren. That is what we give to the children. But I nearly starved to death when I was getting the
power. I was weak for a long time.

When I saw the atayokhan some of them were pretty old. But none of them told me that I would be old or that I would come to look as old as they. But I am following the Indian way and that is why I am getting to be an old man.

The Chief of Police came and asked me, "Is it true that the Agent came and gave you grub?" "Yes." "He must be crazy."

That is the end of my story. We call that atayokhowin -- Dream Story.

I tell this story only when I am called upon to cure somebody. Just one atayokhan gave me power to cure and that is the one I used to cure Solomon.

Here Solomon told me of how Fine Day had affected a cure upon him. In 1918 Solomon was very sick with the flu, which had carried off his wife. For six months he lay prostrate, not being able to move. Then Fine Day took him to his place and cured him.

I was pretty well and wanted to go home but he told me not to go until someone gave me a horse. Neither he nor I knew when or where this would happen. But when we went up to Red Pheasant on a visit I got a horse as a gift. Fine Day told me that that was the one he had spoken of and I was alive. Today I am still here with him.

Each ukimau had one ogihtcitau ukimau under him. They were placed in the camp circle thus: (see original for diagram).

If the nutimiwiyiniwuk moved and the cipiwiyiniwuk didn't want to move, the nutimiwiyiniwuk ogihtcitau would tear their tipis down. The nutimiwiyiniwuk had most ogihtcitau.

Kac-kipitaganuk -- "Something Tied Up." They are little sacks made out of the tanned hides of badger, skunk, mink, etc., or out of the leg of an animal. Medicine is packed in them. This medicine is tied up before being inserted. There is only one kopiecieiv -- "The One that Owns the Bird." She is of the House people from Red Pheasant.

Actocuwan -- "I Left the Whole Buffalo." A cache with a scarecrow over it to frighten away wolves.

When a woman dies her husband or children may use her dogs. The dogs are kept to supply the children with food, because dogs are useful. The dogs, when their mistress died, would crawl around as though they knew it. They are kind of used to the man, that's why they stay there with him.

The souls of dead pople go to where manito is. You can see the road they travel when the northern lights are out. Earth Man
was told that kice-ayisinyimu, "Big Man" would be the atayokhan who is the boss of the dead. If you see that road plain it is a sign that they are going to dance.

I am awful afraid to talk about the souls of persons because I am sure that they are always alive. They are called ahtahwuk and I saw them myself in the daytime.

On the road to Delmas there is a little level prairie beyond the Sand Hills. I saw them coming up the hill two by two, walking along the ruts in the road. Some were walking alone. They were dressed in the Indian way. I didn't see many blankets -- they had buffalo robes over their shoulders. They all wore clothes made of tanned hides which looked very nice. I didn't recognize one of them. Their faces were painted and their hair was combed. After I met a lot of them there were not so many coming on and I wanted to speak to them. "What are you going to get?" I asked. They were close to me but not one of them looked at me. One told me that they were going to work someplace. They carried something in their hands. I think that they were pipe stems but I am not sure.

I looked and looked. I thought that they must be going out to do some easy job. I thought that I would follow them. The first step I made I didn't know anything. I came to my tipi not knowing anything. My old lady saw my condition right away. I told her to get my stallion -- I wanted to ride. She saddled it up. I was standing next to the horse when I got my sense back. I asked her what was the matter. She answered that I had told her to saddle up. I remembered and took to following them along the road they were going on. As quick as I go to the road again I didn't know anything. I turned the horse into another road.

Some boys were plowing. They saw me and stopped my horse. They sent for Sam and Johnny. I got all right again. They didn't like it. I heard a wagon coming. Sam stopped his team. There was another wagon coming. It was Johnny. "What is the trouble?" "Nothing, I am all right now." I told them to take my horse home. Baptiste Pooyak came and camped near my place. He told me to go and get some money from the Farm Instructor. Pooyak told me to go to Delmas to get enough for a feast. They were going to fix the graveyards the next day.

That is what they meant -- "Going to work." They were coming for the grub. I am awful afraid to see one during the day. One talked to me and then I didn't know anything. After that I said that I had proved that the spirits were alive. I told about it at the feast when I was speaker. They must have been very old people who are buried near the river. That is why I didn't know any of them. Whenever I go somewhere on a hot, sunny day, I am afraid of seeing them. At night I am not afraid of seeing anything like that. Ahtcahk is the same as tcipai.

A good woman was never idle. There was no specialization
amongst the women. But even in the old days more didn't know how to do things than did. Many didn't even know how to sew up moccasins. Johnny's wife is one that knows how to do everything right. My wife was a good worker when she was young but now she only tans deer hides. In the old days the young fellows went after the good worker -- not the good looker. When the men would get back from hunting they would take off their clothes and visit one another and spend all their time sitting in the tipi. The women had to work and haul wood. Nowadays the young men have to work much harder.

More about "Timber Wolf Hide." Once he said to his boys, "I am going to tell you a story about myself. I am poor now. But I used to be poorer. My breechclout was made of an old blanket and it was only long enough for one side. I had an old old buffalo robe.

I head about a fellow who had stolen some horses from the Blackfeet. The enemy hadn't been watching the horses for it was a time of peace. Osawun was the man's name. I was thinking about this when suddenly I heard a horse coming and there was osawun riding on a pinto he had from the Blackfeet.

I thought that I'd take the horse from him and sell it to buy clothes. So I grabbed the bridle and shook the horse's head and told osawun to get off. 'I am going to take the horse.' Osawun replied, 'I am not going to get off.' He was a kihtco-ckinigu and had a sawed-off shotgun in his hand. I shook the horse's head again and said, 'I have said that I'll throw you off your horse whenever I see you. Get off.' (i.e. intimating a vow or promise.) I had never said that. Osawun raised his gun slowly and pointed it at me. When I saw that he really was going to shoot I tumbled over backwards with my legs outstretched. He shot a hole through the flap of my breechclout. He said, 'I pretty nearly killed you.' I thought about it. I was scared I almost got killed."

The stories about wishigetoak are bedtime stories -- they are not true at all. But the things Wolf Hide did are true.

I'll tell you a story about two men who are alive now -- atcenam and tcihtcigwayo "Bare (Rat) Tail." Their wives are sisters and they live together in one house. One morning they awoke before sunrise -- it was dark in the house. Tcihtcigwayo asked for a match. Atcenam was still in bed. Atcenam said, "Come up and get a match from my pants." Tcihtcigwayo came up and put his hand out. Atcenam grabbed his hand. Tcihtcigwayo knew what he was going to do and made a fist. Atcenam wiped himself with tcihtcigwayo's hand.

Every morning tcihtcigwayo would try to make the fire early. He was always out of matches. He caught tcihtcigwayo's hand again and rubbed it over his genitals. Tcihtcigwayo said, "Let me go, you dirty pig." In summer they always separated and camped apart. Tcihtcigwayo's wife went out to make the fire, atcenam came into the house. He began to play with
tcichtcigwayo's genitals. Tcihtcigwayo thought that it was his wife. Then tcichtcigwayo's wife came in. "Nitcikiceinu -- my partner is playing between your legs." Tcihtcigwayo jumped up. "Dog Pig. I'll kill you this time." Atcenam ran out -- tcichtcigwayo followed but remembered that he was naked.

In the old days if there was anything missing or stolen, the Crier would call it out. If a young man stole something, his father would take it and give it back to the owner. If something were found it would be hung up on the ogihtcitau tipi so that the owner could get it.

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