In the old days we would go north for furs in the beginning of the fall. We wintered in one place most of the time. There was no signs of whites except the H.B. We wintered across the Saskatchewan, right along the Jack Pine and Tamarack where the furs used to be. That's when I was a kid. When I was quite a young man we moved right to the edge of the prairie here, among
the East People. That was because the Blackfeet were moving south. They used to be in this territory first but they were afraid of the Cree.

To cross the Saskatchewan we tied the tipi poles together -- put rawhide over them and our goods on the rawhide. We tied a knot in the horses' tails and attached them to the raft with saganapi. A good swimmer would lead the horses. The women would cling to the raft, only a few sickly ones riding on it. Only those who tried to lead balky horses would drown sometimes.

When all were across the dogs would be howling on the other side. Then the women would call the dogs and you would see them swimming across one by one.

The raft was made by laying the poles together -- all the thick ends together. Then two cross poles were tied on at each end. A tipi cover was spread on it and our goods wrapped in the tipi cover. The sick person rode atop the goods. The men were all able to swim for they learned how when they were kids.

No, few of the other people could swim, for to the south the rivers are shallow and there are only a few lakes. We used dog paddle (my term), back float, and arm over arm strokes. In case of balky horses, a man sometimes would tie saganapi to the mouths of two horses, drive them in, tread with feet as horses were swimming. Only a few men could do it. I was a good swimmer but I couldn't do it. Once a horse kicked me in the water and I quit it. I had to let the horses go for I was hit in the arm. My brother came in and helped me out. We can just handle one horse in the water. There were only a few bad horses for water.

A few men knew how to swim under the water. When the water was clear you could see them way under just like fish.

On hot days we would go in every day. We would fill the big copper kettles we had with water and put two year-olds in to splash about so that they wouldn't be afraid of the water. In heavy rains, the little boys and girls would take off their clothes and play in the water. The parents used to like to see them get wet with rain water so that they would get used to a wetting.

Men and women would have separate swimming places in the river. Sometimes there would be lots of berries on an island in the river. We would get a big dry log and tie sag. around it. We would swim it out to the island -- cut the boughs bearing berries -- tie them to the log and swim it back. Then the women would pick them. (Note 1. Women did not swim for it. 2. How much easier it would have been for the men to pick the berries).

Sometimes we might be camped on the south side of the Saskatchewan and we would see buffalo on the north side. We would all hitch up our buffalo horses -- lead them to river -- swim
across -- put on clothes and chase the buffalo. When we kill
them we take the tripe out by cutting just a little hole in
the carcass to empty the guts. We washed the tripe in the
river and shoveled the meat in it. Take long pointed stick and
lace tripe with the saganapi. Tie tripe to horse's tail --
pile bones on saddle. Put the bones on the side downstream so
the current does not wash them away. Part of the hide is on
the saddle and part dragging in the water.

It happened once when we were in a big camp in the Red Deer
River a man had a bad horse. He tied a raft to the horse's
tail. In the water the horse kicked him. We found him
drowned. You could see the marks on his arms and legs where he
had been hit. I was the only man who tried to save him.

No, I never saw the kind of boat you mention (bullboat).

I have never seen canoes made. It is just lately that they
started making them up north here. I just saw a boat on the
Peigan River. Big Bear, a Cree, made it. For a frame it had a
bottom log (keel) with ribs bent around it. The keel was
turned up at the end. There were two long logs at each side of
the keel. The boat was square in back and pointed at the
front. Two hides were sewn together and tied on the frame with
sag. It was caked with fat. (See original for diagram)

They made paddles by flattening sticks. They were ugly.
Before they crossed they tried the best out. They didn't know
how to steer. At last they piled the goods in and paddled
across. There were 4 paddles, 2 in front, 2 in back.

They must have seen this somewhere but they didn't tell me
where. They used to go further north and they might have seen
canoes. I never saw one again after that but I heard that they
were making some. I think that they used to carry pemmican and
dried meat to the H.B. Co. when they had no room in the Red
River carts. Those that led the carts would tell the boat
riders where to camp. Those fellows in the boats used to wait
a long time for the carts. It was called aske g nosi -- Raw
Hide Boat or ahp no si -- Scraped Hide Boat. In the old days
we never bothered to make a boat.

I first saw a canoe at Turtle Lake in the old days. It was
hanging on a tree. After we were getting rations we would
scoop for fish on the Battle River. We made the scoops out of
old flour bags. I was fishing like that and I saw something
coming. It was a man but I didn't see on what he was floating.
I quit fishing and stared. Soon I saw him paddling. He landed
where I was. He asked me where he was. "You are in Sweet
Grass." "Who is your chief?" "Strike me on the Back." "My
brother lives here." "Who is he?" "Po pie." (a breed) "He is
not very far from here. But the river is crooked. If you walk
you'll be closer." "No, I'll get there." He came from a place
called Iron Creek. He lived at Edmonton. When he heard that
his brother lived along the Battle River he came down to see
him. The boat was loaded down so that it was just three inches
above the water. The first canoes I saw were big and nicely built. This one was not so good. Those others were sewn with willow sticks and gummed with pine pitch.

Big Bear's people were Beaver people (and River People?). Those Beaver people talk like we do. But the Bush People talk a little different. That young man that came from Pasqua had many words which we didn't understand. We say k ki -- he says tako -- We, nigan "ahead", he, niyak.

My wife asked him for a medicinal plant that we don't have here. He said they have a little and that he would send some on. She is of the River people.

Ever since I was a young man I asked the old people about things. I tried to know everything. As I am sitting here I am proud to think that I know a lot. If it was another man he would want much more than I do (he wants to ask for something).

I once pulled out a drowning man. I laid his body on the slope of a bank with his head down so that water run out. We squeezed his sides and his belly. He came to life but he never was better. When he came to his mind he said, "I think I was drowned." "Yes but I think I am going to save you now," I said. "When I have a horse I'll give it to you." I saw him several times after but he never had a horse. He used to give me the very best clothes he had, trimmed with weasel skins, and blankets. He died 2 years later.

I didn't know that it was dangerous to save a drowning man. He was a very good swimmer but he was leading a bad horse tied around the neck with saganapi. The horse got tangled in the sag. and drowned. There happened to be a log there -- I pushed it into the water. He was clinging to the horse. I swam out with the log. I saw him go down. I grabbed him by the hair and pulled him onto the log. I swam with one hand. I couldn't make it alone and several men swam out to help me.

His belly was full of water. I pressed him in his back and mostly on the sides of his belly.

Not so long ago there was a second one. We were living along the river when they surveyed the reserve. Big Thunder, Mac nac "Striped", and I went to Battleford to get groceries. We used to cross the river about a mile from here. Just below the ford the water is deep. I had a horse who was very afraid of water. As soon as he got to the water he threw himself down. We got him across and went to town. We each bought a sack of flour.

Before we forded on our way back we put sticks across the wagon box and put the flour on top. The bad horse was on the deep water side. He jumped when he touched the water and laid down. The other horse couldn't pull. All at once we are in the deep water. The wagon box floated away from the wagon. A stick caught in a hole in the box and held it fast. When the horses got their footing they stopped -- didn't want to go further. I
lost one of the lines and jumped in to get it. I swam to shore
to take my clothes off. Striped could not swim very well -- he
took off his blanket coat and leggings. He jumped and down he
got to the bottom. He yelled, "I can't swim." When he came
up I jumped in and grabbed one of his hands. "Whatever you do
-- don't grab at me or we'll both drown." We got to shore.
Big Thunder couldn't swim at all. He jumped in and bobbed up
and down like a jack rabbit. I told him to lie down on the
bank on his belly. I went in for the horses. My good horse
drowned. I fastened the wagon so it wouldn't float away. We
dried our clothes and came home. When we got there the women
gave us a scolding for the children had no bannock to eat.
Striped died two years after. He said he felt water in his
lungs.

No, a man will not throw away prints after a narrow escape from
drowning. (What is not vowed is not obligating.)

Striped just before he died said that his lungs felt hot. He
had a lump under his ear and matter ran out of it.

Yes, that first man who drowned that I told you about, if he
had had children they surely would have given me the horse that
he had promised. But he was only a young man and was not
married. He was raised by an old grandfather and was alone.

Now I promised a horse to the visitor from Pasqua. If I die
two weeks before he comes for it, my wife, grandchildren --
stepson, they know of it and when he comes they have got to
give it to him.

If a man dies and he has promised me a horse, when his son
meets me and he has no horse, the first thing he tells me is
that he has no horse. That's all right. It's the same if
one's grandfather has promised a horse, the grandson would
carry out the promise. We were strict about that in the old
days. If a person promised something and died, his son or
grandson or brother or relative must do it. I never saw it
happen, but if a man's son and grandson died soon after he did
then the horses were not given.

If a man promised to make a Sundance and dies, if his son wants
to carry on the Sundance he can do so. Now if I die and
promise Sundance, my son doesn't know my songs and so he won't
be able to make the dance. If he knows my songs he can carry
on. Nobody knows my songs yet. One from Jackfish asked me for
them. I only sang them once and I don't know if he knows them
yet. He is a Soto.

When there was a dance up there and Muskwa didn't do things
right, I went to a little hill (note: a "little hill" is
another prime ingredient in Cree ritualism) and prayed that
nothing might happen. I thought I was alone but when I looked
around there were two young men watching. I went straight back
to the Sundance lodge when they gave me a pipe to smoke to
sing. That young fellow gave me a piece of tobacco. (Note
another prime ingredient) He wanted to know my songs. He sang
with me. I think he knows all my songs but the last one. His name is "Best Runner."

Well, if a man wants to satisfy a person, he can give him a horse for his songs. But mostly it is done by giving so many prints. But the pipe has to go first, then the prints. A man gives as many as he can get. No, I never knew them to give anything else but prints and a pipe to smoke. But it would be done if a man wants to satisfy a person but I never knew it to happen. If a man wants to he can do it.

Here Baptiste Pooyak volunteered some information. About 10 years ago I knew a fellow from Jackfish who wanted to know the songs of an old man from Snake Plain. He gave him a buggy.

Also there was a man ciagatamo "Breath Coming Out." He promised to make a Sundance and sang twice. He started to get sick and toward spring he died. A man, kop to gan, dreamed that ci. told him that he couldn't leave this world for he was tied to the centre pole (of the Sundance). Ci. had a son kegwatcictahk "Trying". Ko. told him, "You must carry on the Sundance for your father. You can untie your father by giving a Sundance." Keg. made a Sundance. Ko. dreamed again that his father said, "I am all right and ready to go. They have untied me now."

Also wapuc "Rabbit" died at Moosomin. He had been doctoring a child and promised a Sundance that the child might live. He died in the spring. He had no relatives at all. The child's father made a big sweat lodge instead of a Sundance.

Fine Day again: Lots of times it happened that a man did not give a horse when he had promised it. I might say they had some bad in them. All his relatives would tease him about it. He will try to give a horse away another time. They tell him, "You can give a horse away easy for you'll take it back anyway." There is lots of kidding and teasing when a man does that. Many times a Blackfoot would promise a horse to me and not give it. When a Cree promises he gives it when he has one. No, you cannot take a horse from a man even if he has promised you one and never given it.

There was a man kitimagiyu "Poor Man" who would give a horse and come for it in 2 or 3 days. He was hung in Battleford after the Rebellion.

No, I didn't give the visitor a horse in the Sundance. I gave it to him because he is my relative and that's the first time I ever saw him. I never want him to pay me back anything. I know they are short of horses and I have more than I can handle. My wife has more relatives than I have. But when they come I give her a horse to give to them. All the Ahenakews are related to her. Her mother's sister lives at Sandy Lake and at Snake Plain.

No, we didn't drive buffalo into the water. But if they were
swimming and we saw them we would shoot. We found many buffalo who had broken through thin ice and used the meat. But we never purposely drove buffalo onto the ice. Twice we were chasing buffalo and when we were just about up to them we saw the leading buffalo go over a cliff. Some tried to turn but they were pushed over. There was a big herd. Some were killed, some broke legs, others ran away. Another time they went over a creek with steep banks. Two or three jumped over -- the others fell in. Our horses jumped over.

Sometimes we would have a buffalo robe on a stick at about the height of a man. We would ride at it and try to get the horses to knock it over. Very few horses would do it. We did it to train our horses to knock the enemy down. No, there were not other ways of training horses except racing them. Sometimes when we could find a lake with a sandy bottom, we would ride the horses in it together to train them to take to the water.

I don't know why we usually camped along the river rather than along the lakes. We camped along the river for fishing. In case it was a small camp pretty close to the bank -- mostly along the Saskatchewan River on either side. Along the Battle River we used to select a steep bank to camp near so in case the Blackfoot came we could just roll over the bank and get them.

My mother used to tell me that the biggest camp she ever saw had 4 Sundances going at the same time. They hung a white buffalo hide at one end and you could just barely see it from the other end. I have heard the old people talk about this too. Many times I have seen 2 Sundances in one camp.

In the old days before the whites came, they used to throw away the most valuable tanned furs they had. They also used to peel sticks and paint them red. I saw these thrown away myself. I have seen them throw away a buffalo calf skin. I never saw furs thrown away. In my time prints were available and so they didn't use furs. You saw the wapahanuh -- the hooked sticks next to the buffalo skull. I don't know what the word means but that is what they used to throw away. There is no meaning to the hook -- it is just for decoration. These sticks were not offered instead of prints in my day, but it was done before. They used to paint them different colors. Some had a sharp point at each end. Now they are used only in smoking tipi and Sundance. After Sundance they hang them in a bunch. Some tie them together with sinew, others just leave them on the ground. They are peeled red willow sticks.

Yes, I remember this funny story. There was a man by the name of kayasigan. He was a young man but he liked a middle-aged woman very much. He couldn't get a chance to get close enough to this woman to talk with her for he was known to be a comical fellow. One night the woman heard her dogs barking. She peeked through the door of her tipi and saw two men standing close by. She knew it was k. and tcahtcumugan "Bone Dropping in Water." She watched them come close to the tipi -- step by
I knew the fellow in this story. There were two boys who were chums. They were distantly related but they called each other brother-in-law. They would sleep together -- live together wherever they were. When they grew up, kakick cum "Cutting" got a sweetheart -- a fine looking woman. He told his chum that he's got a girl now. He didn't believe him. "Well if you don't believe me, we'll go tonight and you'll find out. The next night they came to the woman's tipi. K. put his hand in and felt for her. The woman woke up and grabbed his hand. K. had rings on his finger -- that's her sweetheart. They are playing with each other's fingers. K. took his chum's hand and put it over his and let his chum, paht ctim n "Burning Hair of Horse" feel the girl. P. plays with her fingers, feels her face. She is smiling. All at once he grabs her face and scratches her hand. She yells -- "Oh you hurt me." They run away.

"What did you do to my girl?" "Nothing." "Yes you did something." "No, I didn't." "Wait till the morning and I'll see." (Note: much of this story, as others too -- contain very much dialogue of this kind. They are important in the telling of the story) Early the next morning K. hid in the long grass at the slough where the woman got water. He waited until the girl came along. He stood up. She had a buffalo robe on. She saw him and she covered her face. "What's wrong with you?" "You foolish man, look at what you have done to me." He saw the scratches. "Well that's not my work." He went back. "I told you you did something. You'll have a sweetheart in the future and I'll get my revenge."

After a while it happened that P. did have a lover. K. pretended that he didn't believe him. "Nobody would ever like you because you are so silly." "No -- you'll find out. We'll go tonight." When night comes they go. P. puts his hand in tipi, but he couldn't do it very well for a rawhide was hanging in the way. But he put his hand over and woke the girl. They play with each other's hands. Then they change hand and K. feels the girl. K. pulls his hand back. "Try to go in -- crawl over the rawhide." They take a peg out and P. tries to crawl in. As he does so K. sticks his finger into P.'s anus. P. jumps into the tipi and makes a noise. He wakes the old man and old lady. He runs out leaving his robe outside the tipi. K. is rolling on the ground laughing. P. hears him. "I didn't know you were that silly." "Where's my blanket?" "Where you
P. didn't know how to avenge himself. The next day they went to hunt buffalo. P. had a horse with a strong mouth so that when it raced it went wherever it pleased. The horse had not been tried yet. K: "I'll try your horse." "If you think you can handle him you can try." K. hitched up the horse and took his bow and arrow and quiver. P. says, "Say K., you had better hand me your robe -- it will bother you later." Before they chase the buffalo, the hunters always line up in a row. K. can't hold the horse. "Let the horses go." K. is way ahead. The buffalo were running down the hill. K. is right among the herd -- he can't hold the horse. A number of buffalo stumbled. The horse shies and K. is thrown. They can see the riderless horse running among the buffalo. They come up to where K. is lying. He doesn't breathe. There is no water near by so they just rub him all over. At last he comes to his mind. P. laughs at him. "Well," -- K. said, "I'll revenge myself yet."

It happened later that a Stony brought a buckskin horse stolen from the Blackfeet. It was very wild and had been traded many times. Nobody could ride it. K. thought, "I'll buy that horse and coax P. to ride it." So he said to P., "If I had that horse I would break him sure." P. said, "Well, I can ride too." "You can't ride." "Yes, I can." "Well, if you ride that horse I'll buy him." "I can ride just as good as you can."

They went out of the tipi to where a few men were sitting on a little hill. In that group were the owner of the horse, his son, and son-in-law. P. and K. went there. K. said, "This friend of mine would like to ride your horse." "If you can stay on you can." "He can't ride" said K. "Oh yes I can, get him." They got the horse and put sag. in his mouth. The owner and his son held its ears and the son-in-law held its mouth and a blanket over its head.

"Are you ready?" "Yes, let him go." The horse bucks but P. stays on. He races. Suddenly the buckskin stops. P. goes off into some stones. He lies there. No breath in him. They think he is dead. They take a buffalo horn, sprinkle water over him (handy utensil). He comes to life again. He had a nasty cut over his head, two fingers broken. "By gosh, something has happened to my fingers. Now I'll revenge myself. You are silly enough to make fun of me."

They always made fun of each other. They used to go together even when they had wives but they still would make fun of each other. K. lost his wife first. P. lost his wife also. They were old now and lived together in a tent. By this time they had started using tents. Their children looked after them.

One warm day P. was sleeping. He was lying flat with his mouth wide open. K. pulled his loin cloth up to break the wind. He did it in P.'s mouth. When P. woke up he smells nothing but flatus. "You pretty near killed me. Wait, I'll get revenge
yet."

The next day it was warm again. K. fell asleep. P. saw and went close by to defecate. He pulled his loin cloth up and had a good one close to K.'s face. The faeces were kind of sloppy. P. dipped a stick in it and smeared some on K.'s lip. He laughed. K. woke up. "What have you done? It smells like faeces in the tent." He looks around -- sees the faeces -- takes an axe and throws it out. He still smells it. He looks around. "What have you done P.? You must have wiped yourself with something and hidden it here." "There is something on your lip."

No, there were no latrines in the old days. Men and women would go far into the bush where they would be hidden. We used anything, leaves, grass, anything dry. In winter we used buffalo chips.

One day they went up to sit on a little hill near the camp. It is a kind of sharp-pointed hill with enough flat on top for 2 or 3 men to sit. K. saw his friend sitting there and went up. P. saw him coming and defecated and covered it with grass. K. came up and sat down just missing that place. K. lit his pipe. It was windy. "You had better come closer. It is windy and you may start a fire." K. sits on it. "P. you must have defecated here. It stinks." P. laughs, "You sat right on it -- look at your blanket." K. said, "I'll get revenge myself."

That is the last story they told among themselves. P. died and four nights and days later K. died. They were chums to the last. They were loved by young and old. They used to tell stories one after the other. P. had one daughter married to a Crow -- another to a Peigan. They were in Montana when I was there last summer. K. had a son but I don't know where he is.

(I tried to get some dope on the evil spirit -- matciman to but with little success. Whether it was Fine Day's reticence in speaking about it or a hiatus in the culture I do not know.)

Ever since I know I have heard him mentioned but I never knew anybody to point a stem to him. When the first two people were created they were told that there are two chiefs -- one good and one bad. "Which of these two chiefs will you work for?" They said, "The good one." "You have chosen the right one. I am he. Now you never will see this evil chief but he will bother you. At least he will do some mischief -- that's his work. He will make it so that you will even kill your own relatives. If you ask him for evil he will be only too glad to give it to you." "I guess we will never ask him for anything." "Yes, you had better not. For whatever you ask him that's good he won't give it to you. But he will never quit bothering you."

That's all I know about it. No, I don't know of throwing cloth to him. But even today a man will send something to a person to kill him. The victim will get a doctor to take that thing out. When it is taken out, the man who sends it dies soon
after. I have seen that done many times. Sometimes it cannot be taken out and the person dies. It has happened many times right around here. It is called pitcitcehtcigan "Something Moving or Something Sent."

N.P. here told of how he saw one taken out of his father-in-law's temple. He was nearly blind. It looked like a bundle of horsehairs tied around with something. The doctor put it in his rattle.

F.D.: They were told that he had a lot of helpers but I never heard the old man say who they are. According to my own idea I think it must be a snake that's his helper. Some kill people and everyone is afraid of them. Those who send a pitc. must have an evil manito.

I knew of one person kic ca wapew "Good Ways Man" who was crazy from the time he was little until he was an old man. When he visited another tipi he would go in naked and say all kinds of things. He was frozen to death. He was of the Calling River People. They said someone sent a pitc. into him to make him crazy. But before his mother nursed him she had suckled a little beaver cub and the old man used to say that was the reason. Once when I was in camp his sister visited the parents. This crazy one they must serve him first or he got mad. It happened that the old lady gave the first plate to the daughter. He ran out. It was a blizzard. The next morning they found him on a hill facing the wind. They hitched up the toboggan and went for him. When they passed our tipi I heard him yelling at the dogs to go faster. He was alive but his legs were frozen solid. When his legs thawed out he died.

There were two crazy Sotos not long ago. Nopowig n "Paralyzed Man" and tcahtcakic. I saw that at Regina. They were both young men. They did no harm but always did mischief. I went to the sports at Regina. N. was from Piapot. I sat up with him nearly a whole night. I talked with him but he didn't understand me. He was a Soto. I asked him, "I guess you have a lot of lice in your loin cloth." "Kawiu -- look for them" and he pulled it off. I didn't want to talk with him any more. The other was the same.

I used to hear of crazy ones but I never saw any in the old days. No, I never head of killing the crazy ones. Once in a big camp I saw a woman running to the centre. There were women chasing her. She stripped. She was a fine looking woman. A young man was crossing over. They yelled to him to catch her. He did get her from the back. They took her inside of the tipi and took her best clothes and blanket. They went to the chief of the m tew k. This old man invited 3 other old men. They knew right away it was done by medicine. They put her clothes on. When she came to her mind she asked, "Who tore my clothes?" They said, "You did." But they didn't tell her that she had gone to the middle of the camp.

They said that a Soto was after the girl and she didn't want
him. He got mad over it and sent medicine to make her crazy. That camp was of the katepwan cipi wiyiniwik. There are two hills south of Regina called meatcic "Faeces Hills." They are along the creek that runs close by Regina. I saw a few more go crazy but Soto and always these. I guess that is matc manito's work too.

About seven years ago the wife of an tc ganic at Poundmaker went crazy. The old people doctored her but couldn't do anything. He took her to Battleford and they couldn't do anything. Tc. had only one horse left. He gave it to my wife. She doctored her and the woman came to her mind but she was childish.

One night tc. told her to go to bed. She didn't want to. It was way past midnight. He pulled his pants down and showed her his backsides. She went to sleep. Tc. laughed. They used to tie her with ropes for she tried to jump out of the window. She is all right now. But all at once she'll have a great laugh by herself.

Once we had a big camp in the flat up the hill here. A little girl of seven or eight was lost. She was kipik we'gan "Closing Bone." Everbody looked for her. On the fourth day she came back. "Where have you been?" "Oh I was visiting somebody. I was at this point of the hill. He wouldn't let me go unless I promised him my first two children. I promised them and he let me go." Her first two children died. She died just a short time ago at Whitefish. Her son is half related to Pooyak's wife. He visited them several years ago.

In the old days when they were ashamed of something they would commit suicide. There was a young man who did it because his young wife told him that he is in love with his sister. No, it wasn't true. She was a thoughtless women. He shot himself.

A woman at Poundmaker committed suicide. The chief's father's brother's wife was jealous of her husband. She hung herself.

Some miscellania: No, I don't know where matci manito lives. (I asked about a chief's speaker). The K. speak first; the Og. next; the chief last. When the chief wants to move camp he had a man go around and shout it.

When one sneezes they say somebody is talking about you. There is no at. in the sneeze. A belch means you are going to feel pretty good the next day. I know that myself. When I go and steal horses when I belched I was pretty sure that I am going to live the next day. So I was not afraid to go and steal horses.

No, we never had any kind of a chair to sit on. Sometimes there would be two chiefs. One was well off -- had lots of horses -- fixed up good in his tipi. The other one was a brave man but had no horses even. When they have a dance the poor chief had to sit near the door even though he is brave. He couldn't sit up with the head man. I had a brother who was
bravest of all. He was braver than Big Bear. But he was a poor man and he used to sit beside the door.

Another man by the name of tcatc wa sin was a brave man too. When the chief called for all the brave men they were the first to be called. But he had to sit beside the door.

Every time they stole horses and brought them home they would give them away. That's why they never had any of their own.

The poor chiefs are not workers -- they are only brave in war. But the other chiefs are workers too. The chiefs that are well off look after the poor. But the other chiefs they don't do much work. That's why they were poor.

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