As we came up this morning, Fine Day reprimanded Pooyak for eating alone (he brought his own lunch and ate it under a tree.) "You are not used to the old ways."

From a town south of here called Atusk you can see a little ridge. Where we were camping the water was kind of alkali. We
found a place about a mile away, a slough where the women went to get water. A Stony was out looking for horses. He went up on that ridge to look around. He saw Blackfeet chasing the women. There were a big bunch of women who went. About twenty of them were killed. When the B. saw women, they never spared them. The Cree would generally capture them and bring them back if they could. It was those men who had a woman who led the girls out at the Sundance.

This Stony was called "Fat Faced Stony." When he saw the women being chased, he rode his horse back and forth. We knew something was wrong.

Note: The tale that follows is chronologically confused. The above is one of the final incidents. The correct order is this:

1. The band moved south across the Saskatchewan and camped near Little Pine.
2. A Stony died there and so the camp was moved still farther south.
3. A man is killed by Blackfeet while out hunting buffalo.
4. Ten men then go out on a war party. They are pursued by a large party of Blackfeet and do not come right back to camp to warn the band of the proximity of the Blackfeet.
5. The Blackfeet raid the large camp and kill the women. Later the men who were pursued return.

Fine Day began with the last episode and confused the order a good deal.

There were about twenty-five women who had gone for water, mostly young women -- a few middle-aged. They used to peel the tripe of an animal and put water in it and tie it. Atcenam's mother and her sister were among them. Her sister was about 8 months pregnant. The two had made a pail out of birch bark and had a dog carrying the paunch containing water on a travois. They themselves carried the pail. They sat down to have a talk.

Suddenly they heard shouting close by. There was a good looking woman dressed in red flannel whom a Blackfoot had thrown across his horse. She jumped down. He tried again and she jumped down. They shot her and the other women were shot down one by one.

The Stony saw the two women coming and though he had no weapon rode out to protect them. The pregnant woman was shot and the Blackfoot came up and took a scalp from the top of her head. The other woman beat it to the camp and ran up. All she could say was, "All the women are killed." Meanwhile the Stony had checked the Blackfeet by riding out to meet them. They thought he must be a brave man and retreated.

The men chased the Blackfeet but couldn't catch them. They lost their track at night at a place near Unity called "Round Valley." Some had to come back afoot, leaving behind their
horses who were all in from the chase.

They made a sapohtowan. The dead women were laid out there to be buried the next day. There was a lake where they were camping. They clear a place where there was a steep cut bank -- made a big hole in the side of it -- laid the bodies there in a row -- put poles up against the bank -- buffalo robes over the poles -- dirt over all to hide it. Sometimes when the B. killed a person they used to pitch a tipi and lay him in there. The B. would return and take all that was put in the tipi and even cut the corpse to pieces. That's why they hid the bodies in that way.

This Stony that had checked the Blackfeet and the fast running woman (atcenam's mother) were in love with each other. Then my father invited the husband of the woman, Strike-Him-on-the-Back, and his brother. After they ate, "Now my brother I am sorry to tell you something. If you were man enough you should invite that Stony who saved your wife. You saw how brave he is. He had no weapon and yet he checked the Blackfeet. He has a bigger heart than you have. I know if you had a chance like that you would have abandoned the women." Strike-Him-on-the-Back did not say a word. Before that he had had a suspicion that the Stony was after his wife and he had given her a beating every once in a while. But towards evening I saw the Stony go into Strike's tipi. I don't know if he had invited him or not. He gave him something to eat and we saw the Stony come out carrying much clothing and a blanket. After that Strike did not beat his wife and used to invite the Stony every once in a while to come and eat with him.

The pregnant woman's name was kamisatimukiter =Horse Neigh." Her husband invited the Stony in. After they ate, "I thank you that you have saved my wife. He gave a blanket to the Stony. There were very few blankets then. He gave him also a bow and a quiver full of arrows. That Stony must have been thankful for he had no weapons. The pregnant woman had been scalped and shot through the side but neither wound was serious although no hair grew where she had been scalped.

A man named tcaskatcanesiw =Forked Bird Tail" had had two daughters killed. He started to cry around the tipis to Red Pheasant and he left for the East People with a few old men. When he would reach a camp of the East People he would circle around crying, "I am going to revenge myself in winter."

(From here on the sequence is confused.)

After he left, four men arrived from the East People and stayed in my father's tipi. There was a camp of mixed Cree and Stony. A dance was made for them that night. The next morning they moved camp. Two of the East People went up on a little hill to be alone and sleep. A big bunch of Blackfeet, more than there were men in camp, chased them. One had a sawed-off shotgun. The other had no weapon. The B. circled round them. When the B. came toward the unarmed man he raised an eagle wing he was carrying and pointed it like a gun. The B. dodged.
The Cree and B. fought. Many Cree were killed because they were outnumbered. Sometimes they would fire their gun and then rush up to use it like a club.

(Here a new episode begins.)

During that summer we crossed the Saskatchewan just south of Delmas. We had a little fighting now and then. We moved back to the "Place Where the Women were Killed" (Atnak). After we crossed the Saskatchewan, a Stony died. I don't know if he was killed or just died. Then we moved camp a little south of Little Pine.

A few men went out to hunt buffalo. During the hunt they were scattered. The B. killed one. The others came together and drove the B. off. That's the way the B. used to fight -- picking men and women off on the sly. When they came to steal horses here they came on horse -- only very seldom on foot.

About ten men went out in a war party. South of here there are two hills called Snake Nose -- there is a spring there. The men killed a buffalo on the way. When they reached the spring they made a fire to roast the meat. As a rule when we made a fire someplace we would go somewhere else to eat. While they walked away, they saw a horseman. They threw themselves to the ground and soon the whole hill was covered with horsemen.

They lay still for quite a while but there was no bush to hide in close by. One man had a wolf skin on his back. He went out -- it looked just as though a wolf were trotting. They headed for a lake with a peninsula on it. They dug a trench at the end of the peninsula. Meanwhile the B. found the fire and tracked them. They couldn't attack the trench. In the night they got away. (I have abbreviated this considerably.) The men that went out were:

ecaewanew -- Pointing Feather
mutogwah -- Deserting Camp
kacuanto nam -- God's Step
notinikew muskwah -- Fighting Bear

(B.P.: I knew these two who were brothers. They died not long ago at Thunderchild).

ekineapickin -- Stones Moving Successively
wehtcigoc -- Little wehtego
apictciponacic -- Small Winter Hawk
kacukawatiht -- 'Yelling At'
octcigwam -- His Head -- a young boy
wicaminimhkiw -- no transl.

This last man came from the east -- he was an otcipwek. Two men looked after him when he was old. They called him father but he was their father's brother. This man's wife died. He heard that the widow of the man that was killed while out
chasing buffalo was good-natured. She had a little girl. He asked her if they would live together. She started to cry. "I have a little daughter. I know you won't be able to look after her as you would after your own daughter. I know that to happen many times." He left her but didn't give up. He tried again. But it took quite a while before she consented at last. "This is the last time I come. If we live together I shall take your daughter as my own and I want you to do the same for my little son." So she consented.

They lived together and wi.'s looked after the girl as though it were his own. At last the girl was old enough to have a man. She got a man, nukotan "Two by Two." (B.P.: I knew him -- a wicked old man). Every once in a while the girl would come home crying because nukotan had given her a beating. Then wi. went out and took one of his best horses. "Take this horse -- the best I have -- and give it to your husband. I hope he will not beat you any more. I am taking you for my own daughter. I don't like to see you separated from your husband."

I know this because my mother used to ask wi.'s wife why she had taken him for a husband so soon after her first husband had died. She told how persistent he had been. They had one daughter -- the mother of Fox.

Nukotan was a bad-tempered man but they didn't know it when he took the girl to wife. Yes, the horse would help a little. He wouldn't beat her for a while -- but then he would begin again. I guess he wanted another horse. Wi. thought a lot of his step-daughter and didn't want to see them separated. He never had any bad feeling toward nukotan. The boy got married but he didn't have any children -- whether it was the man or the woman -- I don't know.

Now I'll go back to the rest of the trouble we had that summer. The Stony that died before camp was moved had a fast horse. The Stony was very brave, he had a brother-in-law who was brave too. His name was puecuwakoteckanit "Thunder Horn." In the battle there was a B. with a white horse who killed many Cree. This was before that Stony died. His name was mayawecteigwanic "Curly Haired." ...Curly Hair went after the B. -- he was knocked off his horse. The B. stripped him but did not bother to scalp him because his hair was short and curly. Thunder Horn got mad and chased another B. He knocked him down and scalped him...

The battle started pretty early in the morning and didn't end till evening. There was a camp of horse people a way off. They heard the guns and knew there was a battle. They took their horses -- put war bonnets on -- had no clothes just a napkin. But they came too late. They were very sorry to have missed the battle. It was at Shoulder Hill, south of Battleford.

The next day they moved camp a little east. After they fixed up the tipi, my father's brother, Strike-Him-on-the-Back, came
up with a bundle of prints and a pipe. He gave these to my father. I went out of the tipi then so I didn't know what was going on but I heard later that my father had dreamed that if he goes out on the revenge trip he will be killed. Strike heard of it and that is why he gave the prints to ask for help and coax my father not to go. "All right, I won't go. I didn't want to listen to anybody but I'll take your word."

By this time it is fall. "Forked Bird Tail" came back from the east and was camping at a hill called "Four Were Killed" southeast of Lloydminster. Close to the Battle River, just south of Thigh Bone Hill (The Blue Hill) there were 2 buffalo pounds. My father went off in a different direction there, not wanting to go to war with the main group. We camped where paskomin now lives and heard that there was another pound at Sliding Hill. We moved there. Nobody was around but there were piles and piles of meat -- some hung in a tree and some covered with sticks. We moved camp to the two hills south of Prougua. They had another camp there (note three pounds within short radius).

The reason why they slaughtered so many buffalo was because the men were going off and they cached the meat so the women would have enough to eat.

While we were there a big bunch arrived from the east. After they ate and fixed tipi they started to dance a dance called otcikhumcisuk "The Lousy Beast" (B.P.: This is an animal that is smaller than a fox -- black tail and snout). After the party left, another arrived. There were only a few Soto among those parties. The men who had Cree women and the Cree men who lived with Soto women in the east came.

They had not far to go to reach the B. Split Bird Tail went out to scout. He spied a big camp. As they advanced on it they came across a few Sarcees. They killed all the men and captured five women. A few women escaped and warned the B. The B. knew that a winter party would be a big one. They didn't want to fight. They piled logs around their tipis. The Cree attacked. They fought two days. On the evening of the second day the Cree went off a little to eat.

Fifteen Cree were killed and many wounded. The Soto did not get hurt -- they had good medicine. They doctored the Cree. All the Sotos seemed to have good medicine. But on account of the cold they could not doctor them right. Many wounded died, many got better. (Field notebook #4 - handwritten).

My father's brother had taken one of the best looking of the Sarcee women -- she was a virgin, musiskew. He put his war bonnet on the girl as a sign that no one should kill her. During the battle four young men saw their friends killed by the B. and they came and killed 3 of the women, including the one my father's brother had taken. After the battle, my uncle was told that she had been killed. That was the first he knew of it. His name was kayatahkowit "Like a Star." When he and pihpapai, who had also captured a woman, found they were killed they got mad. They didn't want to eat. They asked who had
killed the women. They went around to search. Nobody would tell them who had done it.

Toward spring, when you could see the ground bare here and there, we moved to pimitawahkahk "Against the Sand Hills" which is this side of Saskatoon. My father met his father-in-law there -- kicigawatcahkos "Day Star," who invited him to supper. He gave him some tea. That was the first tea my father tasted. It was kind of strong. When he got home he said he was sick. They gave him water to induce vomiting. He took sick 8 days and died. He went fast.

We asked the people who had gone to fight the B. to count the days since they left until they fought. We found that my father had died on the day they started fighting. I guess that was the end of my father -- he was going to die anyway. I was about ten years old then. When my father was alive I was well off, but since then I have been poor until this very day.

The warriors came back with many horses. When they returned, those who had lost relatives were asked to enjoy themselves with the others for when they came back everyone generally had a good time.

I wonder at the leaders of the white men who do not go into battle. Our leaders always were in front... When we would reach a B. camp, the leader would pick 2 men to go ahead and steal horses. He picked men who knew how. He always says that if they do not go he will go himself. When they bring horses two others are sent out (Field notebook #4 - handwritten). Whenever I went I was first to be picked.

Once I and kituwepac "Making a Noise" went ahead. We each got 2 horses that were tied to the chief's tipi. We each gave one to the leader. Two others went out and came back with 2 apiece. They also gave one each to the leader. Soon we had enough so that each man could ride. "Now children we'll beat it for home, you all have horses."

Two of the men did not want to go back; they wanted more horses. Our head man didn't like to leave them. At last, "All right we'll go on. But slowly (so you can catch up to us)." "Watch for us, when we see you we'll ride back and forth to show who we are." He told them which direction the party would take.

As we went along we always built four tipis of brush. There were 11 men in three and 12 in the fourth. Each wooden tipi -- mihtigowap had 2 headmen. Our headman rode in front slowly. In spring the ponies are poor and we were afraid to let the B. chase us. We hadn't gone far when we heard guns. "The B. shot our partners," we think.

We went a little faster. At noon we turned toward home. Right in front we saw a horseman riding back and forth. We knew it was the enemy. We drove the horses into a big hollow --
hobbled them and tied their necks to the hobbles. They rode up -- dismounted -- surrounded us. When we raise our heads we hear their guns. We do the same. Nobody is hurt. Our headman says, "If they come closer I would do this." He jumps out of the trench and runs around it. Guns pop. I say, "I'll fool them too." I do the same. "Young man I didn't want you to do it. I just wanted to fool them." But I did anyway.

At last they go off. I guess they were afraid of us. A young man went out to scout. "They are gone. I could hardly see them at the last." We travel on all night driving horses ahead of us. We stop for a little sleep toward morning. I don't know when we eat. About noon we saw 2 buffalo bulls ahead of us. Napeowasis "Boy Child" went out and killed one. We roasted meat.

The two we had left behind were ahead of us, asinimuskwa "Stone Bear" and another whose name I forgot. Stone Bear had a telescope. The horses were scattered in front and they couldn't make out who we were. They tried to count us. Our headman had told us, "We didn't get any sign from the Blackfeet that they had killed our men" (so we knew they had escaped). If they had killed any they would have hoisted a blanket on a stick and dropped it once for each man shot. The Cree did the same only they struck a blanket on the ground once for every dead man. The B. would have done that to boast that they had killed our comrades.

When we ate and moved on the two made out who we were. They came up and told us that a B. had come out during the night and had noticed the horses gone. He fired 4 shots in the air to wake the camp. Those were the shots we heard.

The next spring our headman "Little Horse" apictatin wants to go again. I go with him. There were 14 of us -- Standing Horse from Little Pine was along. I don't remember how many times we camped in the road. The headman took his rattle and started to sing, "I was a headman too." He tried to know what was going to happen. "Tomorrow you will kill an antelope. I don't think you will taste the meat." We start off the next morning. We hadn't gone far before we saw 2 antelope feeding in a little ravine. One of the men went out -- he killed one -- missed the other. We skin and cut the antelope. Whatever we can eat raw we do -- liver -- kidney -- tripe. We select where we are going to roast the meat -- a place with thick bush.

We always look around first and we saw a man riding back and forth -- soon many B. come up. We turn back -- leave meat -- walk to a little stony hill -- dig 2 trenches just deep enough to lie in. We watch them come up the hill -- we count them -- there are 40. They come up to a couple of hundred yards of us and separate to encircle us. One Cree had a Snyder Rifle, sapohtok "Hole Through." He fired and missed. B. laugh and turn back. "Don't shoot. Let them come close so we can get a few. They can't get us." But he wanted to kill the front one. He fired another shot. They beat it. We hear them singing.
After we hear them singing we see the robe raised slowly up -- once -- twice. "Those must be the two who went out last winter."

They went off one by one. Two lingered behind for quite a while. Toward evening they yell, "You'll see a lot of us men." Two or three Cree understood Blackfoot and they yell back, "Nigwema you are a foolish man to tell a lie like that." We had no water -- we were pretty thirsty. At night we left the trench and made for a little creek we had passed before. We reached there at dawn and drank. We were pretty hungry. We sat down to think over what to do.

Our headman said, "We haven't reached the place where I am supposed to get horses. I don't like to go back home without horses." Six of us said we would go on with him. Eight turned back. We went on in a different direction. As we were walking along we saw a small herd of buffalo. One man killed a fat cow. We came to a clump of willows. It was spring but the leaves were not out yet. We built a fire of buffalo chips.

Before the eight went back, our headman told them, "This is the way it is done on the warpath. We meet our enemies. We threw bullets at each other. No one was hit. When a kih. goes ahead now, it counts for two battles."

Those that turned back did so because they thought the B. would be guarding their horses too closely. No, they couldn't count that as a battle.

That night we got him to say again, "There will be only a few horses. There were quite a bunch in those I just saw but there will be only few when we spy the B. tomorrow." We were in a hilly country close the Sweet Grass Hills in Alberta.

The next morning he filled his pipe and asked me to scout. I didn't smoke then. In the old days young men were not allowed to smoke. "If you smoke when you are young, you will be lazy and short-winded," our parents told us. I first smoked when I made my first Sundance.

I followed a dried creek up a little hill and spied a small camp. There were a few horses there. I went back and barked like a coyote as a signal that I saw some tipis "i wawa." When our leader heard me he took his rattle and started singing. Before I came up he said, "That's the place I saw. There will be about 10 tipis." He sang again. The [sic] piled up buffalo chips. When I came up I kicked the pile of chips -- each grabbed a piece saying, "I have taken a black horse -- a pinto etc." I grabbed one too. The singer did not.

The pipe was filled again -- he gave it to me. "Take it easy (do not exaggerate), tell the truth what you saw." I take a few puffs and pass it on. "It's not very far to the hill I went up. I could not count the tipis. There are quite a bunch of horses. We stayed there quite a while and ate the meat we
had cooked. Each man had a saganapi cut. We stretched them
and slung them across our shoulders. Ap. asks for wind and
rain. Toward evening the clouds gather, there are heavy clouds
at night -- it is quite dark.

Now we start. When we come up to the camp there are still some
fires so we sit down. I am one of those picked to get horses.
In case the horses were not tied we would go back and tell the
others. We come close and hear the horses kicking each other.
I told the other two, "They are trying the horses."

Dogs come for us barking. I throw myself down and look to see
if the others do the same. I see them run off. The dogs sniff
me -- stop barking -- go away. I had a dog skin on my back. I
follow the dogs right among the horses. I cut loose a white-
faceted horse. I hide behind his chest... Others went until we
each had one horse. They were pretty poor, that's the trouble
with going in the spring. We go off.

I had the best horse in the bunch -- a chestnut mare. Toward
morning she stops suddenly -- can't go any further. The others
left me, I drive the mare on slowly. All at once she smells
the tracks of the other horses and starts to gallop. I grab
the saganapi -- get on her back. I reach the others. When he
first left me I nearly cried. None of them were related to me.
"They don't care if I'm killed," I thought. When they saw me
they stopped. "This is where we were going to wait for you."
I guess they say that to please me. They should have waited
long ago.

When the mare began to run again I promised to keep her until I
die or until she dies. "You'll die in my hand or I'll die on
your back." We came to our camp. It was at "Long Bluff" on
Piapot Creek near Maple Creek. When I came home my mother came
out and kissed me.

"That's your mare." I hand her the saganapi. Two months later
the mare broke its neck and died. I thought a lot of my mother
and she thought a lot of me. I thought it would be the same if
I gave it to my mother as if I kept it myself.

That's the end of the story.

The first summer I won my war cap. Wiskwepitagun "Taken Care
of." I went chasing Sioux and came to the Earth Lodge People.
I saw apples there and didn't know what they were. No, I never
heard of trading with them.

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