

DOCUMENT NAME/INFORMANT: BOB BLACK PLUME
TIPI DESIGNS (3), BUNDLES, ETC.
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ALBERTA
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ALBERTA
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HIGHLIGHTS:

- Describes various tipi designs.
- Tells the story of how the Blood got tipis.
Bob Black Plume: How this came to exist, he knows a lot about them too.
Mrs. Black Plume: You'll do the talking.
Bob: Yes, I just said this.
John: First I want to know Bob's age and where he was born.
Diane: How old are you and where were you born?
Bob: I am sixty-seven. He has started to record everything?
Diane: Yes.
Bob: Yes, I am sixty-seven years old today.
Diane: And where were you born?
Bob: Here on the Belly Butte territory. The Blood Reservation, that's where I was born.
John: And his mother's name and his father's name?
Diane: Your father's name and your mother's?

Bob: My father's name is Black Plume and my mother's name is Black Horn. She got her name from a powder horn. Those horns that people used for putting their gunpowder in, that's how she got her name. Black Horn is her name.

John: And they were Bloods, were they?

Diane: They are Blood Indians?

Bob: They are Blood Indians.

Diane: And now the drawings, do you know them?

Bob: Yes, tipi designs are all different. I know them. The tipi design existed back in the earlier times. We don't know. Some disappear but they redesign again. How they existed, the earlier people used buffalo hides for tipis, that is how the buffalo song existed, the hoof song, the Water Bundle hoof song. They are used in the white buffalo dance. Okay and that's how the buffalo stones came into existence, because the people use the hide of the buffalo to make tipis and just lately canvas was used. Before that buffalo hides were used. They tanned them. In those days women worked very hard. They

tanned the hides. This has been carried out ever since from generation to generation. They are dreamed on his tipi and the songs the spirit taught him, the tipi song of the spirit, and the man will copy the design. The same with the buffalo. That's why they have those hooves for the white buffalo dance, and the buffalo stones which are connected with the buffalo. That's how these stories were told to me by my father and Red Tipi Poles. Okay, that's all and what else does he want to know?

Diane: He gave the histories on all the tipis?

John: Yes, that's all the tipis.

Diane: No, he didn't give the names or anything.

John: Okay, now for the tipi design.

Diane: He wants you to tell him the story about the Bald Eagle Tipi Design.

Bob: Yes, the Bald Eagle Tipi Design. Okay, switch it on. Wait until it's switched on.

Diane: It's open.

Bob: In the past some of these are people in the water. They have tipis and they give their tipis out from the water. These tipis are from the people in the water. They have designs on them. The way my father told me this story, there was a man that went out into the wilderness so that he might dream of something in his sleep. In those times men went out to sleep

alone in the wilderness so that the people of the spirit world might give them something in their dreams to make them strong and healthy. A man was standing on the ocean shore. In the ocean there is a mountain called the Mountain In The Ocean. This mountain stands far out in the ocean. The man kept hearing the screams of a bald eagle on this mountain. The bald eagles are mean. As the man went to sleep a spirit appeared to him. The spirit told him, "My father wants you to go to him." This was the son of the bald eagle. The man was asleep when the boy came to tell him that his father wanted him. This was in his dream.

The man went to the Mountain In The Ocean in his dream. The bald eagle took pity on him and gave him his tipi. A Bald Eagle Tipi Design. The bald eagle told him to copy the design on his tipi and gave him the tipi song too. The man came home. This man eats bugs, worms and snakes and all kinds of insects. Bald eagles will eat anything, bugs, birds or frogs. He always carries his whistle with him. His whistle was a Water Bundle

whistle. He'll blow on his whistle and call on his spirit and then he will eat the snakes. This is what the bald eagle eats, that is how he got the Bald Eagle Tipi Design. So he copied the tipi design on his own tipi and the tipi flag was a bald eagle. It was tanned. I don't know if it is still around or if it is sold. That's exactly what my father told me very plain. That's all.

John: The flag was an eagle. I got it.

Diane: The bald eagle?

John: Yes. It's a flag they put up on the tipi in a case and its wing is out.

Diane: Yes, he just told that. He mentioned the flag here.

John: Ask him where the flag is tied.

Bob: At the top. It's tied to a tipi pole. This is different. It's not the designs. The flag is tied securely to a pole so that it will not be blown off by the wind. The tipi is holy. Whoever owns it will see it in his dream.

John: And when that tipi, the eagle, is transferred is the flag transferred the same time as the tipi design?

Diane: Is the flag transferred the same way as the tipi design?

Bob: Not exactly the same. A little different. The motions are fast.

Diane: Is it transferred with the tipi?

Bob: A person will ask for the tipi to have it for his own and the tipi will be given to him. The bald eagle will be

transferred to him with the tipi. It's not an eagle, it's a bald eagle. I don't see it any more. I don't know what became of it.

Diane: Yes, it's transferred with the tipi.

John: With the tipi, yes. And are there any INISKIMS (Buffalo Stones) that go with that White Headed Eagle?

Diane: Are there any buffalo stones with the tipi?

Bob: Every tipi has buffalo stones.

Diane: Every tipi has them?

John: Every tipi.

Bob: It's the hides. In the past the very first one that had tipi, it's the hide of the buffalo which is tanned. Canvas just came lately. The stone represents the buffalo. The buffalo stone is never left out.

John: With every tipi.

Diane: With every tipi?

John: How many stones?

Diane: How many stones?

Bob: There are two or one.

Diane: Two or one.

John: Some tipis have five stones or seven.

Diane: He says are there any with five or six?

Bob: Some of them have a lot of buffalo stones. They are put in bags and they are put on buffalo wool when a tipi is to be transferred, and the paints too.

Diane: (Indistinct)

John: Did Bob ever own any tipis?

Diane: Did you ever own one?

Bob: Yes, I had a tipi.

Mrs. Black Plume: You gave it away.

Bob: Yes, we gave it away and I got another tipi, a Black Elk Design. It was given to us by her father. The elks were black.

Mrs. Black Plume: And that Hoof Design from his sister and the Black Elk Tipi Design was my tipi. A Medicine Pipe was transferred too in that tipi. The tipi that we have now is a Buffalo Tipi Design, just the heads.

Bob: That tipi we used at the Sundance, it's a Buffalo Head Tipi Design. He saw it at the Sundance.

Mrs. Black Plume: Yes, he knows it.

Diane: They have three. Two are his. He gave his away but he's still got the Buffalo Head.

John: What were the other two designs?

Diane: Well the one he gave to Browning was hers. The Black Elk.

John: Yes. Okay now, these other tipi designs. There seems to be quite a few of them. AMONISI (Otter).

Diane: And those other tipi designs. Do you know them?

Bob: Yes. I always see some. The Otter Tipi Design has an Otter Tipi flag. I don't see many of them around. Maybe they are sold. They are also tied at the top of a tipi pole, the same as the Bald Eagle Tipi flag. They are used at the Sundance. It's an otter skin and it is designed on the tipi.

Diane: How many tipis with other designs?

Bob: Yes, there are quite a number of them.

Diane: Are they all different?

Bob: Yes, there is a little difference in them.

Diane: Some of the others are painted different.

Bob: And some of them are painted the same. There are a lot of these Otter Tipi Designs.

Diane: He says there is quite a few, some vary and some are the same.

John: And they are all called Otter Lodges.

Diane: They are all called Otter Tipi Designs?

Bob: They are all called Otter Tipi Designs.

Mrs. Black Plume: Some are called the Yellow Otter Tipi Design.

Bob: Some are painted yellow and some with real paint. Yellow Otter Designs are actually painted on the tipi.

Diane: He said it depends on color.

John: Yes. That's right, some are yellow and some are red.

Diane: No, the tipi is painted yellow and the otter is still painted black.

John: And there is the Otter Tipi flag on each tipi.

Diane: Does every tipi have a flag?

Bob: The otter will be transferred with the tipi. The otter that's drawn on the tipi is the same one that is tied on a pole on top of a tipi.

Mrs. Black Plume: The ceremonialist performs with it.

Bob: Yes, the ceremonialist performs with it when it is going to be transferred and the buffalo stones are always included. You are painted on the tipi. A person will pay a lot on a tipi that is transferred to him. He will not get it for nothing. He will pay horses for it, dry goods and some money. Some will count how much they paid on a tipi and you will have to pay the same amount as what the owner paid on his tipi. It is hard if the owner of the tipi is not satisfied with the payments. He will take his tipi back, or what he has transferred to us.

Diane: Yes, there is the tipi flag and the buffalo stones.

John: And the buffalo stones. There's, let's see, the Otter, the White Head Eagle and what about this Wolverine? I don't know how to say that, maybe we'll let that one go.

Diane: Yes, Dad told me the name.

John: And then there is the...

Diane: Do you know there is an animal that is called wolverine, a big cat (cougar). Oh no, it's not a cougar.

Bob: There is a Beaver Tipi Design.

Mrs. Black Plume: There is the Cougar Design.

Diane: What is a big cat? (cougar)

Bob: These.

Diane: No, I don't mean those.

Bob: Yes, a big cat (cougar), those that they have in a circus.

Mrs. Black Plume: Yes, she knows them.

Bob: Big cat (cougar).

Mrs. Black Plume: And there are the Bear Designs, the Cougar

Design, and there is....

John: Willie Mills, Willie Mills had the tipi flag.

Diane: Wolverine?

John: Yes, had the tipi flag.

Diane: Do you know Willie Mills? Willie Mills?

Bob: Yes, White Man (Willie Mills).

Diane: Yes, he has one of those. He has a flag.

Bob: Yes.

Diane: What is it?

Bob: What design is his tipi?

John: It used to belong to Johnny Red Crane. When Willie Mills married Red Crane's daughter I guess he got that. Well that's all right, we'll leave that one for this time. And Jim Low Horn, Jack Low Horn, he owned the Black Buffalo Tipi Design.

Bob: The Black Buffalo Tipi Design. Yes, he had a Buffalo Tipi Design. It belonged to Low Horn.

Mrs. Black Plume: It was transferred to Glove Man (Willie Eagle Plume). He owns it now. That Buffalo Design, it was owned by Jack. Then Low Horn (Jim Low Horn) owned it too. At the Sundance my late brother transferred it to Glove Man (Willie Eagle Plume) and copied it on to his tipi.

Bob: Yes, the Black Buffalo Tipi Design. The Black Buffalo Tipi came from Sounding Drum. Was it the buffalo? At the Buffalo Lake, the Sounding Drum?

Mrs. Black Plume: That is not where.

Bob: The Sounding Drum, I don't know where this is. It's somewhere in the north.

Mrs. Black Plume: It must be that purple, a water. It was given to him in the river.

Bob: Yes, the purple colored.

Mrs. Black Plume: That is where it was given to my father. The tipi is painted all yellow with Black Buffalo Designs.

Bob: Yes, and the big seal.

Mrs. Black Plume: Yes, that was different.

Bob: I thought it was a Black Buffalo Design, a Hoof Design.

Mrs. Black Plume: No, they are both Buffalo Designs.

Bob: Yes, both Buffalo Designs.

Mrs. Black Plume: And the Beaver Design, when they moved camp across the river the time people were drowning, that is where it came from.

Bob: Yes, that's where it came from. From out of the water.

Mrs. Black Plume: A child was drowned. A man went into the water to look for the child but he didn't find it.

Bob: This happened at where the river flows across to the other river.

Mrs. Black Plume: That's where the seal was.

Bob: Down the river where this river connects with the other river and flows into one river, is the place that is called where one river flows across to the other river. The river was flooded and this man's name was Weasel Heart. They were sitting on the river bank; the bank wasn't very high. It was a big flood; the water was muddy and driftwood was floating by. They were looking at the river water and as they were gazing at the water they saw the tops of tipi poles just to where the support poles were tied together. The water was flowing just over where the support poles were tied and Weasel Heart said, "My friend, do you see that tipi?" His friend answered, "Yes, that is a tipi." "I will go into that tipi." So Weasel Heart went up the river a little way and took a log as for a horse and floated down to where they saw the tipi. He told his

friend, "Just tell me when I am to the place." He was floating down the river and his friend shouted at him, "That's the place." So Weasel Heart jumped off the log and made as if he was entering the tipi and truly he did enter the tipi.

So his friend thought, "He has entered the tipi. I might as well go too." So he too went up the river a little way and he also took a log for a horse and they floated down too and he got off where he thought the tipi was and made as if he was entering the tipi and followed his friend into the tipi. Weasel Heart was given the Black Buffalo Tipi Design and when the other one entered the tipi he was given the Yellow Tipi Design. While they were sitting in the tipi a big seal swam up to the door. That's what the people in the past called them. The seal told the water man, his wife and his child -- there were three of them -- "They have been sitting in there for a long time. They have soft livers." This means that he wanted to eat the two men. The man in the water told Weasel Heart and his friend, "He is responsible for all the mishaps that occur to you people. When you people are moving camp across the river he drowns people and eats them. Give him something." One of the men gave him something. I don't know what he took

with him into the water.

Mrs. Black Plume: And it sang.

Bob: And the seal sang. The words in his song were, "My name is Not Given and Then Given." He told men, "My children, you will draw me around this tipi." The tipi was then three in one. It was a Black Buffalo Designed Tipi, Yellow Buffalo Design and the Big Seal. That is where these Buffalo Tipi Designs came from. It was a water man that gave these designs out from the water. He gave them to the ones that he appeared to and now there is a lot of these Black Buffalo Tipi Designs. I know three: one from here, one at the North Peigans and there might be one on the Blackfoot Reserve. There are three of the Black Buffalo Tipis. I was watching. I was sitting in at the transferal of the Black Buffalo Tipi and the buffalo stone was there. It is never left out. And the songs are the same, and the white buffalo dance song and the hoofs that they dance with in the white buffalo dance. That's how these stories were told to me by my father and Red Tipi Poles.

John: I bought a tipi bundle from somebody here for the Black Buffalo.

Diane: It's a bundle.

John: Yes. It had a round thing, beaded, I think. When the bundle is being transferred I think you put the pipe in it, the pipe to sit on this. But maybe sometime what we'll do, Bob, is look at these bundles. I'll bring them down.

Diane: There is something he bought, a bundle, it belongs to the Black Buffalo. Black, what was it?

Bob: The Black Buffalo Tipi Design.

Diane: Yes. Black Buffalo Design. He says that he'll show the article and identify it.

Bob: Yes. I'll identify it for him.

Diane: He'll bring it down with him the next time he comes.

Bob: The next time you come, yes, come with it.

Diane: He hasn't got it with him now.

Bob: And I'll tell him what it is. I was watching the transferal of the Black Buffalo Tipi. I was sitting in there.

Mrs. Black Plume: You told him that already.

Bob: Yes, I was one of the rattlers. Tell him to bring his rattles when he is going to open his bundle. Tell him to bring two or more rattles. That will be the time when I'll sing him those songs and as I sing along I'll explain them to him.

Mrs. Black Plume: You will sing him the songs tomorrow. Was he saying to sing him the songs tomorrow?

Bob: Yes, he is coming tomorrow and I'll sing the songs for him. I'll borrow some rattles.

Mrs. Black Plume: There are people that can play tricks with dice in a hand game. They perform strange things in a game. Do they have it over there, the holy hand game?

Diane: Holy hand game sticks.

Mrs. Black Plume: Yes, holy hand game.

Diane: Yes, they got some.

Mrs. Black Plume: They took pictures of it?

Diane: No, they didn't take any pictures of it.

Mrs. Black Plume: How they make motions?

Diane: No.

Mrs. Black Plume: Those are good to take pictures of. That other man is a short guy. He said that he would come sometime and put up a game. They are very interesting to watch. They could make some money on them if they take pictures of it.

Bob: I was told the story of the Water Bundle, the Water Pipe, the beaver that gave the bundle out from the water. The story was told to me. I'll tell the story just how he gave the bundle to the man, how he gave it to him out from the water. The beaver, a real beaver.

Mrs. Black Plume: Those bundles.

Diane: He said he is going to tell the story of how they got the Beaver Bundle.

John: Yes, but we won't do it right now.

Diane: When?

John: We'll do it tomorrow.

Diane: He'll be telling you what to do.

Bob: Yes, the story was told to me. My father had a pipe, a Medicine Pipe and my father-in-law was also a Medicine Pipe owner. I learned the songs from him.

Mrs. Black Plume: My late father, Red Tipi Poles.

Bob: Yes, her father.

Mrs. Black Plume: I've got his pictures. I'll bring them and my mother's. Those are the people that didn't have wagons. I'll bring them with me tomorrow, the people that didn't have any wagons, so he'll see the pictures. He'll know how my mother travelled in those times. My mother was thirteen years old when she got married. She was a very young girl. His father's picture is there too and his Medicine Pipe. He had two wives so he'll see Bob's mother and father. I'll come with the pictures and also my father's.

Bob: Yes, we'll bring them tomorrow.

Mrs. Black Plume: The way my father sings at pipe openings, he is the wisest in singing at pipe ceremonies.

Bob: He is the wisest man on the Blood Reserve; he handles all holy bundles.

Mrs. Black Plume: He is well known and also he'll see how he is dressed.

Bob: What I told him is not false. The stories I told him are true and when somebody is asked to perform for you we have to pay him. We treat them good. We'll give him a horse and some dry goods to give us information on a holy bundle. That is how I learned. I am not afraid to give him any information. I was told all these stories, so that's how we learn.

Diane: He says he doesn't know all these things he is asked. When he was young yet he used to go and get an old man to tell him all these. They cost a lot. He knows all the songs to the tipis.

John: Well this is a good time to do it. We've got months ahead of us and this way Bob will be getting money coming all the time.

Bob: I will not sing the song or do I have to sing?

Diane: He said he'll tell the stories and sing at the same time.

Bob: I'll tell him the story of the Crow Tipi Design. Is the machine switched on?

Diane: Yes.

Bob: Okay, I'll be telling all sorts of stories to my brother. He told me to tell him old-time stories about the past and about tipis that I heard of. Our stories vary. The stories we tell are not accurate. They are not all told in the same way. There will be a slight change. That is why arguments occur. Now I'll be telling him stories about the past. There was a man from Peigan. This was at the Porcupine Hills, a place. Why it was called the Crow Design, that is where along the river a coulee, we all know that place it is called Crow

Design. This man was designing his tipi. His tipi designs were crows and after that the place got famous by its name, the Crow Designing. This man that did the designing was a Peigan Man.

Mrs. Black Plume: There is a woman that is dead. Her name is Sisiniaki (Cecile). She owned that tipi. That tipi was pitched in an Indian village at the fair.

Diane: Now the Snake Design. You will tell a story about that.

Mrs. Black Plume: Which one?

Bob: The Snake Tipi Design.

Mrs. Black Plume: In the days of Clot there was a Bear Tipi Design owned by some bears and also some snakes had a Snake Tipi Design.

Bob: Okay, I'll tell you all sorts of stories. I'll tell my young brother stories of old times, the stories that I heard from the past.

We don't even know about this. There was a man had a son-in-law. This man had four daughters. These four girls all got married to one man. These girls were all related to each other. They were camping in one place. The son-in-law was hunting. Every morning he would go and wake up his father-in-law. "We are going hunting," he would tell his father-in-law and together they would go to the hunting grounds.

The son-in-law was a mystic man. He would just be kicking at a big tree and buffalo would come out of this tree and the son-in-law would kill a buffalo.

The next time they went out to hunt, the son-in-law shot a buffalo and his shot wasn't very accurate. The arrow didn't hit its mark. The wounded buffalo would get up and fall. He told his father-in-law to run after it and really kill it. The old man followed the wounded animal. The buffalo fell and died and on the old man's way he found a blood clot. He was glad to find it and pretended to fall. He felt shy with his son-in-law. He didn't want his son-in-law to see him picking up the blood clot so he fell and all of his arrows fell out of his quiver. He grabbed the blood clot and threw it into his quiver first and he picked up his arrows and put them back into his quiver.

The old man walked back to his son-in-law. His son-in-law asked him what he was doing over there. The old man answered, "I fell and my arrows fell out and I was putting them back into my quiver." The son-in-law told him to go home and get help, so the old man went home and told his daughters to go and help. "Your husband needs all of you."

The old man went to his tipi and told his old woman (wife) to

put a pot on the fire. The old woman jumped up and filled her pot with water and put it over the fireplace. The woman said, "Your son-in-law must have given you something to eat." "No, I have a blood clot that I found." A clot is blood that forms up into a clot.

The blood clot was put into the pot to boil and as it was boiling they heard the cries of a child. The old man said, "Ha." The old woman took the pot away from the fire and the cries stopped and she again put back the pot over the fire and they heard the cries again. When they looked into the pot there was an infant. It was a boy and she wrapped him up. His son-in-law brought his meat home and he heard the cries of a baby. He told his wives, "Ha! the old woman must have got a baby. There is a baby crying. Go over there." One of the girls went. As there were four of them, one of his women went.

The girl walked into her parent's tipi and said, "You have a new baby." The old woman answered, "Yes, I have a new baby." The girl went home and told her husband, "Yes, she's got a baby." The son-in-law told his wife to, "Go back to your mother and look at the baby. If it's a boy tell her to throw it away or if it's a girl to wrap it up." The man thought, "If it's a girl I'll have her for a wife too," because the old man gave him all of his daughters for his wives. The girl went back to her mother and asked her, "What sex is the baby?" The old people were wise. She said, "It's a girl," and it was a boy. The girl went home and told her husband, "It's a girl." The husband told his other wife, "I don't believe her. You go." So the wife went. "What sex is your baby?" "It's a girl." The wife went back home. "It's a girl," she said. The husband told his third wife, "I don't believe her. You go." So she went. "What sex is your baby?" The old woman got mad. "You girls are getting on my nerves. I am telling you it's a girl." The wife went back and told her husband, "It's a girl." The husband told his fourth wife, "You go and find out if it's a girl or not." So she went. "What is it?" The old woman answered, "You girls are annoying me. I said it's a girl." The fourth wife went back and told her husband, "It's a girl." Then the son-in-law believed. He said, "Take those leftovers to her so that she may have some milk to nurse her baby." The youngest of the girls was the only one that loved and honored her father and mother. The rest all took up with their husband's cruelty and selfishness to their father and mother. They were starving, their father and their mother. She picked up the leftovers and grabbed a chunk of meat on the sly. So she took the soup bones to her mother, and the meat. She told her mother, "Here are some bones and I stole a piece of meat for you. You will smash the bones and boil them with the meat to soup, so that your baby will get a lot of milk."

They called the boy Clot. That is Clot and when night came the baby spoke. He told his mother, "Hold me against the doorway pole and keep on holding me against every tipi pole and when you come to the other door pole I'll be a full-grown boy."

"Yeow! He is saying to hold him against ever tipi pole. Okay,

we will do what he wants." So he was held to the doorway pole on the south side and so on to every pole. The boy was growing as he is held to a pole and when they came to the other doorway pole Clot was a big boy. Now they got a big son.

Clot got up very early in the morning and told the old man, "Let us go racket hunting." The old man answered, "No, your brother-in-law will get mad at me," but Clot told him, "Just hurry up. He is the one that I want to be alive for because I am mad at him for starving you folks. So just hurry." The old man got up and they went. It was still dark so they came to the place where his son-in-law does his racket hunting. They started kicking at the tree. A buffalo came running out and Clot had it down with one shot.

When the son-in-law got up and went to his in-law's tipi and asked for the old man, the old woman hesitated for a while then she answered, "He is gone racket hunting."

The son-in-law said, "Yes, he is gone racket hunting. Will he eat all of his racket kill?" So he went after his father-in-law. The old man told his son, "There he comes." Clot told his father, "I'll hide behind the carcass." So Clot hid himself. His son-in-law was coming toward him. His son-in-law asked him, "Who told you to go racket hunting?" They had skinned their kill on one side. His son-in-law told him, "Ha! will you eat all of your racket kill?" Clot told his father to cut a slice of the brisket and chew on it and tell him, "I have eaten some of it." The old man sliced a piece of the brisket and pounded it with his knife and took a bite and told him, "I have eaten some." The son-in-law told him, "You are a fool. This is your last living time," and he started shooting at his father-in-law. The old man told his son, "Clot, before he hits me." Then Clot jumped up from his hiding place. Clot was a very tall boy. The son-in-law saw Clot and made an excuse. "I am fooling the old man. I have a supply of meat for him." Clot answered, "You must have been treating my old man this way all this time." So he killed his brother-in-law. So they took their meat home.

"Which one of your children is kind to you?" "The youngest one." So Clot went home. He told his youngest sister to go to the other tipi and Clot killed his other three sisters.

Clot told his old man, "I am going for a visit. I am going to visit those people that are camping yonder." Clot's father told him, "Clot, you will come back?" "Yes, I will come back." Clot said, "I am just going for a visit."

The old man and the old woman and their daughter brought all the meat from their son-in-law's tipi, the meat that he was so selfish with. That is why some people are starved by their son-in-laws. This is an inheritance.

So Clot started off on his journey. He came to the camps and into the tipi of some old women. When Clot entered the tipi the two old women recognized him. The women said, "Yeow!

Clot, there are a lot of fine young married men here. Why didn't you go to one of them? And here you had to come into this old woman's tipi." "I wasn't born to a young couple, why should I go to a young married couple's tipi? My father is an old man and my mother is an old woman. That's why I came to you two old women."

He was fed by the two old women. The old women gave him some dry meat and fat. Clot said, "You people have been using the buffalo jump. How is it that you gave me this lean fat to eat? Yeow!" Clot don't say anything. "These here that have a tipi with a Bear Design are Muddy Mouths (bears). There are four of them. When we bring home our meat they go around the camps taking the best parts of the meat and fat and they also take all the pretty women from their husbands. They are all in their tipi."

"I'll go hunting," Clot said, "and we will see what those bears will do." "Don't do that, Clot," the two old women said. "Those bears are fierce." "There is nothing to it," Clot said. Clot went hunting and when he brought the meat home he took a back fat and hung it out on a meat rack. The two old women said, "Let's take the fat inside and hide it before the Muddy Mouths (bears) see it," but Clot told them to leave it there.

Clot built a fire and told the old women, "How many are they?" "There are four of them." So he put four ball-shaped stones into the fire. The stones turned red hot.

The female bear came out, Muddy Mouth, bear. They were camping amongst the people with their Bear Tipi Design. The bears had a tipi with a Bear Design. When she looked she saw the back fat. The bear ran for the fat and as she was about to bite the fat Clot grabbed one of the hot stones and threw it clean into the bear's mouth and it burned its lungs and its insides. The bear went away staggering and fell and died.

The young bear was the next one to go for the fat and as it opened its mouth, the same thing. Clot threw the hot stones clean into the mouth of the baby bear and it went staggering and down he went. The bear man came out stretching himself. He got mad so he went for the fat too and as he was going to bite it, the same thing. He threw the red-hot stone clean into its mouth and he also killed it.

The smallest got scared, he didn't go near. He went to the bear's tipi and went in. The little bear was still inside. As he was about to grab him the little bear jumped away but he managed to grab him by the tail and as he pulled the tail came off. That is why bears have short tails.

The baby bear fled out through the door. Clot didn't have a chance to catch him. It got away from him so Clot said, "I'll let it go so it will multiply." So that is how bears still exist today.

Then he told the women, "Now all go out and go to your homes. My two old women will have this tipi." So the two old women now have a tipi with the Bear Design and all the meat that the bears had. The two old women just moved into the bear's tipi so that is how the Bear Tipi Designs came into existence.

Clot told the two old women, "I am going to visit the people that are camping yonder." So he went to the other people that had a circle encampment and he went into an old woman's tipi and they told him the same thing. "Clot, why didn't you go into one of the fine young married men's tipi? Here you came into an old woman's tipi." "I wasn't born to a young couple. I was born to an old woman, that is why I came into an old woman's tipi." He was the baby to an old couple.

The old women fed him and served him with lean fat. "Also you people are getting plenty of meat from the buffalo jump and here you gave me lean fat to eat." "Yeow! Clot, those that are camped in the centre will hear you. The ones that have a Snake Tipi Design. Those are big snakes (rattlesnakes). They take all the best meat and fat in the camps and they even take the prettiest women from their husbands. They are all in their tipi." "I am going to them for a smoke." "Yeow! They are dangerous," the two old women told him. "Oh, I am just going over there for a smoke."

After Clot had eaten he went to the Snake Designed Tipi. He went in. At the head of the tipi there was a cherry willow pick driven into the ground. The male coiled itself on this and the female was coiled on a saskatoon willow. Clot walked

right up to the male rattlesnake and chopped off its head against the pick to which it was coiled. "Don't just sleep. Wake up and give me a smoke," Clot told the snake. He also cut the head off the female. "Get up and ready my meal. I came to visit your husband. Don't just lay there sleeping," and Clot started cutting up all the snakes and they all fled.

One of the snakes went into a crack in the ground. That was the only one he missed. "I'll let it go so it will multiply." That's how snakes came into existence, because he didn't kill them all and he told the women to go home. "My old women will have this tipi." So the two old women moved in and had all the meat that the snakes had. This person's name is Blood Clot.

Clot told the old women, "I must be on my way." The two old women told him, "That V-shaped hill there is a vacuum beast. Don't pass it on the east side, go on the west side of it. If anybody passes it on the east side it sucks the person in."

So Clot was on his way and instead of walking on the west side of the vacuum beast he went on the east side of it. He kept on walking. As he got to the V-shaped hill he noticed himself moving towards it. "Ha," he said. He was moving to one side and then he knew that it was the vacuum beast. He started running in the direction he was moving and as he got to the

V-shaped hill there was a huge rock. It was sucking him. So he ran toward it and when he got to it the vacuum beast vomited him, waihk, waihk. Still he jumped into its mouth. As he got inside of the vacuum beast, it was a very huge rock with a great big hollow place inside of it. People were laying all around. Some were still alive and some were dead. He was standing in there.

Clot saw the heart of the vacuum beast hanging from above. He told those that still had energy in them, "What is that?" "That's its heart, the rock," they answered.

"What is the matter with you guys? Okay, we'll have a dance. Those that still have energy in them can just move their heads in a to-and-fro motion."

Clot had a quartzite rock knife so he knotted up his hair on top and tied his knife to his topknot. Okay, so he started singing. There is rhythm to his song but he had words in it. Clot clapped his hands. "Above we are stabbing, above we are stabbing." He just kept on singing on like that. Then he jumped up for the heart and pierced it with his knife and the vacuum beast moved. He grabbed the heart and cut it off. Then Clot started cutting it between the ribs.

"Okay, those that can still walk can go out now." So the ones that could still walk went out. "Tell the relatives of those that are still alive to come for them." So the survivors went home and spread the word of the incident. The relatives harnessed their dogs to travois and went to attend to their relatives and loaded them on the travois and took them home.

Clot started off again on his journey. On his way somebody called out to him, "Hey, come over here and we will play ball." It was a woman. The woman was standing there on the bald prairie. She was playing with her ball. Her ball was a stone. "I am in a hurry, I am making a fast journey." "You are stubborn. Just come over and we will play ball." So Clot went to the woman. "I am in a hurry," he said. "We won't play ball too long," the old women told Clot.

The woman kills her victims with her ball, the ones that she plays ball with. So they started to play ball, throwing the rock at each other. The woman told him, "That must be your companion behind you." This was how she cheats her victims. When they look the other way she hits them with the rock on their heads and kills them. Clot didn't turn around to look. He knew what she was up to. Clot was a mystic man. Then in revenge he told the woman, "Somebody is coming up from behind you." She turned to look. Clot jumped and hit her on the head with her stone ball and killed her and there she was. "You can't kill me, you're a woman," Clot said.

So Clot walked away again and while he was walking somebody called him. "Hey, man, come over here and we will wrestle." It was a woman, a very tall husky woman. "I am in a hurry," Clot said, "Oh, hurry." So he went to her. When he got to her

he looked around searching the ground. He saw a great big long knife planted in the ground length-wise with the sharp edge up. She would throw her opponents on this knife and cut them in half. So they started wrestling and as he was a mystic man and strong he threw her up and as he had seen the knife, he threw her on it and cut her in half so he got the best of her. "Ha, you're a woman, how can you kill me?" Clot said.

That is all I know about Blood Clot.

Mrs. Black Plume: That Snake Tipi Design was given to me. My late brother gave it to me before he died.

John: Did the Rattlesnake Design have a tipi flag?

Diane: Did it have a flag, the Snake Design?

Bob: I didn't see a flag on it. A snake was just sketched around the tipi, one on each side. We owned a Snake Tipi Design. There was no flag on it.

Diane: He said he owned a Rattlesnake Tipi Design. There was no flag.

John: I never heard of a flag.

Diane: (Indistinct)

Bob: There was none before. The bears were just drawn on the tipi.

Diane: Just the bears.

John: Just the design.

Bob: No, the bears were complete, one on each side.

Diane: There are two. One on each side.

Bob: The male and the female.

Diane: Male and female.

John: It's always that way, same as the rattlesnake.

Diane: They are still rattlesnakes too.

John: Yes, well that's good now.

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