Jim Black: Where Manybear's children still live today, west of the Blackfoot Crossing, was the Sarcee encampment. And straight across from the Sarcee encampment at a place known as the Little Inlet was the Stoney's "Assiniboine" encampment. East of the Stony's encampment was the encampment of the Cree "Bobtail." That was where Chief Calf had a white man's house. Further east of the Cree's encampment was the encampment of the halfbreeds. And where the little Washington settlement is today was the North Peigan encampment. And over at the Blackfoot Crossing was the encampment of both the Bloods and the Blackfoot.

There were 7 different parties who were waiting for the treaty payment. Now, while the tribes were being given treaty payments, the halfbreeds were asked, "What are you people going to do?" by the chiefs of the allied tribes. They replied saying, "We're not going to take any treaty payments, the way we travel today is the way we are going to live." Then Crowfoot replied, "If they aren't going to take treaty payments
in the future, we are not going to give them land for them to live in. This would have been a good location for them to call home. Don't let them take any treaty payments." Right after that, they broke camp. The other six tribes were given their treaty payments here (Blackfoot Crossing).

Bloods, North Peigan, Sarcee, Stoney, Crees, and Blackfoot - there were six tribes.

Inter: The Crees that were also given here received treaty payments left from the Treaty #6 of 1876. The Crees signed the treaty first which is the Treaty #6. There was a tribe with the Crees that didn't sign the treaty or receive a treaty payment who came and approached the Tall White Man, David Laird, and said, "We will also sign the treaty." The Tall White Man replied, "We will give you treaty payment after we have looked after these other tribes." Afterwards they received their treaty payments. After they have received their treaty payment, they were included with Treaty #6. Now, the way the other Blackfoot Confederate Tribes tell it, the halfbreeds just broke camp.

The merchants from the Fort Macleod and Fort Edmonton also came with their wares.

Jim: Yes, those people also came, merchants. They came from the Fort Macleod and Fort Edmonton. A large herd of horses were also brought. And as the Indians were given treaty payments, they went over to the merchants to buy horses, the ones they thought were fast. Those Indians in those days bought a lot of white man merchandise - horses because they could recognize the fast ones.

Inter: Today the truth is coming out....

Jim: Yes, that day trickery was at its greatest. Now you know George Manshot's father, why he was called "Accounted With". Those women would ask the mother of that baby, "Let me count with you as my own." So they just changed his clothes and claimed treaty money for him. They claim to the Commissioners, "This is my son."

Now there was an interpreter named Heavy Runner who noticed the child that had been claimed several times by many other ladies. While it's their doing and didn't tell anybody (the interviewer laughed at the wile).

There was a lot of this playful trickery on the part of the Indians. This type of stratagem resulted in a lot of ill omens against the Indians. But then the Indians didn't tell the white man to bring money in the first place. They were the ones who brought the money.

Inter: On that day there was over four thousand Indians who received treaty payment (the interviewee showed verbal astonishment at the figure). The money that was given out was
in the figure of over $50,000. (Again, the interviewee expressed verbal astonishment at this figure). But then the money was very small compared to the land that the white man wanted.

Jim: Yes, the money was very small and of no use compared with the land that was cheated out of the Indians (the interviewee expressed by hand motions the amount of land compared with the monies.) Those different tribes were really cheated.

(NOTE: The interviewee wanted to change the subject at this point. Interviewer asks another question on important topic of similar importance to the Blackfoot Reserve.)

Inter: Has anybody told you about the coming of the railroad through the reserve?

Jim: The way I heard it was that the railroad was steadily approaching and then when it was close to the location of the town of Bassano, now Crowfoot was notified by a Blackfoot hunting party who felt after first sighting the railroad, that it was coming straight towards the Blackfoot Indian Proposed Reserve. One of the members of the hunting party addressed Crowfoot by his other name "Carrying Knife, there is something coming straight towards us. It is iron with a flooring, there is fire with iron that smokes walking on it." Crowfoot replied, "Yes, I will go and meet the thing." So Crowfoot notified some of the other chiefs and interpreters that are going to accompany him. So they started off. When they arrived he asked his interpreter to tell the people building the railroad, "Why is the railroad heading straight for our home?" The spokesman for the railroad replied, "It will go through only on temporary basis." Crowfoot replied, "No, there is a creek to the north of our home. Let it go around through there and then it could continue to wherever it's going. This is my land and it won't go through it." The CPR spokesman replied to Crowfoot, "Crowfoot, you should have mentioned that before. We could have the route on the outside of the reserve. It is a lot of work for us now to change the route, but it has its advantages. They will be bringing you supplies like food. It wouldn't be full, possibly train loads. Now, where you live over the hill will be the site of a town. That will be the place where food supplies would be delivered. Then the route would be relocated and when it is finished, this route will be directed and be re-routed." Crowfoot replied, "Yes, if it's going to be this way, then do it that way, but don't let the temporary route go through our home more than ten years, then put it up further north." Then Crowfoot was invited by the CPR to go east and he went. There were others who went with him. Then they gave him his pass to ride the train anywhere in Canada (the interviewer mentioned that Crowfoot could have been tricked or cheated.)

Inter: Crowfoot was receiving a hundred dollars per month as a lifetime pension...
Jim: He never again referred or followed up on the temporary route of the CPR. He died after. After Crowfoot's death, people used to say that Crowfoot might have cheated (kept information from his people or had been outright deceived or misled intellectually by some he met in his trip to the east). That is why he could have died at an early age.

Inter: His brother, Three Bulls, has been very suspicious.

Jim: He was the one, Three Bulls, that was saying right from the start, after Crowfoot's trip to the east, "Well, my brother has his faults too. Maybe he has been illusioned by this thing that is called 'Fire Wagon'." Many understood it this way and became suspicious. Then he died as nothing could be done about it. Those people didn't know what to do or have the intellect to do anything about it. The only thing they knew was how to get their food, steal from their enemies and how to fight in battles with their enemies. That is how their intellect or instinct goes.

Inter: It is evident now what other elders are mentioning. They were so dependent on the N.W.M.P. and missionaries. And the police and missionaries received their directions from them (Canadian government).

Jim: Our ancestors are a trusting people. They really thought, without their knowledge that they were just police, that they were high officials. And those missionaries, because our ancestors had deep religious beliefs, really believed that they were heavenly people. That is why they really trusted them. Later on, when they began to understand a lot more things, we didn't really respect or trust missionaries or police. They realized that they were just preachers of God's word and the police were just here to prosecute offenders.

Inter: Now, in my visits to elders' homes they have related the incidents as they have heard it from their ancestors. This is why we are searching for these facts and are asking the elders what knowledge they have of the olden days. We will gather all these facts and put them together.

Jim: That is how these people have related these things to me. These two persons have related the same incidents and are identical. One person was "White Horse." He was the one who related this incident. The other person was from here, too, "Many Lodges" (A-KA-AW-TIS-SA). Both of them related the incidents as I have related them to you. As far as I have related the incidents is also as far as they have related the incidents to me. I can't say or presume that I don't know the rest (there isn't any more to his knowledge, that was related to him.)

Now, when they were suspicious of him (Crowfoot) the people did not stress it at first. His brother was the first one that brought out the feelings of suspicion. He was suspicious of him (Crowfoot). Our ancestors used to say that he (Crowfoot) was
never out of money. In those days, it was pretty hard for a person to get even a nickel. He always had plenty of money. That is why they were suspicious of him. That he could have sold the land north side of the tracks. In those days they (CPR) should have had to pay for the land on which the railroad was laid. It was a long stretch. Nowadays, they pay for even the road, highways, that go through the reserve and we use them.

Inter: There is another incident that I'm quite interested in. I just received some papers of how the white man heard it and how they wrote it on the Indian who shot ration issuer (Mr. Frank Skyner).

Jim: This person who killed was called A-Ja-Wa-Na (Blackfoot Indian name meaning "meat scrapings" or just "scrapings", not Scraping Hide as he was referred to in papers received from the archives). He was from the Medicine Shield Clan. There are still members from this clan who are still living today, person such as the late Frank Medicine Shield's children. The person (Indian) name that he (Scrapings) killed was "Owls Eyes."

Inter: How did you hear or did anybody ever tell you the story?

Jim: Well, there is a lot of people who told me the story. The meaning of the 'A-Ja-Wa-Na' is when the hide is dried, the hairs are scraped then the process of scraping the meat still on the hide is scraped again. Our ancestors used to boil the meat scraped from the hide and eat it too. This part of the meat is called 'A-Ja-Wa-Na' (Scrapings). That is where his name came from.

I heard it this way, there was a man named 'Wolf', Jack Big Eye's father. He (Scrapings) was friendly to all of them, as all friends such as White Horses, Buffalo Robe, Wolf Collar, Weasel Head. Wolf Collar was the father of Phil Many Guns. All these people that are friends were quite a few. He had close association with all of them and was devoted to them also.

It was in the spring (1895). There was a mission west of the Washington settlement that burned down. The foundation is still there. It is the same as one we have here (referring to the Old Sun Campers building). This person named "White Swan" (Indian name of a missionary) was the head man of that place. His (Scrapings') son was a boarder there. Finally he took sick there. When the ladies of that school would not help the child, he (Scrapings) was told by the minister (Rev. Tims), "A-Ja-Wa-Na, why don't you take the child home with you and see what the Indian medicine men can do for him. These people here have exhausted their efforts in trying to treat the child." He replied, "Yes, you are right. I will take him home." So he took him home.

There was a person known as 'Distant Voice' was a person who he was friends with. That was where he took his son. 'Distant Voice' welcomed them. "Let this be your lodge." Distant
Voice's wife was the medicine woman who conducted their ceremonies. All the medicine men combined their efforts. And the dying boy said to his father, "Na-Kai (father) A-Ja-Wa-Na". A-Ja-Wa-Na replied, "Yes?" The boy continued, "Na-Kai, I love you, now that I'm going away, come away with me." A-Ja-Wa-Na answered (who was very temperamental) "Yes, that is what I was thinking too and you have mentioned it also. It would be a pity for you to go that way alone. Go ahead of me, but watch out for me. It wouldn't be long and I will follow. I love you too." The chiefs were counselling him in an admonitory manner. 'Distant Voice' was also expressing his sympathy and was also counselling him too when his son died.

"Now," replied A-Ja-Wa-Na, "I will listen to you chiefs and you (Distant Voice). I will stay alive and suffer. You people are right." Now over at the place of Red Bull, the grandfather of Mr. Big Tobacco (Interviewee elaborated on the family relationships of this family) were preparing to break camp for a visit to the east. The group consisted of Red Bull, Warrior Chief, Wolf Child. A-Ja-Wa-Na asked these people that he wanted to go with them to get over his grief. Red Bull was trying to sell some horses, but was having no success at all. This delayed the trip to the east. He went to the 'Big Stomach' Village (the Indian name for the town of Gleichen, after a fat druggist) to sell his horses. It was also during the issuing of rations. In the meantime, A-Ja-Wa-Na had all his gear together, gifts he received from the people as tokens in respect of his loss and said, "Being with the group would do me a great deal of good to relieve my sorrows."

At the slaughterhouse where the rations were being issued, one of A-Ja-Wa-Na's fellow companions on the proposed trip overheard 'Many Fires' silencing the children "Behave yourselves, go away. A-Ja-Wa-Na might hear you. He is going to kill one of the ration issuers." In the meantime, Red Bull finally sold his horses and said, "Well, I have sold my horses, let's get ready and leave tomorrow." So the person who heard the statement of 'Many Fires' to the children came home after receiving his ration and went to A-Ja-Wa-Na and said "It is sad, A-Ja-Wa-Na, this is the reason why people were counselling you. Now people will be quoting you on statements that you made. At the slaughterhouse there was a lot of people and this is what 'Many Fires' said, "(he relates what Many Fires said to A-Ja-Wa-Na). A-Ja-Wa-Na replied to the informer, "Many Fires is right. I said it. It is good that he reminded me. Yes, it isn't a hard thing to do." The family of the informer told him, "Why did you have to tell him? You are foolish."

Wolf said to me that they were camping at the Washington settlement and was the hired hand of Paul Wolf Collar's grandfather, 'Wolf Collar'. He had a lot of horses. Wolf Collar mentioned to Wolf that Red Bull's group were going to leave the following morning on their proposed trip. They were just waiting for Red Bull to sell his horses. Wolf also mentioned to Wolf Collar that he make a farewell visit to
A-Ja-Wa-Na. Wolf Collar responded by saying, "Yes, visit him, I really feel for him." I (Wolf) got my horse ready and headed towards the place of A-Ja-Wa-Na. He had his own tipi now and was quite enthusiastic on my arrival and greeted me by saying, "Welcome, sit over there. Yes, my brother you wouldn't see me again." Wolf said that he replied, "Now, don't think about that matter anymore. If you are ready to go, go with them on a trip so you would be relieved of your sorrow."

A-Ja-Wa-Na turned to his wife and said, "Catching Last (Indian name of A-Ja-Wa-Na's wife), start to prepare a meal." Then he told Wolf, "Son, Big Eyes, come with me and sit over there and make some targets. There are two guns that I would use for target-shooting, so that I would take the better rifle with me, so I would kill antelopes with." A-Ja-Wa-Na directed me to where I would put the targets at and he said, "Right there." So I made some targets and placed them there (the targets were dirt mounds). Then he told me to go out of reach of the targets and fired with the first rifle. The shot was short of the target, but was still very near the target. He fired again. This time he overshot the target. A-Ja-Wa-Na said, "This rifle is no good." He picked up the second rifle and told me to step away from the targets again and fired, disintegrating the dirt mound target with a direct hit. The target was quite a distance away. He instructed me to make another target. After the target was finished and I was safely away from the target, he fired and again disintegrated the target completely with a direct hit. Then he chose that rifle as the rifle he will take along on his trip. Wolf said that A-Ja-Wa-Na might as well have said, "This will be my murder weapon."

He told me to take the first rifle, that he didn't need it. Then I went home.

Right after he had finished target practice, he sat down and was enjoying a smoke. A rider in the distance was approaching us. He noticed the rider and said, "It is my friend, Iron Shirt." Iron Shirt arrived shortly and saw us. He dismounted and untied the bundle behind his saddle. Iron Shirt said to A-Ja-Wa-Na, "Here is some tobacco you could pack along your trip, some matches and here is some sugar, also some tea, and here is some grease for you to eat your bread with." A-Ja-Wa-Na replied, "You have satisfied me. This twist tobacco I will use as a tobacco. I will take half of the matches. And friend, I don't know where you will find the rest being scattered and trampled on." Iron Shirt replied by saying, "Now friend, you are going on a trip. Forget that other matter. It makes me feel good that you agreed with the counselling that you have been given. Don't think about that other matter." A-Ja-Wa-Na replied, "No, you know how I always humor you and that other matter isn't meant to be taken seriously." Then he turned around and asked me to carry the goods and walked back in his tipi.
He asked his wife if the meal was ready and she replied that it will be ready soon. He gave her some of the tea for her to add to the water that was already boiling. He immediately started to prepare the twist of tobacco for use as a pipe tobacco. The pipe tobacco was of a fair quantity. He took half of the matches given to him by Iron Shirt and tied them up in a bundle with the pipe tobacco bundle. He told his wife, "The sugar that my friend brought me is the one that I'm going to use, also that grease." We ate the meal prepared by his wife. After the meal, he told me that they were going to have a good trip. All you will see will be antelopes being shot down by him. It was late in the evening when I gave him my blessings for a good trip, expressing hugs and kisses between the two of us and told him I was going home now. He replied, "Yes, you're right. Your home is a little way and I don't want you travelling in the dark."

So I started on my way home. As I was approaching another dwelling on my way, I saw someone mounting the horse. I slowed down and came up to him and said to him, "Iron Shirt, what did you think of the statements that your friend made when you gave him those gifts?" He replied, "Well, you heard me addressing him, but his thinking is not too good, now. He has probably heard the statement made by Many Fires by now." We reached the turn-off to his house and I continued on towards the Washington settlement.

When I arrived at the home of Wolf Collar, I related to him the statements that A-Ja-Wa-Na had made. He replied, "Yes, over at the slaughterhouse Many Fires made a foolish remark. You can't hide things like that to people. Probably he had heard the remark by now."

So I tied my saddle horse and I sat up with Wolf Collar talking into the late hours of the evening. Wolf Collar said that it was pretty late, that we should get some sleep. I went to bed and just couldn't go to sleep.

During the night approximately before midnight or just a little after midnight, let's just say midnight, all of a sudden to the east, a gun fire was heard. I went over and woke up Wolf Collar and told him, "It is midnight and I heard a gun fire outside." He replied, "Yes, it doesn't seem right. Nobody could fire a gun this time of the night." I still couldn't sleep. It was a little while when I heard the galloping sound of a horse. I went over and woke up Wolf Collar again telling him that I heard a horse going over the bridge. He replied, "That's strange. Everybody's still sleeping at this hour."

All of a sudden I heard somebody singing outside. I told Wolf Collar that it was A-Ja-Wa-Na who was singing to himself. "There he is again." Wolf Collar stated, "Now, he has wronged himself." Over at the lodges of White Bellied Horse we heard a voice in the night saying, "White Bellied Horse, my friend." And somebody replied from the lodge, "Yes." The voice in the night continued, "A bad omen has fallen. There lies Owl Eyes
(the Indian name of Ration-issuer, Mr. Frank Skynner) of whom I killed. Here's his horse, that he rides in exchange I have left my horse. I got off my horse to shoot him again, but he was really dead. Friend, I shot his eye out. Now, where is the lodge of our big brother, Wolf Collar." A reply was heard. "There it is, it's way to the west." He continued, "I have killed Owl Eyes, so start preparing to defend yourselves."

In a few moments his footsteps could be heard at the door of Wolf Collar's lodge. He called out, "Wolf Collar," Wolf Collar responding with a "Yes." A-Ja-Wa-Na continued, "Are you asleep?" Wolf Collar replied, "No, come on in." There he was over at the entrance and I (Wolf) was just looking through half-closed eyes. He was kneeling on one knee with his rifle across his chest. He put some wood in the fire, and said to Wolf Collar, "I have killed Owl Eyes, I dismounted and to shoot him again if he was still alive, but he was really dead. Here is his horse, the white one he rides. I left my own horse there. I just came in to notify you about it. Now I'm going to kill the minister too (referRing to J.W. Tims), White Swan."

Wolf Collar answered his statement by saying, "Just wait, young man. I have something to say in this matter. You were advised against doing such act but you didn't listen." A-Ja-Wa-Na answered, "You are right, old man, it is pretty hard when you are foolish." Wolf Collar continued, "A-Ja-Wa-Na, I thought you were kind to the minister. Everything your son asked for the minister would drive to town in the cold to get the things that your son asked for. Everything your son asked for he received. They honestly couldn't do anything for your boy. That is why they put him out of school. You should be kind to him" A-Ja-Wa-Na answered, "Wolf Collar, this I didn't even know. Just to think, I almost killed poor minister. You are right. Okay, let him live. Now, I'm just notifying people." Wolf Collar again spoke, "Don't run away, there is a lot of children you might make suffer." He answered, "I am not running away."

The next morning everybody went over to the site of the tragedy. It didn't take long to have a crowd there. There were people from the west end, also a lot of white men. There was a cold spring wind blowing.

All of a sudden A-Ja-Wa-Na released a horse he was riding down the hill. The police started to crawl up the road towards the hiding place of A-Ja-Wa-Na. Then, A-Ja-Wa-Na crawled over the hill and fired, almost hitting the police. Now there is a rock on the road. Today that rock still stands (a policeman was lying behind it). All of a sudden A-Ja-Wa-Na crawled up again and fired at the policeman. He hit the rock dead centre. Later on, they were looking at the rock and where it was hit was where the policeman's head was. It took a little while for A-Ja-Wa-Na to appear again. All of a sudden Distant Voice pointed toward the gulley and said, "There he goes, he has just about reached the back-water and into the woods." And everybody turned their attention to that area. The chiefs were
told to spread out along the top of the hill. There was a house at the location of the old slaughterhouse, just over a little hill was the house of Speaking Chief who left after the death of his wife. This house was vacant with doors open and was used as a garrison by a white man who was the first merchant in Cluny, along with some police and other white men.

When A-Ja-Wa-Na was running into the trees, he was shot in the forearm and dropped his gun. This shot came from a white man's rifle. All of a sudden he was seen in a small meadow in the trees, unarmed, and holding his arm, bleeding profusely. He walked toward the little hill into the opening. All of a sudden gunsmoke could be seen coming from the house and the shots being directed at A-Ja-Wa-Na. He started to back down the hill slowly, reaching the bottom of the small hill. He immediately started going up again. He reached the top, still unarmed. Gunsmoke could be seen again from the house and at last he dropped. An Indian observer replied, "He has been killed." Jim Black stated that his father related to him that he saw the body of A-Ja-Wa-Na wounded with multiple wounds. Mr. Black also stated, "Today, they would be charged if they did such a thing again, shooting and killing an unarmed person."

Mr. Black also stated (statements related to him) "All they had to do was tie him up and confess to why he shot Mr. Skynner."

Jim stated this was how White Horses related the story to him. Now, A-Ja-Wa-Na was killed. Everyone went over to look over the body. Over at the place where he had killed Mr. Skynner was also the place where his body was taken and placed beside Skynner.

That is how this story was related to me. The next morning the chiefs were summoned to go to the courthouse by the Indian agent, Mr. Begg (Indian name - Large Hair Bangs). The police were also at attendance along with a huge curious audience.

The Indians understood the whole event as a move to put all the chiefs in jail. Good Eagle stated that Is-S-Oks-E-Ke rode up to their lodge and said, "Why are you people just sitting around, those people with rifles, go get them! As soon as the chiefs are told that they will be put in jail, those white men in the courthouse, we'll wipe them out in there." So the people got their rifles and bows. These people were the warriors. They welcomed any situation that called for a battle that comes their way. The chiefs came out and reported it wasn't very serious. To notify all men young and old that the white people have come to a conclusion that they killed each other. "But in the future if an Indian person commits a crime of this kind, he will be hanged. He will be given the rope. That is what happened - it isn't very serious." The people dispersed.

Now, if they had said the chiefs will be put in jail, what would have followed could have been very bad.

Jim Black stated that is where the story ends and that is how
far the incident was related to him by an old man name White Horse. He didn't really relate the incident directly to me, but, it was directed to all who were present at our lodge relating stories to each other.

(Interviewer and interviewee discussed the incident just told).

Inter: Now, the way they told the story of Mr. Skynner, from both Indian and white, abused the Indians (referring to documented papers on the incident).

Jim: He was really bad. Sometimes pushing out people that come for their rations. He would just hit women and men alike. He really abused us. That is why he was really denounced. When Indians approached him and called out to him, "Owl Eyes" and before they could put in another word he would tell them, "Ke-Ka-Wai" On that night of the murder, A-Ja-Wa-Na was knocking at the door of Mr. Skynner's house with a barrel of his rifle. The footsteps of Mr. Skynner could be heard coming down the stairs and opened the door and said, "Ke-Ka-Wai." A-Ja-Wa-Na replied, "Yes, Ke-Ka-Wai," and shot him.

Inter: He must have been hit in the head.

Jim: Yes, he was shot from behind. That is why his eyes was shot out. After he answered the door, he turned around heading back into his house. That is when he was shot. After A-Ja-Wa-Na shot him down, he went and turned him over on his back and said to himself, "If he's still alive, I'll shoot him again. Yes, he's really dead."

Inter: (Acording to the document papers) He also visited the lodge of Running Rabbit.

Jim: Yes, he also threatened all the chiefs. He also arrived at our lodge. There was a man named Old Woman at War, a friend of my grandfather and a man named Good Eagle came into our lodge and told my grandfather, whom he considers as a friend even though my grandfather was a lot older than he, "Friend, we friends, fellow man, he wouldn't be alive if he comes in causing any trouble. I have my rifle here." My father told me that it wasn't too long that they heard the knock of A-Ja-Wa-Na at the door. A-Ja-Wa-Na called out, "Many Great Crane" and my grandfather replied, "Yes." And A-Ja-Wa-Na continued, "Can you come outside?" So my grandfather started towards the door and was stopped by Good Eagle and told my grandfather who was also a Chief, "He is threatening you." Old Woman at War engaged a shell into his barrel and was following behind my grandfather. Old Woman at War yelled out "A-Ja-Wa-Na, I am in my friend's house. Tell him what you want to say. He's not going outside. If he wants to go outside I will go out with him." My father told me that when you load the old rifle the bolt makes a lot of noise. A-Ja-Wa-Na must have heard the bolt being engaged because he replied, "No, I was just going to ask him to help me out tomorrow with the experiences he had in many
of his battles." Old Woman at War replied, "Yes, it is nice what you told my friend. Go away now." He rode away after that.

He also went over to threaten Running Rabbit, the father of the present Louis Running Rabbit, White Horses and Chief Calf, who was also one of the head chiefs during the signing of the treaty. There was a person named Calf Bull who was already sitting near the lodge with a rifle and wasn't about to let A-Ja-Wa-Na get away with anything. A-Ja-Wa-Na called out to Running Rabbit, "Can you come outside?" Calf Bull replied "He is not coming out there. Tell him what you have to tell him.

We have heard that you have threatened all the chiefs. If he is coming out I will go first and he will follow me." A-Ja-Wa-Na ansered, "No, I was just going to tell him I have killed the ration issuer and to help me out tomorrow with the experience he had in many of his battles." There was another person with Running Rabbit in his lodge who told Running Rabbit, "Don't answer him. It was his own foolishness, now he wants help. He was threatening all the chiefs and when they refused to come out of their lodges, he then asks for their assistance. Don't cooperate with him."

He visited most of the chiefs around that area, but they all refused to come out and speak to him.

He also headed west to the coal mines to the lodge of Calf Robe who was also a chief. Calf Robe and his friend were already lying under the bed with their rifles pointing to the door of the lodge, waiting for him. They were already prepared to shoot him as soon as he made his move to shoot. When A-Ja-Wa-Na entered, he was suspicious and started to relate how and why he killed the ration issuer and also told Calf Robe not to be afraid of him, but to have courage. After that he rode back towards where he came from.

His brother hid from him after he was told that A-Ja-Wa-Na was also after him because of him also being a chief. A-Ja-Wa-Na headed towards his relatives (and home) but changed directions before he reached there.

Inter: I wonder if it would have made a lot of difference if he hadn't threatened the chiefs also?

Jim: There was a chief named White Eagle among the clan from the Washington settlement who told Running Rabbit, "If he hadn't threatened us as chiefs, I would have told you for us to help him out. He was already unarmed. Why did they keep shooting at him? They should have just captured him. There were Indians with the police. All the police had to do was to ask one of them to grab him. The Indian would have sense enough to know that being unarmed and captured, they would have saved his life. His main artery in his arm had been severed and was bleeding badly. They killed him twice. He died from his wounds and from the last shot to his heart. We could have helped him out but he had threatened us all. Let it be, it's
all over."

Inter: I am asking information regarding another similar incident because we Indians don't have anything written down like the white people do. But I have also seen the whites' version of it in writing. The Bloods and the Peigans know and relate this story regarding Charcoal (Indian name of A-Beau-Wo-Wa). I think you know him. He was the one that also committed a murder.

Jim: Yes, A-Beau-Wo-Wa. He was also called Bai-Aik-Ka-Ba-Ne-Kai-Be. Now the people that had lodges where he had his lodge have all just died lately. Like their brother Big Foot who was a chief, too, and the person named Given Ride who was always coming to the Blackfoot reserve, he was a relative of the late Mr. Frank Medicine Shield. They have all died. I am only mentioning them for reference. He (Given Ride) was here again and I asked him, "Brother, could you tell me a story?" It was a long time ago before I was married. "The incident about A-Beau-Wo-Wa, did you hear about it?" He (Given Ride) answered me, "Yes, I was with him."

Given Ride started to relate the incident to young Jim Black: We were out hunting on the other side of Standoff. There was a lot of lodges in our group. Now, my brother Big Foot (he was also named Last Bull) a relative of Many Names. There was the lodge of A-Beau-Wo-Wa. He was a very mild mannered person, A-Beau-Wo-Wa, very generous. He had a boy with him, not a relative, who was his hired hand. He was hiring the young bachelor for the haying season. A-Beau-Wo-Wa told his hired hand, "Let's take some hay to where we received our ration. He was suspecting the young man of running around with his wife. Later on he caught the boy with his wife and told him, "Son, we, the three of us, will only know of what happened. I am very ashamed of what happened. I'm not a young man anymore. You two could hear and don't do it again. I will still be kind to you as I was before. I wouldn't even get after my wife. Let it end here."

The young man replied, "Yes, you are right, let it be this way. My brother, I am very sorry. It wasn't my fault."

A-Beau-Wo-Wa's wife remarked, "Yes, you are right, Bai-Aik-Ka-Ba-Ne-Kai-Be, I wouldn't do it again."

A-Beau-Wo-Wa answered, "Yes, that is good."

So time went on, then A-Beau-Wo-Wa was invited to visit a friend and accepted. On his return, he was met by a little boy who told him, "I was told to watch out for you A-Beau-Wo-Wa." A-Beau-Wo-Wa exclaimed, "What?" He entered his lodge and wasn't going to mention it. Later on that day he told his hired hand, "You know those windrows we left out in the field? Remember that field I mowed and didn't rake last evening? Tie the rake behind the hay rack and rake it up. Also load up and take a load to the flat, I want to do some hunting along the river for some antelope. I'll be back this evening." The hired man
replied, "Yes, by all means. You should start right away."

A-Beau-Wo-Wa's wife asked him, "Could you have a saddle horse ready for me so I could go down to the river and get some firewood down around some old log house?"

A-Beau-Wo-Wa started off, but didn't go too far when he tied his horse out of sight and walked back and went on top of the hill, looking down on the old log cabins. In the meantime, the hired man did not reach his destination. He unharnessed one team horse and rode in from the east towards the old log cabins. By this time, A-Beau-Wo-Wa's wife was at the old log cabins.

A-Beau-Wo-Wa got on his horse after he spotted the hired hand in the clearing going towards the log cabin, and went down into the coulee towards the log cabin from the opposite direction. Finally he came upon the two saddle horses of the hired hand and his wife. After checking the two saddle horses, he went on towards the old log cabins and climbed on top of the roof of one of them. And to no surprise on his part, there was his wife and the young hired hand together in the log cabin. And through the opening on the roof, he verbally warned them by saying, "I advised caution to this affair to both of you." Before they could move, he shot the young hired hand.

Here, we can't say if he had shot him in the head or anywhere else on the body. All we know is that the young hired hand died there. As he turned his gun on his wife, she pleaded, "A-Beau-Wo-Wa, it was him. I was refusing him and telling him that he (A-Beau-Wo-Wa) had finished telling us and now you followed me." A-Beau-Wo-Wa replied, "Okay, you could stay alive. Get your firewood." A-Beau-Wo-Wa went back where he came from and headed home. After he had released the young hired hand's horse of which headed straight for home.

"I just got a headache out of the hunting trip I made. I didn't even sight any game. It is very poor." A-Beau-Wo-Wa said to Given Ride when he reached home. He continued, "Did she go, the day is nearly half over. She should have arrived back home." Given Ride said to me that A-Beau-Wo-Wa was a very mild, gentle and generous person. There could be no reason why anybody could link him with the murdered young hired hand.

A-Beau-Wo-Wa's wife finally came back with the firewood she had gone out to gather.

Time passed and everybody was searching for the vanished young hired hand. A-Beau-Wo-Wa was told that his hayrack was found near the river with the horse harnesses on it. A-Beau-Wo-Wa asked the assistant of the police to locate his hired hand who had been gone for two days now. The Indian scouts said that they would try to locate him. He couldn't be located. Night came again and when morning came, A-Beau-Wo-Wa went to get his equipment. Night came again. Now it seems he's going to be accused. He told his wife, "Let's go to the mountains. I could sense something is going to happen." His wife replied,
Now, nobody can't blame you. Everybody knows how mild-tempered you are and how you treated kindly the boy. You have notified the police. No, you can't be blamed. When they can't locate him that is where it's going to end. Now, in the future even if you knock me out and beat me, I would never speak of it. I wouldn't even tell my mother about it. You and me, just the two of us are the only ones that would know about it. As long as we live. You might arouse suspicion if you flee without any reason."

A-Beau-Wo-Wa replied to his wife, "No, let us head for the mountains. I don't want the police to arrest me."

His wife kept pleading with him, but he was very determined to go. When everybody was asleep that night, they packed what they needed and started off for the mountains. He also took along his mother-in-law. The next morning, Given Ride was getting ready for the day's work when he noticed the unusual calm lodge of A-Beau-Wo-Wa and said, "Well, he usually gets up very early in the morning. Now the sun has crawled quite high and he hasn't got up yet."

Last Bull told Given Ride, "Let's go peek into his lodge." To his astonishment, the lodge was vacant. They went over to the old lady's place and also found out she was missing, too.

Given Ride stated that Last Bull was starting to feel quite suspicious that something was wrong. Last Bull questioned that A-Beau-Wo-Wa must have had something to do with the missing young hired hand. Last Bull said to Given Ride, "Persons with mild mannerisms are dangerous. Cautious and generous persons go to extremes and become very dangerous. Once they are aroused, they'll do anything. Maybe he caught the boy red-handed this time. Maybe he had done something to him." That is how far it went for a while.

More and more people started to suspect A-Beau-Wo-Wa and feel that he had something to do with it. Now the police accused him when the boy was found.

There was these old women gathering firewood near the old log cabin and noticed crows flying out of one of the old log cabins. They went towards the log cabin and looked in and exclaimed, "There is a body in here. It is bloated, it has extravasated."

So the old ladies fled from the old log cabins towards the same encampment that A-Beau-Wo-Wa was a part of. They reported to the others that there is a bloated body in one of the old log cabins and has extravasated.

After hearing the unwelcomed news, everybody headed towards the old log cabin. Somebody exclaimed, "It is the boy, he has been killed. A Beau-Wo-Wa is the one." A search was sent out for A-Beau-Wo-Wa. A-Beau-Wo-Wa comes down from the mountains late in the night to his relatives such as Eagle Bear and receives tobacco, matches, tea and other supplies that he needs. But before he comes down he ties down his companions away from each
other.

The snow hasn't fallen yet, but the nights are getting cold and on his return from this trips to his relatives, he unties his companions again. By this time, the authorities have notified his relatives that A-Beau-Wo-Wa makes routine visits to them. Their relative Eagle Bear answered the authorities that it's true that he visits them and we have an uneasy feeling that he is going to kill us, too. The authorities asked that on the next visit to try and capture him. After that, notify the police. There is a police station west of their place they were told.

Then one day when he was out hunting for game and as usual he had his wife, mother-in-law and children all tied up. This time, they started to roll to each other to try and untie each other. They were successful in untangling a little girl who then untied the rest. After they had all been untied, they escaped and reported to the others saying, "He had us all tied up. We started to roll to each other. The old lady was successful in untangling the little girl by putting their backs to each other."

Now, he was all alone and felt very uneasy and thought to himself, "They will tell the whole story now." Then one day after a hunting trip with his son, he was unsaddling his horse and was apparently busy. His son escaped down to a Peigan encampment. It was at night when he arrived at a house and knocked at the door and yelled, "I'm just about freezing!"
The occupants of the house recognized that it was a young boy and opened the door to let him in. The head of the house asked the boy, "How did you get here this time of the night?" The boy replied, "I came down from the mountain." The man asked, "What?" The boy replied, "A-Beau-Wo-Wa is my father." The man asked again, "Where is he?" The boy continued, "I escaped secretly away from him." The boy stayed at that place. Now as A-Beau-Wo-Wa was trying to locate his son, he came upon another man's horse which was very strongly built and fast. He took it and left his own horse there. Now, he has stolen a saddle horse and headed back. Now that he was alone, he became very restless. How the police started to search for A-Beau-Wo-Wa. They located him through the efforts of two Indian scouts (namely, Pai-S-To-Ke and So-Wai-Tis-E-Kin-Na).

So-Wai-Tis-E-Kin-Na told one of the constables, "Let me use your horse. Mine is weary. I will then go after him. He is my friend. He wouldn't do anything to me. I will then capture him. Then we will find out if what we are looking for him is true or not." "No, I will just run over him," replied the constable. "He wouldn't do what he wants to do, I will just hold him down and tie his hands." So-Wai-Tis-E-Kin-Na warned the constable, "No, if the matter that we are looking for him is true, then he has killed a man and wouldn't hesitate to kill you, too, as soon as you pull your horse to him." The constable replied, "I will kill him."

So-Wai-Tis-E-Kin-Na told the constable, "Okay, then, go after
Then Pai-S-Kai-S-To-Ke turned to So-Wai-Tis-E-Kin-Na and told him, "Let him go after him, curse him (he left), he'll be killed by him." The constable loosened his reins and went after A-Beau-Wo-Wa. His horse was starting to get weary, too, because of the snow on the ground. As the constable caught up with him, he pulled on the left side of him, which was a foolish thing to do. A-Beau-Wo-Wa just half-circled him and fired at him, killing him instantly. The distance between the two riders was a fair distance before the shot was fired. I heard A-Beau-Wo-Wa stop by him and dismounted, took his winter coat, hat, rifle and exchanged horses and mounted and rode away.

So-Wai-Tis-E-Kin-Na said, "We can never catch him. That horse has a lot of wind and fast. Our horses are tired. How could we catch him?"

The two Indian scouts reached the dead constable who was shot in the chest. They put his body on the horse left by A-Beau-Wo-Wa. They arrived that night at the police station. They reported, "Here he is. He is killed. We warned him, but he wouldn't listen. If he had listened, we could have brought back A-Beau-Wo-Wa and the constable wouldn't be dead. He said he was just going to run over him." Now, A-Beau-Wo-Wa was very restless. One late night, after his relatives had been advised to capture him next time he visits, there was a dance held for the west end Bloods. Most of the encampments near the dance had left for the dance. Eagle Bear told his two wives and son, "I feel that he will be here again tonight. Try and delay him by feeding him and then we'll try and pile on him. We could overpower him."

That night they were waiting up for him. Finally he told his wives, "Be prepared now. He has arrived. I could hear him rustling outside." A-Beau-Wo-Wa tied his horse near the haystack and came to the house saying, "Is anybody home?" A reply came from the house, "Now, there's just a few of us home, everyone went dancing. My grandfather over at his lodge is also alone with his wife. Nobody is around. There is a dance over at the west end. Come in, there is nothing to be afraid of."

As A-Beau-Wo-Wa came in, he was greeted, "Yes, here, sit here. Okay, there is no hurry. Make some tea and a meal for him. Here is some tobacco. Take some of it and smoke it. Now as soon as you have finished eating, ride back out again. The dance might be over soon as we think." A-Beau-Wo-Wa replied, "It was for tea I came, tobacco and matches, too."

Eagle Bear answered, "Yes, I will give you what you want." The women had secretly had a rope handy to tie him up with. He started to eat. As soon as he pushed his plate away, one of the ladies started to pick up the empty plates. At the same time, the other lady started toward the table. One of the ladies pushed him over on his chair and the other one fell on him. The other lady grabbed the arms while the boys grabbed his legs and tied the ankles together. They turned him over and Eagle Bear
joined them. A-Beau-Wo-Wa was almost overpowering them instead. They struggled and struggled. They had a hard time tying his hands together.

Eagle Bear told his wives, "Go outside and yell towards the old man's lodge."

The wind was blowing towards the old man's lodge, so they started to yell towards the old man's lodge, "Bai-Aik-Ka-Ba-Ne-Kai-Be (A-Beau-Wo-Wa's other Indian name) has been captured." The old man couldn't comprehend what he was hearing. The old man said, "They seem to be saying Bai-Aik-Ka-Ba-Ne-Kai-Be." The old man told people that were staying with him, "Go out into the open," and they went. Again, they heard the voice saying, "Relate this message to the police, that at the lodge of Eagle Bear is Bai-Aik-Ka-Ba-Ne-Kai-Be. He has been tied. Hurry."

The people that had heard the message told the old man, "Yes, they are saying that A-Beau-Wo-Wa has been captured."

One rider headed towards the dance at the west end and the other rider headed east to notify the police. It didn't take very long when the police came by. There was A-Beau-Wo-Wa.

Eagle Bear told A-Beau-Wo-Wa, "You have done yourself a great deal of harm. It's your fault. Everybody didn't tell you to do it." Then the police arrived and took him out to the wagon. They were gentle with him and took him away.

The police stated that he was being accused of killing the boy. Nobody saw him shoot the boy. It was over a woman that the killing of the boy resulted. He advised caution to the boy, not to do it again, but the boy went against his word. Maybe he killed him as we are saying that he killed him. If he had just killed the boy, it will be left there and no action will be made against him. He is an old man now. Now he will be charged for killing the constable. That is the way it's going to be. We wouldn't even mention the killing of the boy but we will talk about the killing of the constable in court.

Then he was taken away to be put in jail. He didn't even care about the whole situation. He wasn't even scared. He would still sing to himself. He told the whole story in detail.

He stated, "If the constable hadn't fired shots at me, I wouldn't have killed him. I felt that before he hits me with one of his shots that he was directing at me, that is why I shot him. The Indian scouts know and witnessed the whole thing. They must have heard him fire three shots at me. He was about ready to shoot me again. I shot him, I beat him to the draw and killed him. That is all I have to say. Now, I shot the boy because I was looking down at him and saw what he was doing to my wife. I cautioned him not to do it again. They both agreed with me, my wife and that boy. The boy turned against his word and mine. That is why I killed him."
The judge told him, "You are right. We will put that matter away and will not talk about it anymore, but you will be charged for killing the constable. If you hadn't killed the constable, you will be told to go home because you are old now. You won't be put in jail for that. That kind of matter is widely practised, white men killing for their wives."

That was the end of what Many Given Ride related to me about that incident, when he was captured, sentenced and to be hanged.

Inter: Our ancestors tell that story too. White man also write about that incident.

Jim: Yes, white men stress their written words as the only truth. Even if we, Indians, are involved in an incident, the white man will hear about it by hearsay and will write about it. That will become the whole factual truth. The Indian that was actually there and witnessed it as an observer or was actually part of the incident has his word overruled by the written word. That is how white man treats us.

Inter: Our forefathers tell a lot of interesting stories about Indian agents placed on our reserves and how they treated us years after the signing of the treaty. Some say that the chief and councillors of those days weren't listened to by the agents. The Indian agent controlled everything.

Jim: They were right. In those days they would call the chief and councillors together. Then the Indian agent would tell the interpreter to relate to the chief and councillors why they have called them together. The interpreter will ask the Indians, "This is why we have a meeting. What have you to say on it?"

The Indians would reply, "It is no good, but this is the way it would be a benefit to us. This is how you should give us our land. We would benefit from it this way. We would not benefit, but they will benefit." The interpreter would then relate to the Indian agent the wishes of the chiefs and councillors. The Indian agent would keep stressing his point of view and finally force it on the chiefs and councillors to accept it. The Indian agent would then say that the chief and councillors all agreed on his point of view.

There are some band councillors who don't understand such matters or in some cases don't even see the written agreement.

They would make the chief and councillors sign the paper and would interpret it that all the band council agreed with the matter at hand. The marks of the band councils would be put on the paper even if they are refusing to sign.

Inter: Yes, it was the same when we sold that land (the south section of the Blackfoot reserve.) Some say that Yellow Horse only stated his opinions in selling the portion of land. The white negotiator interpreted that it was agreed upon by all
Jim: Yes, the building that was the police barracks was another building beside it. Now where that building stands today and the building and to the north of it, there was a house that stood between the two of them. Some of the Indian Affairs clerical workers live in that house. That person who lived in that house was named Little Bachelor (Indian Affairs clerical worker). Now on the back of the house sat the government people. The Indian agent we call "Our Father." The rest were ministers like Good Living, Running Wolf, the rest was a large population of the residents of the reserve. My father was working out when Tom Turned Up Nose said to me, "Your father said to go sign in place of him. You are of age now." I replied, "Yes, my father had intended to come, but he can't just leave his work. They really needed him now. I will go." Then I went. That day there was a lot of bad words exchanged between the Indians who wanted to surrender the land and the ones that are refusing to surrender. The only thing lacking was physical contact. They were calling each other down along with all other absurd words. I approached the negotiations.

Good Living (a minister) told me to sign the paper. I was also told that my father was in favor of surrendering the land and for me to sign likewise. Before I signed, I told them that I would put my X on the papers because I can't write my last name (surname) on the paper. So I wrote it down. After I signed, there were two other persons who signed after me. Then the signatures were counted. The white man, Se-Yai-Bai, was the interpreter. Finally, he stood up and said, "Would you stop talking to each other and listen. They have won, the ones who wanted to surrender the land. It means that the land on the south side now has been sold. Farming would be introduced to the people. The people will be given wagons, harness and horses to the ones that will be farmers. Now, we will have rations issued to us. Seven pounds of meat will be issued to each person every fourth day after the Holy day. Two days from now we will have our rations of seven pounds of meat, five pounds of flour, one month's supply of tea, about half a pound. They will be issued to each person. That is how we are going to use the money from the surrender. Also, houses will be built. Even the old people will be given houses with only two rooms. That was what was promised to the people. Now it just became a big mess.

Now when the people heard who had won, that is what happened. But then the things promised to the people became a reality. We received rations of meat, flour, tea and sometimes we had luxury rations such as beans and other goods of that kind. These luxury rations we received at the end of each month with our regular ration.

It was in the 1910s when that land surrender was made. It was in the 1920s that cultivation of land started and the building of houses began. And it was in the 1930s that they seeded their cultivated fields and at the same period, it was in the
spring when they occupied the newly built houses. There was stoves, pots and pans, beds with mattresses and two grey blankets, tables with four chairs. These are all the household goods issued with the houses.

These were promises that became reality with the surrender of land.

Inter: But then it was at a very cheap price under which the land was sold.

Jim: Yes, that is what 0-Kai-Ke-Ma-O-Na said. It was very cheap at the price it was sold at. He also said, "You should have sold the north side. The land east of Cluny, the east settlements, is of little value. The land you sold is very good and should have kept it. In the future you could have used for farming. Now you have given them the better land to sell."

Inter: Was there any mention of underground materials, Me-Kis-Ki-Mai-Ka (Blackfoot word for minerals)?

Jim: Nobody mentioned them. All we sold was the land. The government man said, "You will only sell two feet of the surface of the land. It won't be more than that. If it exceeds this mark and the person finds a spring (water or any other liquid under the ground), Me-Kis-Ki-Mai-Ka and all those things you might need such as black rock (coal), things that you make nails out of and things like that. Whatever they find within any delve (definition: to dig or labor with spade, to seek laboriously for information or to excavate) is yours and you will profit from it." This is what the government man who was head of the negotiations stated and promised to the people.

The government man also said, "In the future men will be coming out to look for grease (oil). And if they find any, it is yours. If a white man buys this portion of land where the oil was found he will not profit from it.

Inter: Now the day the surrender of that specific portion of land was made were these promises written down?

Jim: I don't really know, come to think of it I was watching the government man. After every time he spoke of the promises, he would pause and begin writing on a piece of paper and would continue and when his words were being interpreted, he would start writing again. At that time, I didn't know that the writing he was doing had any relationship with what he was saying. But now I think I've started to realize that the promises he was making were the ones he was also writing down. He didn't come right out and say, "I am writing down (recording) the promises that I'm making." This is how I have interpreted his actions while he was making these promises and while his words were being interpreted this must have been what he was doing, writing down the promises he was making. That is how I understood it.
Inter: This is why we're searching for information regarding the surrender of lands in reference to how deep into the ground the land was surrendered or sold, if they had sold everything underneath it too, was it two feet?

Jim: Yes, two feet, everybody that was present heard him. Two feet is how far you dig into the soil. If a white man is digging a post, two feet is the maximum his post hole would be. He wouldn't dig his post further than that. All we gave him was two feet of soil. That's how deep into the soil we gave him. We were told that the rest of the ground past the first two feet was ours.

Inter: Does this measurement have anything to do with the shovel?

Jim: Yes, the length of the shovel blade is what was used to measure the depth which is when compared to today's measurements is about one foot. Two feet would be around two shovel blades length. The land that we sold was only that deep into the ground. We sold only twenty and four measurements into the ground (twenty-four inches). Twelve measurements is one foot and another twelve measures was another foot resulting in twenty and four measurements.

Inter: Yes, this is what they can't understand of what measuring techniques they used. In the north when they signed the treaty, the shovel was also mentioned as a means of measurement.

Jim: This is how deep it is (showing the interviewer a tape measure of twenty-four inches) two feet. Below this measurement, we have rights to it. This can't be taken away from us. All the Indians that are living today have rights to it. Nobody can take anything away from us that we might need below this mark.

Inter: Now the words that I've recorded will be written out and when they have been written out I will bring down the documents for you to sign them and your wife will also sign them as a witness, then they will be sent back north to be typed. After that, they will be served as documents.

Jim: Now, those people that have actually witnessed these events are the events that are related to me by these same people and if all possible that they have added to it, then I also have added without my knowing it.

Inter: But then the stories are identical.

Jim: Yes, they are identical. These people that are relating these incidents is the same incident that they are relating. Yes, this is how it happened. This is what they said. The related incidents are identical as told by these people.

And the surrender of land that I have related is an event that I have actually witnessed. I didn't have to go too far north
(from where he was working). I wasn't very far away from the negotiation tables. I was sitting on some chairs and just sat there listening, listening to his promises.

Inter: Eagle Hill (Willy Many Heads) must know about it too.

(End of Tape IH-345)

(End of Interview)

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