

DOCUMENT NAME/INFORMANT: JIMMY CHIEF
INFORMANT'S ADDRESS: SEEKASKOOTCH RESERVE
ONION LAKE, SASK.
INTERVIEW LOCATION: SEEKASKOOTCH RESERVE
ONION LAKE, SASK.
TRIBE/NATION: CREE
LANGUAGE: CREE
DATE OF INTERVIEW: JULY 23, 1973
INTERVIEWER: MARY MOUNTAIN
INTERPRETER: ALPHONSE LITTLEPOPLAR
TRANSCRIBER: JOANNE GREENWOOD
SOURCE: SASKATCHEWAN ARCHIVES BOARD
TAPE NUMBER: IH-026
DISK: TRANSCRIPT DISC 12
PAGES: 14
RESTRICTIONS: NO REPRODUCTION OF THIS
MATERIAL EITHER IN WHOLE OR IN PART BY ANY MEANS BY ANYONE
OTHER THAN THE INFORMANT, HIS HEIRS, LEGAL REPRESENTATIVES OR
ASSIGNS, WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION.

HIGHLIGHTS:

- Grandson of Little Bear who was hanged for his part in the Frog Lake massacre. Attended residential school and has worked off the reserve at different times.
- Traditional lifestyle.
- Story of a brave Cree warrior who scalped a Blackfoot chief.
- Three stories of the powers of medicine men.
- Story of a Cree and a Blackfoot who gamble over some eagle feathers.
- Beaver trapping in the Cypress Hills area.

M.M. The story you told us before, you tell it again.

J. Chief: Long, long ago, when people were first put on this land, they were put here with nothing at all. No tools to work or hunt with. They had no guns, no axes, no knives. They made the things they needed with whatever material was at hand. With hardwood that they found, they made bows and arrows with which to kill game for food. With the ribs of animals they made knives and with stones they made hammers. Bones hardened over fire were made into arrow heads. To boil their meat or fish, the native people dug a hole in the ground which they lined with a raw hide into which they placed the meat or whatever they had to boil. Then they filled this with water and red-hot stones were dropped in. In this way they soon had the water boiling. The stones were reheated and dropped in till the meat was cooked. Cloth or fabric was unknown and the

Indian people tanned the hides of buffalo and other game they killed. By so doing, they had material to make clothes, bed-rolls and tipis and numerous other articles. Later, much later, white men began to appear. They built stores on the river bank and they traded many useful articles to the Indian people. Money was unknown to the native people but the storekeepers traded them guns, traps, knives, and axes and many other things for the robes and hides they had...with traps they got from the storekeepers. Trapping became more attractive and everyone trapped - old men and old women, even small boys and girls. The white people bought many kinds of furs.

J. Chief: Long ago fur-bearing animals were numerous as were other animals. There was no shortage of meat. I have been told that when the traders first brought guns, it took the Indian people a long time to get used to the guns. Some, they said, fired a gun once and would never fire it again. The arrival of white people also changed the diet of the Indian people.

Mary M.: Would you now tell us the story of the old man?

J. Chief: Yes. I remember the story. I believe the food the whites brought here is not very good. Some of it, I think, should not be used. Native people never used salt before the white men came. Now we all use salt, and our teeth are falling out.

When I was younger, I used to see old people 80 or 90 years old who still had all their teeth. They were so old their teeth were worn even with their gums. Nowadays, very young people wear false teeth. It is because the food they eat is not good for their teeth. If a bone is left in salt water, it will soon rot. Salt also makes our teeth rot. I haven't a tooth left because I used salt.

Mary M.: You can go on with your story.

J. Chief: I will now tell the story of a man who once went on a raid. I wonder if I have already told the story. It is a story of a brave named Chuh-chuh. He was a very brave man.

Mary M.: No, I don't think you have. I don't remember hearing the story.

J. Chief: Chuh-chuh was just an ordinary boy about camp. He was a quiet boy and was also shy because he had never been on a warpath. People in camp used to poke fun at him. Chuh-chuh did not like this one bit but I suppose, because he was a nice guy, he put up with it. Chuh-chuh had a friend in camp, a boy about his own age. They called one another My Friend. It was late spring or early summer and the date for a Sundance was announced. Runners were sent to invite people from distant places. On their return they announced that many people would be attending their Sundance. Many people had been invited. On the evening of the day before camping day, scouts returned to camp with news that many groups of people had been sighted.

"All are headed this way to attend our Sundance," said the scouts. One group, they said, consisted of all men with only one woman. This was strange and Chuh-chuh and his friend agreed they would watch this bunch very closely when they arrived. At an early hour the next day, the band moved camp to the Sundance site. The Sundance site, in this instance, was beside a large lake fed by a small creek and a series of fresh water springs.

Chuh-chuh and his friend sat on the top of a small hill not far from the Sundance site. They watched as visitors passed by. A long time they sat there watching and many people went by. By and by, they saw coming from the east, a long train of people. As they approached Chuh-chuh and his friend noted that it was led by a very pretty young woman. She was wearing the prettiest clothes Chuh-chuh and his friend had ever seen. And also she rode a very pretty horse. They looked on as they went by and they noted this band was all men and boys and only one woman. They later went to the spring for a drink of water. After they had had their drink, they hung around the spring.

As people came for water, maybe the pretty girl from the east would come for water. For a long time Chuh-chuh and his friend waited. Their waiting was not in vain. Late in the afternoon, the pretty girl from the east came walking down the path carrying a water container. "Chuh-chuh," said his friend, "you step right up and start a conversation with her as she walks by," but Chuh-chuh was a very shy boy. He had never had a girl friend and he refused. If the girl turned him down, it would give the people more reason to make fun of him. He would be the laughing stock. The girl stopped at the spring and was having trouble filling her water container. Chuh-chuh stepped up and offered to bail water out for her. I suppose when Chuh-chuh was filling the girl's water container they said a few words to one another. Then the girl returned to her lodge with the water and Chuh-chuh and his friend returned to camp. I guess news has always travelled fast because when Chuh-chuh and his friend entered camp, young men and boys everywhere shouted, "Chuh-chuh has a girl friend, Chuh-chuh has a girl friend." Chuh-chuh being a very shy boy was beside himself with embarrassment. But his friend gave him encouragement. "Chuh-chuh," he said, "I think the girl likes you. These people are just jealous. Tomorrow morning when she goes to the woods for firewood we will intercept her so you can further get acquainted."

Chuh-chuh had an uncle in camp who had gone on a successful raid and had brought for his nephew Chuh-chuh some very beautiful clothes and a very good horse. But Chuh-chuh had never rode the horse and never used the clothes because of the fun people would poke at him. Early next morning Chuh-chuh had on his very beautiful clothes and had his horse ready when his friend came to pick him up. The friend of Chuh-chuh's on this occasion was riding his own horse. A short time later Chuh-chuh and his friend stood on a hill holding their horses as they watched for the girl to get her day's supply of firewood. Before long the girl came out of some bushes carrying a

small axe and dragging several poles of wood. Halfway to her lodge the girl was intercepted by Chuh-chuh, the boy who had bailed water out of the spring for her the evening before. Without wasting time, Chuh-chuh presented his fine horse to the girl. Then he took off his beautiful clothes and these also he presented to the girl. The girl accepted the gifts and continued on her way. Then Chuh-chuh, wearing only a breech cloth, returned to where his friend was waiting and, riding double on his friend's horse, they returned to camp. The jibes Chuh-chuh had to take as they entered camp were almost unbearable. "Chuh-chuh is trying to buy a wife with the things his uncle gave him. Chuh-chuh's uncle will have to go on the warpath to get his nephew more clothes."

Chuh-chuh was so ashamed. He went to his lodge and stayed there. His friend stayed with him. Now it seems that the girl

from the east was engaged. She had made no mention of this when she had accepted gifts from Chuh-chuh. Late that afternoon her husband-to-be moved in with her. She presented the horse and the clothes she had got from Chuh-chuh to her husband-to-be. "Only this morning I saw a young boy riding this horse and wearing these clothes," said the man. "You cook a good meal then go out and bring that boy home with you whom I will call brother." The girl left and, after walking about here and there, found Chuh-chuh sitting in a lodge with his friend. "You are to come home with me," she said to Chuh-chuh. "I have cooked a very good meal and my future husband wants you to come so you may eat with us." So Chuh-chuh and the girl walked across the camp to her lodge. This time no one poked fun at Chuh-chuh. They took for granted he had in some way won the girl. When they arrived at her lodge, her future husband said to Chuh-chuh, "Ta wow, ta wow, Brother, (Welcome, welcome Brother). I call you Brother because you are a better man than I am. The horse and clothes you gave to her, she has passed on to me. They are indeed beautiful. I have accepted them because I cannot afford such beautiful things. You will sit with her while we eat. I will sit here by myself." So as they ate their evening meal, Chuh-chuh sat with the beautiful girl while her future husband sat alone some distance away. Dusk came as they finished eating. Then the girl's future husband turned to Chuh-chuh and said, "Brother, I have places to go so I will leave now. So you two can go to bed." Then he left the lodge and Chuh-chuh was a married man. When the Sundance was over, the band moved south. When they had arrived in the south, it was decided that some braves would raid a Blackfoot camp. When Chuh-chuh was asked if he would be going with the braves, he said he would if his new brother would come along. Also, he said he would be taking his wife along.

Three days after camp had been set up and the people had rested, a small group of braves left for Blackfoot country. Chuh-chuh, his friend, and new brother, and also his wife were in the group. Being not too far from Blackfoot country, they travelled only at night. Their days were spent sleeping and hiding. Early one morning, just as daylight was breaking, they noticed a large clump of wolf willow beside a small slough.

Here they decided to bed down for the day. After a drink and a wash in the slough and a hurried breakfast, they went to bed. Before long, all but Chuh-chuh were fast asleep. Chuh-chuh could not sleep and was wide awake. He left his bed without waking up his wife and walked to a hill some distance away. From the top of the hill, Chuh-chuh was astonished to see a Blackfoot camp at the foot of the hill. They had almost walked into an enemy camp. The Blackfoot camp was not a large one and all were sound asleep since it was not yet sunrise. In

the centre of the ring of lodges was the chief's lodge, and beside it was tethered the chief's horse, no doubt the best horse in camp. As Chuh-chuh looked the camp over from the top of the hill, he thought to himself what a splendid opportunity this was for him. A chance like this does not come often. A plan began to take shape in his mind. Soon he was making his way amongst the lodges. Next he was peeking into the lodge of the chief. He had not made a sound. The chief was fast asleep in a back rest. His clothes which were very beautiful, Chuh-chuh noted, were hanging on one of the lodge poles. With his tomahawk raised, Chuh-chuh noiselessly entered the lodge and brought his tomahawk down with a crash on the chief's skull. Chuh-chuh grabbed the chief's knife and scalped him. Then he put the chief's clothes in a bag. Then he untied the horse and quietly led him out of the camp.

On his way back to the clump of wolf willow where his friends were sleeping, he saw a band of Blackfoot horses. Arriving at the clump of wolf willows, he woke up his friends and presented the horse to his new brother and the clothes to his friend. When the braves found they were so close to a Blackfoot camp, they were all for heading north to Cree country but Chuh-chuh reminded them they only had one horse. "More horses are needed," he said. "Wait here a little, while I get some more horses." Very soon Chuh-chuh was back riding a tall white horse and driving a dozen others. Very quickly they got ready and soon they were on their way. All morning they rode at a fast pace and when the sun was high in the south, they were a long ways away and they knew they were not being chased. Beside a small creek, a young buffalo was slaughtered. While the horses grazed and Chuh-chuh's wife roasted fresh meat, the braves sang a victory song for Chuh-chuh who was having a nap. When they arrived home and the chief heard what Chuh-chuh had done, he ordered his lodge removed and a new one set up in its place. "I am getting old," he told his people, "and my days of usefulness are over."

Mary M.: July 23, 1973, Jimmy Chief, Onion Lake. Go on with your story.

J. Chief: One summer a long time ago, a man was in jail. He was waiting to get hanged. He was not worried in jail. He was happy because he was an Indian and had many spirit helpers and he also had very strong medicine. When the time arrived, he was taken to the place of execution. There he was asked if he had a last request to make. "I have," he replied. "I would like my pipe brought to me that I may smoke before I get

hanged." While he smoked, he prayed to the Great Spirit. He asked the Great Spirit to send some thunderbirds to help him as he was in dire need of help. After he had prayed and smoked, he set his pipe down. Then a rope was placed around his neck. As the rope was placed around his neck he kept saying, "Tut, tut, tut." Then the trap was sprung and a crash that sounded like thunder was heard and the rope broke. Another rope was brought out and again it was placed about his neck. All this time he kept saying, "Tut, tut, tut," and again what sounded like thunder was heard when the trap was sprung. And for the second time the rope broke. A heavy chain was then brought out and placed about the man's neck as he muttered, "Tut, tut, tut." This time the sound of thunder was louder and stronger as the trap was sprung. As did the ropes, the chain broke. Later the man was told he was free to go. He later returned to camp where he had a wife and child and kept busy for the rest of the summer preparing for a long cold winter.

Meat was dried and made into pemmican. Berries were picked and dried and stored for future use. In time, the days began to get shorter and cooler and it was time to move to a wintering place. Early one morning the band got ready to move. Long before noon the band was on the move but the man who could not be hanged remained. He and his wife and child stayed. They did not move with the rest of the band. A white man who had a store a short distance away strolled into the deserted campsite late in the afternoon and was surprised to see one lodge remaining. "What are you doing here?" he asked the man. "Why didn't you go with the rest of the band?" "We will rejoin the band later," replied the man. "We are not ready to move yet." After visiting a while, the storekeeper returned to his store. But he was back the next day and the Indian knew the storekeeper had something on his mind, and he made him very welcome.

As they sat smoking the white man said to the Indian, "Do you have the power medicine men have? If you have, I would ask you to do me a favor." "I have a little power," said The Man Who Could Not Be Hanged. "Thunderbirds are my spirit helpers and I can sometimes call on them for help when the need arises." "Fine," said the storekeeper. "No need for you to go to the wintering grounds. You will stay here and I will supply you with food or anything else you may need if you will kill Shining Weasel." The Indian thought the matter over for awhile. Then he said to the storekeeper, "Shining Weasel is a powerful medicine man. His medicine is stronger than mine but with a little help from you, I think I can beat him." "I'll be glad to help in any way I can," said the storekeeper. "White men," said the Indian, "can do many things the Indians cannot do. What I need I can only get from white men. I will need a piece of iron shaped in the form of a man. If you can get me one I am sure I can beat Shining Weasel." "I will have to

send away to get one made," replied the storekeeper, "which I will do right away. When it arrives I will bring it to you."

So they waited and waited. A long, long time they waited. Snow finally came and the piece of iron shaped like a man arrived. The storekeeper at once took it over to the Indian camped nearby. At once The Man Who Could Not Be Hanged commenced preparations to kill Shining Weasel who was in camp a great distance away. First, he burned sweetgrass over which he held the little iron man. Then he sang and, still holding the little man, he smoked the pipe while the white man sat nearby and looked on. Then he said to the white man, "Shining Weasel is not home, but will be home in a very short time." A little later he said, "Shining Weasel is now home. He is getting ready to eat. I will get him while he is eating." Then Shining Weasel began to eat. When he reached for his knife, a bolt of lightning hit him in the chest and knocked him flat. As he lay there groaning, he said to his wife, "The Man Who Could Not Be Hanged has defeated me. I will, however, live till spring." When Shining Weasel was knocked flat, The Man Who Could Not Be Hanged turned to the storekeeper and said, "I have beaten Shining Weasel. He is not dead yet but soon he will be dead." The storekeeper then returned home. He was almost home when he heard someone shout, "Tut, tut, tut." He looked back just in time to see the lodge of The Man Who Could Not Be Hanged flattened by lightning, killing the man and his wife and child. Shining Weasel had retaliated. Shining Weasel did not live long. He died in the spring like he said he would. My uncle told me this story. Shining Weasel was his grandfather.

A long time ago, I bought a radio. Later, many people had them. I never did have a telephone. Only Frank had one. When Finley was here, I bought one from him for \$30.00.

Mary M.: A radio?

J. Chief: Yes, and he gave me two batteries with it, a B battery and an A battery. After, I used to buy batteries. They are expensive. Ever since then I have had a radio, but now I have no need for one because I can't hear it. A telephone would be useless to me. I could not hear it.

I will tell a story. It is about a Cree Indian and also about a Blackfoot Indian. One day this Cree Indian was riding about on the plains when he came to a river. After riding along the river for a ways he came upon some very tall trees. High upon one of these trees he saw an eagle's nest. People in those days prized eagle feathers which they used for ornamental purposes. So the Cree climbed the tree but the young eagles were so small their feathers were of no value.

So he returned home, thinking if he came back in about one moon the young eagles would have had time to grow some beautiful feathers. Soon after leaving the nest, a Blackfoot Indian came along and saw the same nest. He, too, climbed the tree and he, too, planned to come back in one moon.

Now when one moon had gone by the Cree rode up along the river to the nesting place of the eagles. When he arrived, he

noticed a rider coming from the south. He was riding straight towards the tall trees. As the rider approached the Cree saw it was a Blackfoot and he waited. "Where are you going?" asked the Cree in sign language. "I have come for some eagle feathers that I found here about one moon ago," said the Blackfoot. "The feathers belong to me and you can't have them," said the Cree. "My friend," said the Blackfoot, "arguments lead to trouble. The feathers belong to neither of us. Let us have a game of skill. I will bet you my horse against your horse. The winner takes home an extra horse and the feathers. The loser walks home." The Cree agreed to this and the game of skill was under way.

The Blackfoot proved to be the better player and he soon had the Cree's horse. The Cree refused to quit and before too long the Blackfoot had the Cree's clothes and gun and also his knife. As the Cree sat naked he said to the Blackfoot, "As you can see, you are the winner. Now I will bet my scalp. No doubt you would be proud to take home a Cree scalp," and the game of skill continued. And this time the Cree's luck changed. In a short time he had won all his things back, and some time later he had all the Blackfoot's belongings. "My friend," said the Blackfoot, "one more game. You might as well take my scalp too." So one more game was played and the Cree won. The Blackfoot then asked the Cree to scalp him. "No," said the Cree. "I cannot take your scalp." "But it belongs to you. You won it," said the Blackfoot. "Wait a little," said the Cree. "I would remind you that just today you said arguments lead to trouble. Let us not argue. Put on your clothes. Take your gun and knife and get on your horse and go. I will get going too after I take my feathers." The Blackfoot did as the Cree told him. He did not argue as he knew an argument would lead to trouble. This is what happened when two brave men met.

Many years ago two old men lived here. These old men were brothers and they were Cree Indian. It was said these two brothers had great spiritual power. They were medicine men. The older of the brothers was named Mistakhe Kinaypik (Big Snake) and the other was named Ah-qwam-ahsihnee (Stone). A small group of ten Cree braves once left to raid the Blackfoot people. They were led by Big Snake and his brother Stone. While they were prowling around a large camp of Blackfeet late one night, they were caught red-handed. The Cree ran and were fortunate to find a small clump of trees in which to hide. Almost as quickly the bush was surrounded by hundreds of

Blackfoot braves shouting war cries and firing their guns in the air. The Cree knew they were safe for the moment. The Blackfeet would wait for daylight to attack. By doing so there would be no danger of hitting one another. The Cree sat in the bushes and talked over their situation. They agreed it was indeed grave. A little later Stone filled a pipe and handed it to his brother Big Snake. Big Snake took the pipe and held the stem to the heavens while saying a prayer, after which, all had a smoke. Then Big Snake said, "We will leave now. I will take the lead. Brother Stone will bring up the rear." So, the small

group of Cree followed Big Snake out of the clump of trees. They walked right past many Blackfoot braves who were guarding the clump of trees. No one saw them. As they continued to walk away from the clump of trees they came upon a large herd of horses. No one was there. The Blackfoot braves guarding the horses had apparently left to help guard the Cree in the bushes. Here Big Snake and his party helped themselves to the best horses the Blackfeet had. Then with all possible haste they lit out across the prairie toward Cree country. When daylight came they had put a great distance between them and the Blackfoot camp. Medicine men of long ago could do many things with spirit power. This story was told to me a long time ago by an old man who knew Big Snake and his brother Ah-qwam-ahsinee (Stone).

Mih-hah-mo-is-ka (No adequate English translation) was a woman who lived by herself. She was a hard-working woman and made a good living. Always she had plenty of food. One day some strangers were going by and they saw that her meat racks were full of meat, so they stopped and visited with her. No doubt they were hungry but she made no move to feed them. Then the visitors mentioned the fact that they had been travelling for many days on a very meager supply of food. Mih-kah-mo-is-ka then fed them leftovers - more to get rid of the leftovers than anything else. The strangers ate. They were hungry. Then without thanking Mih-kah-mo-is-ka, they left. It was apparent they were offended. They had not gone far when one of them said, "That woman has broken an old Indian tradition and for the rest of her life she will pay for it." He then asked his friend to dig a shallow hole in the ground in the shape of a person while he looked in his medicine bag. When the form of a person had been dug, the medicine man sprinkled some powder he had got from his medicine bag all over it. Soon after this Mih-hah-mo-is-ka began to lose her mind. She was a young woman when this happened and she became mentally unbalanced. She stayed that way all her life. She died a very old woman. She could still cook her meals and look after herself. She had a small tipi and would move about here and there but it was not the same. All her life she was not right in the head.

She had a daughter; also, a son named Eli. Her two children went to school here when I was going to school, it was an Anglican school and a man named Matheson was principal. When school opened, Mih-kah-mo-is-ka would camp nearby to be near her children. Eli was her favorite. And when someone made Eli cry, she would come running to stick up for him. And us boys would scamper away in all directions. One day some of us boys were sawing wood just across the fence from her tipi when her son Eli and a boy from somewhere up north got into a fight. The boy from the north, whose name was Edwin Solway, had the better part of the fight and soon had Eli howling. When Mih-kah-mo-is-ka heard her son crying, she came tearing across the fence with an axe in hand and Edwin Solway prepared to take flight.

(End of Side A,)

(Side B)

Mih-kah-mo-is-ka ran up to her son as we looked on. "Who did this to you." she asked. Eli pointed at Edwin who was standing some distance away. Mih-kah-mo-is-ka at once took after Edwin who was already in full flight trying to put distance between him and the angered woman. Around and around the yard they ran, and we noted that the woman was gaining on Edwin. When she was almost on Edwin's heels we held our breath as she raised her axe to strike, but Edwin made a smart move. Very quickly he made an about turn and from behind the woman he grabbed the axe from her and threw it in some bushes. Then, as fast as he could, he ran in the opposite direction. Without a weapon the woman was not so keen on chasing Edwin, so she went for her axe. When she came back, Edwin had departed for parts unknown and the chase was over.

In those long ago days, when I as going to school, I remember we would have Sunday School every Sunday. It was held in the dining room. All the school children were made to attend. Also several teachers would be there. The teachers would read us stories from the Bible, and later we would be asked questions from the stories we had heard. One day Mih-kah-mo-is-ka walked in and sat down just as her son Eli was being asked a question. Eli did not have the answer and the teacher gave him a rough time. When Mih-kah-mo-is-ka saw this she left her seat and went to the teacher. Placing her face very close to that of the teacher she made some really horrible sounds pretending to speak English. The teacher became very frightened and almost fainted. A minister named Miskanikan took her by the arm and showed her the door, which was on the west side of the dining room.

I knew Mih-kah-mo-is-ka ever since I was a very young boy. I used to see her before I went to school. As a very young woman she used to entertain a soldier at her place. I guess that's how it came about her son Eli was born. Later, much later, she married a man named Pat Armstrong. As she grew older her condition worsened and as an old woman she was taken to an institution at Edmonton where she died. Her son Eli was a fine individual but he would sometime lose his mind for a while, but he would become well again. All this was caused by some bad medicine, all because Mih-kah-mo-is-ka had angered a man who knew something about bad medicine.

Mary M.: Would you tell about the time beaver were taken?

J. Chief: I was not in on it. I know of the time you speak of but I had nothing to do with it. We hunted beaver once around Maple Creek...south of Maple Creek...a place known as Cypress Hills. The ranchers around there did not like having too many beaver around and we were asked to kill off as many as we could. Some of us went there one spring and hunted beaver. Late the same fall we went back to kill more beaver. We were asked to. The beaver there were not wanted or needed. It was so late in the fall, it soon became winter. We had with us a man named Stonechild and another named Albert Waskewitch and Francis

Harper, also Pierre Harper and myself. This time we hunted west of Cypress Hills, about a mile west of the hill.

Mary M.: Did you make any money hunting beaver?

J. Chief: No. The pelts were shipped away and the money realized went to the band. We made no money. All we got was the food we used and the equipment we needed. They gave us a place to live, and we were taken over there and brought back. Some distance to the west of where we were was a fence running north and south. The other side of the fence, I suppose, was Alberta. We were told not to trap beaver west of the fence. But that did not matter, If we saw beaver on the Alberta side of the fence, we killed them too. It became winter but we stayed. Sometimes it snowed. Finally it was a few days before Christmas. Then we got word from the Indian agent that we were to stay one more week. Two days before Christmas I left camp to check my traps. It was early in the morning and Francis Harper was with me. We had left Pierre behind so he could check the traps close to our camp. We had not gone far when Pierre came running. We stopped and waited to see what it was he wanted. "Well, boys," he said, and he spoke English, "The game warden was at our camp and he said we are to go home today. Bring all your traps back to camp. I will collect all the traps close to camp, then take the news to Stonechild and

Albert." Now and then we would kill a deer on the sly so we could have venison to eat. The game warden never caught us. This particular morning, Albert had gone out to find and kill a deer and we hoped that he would not kill one. Pierre then returned to camp and we collected our traps and we also went back to camp. At camp Pierre met us and said he had misinformed us. We leave for home tomorrow, not today. He explained it was now past noon and Stonechild and Albert had not returned. Late in the afternoon Albert arrived. Fortunately he had not killed a deer. "A game warden was snooping around where I was hunting," he said, "so I pretended I was hunting beaver." Still later Stonechild arrived. He was very tired and did not like the idea of going back to collect his traps. He had supper, then went to bed, saying he would collect his traps early next morning. Pierre then said that a game warden living ten miles away would come to pick us up the next day and take us to his place where a car or truck would be waiting to take us home.

Early the next morning, we began to pack and Stonechild went to collect his traps. Soon the game warden arrived. Because of the poor condition of the roads, he was driving a jeep. Sometime before this it had rained all day long, then it froze again, and this made the roads treacherous. The jeep was very small and the game warden said he would make 2 trips to get us and our things to his place. We loaded the jeep with our bedrolls and clothes and the driver said he would come back for the traps and pelts and some other things he did not have room for. We were then ready to leave and Pierre said he would stay and wait for Stonechild. The 10-mile drive north was really something. The roads were a sheet of ice and in some

places there were large drifts of snow. Two times we had to get out and shovel snow and push the jeep. We arrived at the game warden's place and unloaded our things. Then the game warden asked me to go with him to pick up Stonechild and Pierre and the rest of our things. Francis and Albert would wait here for us. This time we did not get stuck and picked up Stonechild and Pierre and returned to the game warden's house. It was now dinner time and a rancher who was living nearby invited us to dinner. We sat down to a wonderful dinner and I noted he had the largest dining room I had ever seen. Also, he had a large family and many men working for him. The table we ate on was a very long table. While we ate, the phone rang. It was a message for the game warden. He was to take us to Maple Creek where a truck was waiting to take us home. The game warden used a station wagon and his jeep to get us to Maple Creek where a truck, driven by a man named Greenwall, was waiting. There was a slight delay here while Pierre and the game warden shipped the beaver pelts away. Then we were on our way. The truck had a camper on it and it was not cold riding behind. Long after dark we arrived at Swift Current where we decided to spend the night.

At nine o'clock the next morning we left Swift Current. Greenwall had a daughter living at Swift Current. She came with us. At a town called Biggar we stopped for dinner. We arrived at Battleford at 4:00 o'clock. Here we stopped for a lunch, then we headed for home via Lloydminster. From Lloydminster, we turned north to Onion Lake. The driver let me off near Pierre's house. It was Christmas Eve. Stonechild was with me. Pierre asked us to spend the night at his house. We accepted his offer. Later that night Pierre went to a midnight mass and we went to bed. And the next morning I returned home as did Stonechild. It was Christmas Day. That was one time I had something to do with beaver. I did not help when beaver were being transferred from place to place.

Mary M.: What did native people do on Christmas Day when you were younger?

J. Chief: On Christmas Day?

Mary M.: Yes. When you were young, long ago.

J. Chief: Ahh, very long ago. People went to church on Christmas Day. Then they would visit one another and eat. All day long people would visit one another, and at night all would attend a dance. There was no liquor in those days.

Today things are not the same. All people do on Christmas Day is drink. They do not go to church. They do not visit one another.

Mary M.: You tell about what people did at Easter time when you were younger, also on New Year's Day.

J. Chief: On New Year's Day people would drive around from house to house wishing one another a Happy New Year and shaking

hands. Women would kiss one another. They would drive to the school and wish the staff a Happy New Year and on to the storekeeper's. There was a Hudson's Bay store here at the time. A white man lived nearby. The Indian people called him Iron Man. Every year on New Year's Day, they went to his place to wish him a Happy New Year.

(End of Side B)

NOTE: White people call the first day of the year New Year's Day. Indian people, at least Cree people, call it Kissing Day.

Littlepoplar

INDEX

INDEX TERM	IH NUMBER	DOC NAME	DISC #	PAGE #
BLACKFOOT INDIANS				
	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	5,6,8,9,10
CEREMONIES				
-Sundance (Cree)	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	3,4
CHIEFS AND CHIEFTAINSHIP				
-qualifications for	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	6
CLOTHING AND PERSONAL ADORNMENT				
-pre-European	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2
CONTAINERS AND UTENSILS				
-bone	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2
CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS				
-hanging	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	6,7
DISEASE AND ILLNESS				
-insanity	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	10-12
DISEASE AND ILLNESS				
-shaman-induced	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	10-12
FOOD				
-changes in diet	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2,3
FOOD				
-preparation of	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2
GAMES				
-gambling	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	9
HORSES				
-theft of	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	6
MARRIAGE				
-courtship	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	3-5
MEDICINE MEN AND WOMEN				
-powers of	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	6-8,9,10
POWER				
-from prayer	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	6,7
SPIRITS				
-Thunderbird (Cree)	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	7
SPIRITS				
-spirit powers	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	7,8,10
STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL)				
-courage, bravery	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	8,9
STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL)				
-intertribal warfare	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	5,6,9,10
STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL)				

-medicine men and women	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	6-10
STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL)				
-spirit intervention	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	7,8,10
STORIES AND STORYTELLING (GENERAL)				
-treachery and revenge	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	7,8
TOOLS				
-stone	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2
TRADE				
-goods	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2

INDEX TERM	IH NUMBER	DOC NAME	DISC #	PAGE #
TRADE				
-practices	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2
TRADE				
-with non-Indians	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2
TRAPPING				
	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	12,13
VALUES				
-respect	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	9
VALUES				
-sharing	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	10
WARFARE, INTERTRIBAL				
-accounts of	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	5-6,9-10
WARFARE, INTERTRIBAL				
-prestige in	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	6
WEAPONS				
-bone	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2
WEAPONS				
-bow and arrow	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2
WEAPONS				
-guns	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	2
WORK				
-shared	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	12-14

PROPER NAME INDEX

PROPER NAME	IH NUMBER	DOC NAME	DISC #	PAGE #
CYPRESS HILLS, SASK.	IH-026	J. CHIEF	12	12,13