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TRIBE/NATION: CREE  
LANGUAGE: ENGLISH  
DATE OF INTERVIEW: JULY 30, 1935  
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HIGHLIGHTS:

- account of an unidentified skirmish between the Cree and the  
Blackfeet.  
I was very black when I was small, just like a ripe berry about  
to burst. My real name is komitcac kocicimaw (Wiggler seen on  
Water -- Mosquito larvae?) My grandfather gave me that name.

Yes, I have just returned from a trip to Saddle Lake  
(Hobbbema?). The people there are on four reserves:  
pus-kwa winiwuk -- Prairie people  
nipicehkupawiyiniwuk -- Willow Bush people  
neaskweawiyiniwuk -- Bluff End people  
kiciputinawiyiniwuk -- End of Hill people  
The name for all is amuskwatciwiyin wuk -- Beaver Hill people.  
While I was up there a seven-year-old boy was killed by a  
horse. They buried him with another boy that had just died.

This nayahtcigai bundle I have here contains the hair of 40

people. When a family dies out they give me the hair to keep. When a baby dies and they don't take its hair they may put some of its clothing or even a toy in the bundle.

I am 67. My old grandfather told that the making of these bundles came from okicikiwuk -- that is what the white men call angels and what we call atayokhanuk. That at. made the bundle and gave it to a father who had just lost a child saying, "Here, talk to it." The father talked to it all the time, so the atay. changed it and it doesn't talk any more.

The brass necklace (made of ramrod sections) you see around the bundle belonged to the man who just had it. When he died he asked that it be tied to the bundle. He had a daughter who kept it. She died at the time of the rebellion and when she died these black beads of hers were tied on.

Tcahkapewatayohku was the at. who taught the Indian how to make it. Formerly they took these nayahtcikam out only at night. About five years ago they began bringing them out during the day. They hung them out just for a powwow -- as long as there is a headman to offer food. They dance with them -- but the spirits can't travel during the day. I am the only one on this reserve that can make a wasagamecimuwini.

A person may dream that he can do it or it can be passed on. A man needn't dream of tca. to make it -- I have made 13. My father did not make them but my grandfather did. No, I did not learn it from him. It is my own knowledge. Not everyone knows the songs. Some dream them -- others learn them. Yes, I have taught my songs to my son.

Not everyone can make a rattle -- only those who have a vision to do so. They were used in war with a pipe -- but the pipe comes first. The man that has seen a vision shakes it -- the atay. hear and come down. We used to be able to hear them coming. On the war fields they sing with it and they know what is going to happen.

South of (?) there is a lake called "Where the Women Were Killed." A man that had a sister killed came to my father and invited him to go on the warpath. He brought prints to my father and asked him to go up to Big Bear's camp and give BB a smoke. By that means they can get BB to go on the warpath too.

There were a big bunch of them that started out. My father had the fastest horse. That was just before I was born. BB was the leader. After 5 nights they filled a pipe and gave it to BB. He sang, rattled, said there was a camp of Blackfeet on the Red Deer River this way from Medicine Hat. There were many of them -- many also on horseback. After 4 nights they again filled the pipe for BB. He was told that the camp was still in the same place and that they would be directed to it by following hunters returning with meat.

They sent out 2 scouts onctawohtawuh, "Scouts enemy camp." They told them that the party would wait at Asini Iocp ke

kanicit, "Stone with ribs". They got there at noon and toward evening they saw the Scouts running low on the ground toward them and calling "o...". That was the sign they had seen the tents. They turned and barked like a coyote "wa' wa'" -- that meant they had seen them very close. They said they had followed hunters and had seen a Blackfoot camp across the river.

The young men sat and whittled their bullets so they roll easily into the guns and sharpened their arrows. At sundown they took 20 men to act as ogihtcitawoh to keep the people back. They kept the crowd back that night not wanting anybody to go ahead. But 5 had already sneaked off. But the 5 couldn't get any horses for the main party was so large that the Blackfeet had heard them and rode up to meet them.

They overtook the five -- killed two and drove them into the river when BB's party came up. My father had a broad two-edged knife -- called a flat knife. He ran to rescue our (?) who was being chased in the water by a Blackfoot on a horse. The Blackfoot dismounted -- he had a braid with 2 feathers. My father grabbed his hair and stabbed him twice in the ribs. The

man who had first invited my father came up and asked for the braid. "No, you can have any part of the scalp but that." After they scalped the Blackfoot they dropped him into the water. That place is called "drowning them."

That Blackfoot who was killed had a younger brother. When he was an old man this brother took me for a son and gave me 9 horses in all. I gave him money and clothing when I had any to spare.

The Cree were on one side of a knoll -- the Blackfeet on the other. One Blackfoot raced across the knoll with only his foot showing over his horse. The Cree shot but didn't hit him. When he had done that 3 times my father made up his mind to get him. He had the fastest horse.

He fixed his gun, tied a bundle of twisted buffalo hair around his waist so that if he dismounted the horse would stay with him. He got his knife ready. My father was not a big man. When the B. came up again he raced out and caught up with him. That horse was so fast it used to run down antelope.

He whipped the horse 3 times -- that horse had never been whipped and caught up with the B. before the enemy knew it. He raised his gun to shoot -- it misfired. It was a Sarcee and my father clubbed him off his horse with the gun. My father jumped off -- went after the Sarcee with his knife -- the Sarcee was a big man and caught my father's wrist. They wrestled for a time and broke and ran back to their respective sides.

Kayatahkowit "Star Body" was my father. He was killed at Cut Knife Hill during the Rebellion. At the time of the first treaty, my father met that Sarcee. He had a scar on his

forehead where my father had clubbed him. They shook hands. My father got a good horse and in return gave the Sarcee his beaded clothes.

(Note: a. usual pattern for Cree to give clothes -- to receive horse.  
b. to establish any bond or affirm any occasion -- gifts must be given. Thus even these two old enemies exchange gifts.)

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