

DOCUMENT NAME/INFORMANT: FILE HILLS AGENCY #3  
INFORMANT'S ADDRESS: FILE HILLS AGENCY  
INTERVIEW LOCATION: FILE HILLS AGENCY  
TRIBE/NATION: CREE  
LANGUAGE: ENGLISH/CREE  
DATE OF INTERVIEW: JULY 3, 1934  
INTERVIEWER: DR. D.G. MANDELBAUM  
INTERPRETER: ALEC BRASS  
TRANSCRIBER: HEATHER YAWORSKI  
SOURCE: DR. D.G. MANDELBAUM

UNIVERSITY OF ANTHROPOLOGY  
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,  
BERKELEY

TAPE NUMBER: IH-DM.10  
DISK: TRANSCRIPT DISC #134  
PAGES: 15  
RESTRICTIONS: 1. THEY WILL BE MADE

AVAILABLE ONLY TO GRADUATE STUDENTS WHO HAVE SECURED PERMISSION TO DO SO FROM THEIR FACULTY ADVISORS. OFFICERS OF THE LIBRARY OR OF THE CENTER WILL JUDGE AS TO A POTENTIAL USER'S QUALIFICATIONS. 2. THOSE WHO CONSULT THE NOTES SHOULD AGREE TO MAKE PROPER ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF THE USE OF THESE SOURCES IN ANY PUBLICATIONS. IT WOULD ALSO BE A COURTESY TO INFORM ME OF SUCH USE.

HIGHLIGHTS:

- The informant's father was Chief Black Bear, whose story is told.

Informant - Pikats (this is his nickname, meaning unknown). His real name is pieciwhathamo "Sing Like Thunder".

He is the son of Black Bear, kaskiteumaskos, after whom the reserve is named.

Black Bear attained the rank of ukimau because of his abilities in warfare, his father being a man of no special rank. Black Bear himself was of the Ma-mixkiniwuk "Below the River People" or "Down Stream People." When I asked, "Down what stream?" the reply was that it didn't make any difference since all streams flowed eastward.

Black Bear was born and raised in the Fort Qu'Appelle region. His people at one time used to hunt in this File Hills region but later moved westward with the buffalo.

The Black Bear band itself, however, is not entirely of these Down Stream People. Black Bear attracted to him many different peoples. Calling River Cree, Sotos, Opwosimuuk (Assiniboine) Sotos, Oskhasteimusuk (Young Dogs), even from the Sioux. So great was his following that at treaty time it had to be split up and settled in a different reserve. One of Black Bear's ogihtcitau was made chief of a band now at Sintaluta. He was an Assiniboine called miskotahagai-kau-utiuah, "Taking A Coat" (Man-who-stole-the-Coat?).

Black Bear had about fifty head of horses. In addition to his war abilities, he was a storekeeper (i.e. trader), and thus acquired horses also.

Pikats himself is quite deaf and it was a little difficult to talk with him. His wife, a lame old woman, cackled Alec's words into his ear. According to Alec, pikats is "a silly fellow who always was out for a good time. He always has that silly grin on his face. But his brother was a tall and dignified Indian. He died 10 years ago. I wish you could have seen him." Pikats launched into a recounting of his father's story which he told in the first person.

First of all we were very poor. When we would travel we would have to use dogs. Then a young man came to us and told us that he was going on a war party. I went and saw a battle. There was a Blackfoot on a charger who was killed. I ran up to him though I was being shot at from all sides. I scalped the enemy. That was one deed.

I went out again and saw a fight. Near the Blackfoot lines one Blackfoot got knocked down. I threw myself behind him. The Blackfeet did not want to shoot their own man. I scalped that man and took one horse there. When I went home I gave that horse to my father, it was the first horse we owned.

Then I got a woman. With her I was presented with a fast horse.

On the next war party we were on horseback (the first was on foot). When we came upon the enemy, they too were riding. We gave chase and killed some of the Blood. Two of them fled and were a good way in the lead. I chased these two. My horse (the fast one acquired by marriage) gained ground. One of the Blood was on a faster horse than the other and deserted his companion. When this Blood got up to ridge, he dismounted. I, too, dismounted. The Blood came to meet me with his rifle in his hand. I used my horse for a shield by standing at his head and turning his rear to the Blood. The Blood advanced to the tail of the horse and there we were, each dodging behind the horse.

In the meantime my party was coming up. When they were near both I and the Blood came out and we both shot at the same time. I was stunned and grabbed hold of the horse for support. The Blood was struck in the leg and his leg was broken. As

this was happening, the Cree came up and grabbed hold on the Blood. Two more deeds are coming.

We went off again on another war party on horse. When we came upon the Blackfeet there were thirty of them. They started to entrench themselves in a thicket of thorns. As the firing was going on I managed to get pretty close to the Blackfeet and I was standing behind a tree. One of my party said that we could get closer if we went around the other side. This man then got up to go around and was shot down.

I zigzagged around to the other side where there was a slough. There my friends told me to keep low because there was a Blackfoot sniping at us. He was out of sight and had been digging his way up until he was quite close to the Cree.

I got ready -- I took off my clothes, dropped my rifle, and was armed only with my knife which was suspended from my wrist. Word came again for us to keep low and this sniper took another shot at us. But I was ready, and as he shot I jumped up. The sniper jumped up too, and I caught hold of him. Then I could see rifles from all points. I was going to stab him but he caught hold of my knife. He had a knife too, with which he tried to stab me, but I too caught hold of his knife. He tried

to break my knife. He tried to pull me toward the Blackfoot and I tried to pull him toward the Cree. Neither side could shoot (for fear of hitting their own man) and only looked on. We could not stab each other.

This went on for quite a while. My father-in-law asked, "Who is that fighting out there?" and he was told that it was his son-in-law. Keeping us between him and the Blackfeet guns, he crawled out. He put a knife into the Blackfoot and then went right back. The Blackfoot gave a grunt and went right down. I used him for a shield. Maybe the Blackfeet thought that it was I who was killed.

Another time I went out with a war party. This time we were on foot. We met an enemy war party and had a fight. One Blackfoot was knocked down between the two parties. I made a rush for him. He was not killed and was armed with a knife. I grabbed him by the hair and he drew his knife and slashed me across the fingers. I scalped him and then put my knife in him. That was the end of him.

Now I took out a war party myself (his first). I invited about ten men and told them that I was going on a raid. I lit the pipe and told them my intention. Everybody was satisfied that I was capable of taking the step. We went and one night when we were near the Rockies, my men asked me to do a little singing. I did some.

After I was through singing I told my party, "Tomorrow when we leave here we will get to a ridge. When we get to the crest of that ridge, we shall see a line of hills facing us. That is as far as we are going and from where we will turn back."

True enough, so it happened on the next day. The hills had three creeks running from them through ravines. When we got there I said, "This is where we are going back from; keep a sharp lookout."

About noon half of the party, including myself, were out hunting buffalo for provisions. Two of our men were watching and saw two Blackfeet coming. Our scouts were seen by the Blackfeet to whom they then made motions indicating that the Blackfeet should come up. They did, and as they advanced, our scouts stepped down into the creek and crossed to the other side. As the Blackfeet were coming up our scouts warned the camp by throwing stones on ahead. By this time they were quite close to camp.

But the two Blackfeet got wise and started to shoot. They got into some bush where it was hard to shoot them. One of the Cree hit one of the Blackfeet, breaking his leg. A Cree armed only with a lance jumped up and ran to the fallen Blackfoot. The Blackfoot managed to pick up his gun and shoot. The Cree dropped down, was missed, and then speared the Blackfoot.

The next thing was, where was the other Blackfoot? Three Cree made a circle and searched for him. All at once they came upon him from behind, lying behind a pile of brush. One Cree had a rifle, one had a bow and arrow, the other had a spear. The first two shot at the same time and both hit the mark.

I and the others who had been out hunting came back and one of our men came up and told us of the fight. At first we wouldn't believe them but when they showed us I threw my meat down and ran. Those who had been out with me were angry because they had not been informed of the little battle. I told them not to mind for they would see a lot of it yet.

I told my party that we would turn back and go home from there. The two men who had been killed would be looked for. They all went back.

These are some of the things that Black Bear did to get to be ukimau. He was a poor man but had already won fame. He went out on these war parties because he was poor.

Pikats continued: Now comes the time when peace was made between the Cree and the Blood Indians.

When the first treaty was to be paid, my father came accompanied only by his brother (although he had a following at that time). The white man who paid the treaty asked for the ukimau and my father was pointed out right away, though he had only his brother with him.

At the next treaty, the following summer, the white man came to Cypress Hills, Minaxtagk, with soldiers (Mounted Police). That same summer six Blood Indians had been killed. Two soldiers

with an interpreter came to my father and asked him if he would go over to the Blood to make peace. My father consented, but said that he would have to ask his people first (his band). They all consented that he was to go.

The whole band, accompanied by the white soldiers, went. After they had travelled a long way, the officer asked where do these people generally live. Two scouts were sent ahead on fast horses, one a Cree, one an Assiniboine. The whole camp

stopped. Towards late afternoon the scouts returned reporting that they had found the Blood camping in the valley of a river.

Another party was made up to go out again with the scouts. They went and came back again the same afternoon. Sure enough, they found the great camp. They reported that on the morrow the Bloods will move up to our camp on the condition that they be met and escorted by the white soldiers and the interpreter.

Then there was a lot of fun. It was a very tense moment. When the Bloods came up, it was a great sight; they were riding in numberless ranks. All through our camp there was all kinds of war preparations -- just in case.

They kept advancing by short steps. Of course, the Cree ukimaus were all lined up in front. The white officers did some talking and they dismounted, but all still kept their rifles in hand.

The whites spoke to my father and said, "Now it's up to you to do the talking." My father got up and went to the centre of the parties with an interpreter. He told the Blood that it was foolish to be slaughtering each other the way we were. It would be better if we made friends. He pointed to the white officer and said that he had told us that it would be best and that is why I come forward to offer you peace today.

After Black Bear had spoken, a Blood chief got up and endorsed all that Black Bear had said. So did their other Blood chiefs. Then they all came forward and shook hands.

After this my father went to other people without the white soldiers along and made peace. He made peace with the Peigan, Rapids, Blood, Sarcee, Blackfeet, Crow, and Flat Head.

The hardest people to make peace with were the Sioux. When he first went among them, he got along very well. After that the Sioux came with a war party and stole some horses from the Cree.

They went on a second raid and killed a Soto at Cypress Hills. The Soto had been out hunting alone and had not expected an attack. When he saw the Sioux he only sat down and waited for them to come up.

This happened not very far from my father's place. One day, an old Soto came to our camp and without any hesitation went right

into my father's tipi. My father was there, so was I, and my two older brothers. The old man had come to report that his son had been killed the day before.

My father asked my oldest brother, "Are you willing to go where these Sioux killed the Soto?" My oldest brother didn't answer. The next oldest was asked and he said that he would go. When my father asked me I said that I would go. My brother-in-law said that he would go. Then my oldest brother spoke and said, "I am not going to look on at my brothers from behind, I am going with them."

My father said to the old Soto that his children would go and we would tell him what had happened. We were told to bring our cartridge belts. My father emptied a bunch of cartridges and told us to load our belts. But he warned us that we were not to shoot first. "Not until you think that someone is really going to kill you; then you can shoot. You will leave tomorrow."

On the next day we started out. We were well equipped with repeating rifles. In the afternoon we saw smoke rising out of a ravine. We could see men coming out into the open. They came up and said, "You seem to be going somewhere." They were a camp of Wapucwayauuk, Rabbit Skins. They said that we had come on a hard errand. The Sioux are camped not very far from here but we are not very friendly, almost shooting at each other.

From this camp four men came with us, voluntarily -- three old men and one young man. We started again the next day. When we came to a rise, we saw that some Sioux were engaged in a buffalo chase. When they caught sight of us, we got on a hill. They sent one man forward to meet us but he did not come very close. Two Assiniboine started talking to him and when he saw us put our rifles down, he came up. When he understood what we were after, he signalled his party by riding backward and forward. The whole group came forward and we discovered that they were not those for whom we were looking. These Sioux were camped in the hollow of some hills.

They took us to their camp and when we came there we were met by an old man. He said that he was very much worried lest the Cree bash his head in any time because of the way his children had been acting. He said that he had given up his position as ukimau and handed it over to his younger brother. (Alec explained at this point that the old man had felt that he was losing his influence over the men and so had turned his position over to his brother.) He told us to wait while he summoned his brother. The whole camp was out looking at us.

We got the signal to advance and went into the chief's tipi. With us we took two pipes which were especially decorated. Before we had anything to eat, we unfolded the stems and the pipes were filled. The stems were put on. By this time we were summoned by Sioux warriors. Then my older brother (not

the eldest) spoke. He explained that we had been sent by our father to visit those who had murdered one of our Sotos and had stolen our horses. "Our father asked you Sioux to send two of your men with us." Then the pipe went around.

One of the Sioux chiefs spoke up. "One of the my own sons will go with you and the ex-chief's son will go with you." The new chief then said, "To the first pipe stem, I give our white horse with brown ears; to the second pipe stem I give two yards of black cloth." (Some of these very Sioux are now living at Vermillion Hills.)

The next morning we started. They told us that they would wait for us but that our mission would be a hard one. "The band you are going to see are divided amongst themselves and are almost having a little war with each other. They are more than one full day's journey from here."

The Sioux who were with us took the lead. They were nicely built, tall men. They gave us cooked rations. At noon we stopped on a hill. We didn't stop long and started again soon. In the afternoon we took another rest on another hill. The Sioux with us told us to build a fire so that if a war party of Sioux should come along and see the fire, they would think that we would be camping there. When we built the fire we left, although we were getting pretty tired. While we were going along we came to an open country where we stopped and laid down on the ground with our rifles beside us.

It was just barely showing daylight when they said, "Get up." We started and in front of us there was a rise. All this time the Sioux were in the lead. When they came to the rise all at once they stopped, in fact they backed away. They had seen a person who was waving his blanket and giving warning signals to his camp that he had seen somebody. The Sioux with us told us to stay where we were and they raced off in a different direction. I don't know what signals they gave but the sentry (i.e. the blanket-waver) stopped.

The Sioux with us came back and told us to wait and to come forward only when they gave us the sign. We could see them approaching the sentry and then we saw the signal to advance. The sentry was an elderly man and he told us that it would not be easy for us. The camp was divided. Half were for peace and half were not for peace. These last were the ones who killed

our man and stole our horses. "In fact," he said, "you will see your horses tied up there." We could not see the camp on account of the hills but the sentry said that it was very close.

Our two Sioux scouts said that they would go on ahead to announce our coming, and that the old sentry would escort us. "Give us time enough to get ahead to the camp." We did as they told us, when they were almost at the camp we started off. Before we were halfway there we saw a rider coming and before long the whole hill was covered with riders. We were walking

in a row and they came on as if they were charging us. They rode around and between us. One of our party gave the command that we should hold our rifles downwards. We already had been spread apart. We were about half a mile from the camp when a rider came up. By this time we were unable to move because the Sioux were riding all around us.

The last rider shouted some orders. The others made an opening for him. He had a tomahawk in his hand. "Anybody not obeying me, this is what he'll get." When they withdrew we found ourselves widely scattered. The last rider rounded us up and brought us together again. His horse was out of wind -- he must have been riding hard to save us in time. He offered us the friendly hand and took us forward. Then we came in full sight of their camp, a great, huge camp. Just as I was told, I saw some Cree horses tied there.

There was a lot of rejoicing in half the camp because we had come, but the other half was not glad. We were brought right into the centre of the camp. Right away they gave us eleven head of horses and some beaded costumes. We were taken to the peaceful side of the camp. The ukimau of the peaceful side wanted to know how long we would stay. He said that he was glad to receive us and that our ukimau had sent his children to him. He said, "I was afraid to go up that way, but he has made an opening for me and he shall see one tent from here there. When you go home from here you will leave at night. I shall give you an escort who will take you part of the way. These Sioux here are not to be trusted, they might do some harm to you." He detailed four of his men to escort us halfway home. We now were all riding. (They had been on foot previously.) The Sioux chief said that he was glad of what Black Bear had done; it meant life to him.

We got back to our camp all right. The next day they sent for the old Soto whose son had been killed. As the old man was coming, sent men to get two horses so that when the old man came in all was ready. My father said to him, "My sons have come back and have brought two horses and costumes for you."

This all happened in the Sioux country. When my father left that country the Sioux started to fight again. It fell to me to look after my father, I did all the hunting for him. His only advice to me was, "Try to live good with other people. If you can do something to help others in any way, do so." This happened almost directly south of here in the States. It was between the Big Muddy River (Missouri) and the Little Rockies.

At this point pikats wanted to go on and tell me how he had carried out his father's injunction, but I asked him some questions and turned to Otter Skin who wasn't deaf and appeared to be a good informant.

Pikat's home was the type built by the government for the Indians, peaked roof, whitewashed plaster inside, log construction, 35 X 20, four windows and a door. Woodbox, cupboard, two beds, table, chairs made up the house



furnishings. (There were no chairs in Feather's place -- only bench.) On the wall were hanging bird feathers, bits of roots, rope, and a pipe tomahawk. This last was obtained by pikats at the West (Qu'Appelle) Reserves. It had a heavy blade perhaps of lead, with a pipe bowl at the hammer. A wooden handle and pipe stem combined, 30" long, was attached with a piece of fur wrapped about the handle end and two feathers attached to the end of a strip of beadwork. Pikats said that the two feathers signified that the axe had taken two lives.

On the wall also was a calendar in Cree script, on the right side was a strip of drawing portraying the Cree names for the months. On the left the appropriate Catholic saintly illustration for each month.

Two old women beside pikat's wife came in and squatted in the floor. They, as do other women, wear broad skirted dresses, often with a blanket about their shoulders or hips. All wear tight leggings of some kind which just show beneath their dresses.

Outside the house there were two stacks of tipi poles drying.

Informant - Nikikwayanakau-taxgopit "Otter Skin"

Otter Skin was more definite as to the range of his people, the mamatkiiniwuk, "Down Stream People", than was pikats. It was from Fort Ellice, Fort Pelly, Battleford and from there southward. The Assiniboine River on the north (?). They hunted only in the open country. The Soto used to hunt in the bush.

Black Bear went to war not primarily for horses, but to make a name for himself. Men flocked to him not only because he could get horses for them, but also because he was able to speak well and was generally capable. There were Assiniboine, Soto, and Down Stream Cree in his band mostly.

I asked Otter Skin for a story of a buffalo hunt. He said: In those days people lived on meat mostly. When I was a young man I remember when we used up 19 buffalo in one season in a family of an old man (a Soto who was Otter Skin's adopted father), two women, six children, and myself. That number of buffalo was ample for us and at the break-up in spring, there was even a little left over. Then also the old man had many visitors who helped eat the meat although there were no ceremonies that winter.

That fall I was out on a hunting party. I did the chasing for my family. The buffalo were kind of scarce at the time. We didn't get anything on the first day. The next day we found a few, an old cow and several young ones. I took after this bunch and killed the fat old cow. That day we didn't find any more. The old man said, "We'll go back tomorrow." We came back for the meat in the morning and got ready to go back home. We went back with this one carcass only. In this party there

were seven Red River carts altogether. We headed for home.

In the morning we came across a creek and the old man stopped all at once. I wondered why, but on looking ahead I saw some buffalo crossing in front of us, about 40 of them. I took one of the fast horses at once and saddled him up. The buffalo were following along a creek with steep banks.

I had to overtake them before they got down the banks. I started and before they were down I was up to them. I am right alongside of them now, shooting. I chase them across a little flat and over the creek. When they go to the side I stopped. I had shot down eight with my repeating rifle. That makes nine head in one hunt. These were for our one tent only.

Another time in the same year we went out quite far. We were hunting toward the Saskatchewan and the buffalo were quite a distance away. We travelled pretty hard all day and had to camp once before we got to where we were going. This time there were four men (two brothers and my adopted father), no women or children were along. We were just coming to the banks of the Saskatchewan. My adopted father stopped, called me up, and I saw a great herd down in the valley. Two of us got ready to give chase. We led our horses down a ravine to get near. We told our party not to start until they saw us chasing, and then to go down and camp in a wooded place in the valley.

We were following a cut bank. Finally we got on our horses. It just happened that there was a cow path going down the bank and we got very close to them. We started to chase, my partner took to the right, I had to take to the left which was a little disadvantage to me for I could shoot better from the other side. The buffalo started for the hills. We chased them halfway up. I killed eight. The other fellow killed six. Of course, we had to skin them which was a whole day's work.

The old fellow (his adopted father) said, "We must get more tomorrow." We went up the hill. There was rolling country in front of us covered with scrub. We could see a few head but they were quite a distance away. All at once we noticed a bear lying on the flat. We decided to give him a chase and sneaked up to him on horseback. We said, "He can't leave us anyway, we'll chase him." We started for him but he didn't move. He was lying there stretched out. He didn't move and he was dead. Whatever happened to him we didn't know. We left him and went on. We didn't skin it, thinking that it might have been spoiled.

We chased the herd of buffalo toward camp. We only got two, one apiece. I didn't take the meat, just the hide. That's how I came to know that we used up pretty near twenty head that winter. We didn't take the meat of the last one because we thought we had enough. That winter I went up into the Little Rockies hunting antelope. This was after the treaty but I myself was not yet under treaty.

In the winter we would settle down in some wooded, sheltered

place in a camp of anywhere from fifty tipis up. In the summer we would separate for a time and then come together again for the Rain Dance.

At that time the man who was going to put up the Rain Dance lodge would chose two runners. He would give them (?) and tell them the place and time of the dance. They were held mostly along the Saskatchewan. There would gather Opwasmuuk, Assiniboine, Nutiniwiinuk, Up Stream People, Mamixkiyiuiwuk, Down Stream People, Sotos, and sometimes Katepweucipiwiiniwuk, Calling River People. That's when you would see a big camp of over 200 tipis anyway. We did not have any regular summering or wintering place.

When all these people would get together, there was not much policing but very little wrong doing. Inside the camp circle was the ogihtcitau lodge where no women were allowed. These ogihtcitau had charge of maintaining order and discipline in the camp. They held themselves independent from the camp.

When they were going to set up their lodge, they went around taking one tipi pole from each family until they had enough. Should they take the notion of moving, they would simply strip their tipi and directly the whole camp would follow them. They were respected by everybody and should anyone act contrary to the order of things, they got after him.

If a herd of buffalo were near the camp and if a man should carelessly start the herd he was severely dealt with by the ogihtcitau. They would destroy his tipi and kill his dogs. Some of these culprits would get mad but some would not seem to mind, in fact they would help destroy their own tipi (note this concept of thus admitting their guilt). For these men who did not get angry the ogihtcitau would go through the camp, after a while, and collect articles with which to re-equip the guilty man. It sometimes would occur that the things thus collected would be more than those destroyed. But the man who showed anger would not get anything back.

The ogihtcitau were those who showed up well in fights or raids. The title was given by the chief and his closest councillors. The word now used for councillor, cimagauihigau is a recent one for the old term ogihtcitau. It first referred to the Mounted Police and really means soldier.

The senior ukimau in each camp was known by the nearness of his tipi to the centre of the circle. The junior ukimau pitched their tents nearer to the circumference of the circle.

Then Otter Skin swung into a story of how wars began.

I wasn't there to see it, but I have heard that the way people got to be fighting with each other was this. The people around the waters (Great Lakes, according to Alec) happened to find that they were numerous. They had no horses, no (?). They did not know of any people but themselves. They were Sotos.

Not so far from them was another band of people who thought that they were the only people. They were Sioux.

The Soto were well-dressed in furs and in work which their women did. They had the most valuable furs, like otter, for garments. Their only weapons were the bow and arrow and a kind of club. The Sioux were dressed poorly as compared to the Soto. All the time they didn't know that they were living so close to each other.

Once the Soto wandered outside of their usual range and this must also have happened to the Sioux. Thus by chance they met

for the first time. The Soto, being curious, wanted to find out who the other people were, and advanced. So did the Sioux. All went well but the Sioux noticed the fine clothes of the Soto. This happened to be a tall Sioux and a tall Soto. The tall Sioux started to make signs that they exchange their clothes -- the tall Soto would not consent. The Sioux caught hold of the Soto to take off his clothes. Then the fight began, and that was the first fight. It was the Sioux who struck the first blow.

As time went on they found other people. Those who could speak the same language became allies.

In reply to my questions as to the difference between the Opwasimuuk and the Asiuiwat he said that they were the same. Some Opwasimuuk happened to be living along the Stony River and the halfbreeds gave them that name. At one time some Opwasimuuk came upon a war party in canoes. They were called Pimiskawiyiniwuk, "Paddling Men." The language spoken by the Opwasimuuk is a mixture of Cree and Sioux. A Cree can understand a few words. A Sioux can understand most of the language, but there is a difference.

Seniority among the ukimau was decided by bravery in battle and character. It was common and indeed expected of a ukimau to help support the aged and the widows in his camp. These good works also entered into determining the rank of an ukimau.

The head ukimau was known as kihtci ogihtcitau -- big ogihtcitau. Upon entering a lodge, he would go first and the other ukimaus would follow according to rank. The seats in the ogihtcitau lodge were placed according to rank. The ukimau all had lodges of their own and at the same time places in the ogihtcitau lodge. There might be four or even more ukimau in an encampment. Some of the ukimau among the Momawkiuiwuk were:

Tcimas-kos -- "Short" he was head ukimau  
Kemaxgoget -- His other name, "Has a Large Tipi"  
Kamaxkikamiguat -- So named because he had ten wives.  
Black Bear  
Kisigau atcaxkos -- "Day Star"  
Kauhaxtcapeu -- "Bow Fixer"  
Maxkiesis -- "Fox"

The Little Black Bear band has no chief now. They all speak for themselves.

Otter Skin said that he remembers a time when the Cree were poor in horses and when they hunted buffalo with the bow and arrow. He himself had hunted buffalo on foot. It was much harder that way than on horse and the most they could get at one time was one or two animals. But even then they usually left the head and neck and the back of the animal without using it for food.

INDEX				
INDEX TERM	IH NUMBER	DOC NAME	DISC #	PAGE #
BUFFALO				
-hunting of	IH-DM.10	FILE HILLS#3	134	11,12
CREE INDIANS				
-memories of old people	IH-DM.10	FILE HILLS#3	134	2-15
CRIMES AND PUNISHMENTS				
-hunting code, violation of	IH-DM.10	FILE HILLS#3	134	13
WARFARE, INTERTRIBAL				
-accounts of	IH-DM.10	FILE HILLS#3	134	2-5
WARFARE, INTERTRIBAL				
-motives for	IH-DM.10	FILE HILLS#3	134	13,14

PROPER NAME INDEX				
PROPER NAME	IH NUMBER	DOC NAME	DISC #	PAGE #
BLACK BEAR	IH-DM.10	FILE HILLS#3	134	2-11
FORT QU'APPELLE, SASK.	IH-DM.10	FILE HILLS#3	134	2