

Birdie: Maybe it was meadowlark. We don't eat those, too. He went over there and looked for this yellow clay. He just put his hand in there--he was in a big rush. All he done was just paint his bill yellow. You notice how they are. And another animal, too-- I think--it had some kind of feet--

Jeannette: (Says something in Cheyenne) --and redbird--

Birdie: See, all that dirt was different colors.

Jeannette: And--nighthawk--No, I mean--

\_\_\_\_\_: Chickenhawk.

Jeannette: No--swifthawk. (Here one of the ladies had to leave, so this story was interrupted and never finished.)

\_\_\_\_\_: Yeah, old swifthawk.

(Interruption as Jenny Flyingout leaves.)

Laura: I just know little short stories. Oh, I know about one long story. It's too long. (Says something in Cheyenne--others reply briefly, one says it is a long story.)

(What's it about?)

Laura: It's about--

\_\_\_\_\_: Buffalo and corn--

Laura: It's something about buffalo and corn--(Cheyenne conversation)-- it's different one--(more Cheyenne)--red fox?

Other ladies: No, that's a different one.

(Cheyenne conversation)

\_\_\_\_\_: No--he used to stop where this old couple was--

Laura: Oh, it happened there was this old couple camping there, kind of on the edge of the camp. He used to stop, meet this old couple. He said, "Grandma, you hear anything--you hear any news?" Everybody knew that this guy was coming, too. He was handsome--

\_\_\_\_\_: That white man?

Laura: No, he was Indian. That's a long story. And then seven