

right there." So the Cheyennes beat the Northern Cheyennes with my grandmother's horses--five hundred head of horses. Well, anybody that wanted a horse, they'd make mocassins for my grandmother's first grandchild. That was my brother that was ten years older than me. My father just had two children. She'd say, "Got get your rope." That's what my grandmother would say. That was the Cheyenne way. If you love your child, then if anybody gives him something, you try to give something better. And another woman went and prepared a dog and brought it. She said, "I brought this dog for your grandson." She said, "Oh, how nice." She put it down and then she said, "Go back and get your rope." And she'd give horses. It was just like that. That was the Cheyenne way.

(This dog that she prepared--was it cooked?)

Yes, cooked.

(How old was the little boy at that time?)

Well, it was before he went to school. My brother.

(What was his name?)

Well, you can't translate it -- kamásto' (approximate transcription) He was named after my great--my grandfather's brother. He was head of the Bowstring Clan. I have a big story about him, too, where he chased my folks out--I told you about it--he was the one that had the spotted horse going back and forth and that bridle (See T-161). That was him. He was named after him. That was that man's name. That was my father's father's brother (the man who was head of the Bowstring Clan, and for whom Birdie's brother was named.) See, in our Cheyenne way, my husband's side is the only ones that my children can be named after. Now, my children cannot be named after my mother's side. That's the Cheyenne way.