

to come together for a feast? Like, did your father, when he was head of the Bowstrings, ever invite them to a feast?)

Oh, my goodness--lots of times! Many times! Many times he did that. He'd buy a whole bunch of crackers over here. There used to be so many layers of unsorted crackers. You'd don't hardly ever see them (now.) They would come in big wooden boxes. He'd buy them right here. Maybe they'd cost four dollars. And then the day he's going to give a feast he'd come to Canton. They used to have their ceremonial doings over there on the government reserve at Cantonment. And maybe some of those Indians, too, had lands close to the river--this North Canadian River. Well, we would come to that bakery in Canton. Buns were a penny apiece then. He would buy a dollar's worth. And he'd get a hundred buns in a big box. Well, coffee was twenty-five cents a pound at that time, and twenty-five cents worth of sugar was a pretty good size--bigger than this five-pound packages we have. I think the pounds were bigger at that time than they are now. These boxes of matches today are smaller boxes than what they had then. Maybe one fourth of that many matches are gone today, that we used to get for a nickel back there. And without weighing any kind of food they would just give it to us, two for a nickel, or three for a nickel. Nobody had to weigh anything. And these suckers that are five cents today, they were a penny at that time.

(When your father had these feasts, would it be in a tipi?)

No. Anywhere--out in the open, in front of our tent, or somewhere. Just so he fed his members.

(And after they'd eat they would sit around and tell--)

Sit around and visit.