

she said, "And I wanted to learn all their ways. So I found out the only way I could learn--my mother couldn't tell me everything --but from my own self--what I saw," she said, "I had to try to make it." So she said, "Whatever I do, I was a willing helper." And she said, "Many times I would be playing along the river with girls and I'd see an old woman braiding a lariat--these buffalo ropes. And I'd leave my girl friends and I'd go over there and tell this old lady--all the old ladies were 'grandma'," she said. And the old men were 'grandpas.' They were just one big family--one big body of people. "And I'd say to her, 'Grandma, can I help you? Are your fingers getting tired?' "Oh, yes, yes!" Then she'd show me, because she already knew." I guess everybody used to make those four-braid and six-braid and eight-braid (ropes). She said she'd braid eight strings (strands, possibly rawhide). It would make a stout rope. She said, "I learned that way. She'd teach me something I didn't know." And she was always so glad. "And maybe I'd go on again when I help her get through with her rope. I'd go on again. Maybe there was another old lady scraping hides. And I'd leave my friends again and say, 'Grandma, isn't your back getting tired? Can I help you some way?' 'Oh, yes! Sure, I'm tired! I'd sure be glad to have you help me!' She'd be so glad to give me that horn that they scraped the hide with. She'd give it to me and there I'd start. Pretty soon I'd do a whole lot of it, and then I'd turn it back. I learned that way. And maybe another time," she said, "We'd go along the river and I'd see an old lady working on willows." They used to straighten them with their teeth, and they'd look to see if they're crooked, and where, and then they'd straighten them up again. She said, "I did that so