

"water drippers sweat lodge", they call it.

(Interruption. Conversation resumes on a different subject.)

Washee died last Wednesday. Some of his Wyoming descendants came down to his funeral and they were here Thursday. They went back that night. Well, Charlie's grandson took him, I heard, to Enid, where he's working. He can't walk any more. He's eighty-nine years old. I'm eighty-five. So I told Jim Warden--he's my cousin--"I went up there to look for you to record those songs--the Beginning Song and the form of this Starhawk organization, but you weren't there." "No," he said. "I went to Watonga and I went to Oto." He's married to an Oto girl. So then I went up there all for nothing. So since that time I told him, "I'm not going to make any further effort. If you fellows want to revive this, you have to come after me." Because I'm-- Charlie Whiteman and I are the only ones living that danced all through that three nights and three days that this Starhawk Lodge--Company--this young man's organization--in 1901. Winter Sun Dance, December Sun Dance, north of here. And I was just eighteen years old--seventeen or eighteen then. So, I know all the songs, and I know all the form--Arapaho. But you know the Kiowas have a bugler and all that. We don't have that. We don't have no white man credentials in ours. Ours is the oldest of any of them. So Jim said, "I'll come or you can come to my house some time." But he's always moving around--he goes to all these pow-wows and Saturday night and Sunday doings, and he never gets to come here. He lives at Carleton--straight west of Carleton, down towards the river on the south side. He's a good singer. He knows. He just sings out them songs. Well, you hear him sing