

backward and the man takes those straps off and hangs them on the tripod, and then the woman is free. But there's always fire and fumigation. It goes on right today, like any other time.

(Did you say there were stories connected with that Pipe?)

That's what I'm telling you, yeah. No matter if they journey three or four days--sometimes the woman is made to ride a horse--but at a walking gait. Never a trot. Even if the enemy attacked them, she was guarded by other warriors. But she just kept going. If she's told to go this way or that way, she walks her horse. She's the one that slows the journey. And at night the tripod is always close there and the Pipe is always suspended.

(Is there any reason why she wasn't allowed to trot the horse?)

Well, the Pipe shouldn't be in motion too much. It could be carried afoot--a slow walk, or ordinary walk--but not faster than a horse's trot (walk). That's the story I heard. And there's some animal skins that are wrapped outside this bundle that you do not see and (of these) animals living today. They're all extinct. Like white fox and white coons and white otter and all those old time albinos, mostly. I never seen them. That's what they tell me. I never seen it myself.

(Are there any stories about where the Pipe came from originally?)

Well, there is, but I don't know a trace of it. You know we only went by the name of "Arapaho" since the early part of the eighteenth century. We were Algonkians all right, but were we Piegans, or the Ojibwa or Mandans--or whatever names we were known by in them days. But the Pipe always come through and it's always in the Algonkians. And eventually the tribe that had it became known as Arapahoes. That's the only trace I ever could find.