

that. This girl looked and oh! The prettiest red paint was on her--her shoulder--it come from his hand. That pretty paint. "Look!" she called her people and her friends. "Look where my brother-in-law touched me. He just got a hold of me. Look at this pretty red--" Like that. See, he done those things. And let's see--what did he do next? (Pause) And she either quit him or something like that. And that was the end of the story. Laura didn't go that far (referring to a shorter version of the story we had both heard).

(This oldest girl quit the white man?)

Yes. That's all of it. (Laughs)

(Is there any more that comes after that part?)

No. That's all. But I'm going to tell you another one about another white man. He was a doctor. Shall I tell it right now or shall I wait--I'm not supposed to tell stories(now) or I'll be hump-backed. The sun's still up. You're supposed to tell them at night.

(Interruption)

STORY ABOUT WHITE MAN TAKING HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW ON A WAR JOURNEY

I guess the Indians used to go on the warpath like they did here not too long ago. And there's a white man married to an Indian girl. And he had been with the Indians long enough to know their way. Their customs. And they say a white man is very flirty. And he had a nice looking mother-in-law--his wife's mother. She was a young girl, and her mother was young, too. And he tried to think of a way every day how he could get to his mother-in-law. At the same time, I guess he loved his wife, but still he liked his mother-in-law too. So he told his wife--no doubt he called