

moisten their mouth. Then at day, I think--at day again, they start. And they bring that food in. Each one of them that's in there, they dance again in the afternoon. Boy, it gets hot, too, you know! Well, after that the sun's going kind of over. Sometimes--last year they was late. The sun pretty near went down on the third dance. When they get through, then they clear a way. This way and west, and they clear that north. The last go-round. They sing them songs. And they circle that pole--go out that way. They run. They trot. And they come back. Then they circle that pole again. And go out this way. They still trotting. Later, then when they come back, they circle this pole again. Then they go west there. Then they go back this way. They come back when they circle that pole. Some of them just barely could make it.

Jess: Some give out.

Ralph: Once in a while somebody give out. People--some of them that come there--Boyce was up there last summer--some of the people looking on (think), "It's torture," they call it. "it's cruel." Some of them. There was a lady on a wheelchair looking on. We gave her room right by the door where she can look on. It was cruel, they call it--kind of a punishment to themselves. But yet, it was a vow that was made by them, them dancers. There was a young boy that was dancing. "Why do they have to dance--why does he have to go through that?" I watch that boy. He went through that. That boy made a vow for his brother that was in Vietnam. He made a vow that he wanted his brother to come back. And I watch that boy. Yeah, people, they call it cruelty--punishment. It should be stopped, they say. Some of them say that. But that's one of our traditions. One of them. Our ceremonial. That's one of them. And that's the reason we have Sun Dance. We just barely this summer--they haven't decided yet. And I hope they have it every summer. (I was wondering if you could tell my boy, here, and his friend, some kind of a children's story.)

Ralph: We used to tell them stories, you know, like-- Well, a little boy like him--well, I'm not going to tell them a story hardly, but I'm going to talk to him.