

put three names down. I just remember just one. I should've asked my mother. My mother knows them. They put three names down and they told a story about these names. That's the way they do. Now these people that name young ones, they have authority, according to their standing. They have done things that's beyond--their love (?) of life they held. They have done some things which are a challenge. The tribe has a respect for them. Just like some of our boys have done across the ocean. Right in there in combat. And these fellows, if they come out of places like that (dangerous situations), Indians believe that they have the authority to do those things. They have the knowledge and courage and wisdom and everything they stand for, people have respect for them. So those people give names. And so they told the story about mine--the one that they chose. There was a band of people that went somewheres-- Young warriors--braves. And somewhere down the line--I don't know how long, whether they were going or coming back--they coming in the big timber--mountain timber. Somewheres in there way in night, someone was hollering in there, in that timber. This fellow sit up, woke up, and said, "What is it?" "You all listen--" He's calling that name what they give me. "Sod hásciyá" (Alfred draws this name out slowly.) Calling a name like that. So that's where this man got that name. And he brought it back. And this name belonged to somebody else--my kinfolds, way up there (way back). My great-great grandpa. His name was this name I was calling. And then right there, this Apache John, he laid out these three names, and my mother and father pick out this name.

(Oh, they did? Would you say it once more?)

Sod hásciyá.

(And what does that mean?)

"Old tipi pole."