

I don't know, the story goes that he musta joined with other tribes. You know, they do them days, musta joined with other tribes. And that's the way we, we had Sioux here in our tribe. Poncas and the Sioux, just like that, you know, they left, that's how it happened. That story ends there like that, never did come back. Yeah, that wakin', my father tell us story, he says, (Indian word) if you go, you stay.

(Yeah, same story.) (Laughter)

Same story, yeah. So, that proves to, you know, I think that people are one people. See, even that, the same story, now, they tell, the Osages tell it. Poncas tell the same thing, same story, same characters. And what happened on the main part of that meat, you know, how, when that boy came to visit their visit her that night, well, she, the bone that she three away, why, she took it, and gave it to him. And he ate it. That's the part of the story I didn't tell. I guess, she got, you know something, that's the way it was. For the bone where she throws it away, took it from her mother, and just slung it. It happened that throw it right at the feet of the girl. She picked it up and took it home. And when he came, well, she feed him. He ate it. He ate the bone that he three away. Lot of things, you know, you get some points out of them.

(Yeah)

...teaching lessons. Yeah, that's the story (not clear). He said he heard it from some people. That's the same story. (Long pause then Mr. Makescry hums.)

(I guess you know, you don't know me, but you might know my father, Robert Morrell?)

Yeah, I know him.

(That's my father.)

Uh-huh.