

MORE ON STORIES

(Did everybody bring their own pipe or did the host--?)

This man that provide used to have a pipe. That's what they used to-- they used to all smoke one pipe. That's the way they used to tell stories. And some places, the stories my grandmother used tell, and my grandfather, they were pitiful. Sometimes I used to just sit there and cry. Pitiful stories, the way how they treated their enemy or the enemy treated them, you know. It used to seem pitiful to me, and I sometimes just sit there and wish I didn't have to hear that. I used to think that way.

(Can you give an example of some of these kind of things?)

How they used to treat women, you know--these enemies. And how they treated kids and all that. And I used to think it was pitiful. And I was glad that I wasn't in that--I would be treated like the other little kids. I used to think that way. Yeah, they sure used to tell lot of pitiful stories. My grandma was telling one time that they moved way down south some where, and when they put up their camp and these men used to take their horses to water. Well, one man came back and said he found a child. He brought it, and she said it was just bony--just about to starve. And I guess--oh, I guess we just used to open our eyes wide-- And my grandmother's mother took it and feed it. And I guess--she said he must have been two years old--a little boy. And I guess when he seen that food and smelled that food I guess he just--"Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!" I guess he was just going like that. So this--my grandmother she went and--she said she chewed his food and feed it to him and give him soup and all that. And oh, he was just nothing but bones, but his little stomach was--you know, after he ate. And she said she raised him up to where he was ten years old. And he learned to talk Arapaho.