

(What did you say, Mary?)

Mary: I said today was a nice day and I was glad to, you know, to be here.

(What is--I'll ask you some words. What is the word for God?)

Fannie: (Indian words)--God the Father. (Indian words).

(Fannie, do you know the colors in Quapaw?)

Um-huh. (She is giving Indian names for red, black, white, orange, blue and--)

(inaudible words in background.) )

(Do you know the numbers, like one, two, three?)

Fannie: (Giving Indian number for numbers)--that's up to ten--one to ten.

(Mary, can you say the Lords Prayer in Quapaw, or do you remember it?)

Mary: No, I never did try it. I never did try to, you know, to say the prayer.

(What is that payer that they say at a meal--or do they just make it up?)

Mary: Well, they just make those prayers up.

(Oh, they do. They are very nice. I always like to hear Irwin (or Erving).)

Mary: It's just like their preachers, you know. As they go along, they make their prayers up. That's the same, you know.

CUSTOMS OF MOURNING FOR DECEASED RELATIVES

(Well, Fannie, let me ask you something. Mary remembers when her aunt used to go out to a grave and cry. Did you ever see your folks do that--I mean mourn?)

Yes.

(Quapaws used to do that, didn't they?)

Yeah, they did. They mourn quite a while. But I never did see my folks do that.

(Did you, Mary?)

Mary: Oh yes. I've seen--I used to go with my aunt out to the graveyard, you know. I just remember about my father, you know. See, they mourn. They go out four days and they take food out there you know, and they leave it out there at the head of the--