

Mama bear's climbing down backwards. I guess that's the way they climb down the hollow tree. And he says, "Well, I guess here I go, guess I'll die." So he had to think of something right quick. He tied up those two little cubs together while that bear was climbing down. And that turkey, bundled them all together and tied them to his belt. Pretty soon, that bear just kept creeping down. He got one of his arrow, and when he got closer, you know he caught him by the tail. He began punching with that arrow, started crying and carrying on, it scared the bear. So the Mama bear began climbing out, pretty fast, and he was hanging on. He just kept punching it. And Mama bear she was scared. When they got on top, she fell off. Naturally, when she hit the ground, she died, broken neck. So he climbed down. Mama bear, two cub, and turkey, he took them on home. He got out of that hole in the bottom of tree.

(That sounds real enough to be true, doesn't it?)

Yeah, it could been so. We just hear that one. It's just a little short story. That's a little hunting story.

(Interruption)

Stalls in that (not clear)

(-----? Down here at the pow-wow?)

Yeah, anyway, they didn't want to sleep out there. They went up town and slept in a motel. Said, "The Lady's afraid of these bugs out there." "What kind of bug," I said.

(Difficult to hear)

"Ah," the girl spoke up, "she's afraid of these little Black Widows. They're poisonous." So we took her up town. Next morning, we brought her down. I don't hardly see them. They're just about gone.

They're afraid of spiders, and they're afraid of chiggers.

(I don't like chiggers either, do you?)

(Husband away from work, do you know the Sac and Fox alphabet, and you know how to write it?)

Yes. I know the Indian alphabet. 'Cause when Ed used to go off to work way off, to some other state, or when I had to write to him in a real hurry, I just get a post card, and I write in Indian language to him.