

come help me--" "Oh, brother--" They're talking about Stumbling Bear, Jr. And Jék'wondo -- a cousin of Kicking Bird's. And the sweat house, they made it, "Oh, Brother, Kicking Bird, come close to us here. Run to the store and do like you always do as usual--buy a little stick of bacon just about six inches long and take it to your family to feed it to them. Because, I don't know, you don't want nobody else coming there." And then they get the blessing. Then they left. (or laugh) They just went through the forms, as a joke. They're mocking that man that goes to the store and buys little piece of bacon for his family. They say, "Run to the store and buy you--like you used to buy bacon about half the size of your hand for your family," so they could get the blessing.

(What was that man's name that used to go get the little piece of bacon?)
Kicking Bird. Not the real Kicking Bird--Junior.

(Is that the same as this Reverend Kicking Bird?)

Yeah, he was a preacher in the last days after the country opened here, at Mount Scott. And I got his picture.

(Some irrelevant comments)

Well, that's about all I know about the Grandmother Gods. I don't know too much about them because that's the old native Indian worship, and my folks, after the country opened, became Christians in the Christian worship schools and never went around too much around these any more after we got away. But while I was small my mother and father, they went over there at the Ghost Dance and went through the ceremonies. That's where they took us over there and that's where I saw them (the Grandmother Gods, or medicine bundles).

(What time of year would they be having this annual Ghost Dance?)

They don't have them any more, but they had them every summer. Used to be every summer. And the government put a stop to that. The gathering place for Indians--if they thought they was gathering to rebel against the government--so they stop them from assembling and camping together anywhere.