

would be in a different grass house, grass lodge, while the men what was singing would be in a different lodge. Four days, four nights. And during the singing you couldn't go out unless you get permission from the man who was head of the sort of a door keeper. They were rather strict about it. They say, at that time in the older days there was a man, there were men at the doors of that lodge where the singing was done. If you try to force your way out, these men at the doors, these doorkeepers would have one of those bushes of bull nettles, and he would use it on them.

(Did you ever go to one of those?)

No, just like what I said. When I was growing up, my dad he really put the law to us. He said don't try to be what you think you'll never be. In other words don't pretend. If you gonna be this then be this. Like going into ceremony like that, they would always tell me, it's rather..you rather strict about that ways earnest about it. They's no place to go in and have fun and be giggling. You either go in and behave, or stay out. So I never had that experience going in one. The last one they had was 1930. They wanted me to go in. I was about 26 years old. But I told the head man, no I don't want to go in.

(What did they do during that four days, do you know?)

Well, I don't know what this man does, the rain man, I call him.

(e's the one that's by himself in the grass lodge?)

Yes, but these other men that's different lodge, they sing, rain songs. All the songs that they sing, well I'll tell you like this, all the whole rituals that we had used to have, all are wordy. From the start to the finish, they all have words. Let me see, 1951, you perhaps heard of Dr. Rhodes, Dr. Willard Rhodes. Well he was down here taken Indian music down and it happened that my father he got my father to sing for him rain songs. And he asked my father, I was interpreter just about how many years ago that he saw any of these rituals. Other than rain songs. Well, it was 1951..I would say it was seventy years back that way and sventy years this way. That's something that's lost. That's accurately what he saw, the ritual. But this rain song, I was in one., that my uncle conducted. I