

(master of ceremonies), whoever he is--speaker of the day--he announce it and then they carry through the ceremony and then they give away the presents. (Could you ever just decide you want to give your name to somebody else? Without them asking for it, could you just say "I want to give you this name"? I haven't decided that yet, but I could. I have that privilege if I want to. (Did people ever do that?))

Yeah, they do that. They do that yet today. And if they do that on their own hoods, I told you that when they give away their name they can call them anything! They don't call him by his old name because he give that away. So they call him anything. Some funny name or whatever they want to call him.

(Could you give me any illustration of that?)

Well, they do, a lot of them, and they just call them funny names. You know a young man named Sam Tsoodle? Well, he has a brother, Margaret Hunt's husband. George Tsoodle is his name. George Tsoodle's Indian name is "Red Shoe." I think it's Red Shoe. I might make mistake on that, but I think that's right. Well, he gave that name away to some grandson. Sam was telling me about it--Sam Tsoodle. "My brother, he gave his name away, Red Shoe. And if you ever want to call him, call him 'Bucket-hanging-on-the-tree.'" Well, I said, "Where did he get that name?" "Well, I gave it to him. I'll explain it to you how it was. You know he gave his name away, so he hadn't got any name, and I call him anything I want to. So I made that name up myself, so I give it to him."

("Well, tell me the story about the bucket on the tree,")

"Well, all right. George Tsoodle lives over here on Zedal-Tone (Stinking Creek, southwest of Carnegie), and his wife, Margaret. And he's in love with a widow up at Gotsbe, thirty miles away. He told his wife he's going down on the creek and pick a few pecans and took a bucket. And he put that