

South Canadian River my father said there was a big island. There was no water there. He said that's where they stopped. And he said they stopped on the west side of that river and all got (unintelligible phrase) horses. And the Indian crier hollered and said, "Come over here and sit in a straight row with us. They're going to give us something to eat. Everybody come. Let's don't leave anybody out." So all the women-- He said, "You women sit on one end, and all the men on this side." He told them how to come. So these women with children, they went and sat down on this island where it was nothing but sand. And my father said there was a whole bunch of boys. He said we used to do that, whenever they'd say where they were going to stop, these little boys would begin to go out in bunches. See, they already know where their stopping place is. And they'd be hunting for rabbits and rats and birds and prairie dogs and little squirrels. And by the time their people already put up their tipis and began to fix something for supper, they would bring in their little--whatever they killed, and they would have that, maybe, for supper. My father said they used to eat rats too--these big rats.

DIGRESSION ON BIRDS AND ANIMALS WHICH COULD NOT BE EATEN

But there were lots of birds that it was against their religion--they couldn't kill. And I could name them, too. There was the woodpecker they could not kill. They said the woodpecker belonged to the thunder. That's the reason they could not kill the woodpecker. So they didn't eat woodpecker. And they didn't kill the redbird--cardinals. They couldn't kill those. And the chicken hawk. They say if you kill a chicken hawk your horse might fall in a ditch or get caught somewhere where he'll starve, if you kill a chicken hawk.