

heard about them many times where they let you know that bad luck is coming to you. Just like my mother's aunt. She was sitting in her tipi one night. She had a friend visiting her. And they were just sitting up, talking and visiting. And somebody was calling her from outside. It was real moonlight, she said, and they were inside the tipi. And you know how those doors they had-- those kind of round doors? And she said she could see the moonlight through one of those little openings at her door. And this one--her name was Killing-in-Timber. That was her Cheyenne name. And this owl was calling her. She said, "Killing-in-Timber," someone said. She listened. Again it said, "Killing-in-Timber." She happened to look through that little crack. She said she saw two owls sitting where she used to dry her meat. And could just see them two. I guess they had been looking at her through that opening--where she was sitting. And she got up and she picked up a stick. "What do you mean by calling my name! How did you know I was Kills-in-Timber?" She just run them off with a stick. And early in the morning when she woke up somebody was calling her. "Kills-in-Timber, Kills-in-Timber. Are you awake?" She said, "Yes, I'm awake." They said, "Your grandbaby died this morning." That's one reason why they don't like them. They have no use for them. See, that happened not too long ago. Yeah, that was my mother's aunt.

FATHER'S NARRATIVE RESUMED

(I would sure like to talk to you some time about these birds and things but going back to this story about the soldiers trying to get the Cheyennes to come in, after they were all lined up there on the river-bed did anything else happen?)