This report deals with an experiment in taping which I made last week, and which I thought might be of interest to you. Briefly, I attempted to rig a story-telling session by getting together a group of Cheyenne women interested in their traditional story telling activities, providing refreshments, and starting them telling stories. I became interested in this possibility after working with Birdie Burns (Mrs. Ed Burns) of Clinton a number of times. Along with telling me a number of stories she had learned from her older relatives, she told me something of the way stories were told among the Cheyennes.

Stories were told both for entertainment and for instruction. They were told mainly on winter evenings by older people with an audience of younger relatives, friends and neighbors. Sometimes a family would invite an old man or woman to come over to tell stories. They would spread the news to their neighbors, saying something like, "Come on over tonight--my old uncle is going to be here and he's going to tell stories." The woman whose house was the place of the story-telling would provide refreshments for everyone. Coffee was always served, as well as things like meat, fry bread, Indian "pudding" or fruit butters, and other things. People would eat and drink coff late into the night. Birdie's grandmother always used to sit on the floor on a blanket or quilt in front of the fire. She wouldn't think of sitting on a bed or chair. The children would sit around her. They were expected to show their attenti and prove they were awake by saying "Hih!" at intervals. The old person would tell stories almost all night, so long as there was food and coffee and an attentive audience. Sometimes several people told stories.

Birdie told me it had been a long time since she had been anywhere where the old sto were told. Some women of her age group used to tell stories when they got together, but not recently. I asked her if she knew any ladies that would be interested in getting some evening especially to tell stories--in my presence and before a tape recorder. I offered to furnish the refreshments. She thought a little bit and then decided it could be done. When I saw her the following week she had already asked several ladies and they were all interested. She thought it would be best just to have women that were members of her church missionary society (she belongs to a Bapt. church). She said women that belong to the same group tell stories freely in front of each other, but would feel embarassed with ladies belonging to a different group. She suggested three sisters to invite: Laura Big Horse (age about 60 and described by Birdie as "comical" and a lot of fun), Stella Thunder Bull (age about 62 and supposed to know a lot of stories from her old grandmother and mother), and Susie Whit Crow (age about 58). The maiden name of these sisters was White Turtle. I suggest Minnie Bear Bow and Jeanette Howling Crane, both of whom I had met in Norman and wh live in Clinton. Birdie said they would probably know lots of stories, but since t belonged to another women's organization, she wouldn't want to tell stories with th I asked her why she felt that way, and she said it would be like "horning in."

We decided upon December 7 as a tentative date, depending upon weather and travelli conditions for me, and the convenience of the other ladies. She said she would ma final arrangements, and call me December 6, for last-minute preparations. Meantim borrowed the Anthropology Department's Wollensak tape recorder and conference micr This mike picks up sound from any direction and is extremely sensitive. I obtained five-inch reel tapes from Thomson's, which meant I could record one hour on each si of a tape at the 3-3/4 ips speed.

Birdie did call me December 6 and said that the session was set for the following night. She had had to include another woman, Jenny Flying Out, because Jenny was a member of the same missionary society and when she had heard about the session, she more or less invited herself. Jenny had met me before in Norman, also, and expre interest in the stories. Birdie thought we would have five women: herself, the three sisters, and Jenny, and two men: her husband and Allen Flying Out. However she warned me that other people might show up. She also clued me in on what kind refreshments to bring. She said Indians always liked coffee; and would like most