

any kind of pie, cake, and also sandwiches.

I spent most of the next day getting ready for the interview. I baked two pumpkin pies and a chocolate cake, and bought a cherry pie and an apple pie. I also made up a batch of sandwich spread and bought bread, coffee, and other things. I took over electric coffeemaker, napkins, and other items. I had already arranged with Birdie that I would not pay the women money. I felt unsure as to the success of the session and didn't really know how to pay everyone and be fair--I was fairly sure some women would do more talking than others, and I also feared that injecting the consideration of money payment might dampen the spontaneity of the evening. So I suggested to Birdie that I might make each woman a present. She thought this was a good idea, and suggested that I give each person a length of dress goods. And she told me to come over to Clinton early enough so she could go shopping with me and help me pick out suitable goods. She said Indian women like the inexpensive cotton goods, in dark colors and small patterns. So we picked out materials in two stores in downtown Clinton. I got four yards for everyone except Jenny Flying Out--Birdie said she was short and that three yards would be enough for her. I also got Birdie some material, although I had decided to pay her \$5.00 for setting up the session and making the contacts.

After I got to Clinton I made the sandwiches at her house, cut the pies and cakes, fixed coffee, and went with her to purchase the piece goods. As might have been expected there were some last minute changes of plans. Susie White Crow was not able to come as a drunk man came to her house early in the evening and would not leave, and Susie did not want to leave the house as long as he was there. Birdie decided to get someone else. She called Jeanette Howling Crane and asked if she and Minnie could come. Jeanette agreed, but Minnie was busy. Stella Thunder Bull had arrived, so she and I drove over to pick up Jeanette. We also stopped by two other places to invite women. One woman promised to come later if she could get away, but she did not make it. So we ended up with Laura Big Horse, Stella Thunder Bull, Jenny Flying Out, Jeanette Howling Crane and Birdie Burns.

The stories were supposed to begin about 7:30 pm and we actually did get started about 8:00. By the time each woman had told two stories, I had about 1 1/2 hours of tape. I took a break then, and I served the refreshments. While the ladies were eating I took part of their conversation, which largely revolved about stories and story-telling.

The story telling session took place in the living room of the Burn's house. I placed the conference mike on the coffee table in the middle of the room. Beginning with Jeanette, each woman told two stories, going around the circle twice. I did not attempt to structure the session. I told the ladies at the start that I was interested in any stories they might want to tell, as long as they were Cheyenne stories. I told them to tell them in whichever language they wanted to. Stella and Birdie had both warned me that some of the stories were difficult to translate into English, and even when they were, much of the point was lost. So I tried to emphasize that it would be perfectly all right for them to talk in Cheyenne and that I could get translation at a later time. Some of the stories told were very short. Others were fairly lengthy. I do not, however, think any of the stories could be classified as "long stories" by the Cheyennes. I got the impression at the "long stories" they knew were felt to be much too long to tell at this meeting. Birdie Burns, my informant of the past few weeks, told a wonderful story about some boys killing some mountain monster, and other adventures, and after she was through I asked where she had heard the story--thinking it might have come from a grandparent. To my surprise she said she had heard it from a woman who was part Choctaw and part Zuni and who lived at Zuni. Birdie had heard it out in Gallup, New Mexico one time on a visit. I was disappointed at first to hear this, but on reflecting I feel that this incident may well illustrate the mechanisms of diffusion of these stories which have been long operative. It is quite probable that, even back in the old days, a person telling stories would be under no restriction to tell stories heard only from other Cheyennes. A person might on occasion have an opportunity to hear a story from a member of another tribe, learn