

going to get this man that they accused. They don't know whether he really done that or whether someone just made that up to get rid of him. And someone pointed--there were people all around--and some of them said they had seen him go into some old lady's wigwam. An old brown, smoked wigwam. The lady, she used to camp behind these big rows of tipis. Maybe she was their grandmother or their mother. She used to be kind of behind. And children at that time, they didn't say, "Old Lady--hey, Old Lady." No. That was gone. She was "Grandma." "Grandpa and Grandma." If you see an old man, a young boy would say, "Say, Grandpa--" And all the old people were kind, loving people. And they'd say, "Oh, here's my grandson. Hello, grandson, how are you?" Just like that. They just loved them. Even if they say them for the first time, that was their grandson--all the little children. Same way with the old ladies. And this old lady, someone came to her door. One of these men appeared. She said, "Come in, my grandson," not knowing who he was. So this young man came in. And she said, (Cheyenne phrase). That's the place the Cheyennes offer to visitors--the very best place where they decorate that bed for their firstborn--girl or boy. There's everything that (unintelligible phrase). They had it there so when visitors came they offered that place to him. And this old lady, even if she was alone, maybe it was her best place for a visitor to sit down. She says, "Come in, (Cheyenne phrase)." She meant that place opposite from the door. So he came in. And he said, "Grandma, I haven't had anything to eat. I'm hungry." "Oh, poor grandson. Let's see--what am I going to feed him?" She put her pot on her fireplace. And this little pot she put on was just beginning to steam, beginning to boil, I guess, when this man must