

get red hot ashes and put them in front of him. That's as far as his power went.

(I would like to ask you some more questions about this, but it's getting late and I think you had a story you wanted to tell me today.)

Yes. That Dog Story, and then I wanted to tell you that real ghost story, too, that my grandmother used to tell, and I wanted to tell you about Sand Creek--what my grandmother say. Which shall be put ahead?

BIRDIE'S GRANDMOTHER'S RECOLLECTION OF GIRLHOOD TRAINING AND
THE SAND CREEK MASSACRE

(I'll leave it up to you.)

Let me tell you the story about my grandmother. (Note: The grandmother telling this narrative was her father's mother, White Horse Woman. She was a Pawnee who had been captured by the Cheyennes while still a baby. The man who captured her raised her in his family like his sister. Later she married War Bonnet, the man who had been sent to Washington and received flags from the government, and then later she married Wolf-Going-Through-A-Crowd, Birdie's father's father.--J. Jordan) They say she was a very beautiful girl. I asked her about how old she was, and I think she said she was about seventeen. She said she was light-complected and had dark long hair. And this chief wanted his son--he wanted to maybe buy her for his son. Which they did. They got my grandmother. She was adopted by well-known Cheyenne people, and had been brought up in a good family. Well, she turned out to be a good girl. She always was a willing worker. She said, "And I knew I was a different kind of a person in the Cheyenne tribe,"