

this time you went into a peyote meeting and you had this otter fur on your hair and you thought it was a puppy, because that's when my recorder wasn't running. Could you just sort of remind me how it was that you happened to go to that meeting?)

Well, that meeting was announced--we heard about it before, and of course my cousins--they're both my cousins, however--this Ernest Left Hand and Emmick Tallbear were in the vicinity, so naturally they came. Well, we always sat together anyhow. So there was a tent there where they had prepared a place for fellows to go in there and dress up--comb their hair and fix up for the night. So we went there. And we fixed all up. Had our satchels there. And during that evening different ones of us would run into these puppies, you know. Knock them over and they'd squeal. Seems like an old dog or hound had a bunch of puppies--eight or ten or nine of them. And they was all over the yard, and we'd run into them. Naturally when I went in there and had my otter skins on and sat down--and I hadn't no more sat there for a little while--I started fixing my blanket and I felt fur on my side, here. I said, "Say, I bet them little puppies come in from behind the tent and crawled up where it's warm and now they're up here. I don't know what to do." So then I thought--I told my cousin, "I'm going out." "No, you just now came in and you're going out?" I told him, "Yeah, just for a little while." Then I asked the chief, Old Man Gun--he was my cousin--"Brother," I said, "I'd like to go out." "What? Go out? You just come in." "I'm going out and I'll be right back." "Go on. Go around here." So I got up and just gathered my blanket, you know, and I held this fur thing, thinking all the time it was a puppy. I got up