

next October. I was just a little fellow like these--like these little kids. When they tell it. That was a bed time story and every Indian child knows it--my age. All the Indian children knows the story. But telling it now--it's been too long. Some of the details are forgotten. Somebody might maybe tell it a little different from some other one, but it's the same story. Supposed to be the original.

(Who was it that told it to you?)

Oh, my folks. My father and mother.

(Your father?)

Yes, yes and my uncle to his children and I'd set there too and all. Sometime the old folks--some old fellow come in over there and they'd ask to get some old Indian stories. They'd sit down and--them old Indians liked to tell war stories and the old legend stories--stories like that, for the children. They set there and tell us all about 'em but we're careless and we didn't try to listen. We get tired and we just run off. Now we wish we had heard all of them.

(Did your grandparents ever tell you that story?)

Oh, yes--over and over. Yeah, I been told hundreds and hundreds of times. That's the reason I didn't forget all of it--I been told so many times.

(Do women ever tell those stories?)

Yeah, they know it. The woman--girls and boys and woman--they tell the story. Any woman you see they'll tell you. They all know it. Course this younger generation, they don't know it.

(Don't you tell it to your grandchildren?)

Oh, I tell them some different stories. Not all this but short