

Because the old men that used to be in actual warfare among the Indians, are gone. And any enemies we have, if we subdue them, we call it a coup. And so they're the only qualified ones that can relate their experience, and they're the ones that are qualified to tell their war coup, and the clubs that they have, you might say they bless them by their story. And when they get up, we have to get up and dance. That was the purpose or background, you might say--traditional way of the Arapahoes. The Kiowas have a bugle (in their Gourd Dance). I don't know where that came from. They all imitate us, you know. They have war bonnets. The Kiowas never was known to have any war bonnets, but as I've said before, there's only four tribes that had war bonnets, and they were allies--the Blackfeet, who were ordinarily known as Piegans, and then the Sioux and then the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. They're the ones that wore the war bonnet. But these other tribes all invoke that (now).

(Would it be proper--in referring to this story that Warren is telling about his combat experience--would it be possible to refer to that as, haeθitw?)

Yeah, it is. Yeah. That would be the story existing among the tribe. Now we got one boy--he's nothing but a drunkard now--my nephew. He lives here. His name is J. B. Bates. He came back wounded. And he lived in Carleton. His mother lives where that big hill is, right north of there. She married another man. His father died and his mother married another man, named Blackman. They used to live at Carleton when he came back from the army, wounded. And the women's club--we call them the "Mother's Clubs" or "War Mother's Clubs," they made up a song for him. His