

them up for us. They can't refuse. Because that's the whole camp's way of carrying on this lodge. I know sometimes once or twice I had to ~~walk~~ walk all night. However, after that I made up my mind I was going to ride, so I rode my pony all night. Like one night--I had to look for a piece of willow about three feet long and about that thick, that was already seasons. That's a pretty rare thing in the summer time but I found it.

(What did you have to get it for?)

Well, they had to make a spear--I mean--a tomahawk out of it. It's about so wide and about so long, and it has a handle down here, and it has a point here. And this side edge has got to be something like a saw, you know--zig-zagged (notched). Seven points. And it has to be painted green with black dots, and there had to be feathers hung on the side. I found that willow.

(What was that for?)

That tomahawk--or club--they used it in warfare. A man would ride up to an enemy and hit him. He didn't have to kill him, but just so he hit him. That was a coup.

(That time that you were errand boy, could you tell me about the contests that you witnessed--the story telling contests?)

I just heard them. At noon--supper--all the elders of this particular organization--announcement is made that they must cook and bring the food in there. That's when the stories begin. That's when this kind of a debate or contest starts. And whoever wins the story--majority--they're the ones that get the first serving, and the defeated ones get the leavings. But I get mine on either side. Because I was the general errand boy. And sometimes I work all night and sometimes I'd sleep in the afternoon