

Well--if they all stay awake--sometimes it's two hours or two hours and a half. Yeah. Sometimes longer than that. I know one time I was visiting two or three boy cousins of mine--their father and mother, and they had a sister, and a grandma that was there that day--she helped sew a brand new tipi. You know, with porcupine work, and beaded and everything like that. Got through that day and they had a big supper. So I stayed over. So--oh, it must have been about nine-thirty or somewhere along in there--they went to bed. Well, the girl jumped in bed, and our bed was over there. And the girl said, "Grandma, go ahead and tell us those Night Stories about the White Man." "Well, you all get to bed," she said. "If I don't hear but one response to me, the story's over." "Oh, we're gonna keep awake." So we listened. And she told us those stories--one or two of them--succeeding--there's always a White Man, you know. Oh, it must have been about eleven or eleven-thirty when I guess the last one was. I know I fell asleep and the boy friends of mine or whoever it was that kept awake and kept grandma going would respond until she just stopped, I guess.

(Is there any reason why they don't tell them in the summer time?)

Well, the (winter) nights is when you go to bed earlier and stay in the warm tent, you know, and grouped together more so than in the summertime. Summer, some of them sleep outside in the arbor and even some boys used to sleep in wagons. I know I slept in a wagon lot of times, with a cover over it, you know. And some boys are just out in the center of the camp. Lay around, and pretty soon they fall asleep, right in the center--out there in the grass. I know I've slept out there in the center of the camps lots of time. Fall asleep and next morning felt dew, you know. Wake up and the ground was damp. Get up and walk home. But this way they always stay together on winter nights, you know.

#### ELK HIDE WITH PICTOGRAPHS BURIED WITH LITTLE RAVEN

I don't know--lot of these things were told way before they ever saw a white man, they tell me. And the sign language the same way. And they foretold-- Well, we had a-- Our old chief, Little Raven, he had a hide--kind of a scroll-like--I mean a history--in characters. What they call this hieroglyphics--