

(Why don't you tell your grandchildren stories today?)

Well, I don't know them.

(Don't they ever want to hear stories about the old times any more?)

They never do ask me any. I guess they don't. (Pauses and irrelevant comments) I don't like to tell that story about that White Man when he kill all them little babies and cook them. I don't like it. It's pitiful.

(Did they used to tell that kind to you when you were little?)

Yeah.

(Interruption)

STORY ABOUT OLD WOMAN WHO WAS ABANDONED AND WHO TURNED INTO A ROCK

I guess there was an old lady, a real old lady. I guess her family got tired of her and they didn't want to keep her any longer. And when they used to go around in bunches, you know-- here and there--before the white man got in--before white people came to this country. Well, Indians, I guess they used to just bunch up, you know, in colonies or whatever you call them. And these folks were moving away. And they took this old lady along. No--they didn't take her along--I mean they left her. She was sitting where they were breaking camp, you know--going to another camp, you know. Way away from that place where they move from. And this old lady--maybe she couldn't see or something like that. That's why they got tired of her, I guess-- leading her around, you know. Well, they broke camp and took everything away. And this old lady was sitting in there--just like this--on the ground. And she was covered up with her sheet, you know. Her blanket. And then they went many miles to where their camp was that they went to. So when they unload the man came to this place where they were stopping, and this man asked this woman--I guess it was his cousin. And he didn't see this old lady along. That's why he come to ask--"What you do with my aunt--where you leave my aunt?" I guess he told his cousin. And, "We left her," I guess she said. This woman, that was her mother that she left. And boy, this man right away he just whip his horse. Kick his horse and rode off again, to where