

were behind me, and the others there. One fellow grabbed hold of my necktie here, hang on. And then they start beating on the drum. "You got to dance. You got to dance the regular Blackfoot Dance, or you can't--that's your fine. That's your punishment." So, he's hanging on there, and another thing, another fellow come up there and cuts the tie, next to the neck. I don't care how pretty it is or what it is, he cuts it off. Or they could cut your shirt all to pieces. You could be wearing a silk shirt. Whatever pretty you got, they tear it up. And you're fined. And while they're struggling--three or four fellows hanging and fighting with those fellows, and two of them and me--I knew I couldn't get away--they had me, and the people--spectators over there--maybe two hundred people looking on-- And they're taking in the show. Well, before too many people see me, I must dance. So I jump up. The singing was going on. So I made the dust fly! Then pretty soon my friend over here, this next fellow, he jumped in and he dance. They got all of us to dance. We had to dance till somebody pay our fine. Oh, I hope somebody--I knew nobody was going to pay my fine. I thought I was going to have to dance till they tell me to stop. Made me dance an hour or so. But it happened that my wife's mother's sister was sitting back there, and she felt sorry for me. She got up. She had a nice blanket and throwed it at my feet. That was my fine. So she saved my life! I sat down.

(Interruption)

MORE ABOUT SMOKES

(Back there when they were having these peace smokes and telling these stories, did the men ever get into any kind of arguments?)

Well, they do but they don't get to fighting. They just get in a big argument, and then to settle it, they go to these custodians--

(Could you give me an example of what kind of things they might be arguing over?)

Well, the things, were--what happened at a certain war path--who was the