

I used to think he was my own grandpa. He used to tell me certain things, but his were kind of general, like. He'd teach me silly songs, you know--little story songs. But he'd be teasing his sister-in-law, you know, through me. But he'd be saying about his sister-in-law. And my other grandmother, she'd get pretty mad. See, my grandpa had two wives. I didn't get to know my own grandpa, but one of my own grandmas--my father's mother--married this old man. But my uncle's mother was the other old lady--the second wife. And, see, the Cheyennes really tease their sister-in-laws. And these two became sisters--my grandma and that other wife--they became sisters (that is, two women married to the same regarded themselves as "sisters.") I still know some of the funny songs he taught me, my grandpa.

(Were these songs that he made up, or--?)

Well, they must be old. Like--let's see--like "Jack and Jill went up the hill--" You know how little children can sing that tune. There's many songs like that.

(Are those kind of songs sung just for children or are they sung some other time?)

Just for children. Just little old funny songs. Like they sing about an owl. I teach my grandchildren those owl songs. But these are kind of different. See, I raised these others and they're the ones I talk Indian to, and I teach. But these don't know much. They don't even know those songs. But them others, they're kind of Indian-minded--my daughter's kids--the two oldest ones. And I kept Agnes when she was a few months old and I'm still with her on and off, right close. But these (other grandchildren), they just come every once in a great while like this. And I tell them Indian expressions and then they don't know the difference. They tell those white kids.