

I told you that. And you know, his little dog even turned to stone, and his pipe was a little stone there. And here it was very long and when they came back to see him he was already turned to stone. But he was the one, they said, that prophecied the future. This old man prophecied the future. See it could be again Mudzi' iyoivhi right there. He told them that a human being was going to come among them. He meant these white people. A human being that was sewed up in sacks. Sewed up all over. He said, "All you're going to see is just eyes. He'll have hair all over his face--whiskers and moustache." That's the one that prophecied about the white people. And he said, You're going to forget our songs, our own native songs. You're going to forget them. Different people's songs--different nationalities--going to sound prettier and sweeter to you. They will just be lovely to your ears. You would rather go for them and learn those and forget your own songs." He's the one that prophecied that. Which is today. Nobody sings our own songs. Just like that there Indian Hour they had last Saturday (Indians for Indians program, WNAD), I was listening. Old Man Morris that had died here not long ago--about five or six years ago--he was singing them old time songs that these Cheyennes don't care to sing any more. He was about the last one that sang them. And they try to sing them but they cut across. And they don't sing them like the old people used to.

BOWSTRING CLAN: ALL NIGHT DANCE AND MORNING FOOT RACE

(Interruption. Conversation resumes on subject of Bowstrings and the girls they selected to be hostesses or "sisters." They were not supposed to marry these girls.)

--or in case they should get along with them and marry them. See, one of them was to die. And that's why they were so afraid to have