

and everywhere else. You run right over 'em sometimes, but in my day you were supposed to dance at the very end. My grandmother was very particular about doing everything right. She just couldn't see children just going where they were not supposed to be, in other words. But they used to have it quite often you know.

Katherine: (Well, what is the bean dance?)

Anna: Oh, it's just something — let me think. Anyway the man, the leader, shakes the gourd and sings. Then the shellshakers dances and they make a ring. And they dance and then they change. You know the women — I don't know whether the women gets in front or away you just change; you know like I'd get in front of whoever's up here in front and then the shellshaker would get in front of us until she gets back to him. It was quite a cute dance. And it seems like she would start at the end and then she would dance around until she got round to front.

DESCRIPTION OF GAMES USED BY THE TRIBE

Katherine: (Do they play much hand game?)

Anna: No, I don't remember the Delawares ever playing hand games. There was one ball game [Indian football] and you'd put up a forfeit, then somebody would come around with, they'd just take a string you know and whatever you wanted to put on the string. Sometimes the women would be the first to put their forfeits on, then the men would then they'd put on whatever they took a fancy they'd put on, whatever they wanted to bet. They'd tie it on to whatever they chose And they used to put a big old string of ribbons and handkerchiefs and scarves and maybe pins or combs anything like that you know. And then they'd hang it up between two trees you know, and the goals were two poles. I don't know how far apart about 4 or 5 feet. I think they were about 30 - 40 feet a part and the men had to kick this ball; it was just a little thing about like that. The men had to kick it but the women could throw it. And I know when I was a child we didn't dare play because the men and women were so rough and my grandmother used to say, "Don't get in there. You kids'll get run over." So I never played until I was up in to my teens, cause I always afraid. But they did, oh it was just life and death, you know, But usual thing the women would beat the men. And the men would fuss and they'd say, "The next time we'll beat you." And it seems like the probably must have had every two weeks or something. My father's folks lived on Coon Creek and they had a beautiful pasture right beside the house. People'd bring their dinners you know—come in the morning and eat their dinners and then it had to be in afternoon. And then