

spring of the year. No man could not dance that. Just the women alone. That was a women's organization. Now that's the way that dance is carried on Mr. Maker.

(Now after you had taken that drum and it was accepted over there, did you continue to have that sort of dance here in your tribe?)

Not that I remember of, Mr. Maker. I kinda believe that we gave that drum to the Gray Horse people and have never had that dance hereafter. Although at the same time, we still have the songs. And of course right now, that drum is still over there in the hands of Irene Jefferson and I don't know when she'll ever have a dance. I'd like to know myself.

HOW LAMONT BECAME A SINGER AND WAS APPROVED BY THE PONCA CHIEFS AND RECEIVED GIFT OF BEING ABLE TO COMPOSE SONGS

(And we are getting back to your singing. I understand when you were quite young, just what prompted you to become a singer?)

You know that's some \$64.00 question, Mr. Maker. You know, just like I said, I hung around with my grandma and my mother and I wanted to be like the rest of the Indians, which I'm trying my best to this day. I hear them old men singing. Boy, you just can't beat 'em! And the noise that the women made at those dances. That's what shakes me up. It makes me feel good and I says "well, that must be something good". So I want to do something good and I try to be a singer, which I am trying to be still today.

(And I think it would be good if you would relate the incident that you were telling me about the Chief that came down to where you were living at the time. And if you would relate that again for us, I would like to hear it.)

Well, it happened to be I lived about a mile and a half east of old White Eagle Sub-agency, with my daughter. And on one Friday morning, Thursday or Friday morning Old Man Horse Chief come there, coming down the road and I holloed at my wife and I said "I see old man coming". Sure enough that old man turned in, went in the house and I seen who it was. I didn't have