that pageant, he said, "This old man, Man-in-the-Clouds, he knows. He was right there." The old man, he started talking. He was one of them in there. He was in there. I listen to him. Kish told him, "Go ahead and relate it. Relate it. Say how it happened. He wants to hear it." So I listen to him--how it happened. Well, I went over there (to the scene of the pageant, probably). It's kind of a high hill. Lots of cars standing there. First think I went over and (unintelligible phrase). I look on. This it Turkey Creek and it's way back in there. It empties into that river--the Canadian. Yeah, I look on. There's kind of a high hill over there. They come down there. There's a ravine there. And wagon. There's another hill up there. And over that hill--Turkey Creek right there. I stood there. They had a loud speaker. They used to hold a pageant every five years up there. They don't hold them any more. At Hennessey. I look. I seen them wagons coming--they cross that ravine. Just when they cross that ravine that knoll--kind of a small hill--here they come! Going to make an attack. They're whooping, you know, hollering. Yeah, the pageant. They say there was Kiowas and Comanches in there. I understood that loud speaker. But I already heard it. I just wanted to see what they were going to do. They started shooting....I seen a fire. Of course everything close to the wagons probably...the fire was going. There was these fellows that were killing Pat Hennessey. So they burn him at the stake--tied him to a wagon wheel. Yeah, that was in the pageant. This fellow I was standing with, he said, "Chief, do you believe that?" I told him, "No, I don't believe a word of it," I said. "I don't believe it." All they know is what that old man's story was. And I heard it before. I heard it before. And all right--that night they were going to parade. They were going to have a dance after that pageant. None of it, what was shown, it wasn't true! None of it! It's just a pageant showing days back. Pat Hennessey was a freighter from Caldwell to Fort Reno and that was his trail. They had a dance. I looked on. A parade. Old Yellow Eyes, he had a war bonnet. He was leading. I got his name--it was Joe Yellow Eyes. While he was going down the main