

or August--somewhere along in there? Maybe the 28th, or maybe even toward the end of the month?" After I was asleep--I think it was about midnight that I woke up. "Oh yeah, I got something to think about," I thought. "Now, what I'm going to do?" My mind was refreshing. I had visited the National Red Cross in Washington. That's right along the Pan American Building there in Washington, near eighteenth street. I visited there once or twice. Well, I thought about that. So in the morning I told my wife, I said, "I'm going to get a ride to El Reno--to Concho." It was pretty early in the morning, about five o'clock. I said, "You better get up and cook me a little lunch." She said, "All right. I'm going to cook out in the arbor." So when she was getting up, you know, putting her clothes on, well, she said, "There's a car out there at the gate." So I walked out there. I had my gown on. The car stop at the gate. One fellow got off--a white man got off and opened the gate. He was my brother-in-law from Colony. I said, "That's your brother, Home." "Oh," she said, "Maybe he might take you to Concho." So they drove up and honked their car horn. I said, "I'm awake. Get off. Come on in and eat breakfast with us." So my wife cooked a nice breakfast--bacon and eggs and this and that. So they sit down and ate. "Well, brother-in-law, I heard you were going to go to Concho today. So we thought we would come along and help you along some way--any way that would be a help to you." I said, "Yeah, I got to have a ride to Concho." So about six-thirty I got ready. Got to town at seven o'clock. Then I went on to--we drove up to the Union depot. I got some telegraph blanks. While I was there I wrote a telegram to the National Red Cross in Washington, D.C. of what we were trying to--the Arapaho Sun Dance that year--to raise money for the boys that's already in the army--that was conscripted. You know, and drafted. And those that volunteered in the first World War. So I had that in my pocket and I had some other blanks. So we went uptown and I got cigarettes and we went on to Concho. About ten minutes to eight we got to Concho Office--that old Office. Old Man Scott was walking up there. He opened the door and walked in. "I got an awful