

soon, southeast of me, about....I heard a lot of noise--like clicking-clacking, you know. And he turned around. He looked. Pretty soon in them tall yuccas--you know, them soapweeds grows tall in Mexico--and a bird flew out of there. He come right straight to where I heard this noise. He come down there and picked up a rattlesnake and was just holding it. And these hawks--these eagles--cut the heads off a rattlesnake just like scissors. With their bill. And I saw something dropping and this rattlesnake quit moving around. That bird took back--

(End of Side A)

SIDE B

Oh, lots of Kiowas and Comanches wants them feathers. I told them, "No. They're my grandsons'."

(Do the Arapahoes have a name for this kind of bird?)

We just call it "Mexican eagle."

(Did they use this kind of feathers a long time ago?)

Well, there's some of those that used to make trips down to Texas and Mexico. They'd be identified by what they wear on their head. One of those feathers. Especially later on--about the seventies--(?) they never used the middle feather--they used this one--

(Is this tail feathers here?)

Yeah, that's the whole tail. This, they'd wear it on their head. They can tell that that man's been down in Mexico. Especially Comanches. I wore these--I had these and my blanket --in the Sun Dance in Wyoming, and I wore these beads. I was looking on. I had my boots on. Those Shoshone Indians--"What would you take for those feathers?" "What would you take for that blanket?" "Will you sell them beads?" They want to buy me out. "No," I said. "I'm not selling nothing. I got lot of grandboys going to inherit them some day." Boy they thought those were the prettiest things they ever saw. My outfit. I'll show you my moccasins--(goes to get his moccasins to show me).

JESS'S LIFE GUIDED BY INSPIRATION RECEIVED IN A PEYOTE MEETING

(Interruption. Conversation resumes as Jess is telling about one of his early experiences at a peyote meeting.)

--prayed for me and my folks and prayed for the tribe, and pray