(Do you know some Kiowa Ghost stories?)

Yeah, that's all we used to tell.

(Ooh, we've just got to get together and you can tell me some Kiowa ghost stories?)

Yeah, I have a whole, we used to go down and go out in the park and tell ghost stories, like that.

(Oooh, it sounds scary!)

Laughter. . . . . .

We used to go out looking for grave-yards. Sit there and tell stories and get you all shook up but it was a lot offun though.

(Well, listen, thank you very much and I wish you lots of success with the Village. Well with the Cherokee people. And not that I'm hoping Colonel Hagerstrand will not be President of the National Historical Society, but in the event that, that should ever occurr I wish you success and I hope you do get it. Because I think you'd make a good one.)

I like your owl. Where did you get that owl?

(I was traveling down through the "Deer Reserve", the Reserve down to Marboe City, one early morning and he had been hit the night before by a car and his neck was broken, so I stopped and picked him up and brought him home and put him in a plastic bag and put him in the freezer and when I went to Tulsa, I had him stuffed.)

You know owls, to most of the Indian people, they're an evil bird.

(Only it's a certain kind. . . .it's a "Skillie".)

A "Skillie?"

(Uh-huh.)

Is that supposed to be Cherokee?

(Uh-huh. . .a "skillie".)

In the Kiowas, we've got the Screech owl.

(Uh-huh.)

They're real small.