

this boy just hollered just like a wolf. He roared and then he heard the grandpa wolf roared back. Now they're ready to come. "Here she is!" And they come and they pushed her out there and the wolves all break for her and just eat up everything that's on her besides herself. Left nothing but bones. She repeats-- It's revenge on her life. And he went back and live with them.

(Did they kill her?)

Yes. The wolves killed her and ate her up.

(Did he go back to his people?)

Yes, he went back to live with his old people again.

(That's really interesting.)

That's a real Indian Kiowa story. Not very many have heard it. It's been handed down for years and years, from way back there.

(Does your father's name sort of refer to that story, then?)

Yeah.

#### GUY'S FATHER'S FATHER, A MEXICAN CAPTIVE

(Do you remember your father's father--your grandpa on your father's side?)

Yes.

(Where did he live?)

He lived by himself up there close to the creek, on Owl Head Creek. He's a Mexican, but he learned to speak Kiowa and married a Kiowa. And he raised his family and practically he learned everything that was Kiowa. He was Kiowa, but yet he was un-Kiowa blood. And he became a medicine man. He was a witch doctor. He made a house of his own about ten by fourteen logs. One of them log houses. In front of his house, but the door, I guess he eats pecans there and drop some pecans and some pecan trees grewed up in front of his door. I notice that pecan tree. Before he died the pecan tree commenced to bear pecan in front of his door. It got about ten feet high.