

Caddo, Pawnee--it's just like a bunch of birds, of Paradise--all enjoy it. And just like their prayers--just like they be piled up. I don't see nothing against it," he said. "And the Indians have always known of this tobacco. They smoke in there. And that fire's just as pretty all night, neat and clean in there, and beautiful singing and drumming--and the beautiful clothes they wear. Oh, it's beautiful." And he wrote on it.

ARAPAHO PEYOTISM:

(Do the Cheyennes and Arapahoes mind if white people come to visit the peyote meetings?) No. They go in there. Now his wife, Eleanor,--I hear from her--she married again. And she married a professor--Melvin Bruce--he was professor of sociology at Maryland University. University of Maryland. But he had a heart ailment. And a year ago they was going out and visiting some folks out in Indians, I think. She wrote me before that that she was gonna get some of our old records sent to me that her husband had accumulated and she had put 'em away. I think she can still-- On the way up there-- she drove. She drove most of the time, but he drove then, and they change and she drove. He got sick before to their destination and he died before they got to where they were going. So some of the folks come after her and got the body. That was Melvin, her second husband. Bruce Melvin. Now she lives in Kentucky somewhere. Well, she sat in there all through the meetings. She was with the Department of Agriculture in Washington for a while during the Roosevelt administration in the thirties. Thirty-five to about forty-two, I believe. And I was up there once or twice and she invited me to dinner there, noon hour. Had a special table fixed. She offered a prayer and she had this peyote--sacrament--on a little dish that one Cheyenne had given her. And she invited us--three or four of those Cheyenne-Arapahoes--and she invited us to Maryland to her home when they were living in an apartment. She fixed a big supper for us, called a peyote supper. Indian way. Stewed meat you know, and pies and what we call Indian fry bread. And I don't know where she got it, but she said, "This is Oklahoma plum butter." That goes with this fry bread, you know--our way. Oh, she gave us a good supper. And there were four cars of us and she wanted to buy gas. And I said, "Oh, no, Eleanor, you don't have to do that!"