

the University of Oklahoma. I studied under him. I taught him, too. He died from sleeping sickness. And when he died--back in '31--she went and moved on to Washington. She studied anthropology herself. Her name's Eleanor. And she worked around Indian offices under Commissioner Collier. In fact she was around here with Donald Collier, the Commissioner's boy. She was a widow then. And eventually she married a man by the name of Bruce Melvin, a teacher in Sociology at Maryland University, Baltimore. And that's where she lived until he died. He died about two days before Thanksgiving about a year ago. So she's down there with her son in Tennessee, now. And she attended lot of peyote meetings around here, her and her husband. She came out to see me two years ago at Weatherford. He stayed at the hotel together two days, and we went over lot of that stuff, she wanted to get fresh in her mind on--this and that form and her recollections of peyote meetings--all that beauty inside, you know, nature, Indian life, how she sensed it. And she wrote to me about a month ago and sent me the full details of her husband's death. It was on the road from Maryland to Indiana, I believe it was--or Illinois--Illinois. And just the day before they got there, they had to stop overnight to rest--she was driving part of the time, and he wanted to drive, and then when it was her time to drive, all of a sudden he just weakened out, and so they stopped at a motel. He died that night, right there. The day before Thanksgiving. So of course the minute the parents heard about it, they came after the body and took it over there and got it fixed up and they shipped it right after Thanksgiving, back to Maryland to his people. So she's a widow now. A nice woman. She's a beautiful woman.

(Have the Arapahoes--have you heard anybody say anything about this new law they passed down there--?)

Two men been coming down here. I might show you a note of one of them, after a while. This present chairman of the Native American Church of Oklahoma, Ernest Mikoby (Comanche), happened to be here and he left a note in my door while I was at Canton. He waited for me here a couple of hours and drove around here and nobody seemed to know where I was--which they didn't because I didn't let nobody know I was going to Canton--and that evening I got about four or five and there was a note on my door. So he said to write to him at Lawton, but I haven't had the time to. Then this other one--