

you're out here?" He said, "I couldn't get in the tent--there's no room. The fireman came out once or twice and I asked him and he said there's no room. So I'm just gonna stay out here." He did. He stayed out there all night. Next morning we made room for him to come in and eat breakfast with us. But that was a hard night. Oh, we weren't tired or nothing. It's just a matter of keeping my mind, you know. So many things going on detracts (I think he means distracts) you, you know. Like that Yuchi, and his wife--Willie Tiger and his wife--she's part Negro. She's part Creek. You know a lot of them are part colored. She sat there and she says, "Mr. Hutchinson," --that's the chief's name--Jim Hutchinson--"my husband wants to rest. I don't know how we're gonna do." Well, Jim Warden is the drummer--Cleaver Warden--and he says, "Why don't you both go out and stretch out a while? When you come back in we'll put cedar in the fire." So she told her husband I guess, and he said, "No, I'd rather stay here. I like to see these things going on in here--these Indians, I like them. I like to watch 'em. I'll forget the way I'm feeling." I guess he did. He just forgot about his feelings. Wasn't tired at all. So in the morning she thanked the chief and the rest of us for the entertainment--they sort of notice it. They're a different stock of peoples, you know--Creeks and timber Indians. We're Plains Indians.

(Did she take any peyote?)

Oh, yeah. They both did. I guess they're regular attendants there in their country.

(How long ago was that particular meeting?)

It's about nineteen twenty--no--nineteen sixteen. This was on my aunt's place there in Carlton.

(What was your aunt's name?)

Her name was Traveller--Mrs. Scabby Bull. Her husband had died. They had a daughter. They lived in that old home. And she married again--married a fellow