

The Black Kettle descendants. Three brothers were there--Ernie Black Kettle, and Little Elk, and Star Black, and their sister, Crow Collar or Crow Scarf--something like that. They was all there. They all spoke Arapaho. They was at my wedding. I gave them moccasins and shawls, you know, on our side what my wife's folks gave us we passed on to them. That's the man I always go to see in Canton--Jay Black. One of the relations of ours. He's an old man--about three years older than I am. I talk with him about his background. Parts that I didn't know about the Black Kettle family. I saw him yesterday. Took him to dinner and gave him a package of cigarettes. Me and another fellow gave him pop. Was glad to have a meeting with him.

(Is he Cheyenne?)

Cheyenne, yeah.

(Is he one of those So-tai-yo people?)

Yeah.

(Well, those gifts that you gave away at your wedding--who provided those?)

My wife's folks.

(Was that the Arapaho's custom?)

Arapaho and Cheyenne custom.

(You said that your family had her picked out for you?)

Well, yes. That was the customary way. Like, if my girl cousin married into those family and if he had a sister--well, it'd be my next chance to marry one of their sisters, you know. That's the old time way. She was nine years younger than I was, but that was the custom.

(Well, at that time did many of the Indians when they got married--did they have a church ceremony, or wedding by law, or--?)

Well, before that, it was strictly Indian ceremony. But since these missionaries came in--oh, say, back after the nineties then, of course, the Indians resort to Christian marriage. Licensed marriage. But before that, they didn't even know their birthday. I don't know my birthday for sure. I know what my mother tells