

some gathering that they wanted to adopt this boy and told his folks to bring that boy, fix him up for a dance. And a dance and ceremony. They give bundles of things and horses and publicly announce that they're adopting that boy as their son. And also the similarity of the features and ways of that boy as that of their son. That's another way. All right. Another way is--maybe I get acquainted with a boy. Maybe he might be a distant relative, or maybe he might be a Cheyenne or a Kiowa or Comanche or Apache or Caddo--whatever tribe. I treat him as my own. He might not have resembled, in features or anything like that, but my friend. So eventually when the folks got acquainted with him and he got acquainted with the folks, he became my friend. So because of that, then my folks adopted him. Well, I might have died after that and he might have survived. All right. They'd take him as their full son. I happened to have several boy friends like that. You treat them like your brother--like--and their folks treat you like you're their own son. Sisters treat them like their own brother. Things like that. I happened to have a friend--he was a distant relative of ours--he was Cheyenne. He was part German, too. When his mother died, because of the relationship of my mother, especially--he went to his funeral (unclear who is meant, here) north of Red Hill, over here at Greenfield. His mother died. He was the youngest son of the family. He had three sisters and two brothers, besides himself. So because of this sadness, my folks had--we brought him home to our home. His name was George Block. He was about twelve years old. I was twelve then. And he got pretty well acquainted with us over the years. He learned to speak Arapaho. And whether I was home or not, I always be off working somewhere--he'd come by and stay weeks at a time. Be just like my own brother. My folks treat him just like he was my own brother. That's another way.