was sixteen... He scalped that Negro...)

Yeah, that was quite a ways off. That's close river, I don't know what kind of river it is, I don't know what it's name is. They use to have long spears, long spears. That's what he used...hit that colored man on the head, knocked him cuckoo, jumped right on behind his horse, in back on his horse. That's when he killed him on the saddle.

(Why didn't he kill him with the spear right away?)

Well, I don't know...why he done that, I couldn't tell that. It was great honor to him to get that colored man, then kill him on the side.

(It seems like your grandfather was a very proud warrior...)

Yeah.

(Very proud of his duties.)

All of my great-grandpas were warriors, his uncles, and so on.

(Was there any one incident that he seemed to be most proud of?)

Well, no, but it was great honor for anybody to be the first one to charge enemy. First one there, you know. It was great honor for somebody to be the first one.

GRANDPA FARMED BUT WAS CARELESS

(Is there any one thing about Birdchief... What is it that you remember most about him? Other than he was a hard worker?)

Yeah, well, he helped us farm. I remember we used to have one these, we call them, plow, they call them gr--devid. For one row, where you cover corn or something, you know. That's cover it. I remember him driving one team, and I'd drive the one team. (laughter) One time, I guess he lost one side, they just clip off. He never did look back. When he's end of the row, why, he just had on one side there. Dad came out there. He wanted to know how we was doin', he