

were so surprised by these men coming over here and wanting all this land. And one old man said, "No. I'm not giving up my horse--the horse that I'm riding." He meant this land. He said, "That I'm walking on--" He said, "I'm not giving it up." And these women already got out of patience. These men couldn't come to no head of any kind. And one woman spoke up, and she said, "You only got one horse--that donkey!" I guess she thought, being a chief's wife,--
(End of Side A)

SIDE B

--I guess he had a donkey. Maybe it was his grandson's, or his boy's or something like that. "What do you mean--your donkey?" This woman hollered out loud and said that. She made that joke--made that smart--They were out of patience. They couldn't come to no head of any kind. And I guess they all felt that way. So that evening--that night--after the meeting broke up, these white men must have got together; "We got to do something." So they picked out seven men. They had already got acquainted with them, I guess. They knew who they were. There were two interpreters. One was Bointon, and the other one was --(pause)--oh, I know that Cheyenne man but I can't think of his name right now--these men from Washington picked these two interpreters out, and then they got five chiefs. They said, "Now if you come with us, we'll talk about it again." I think it was in Wichita or somewhere. "If you come over there," they said, "We'll talk about it again." So when these seven chiefs got over there, that's when they gave them whiskey--before the meeting. And then this interpreter told my father and everybody, he said, "When these men gave me a paper," he said, "I really couldn't read it. I couldn't see, because I was already kind of drunk. My vision was blurred," he said. "But