

covers. And I think he must have told his wife about that. They looked over there and they couldn't make out what that was--that was pretty covers. Pretty color was just all shining, giving out red color. And then when they got up the next morning this Indian boy's wife got up and went out. He combed her hair. It was the custom. A man combs the woman's hair. If it was still that way today, Ed would always comb my hair! See, he had to comb his wife's hair. Oh, he just combed it so pretty! And he told her, "All right, go on out." So she went out. When she was going back in, there was this white man and his wife sitting over there. And this boy was sitting over there--this Indian boy. That woman was coming in. When this girl was coming in the door there was a red bird flying around here. Just like --like made a crown for her. This red bird was just flying around her head like that. You might call it a halo. It looked something like that--a halo. But it was this pretty red bird flying around. She come in. She sat down. That pretty red bird was just flying around her. And this white man was bringing-- Oh! I omitted one thing. The next night when they went to bed after they saw that red shining glow on his sister-in-law's and brother-in-law's covers, the next night when they went to bed, he began to maybe start building a fire. And when they went to bed, he (the white man) got up. His wife didn't know why he was getting up. So he must have had something he was going to use as a shovel. You know, in them days they had shovels for ashes. And he stuck that is that red ashes and sprinkled them all over their covers. And then he crawled in. Oh, their covers were just shining like that boy's covers and that girl's. Pretty soon he began to smell scorch.