

He ran the meeting like Quanah Parker.

(I see. Well, did your father participate in Native American Church all his life?)

No. After the government begin to fight it so strong, because they said that it was narcotic--that it would--certain percents of that juice in the peyote would make you crazy. But since he got old--107 years old--that's way up there he tires. So he just feels like he just don't care for it no more. But mostly he was called by the whole reservation to lead their meetings way from Hobart, and Gotebo, and Mountain View, and Carnegie, Ft. Cobb and Anadarko, Chickasha--all around, Cache, Lawton, Indianahoma, Walters. He was called to run a meeting for them. He was a leader. A priest. That's what he was--a priest in that peyote. And also her father, Old Man Humpy he was a priest in the peyote. He runs the meetings for the--the priest is the only ones that could run the meetings for the people. When they are called. Just like the preacher is to run a revival over in Chickasha from Wichita Falls, why he comes over there and runs a revival. So it is with this priest. When he called to run a meeting for certain family, over yonder, well, they go over there and run the meeting for them.

(Jennie: Not anybody runs it--just the priest. Might say that they are called to a family and they run it. Just like a minister, who's called to a revival that's the way it is.)

(When would you say was the last time your father ever attended the meeting?)

(Exchange in Kiowa)

This is somewhere 193--

That was about the year 1936. After the government put his uniform on (referring to honor bestowed on Hunting Horse by Army) and he got more acquainted that way for the generals of Ft. Sill and other places, he put all of his time that way and he just entirely quit the peyote. About 1936, or '38.

(What year did he die?)

(Few minutes of irrelevant conversation while looking at some old newspaper