

weight, to try and straighten my leg out. But when that old man motioned with his right arm--which was paralyzed--he twisted his index finger and his thumb together, and that was the Indian sign of wantin to roll a cigarette. So I untied the "buck" extension, which was tied to my feet. I got up out of bed and lit that old man the smoke that he wanted. He puffed one up in the air, one down, and one on the right side, and one on the left. And his grandson, Hugh Kimbell was there. The old man told me, "It's all right. It's well done. It's finished". And the old boy--after the old man talked a few minutes, I would say about fifteen minutes--they put him in a private room. The old man passed away. So therefore, the old man, what he had told me--His grandson heard the old man talking to me. He said, "What did the old man tell you? He told you something. I want to know". But then what the old man told me about, was back there about eight years before his death. So that's how come I to be, I guess what you would call a author of Indian music, Mr. Baker. (And you were speaking of those men--Chiefs--instructing you. Did you follow up with all those instructions and did you have that--like one of 'em said, if you get something, why you do something for the people. Did you follow up with that?)

#### RECEIVING AND GIVING AWAY A BEEF ON OCCASION OF COMPOSING HIS FIRST SONG

Yes Mr. Baker. The first time I ever composed a song, the song was composed for Harold Hamilton, the son of Ralph Hamilton and Josephine Hamilton, of Gray Horse. At that time, after I sang the song for the boy, Joe Shunkamore--he must a been close relations to Ralph and the family-- He gave me a beef and some groceries. Then about sixty days after that, I went over there and told Joe that I was gonna come after the beef and the groceries, and I wanted it on a Saturday. The following Saturday, I was there. So McKinley Eagle, Bill Kimball, and I, went to Hominy after the