

longer. We'd come to Fort Cobb and live there a while and then go back to Cache Creek, with my mother's kin. Stay here and there. Lived in a wagon. That's how come I didn't have much schooling. Them days the law was different. They don't say too much when the kids was out. But anyhow we lived close to Boone, where we were talking about--by that Boone school--kind of west of the store. We lived back in that creek (bottom). All the Apaches that lived around there camped there. Even the Blackbears--you know where Ray's house is (a mile west of Boone)--they camped there, too. Yeah, all year around. And even Stuart (Klinekole) and them. They live right there where Houston lives. They camped down there. And Freddie. And Florence--that's Julia Mulkehay. Anyway, there used to be a lot of kids and we used to have a lot of fun. And every once in a while two of the kids would get into it.

EIGHTEENTH ANECDOTE

When we got so high--about twelve and fifteen years olds, somehow we ran into some kind of a rhinestone--away from the camp. It was kind of a yellow clay bank. Reddish bank. Some kind of a mineral--sort of a gold color. It shines. Boy, what I mean, it's pretty. We didn't know what it was. But we was hoping it was gold, you know. All of us start digging. It was kind of a vein, like. About four veins. We dug a lot of that stuff. There was a German lived about two miles from that store west. We took samples of that stone down there--

(End of Side A)

(Side B: Recorded 04-12-69.)

STORY OF HOW AN APACHE KILLED A MEDICINE MAN OF ANOTHER TRIBE WITH A BOW AND ARROW

These kind of stories, they're kind of rare. They don't hardly talk about them. Somehow they don't like to talk about them. They're kind of modest or something, our old people. But these kind of rare stories--Way back when all tribes here were located near Oklahoma, and somehow