

find some young colts eaten up with--killed--and a lot of their flesh eaten off. Little colts.

Bob: But I couldn't get from my conversation with Earl--he was pretty hard of hearing--why they would make it a habit going up there and spending those days without food.

Jess: Yeah, that's the custom. It's a vow--to fast. So that you take it upon yourself those hardships and torture and pain for your loved ones. That's the Indian belief.

(Would a man just do that one time in his life or would he--?)

Jess: Oh, ever--several times. Black Man--I know John Blackman's dad--I know he fasted down there at the Indian camp seven days and seven nights without food or water.

DRYING MEAT

Bob: Another thing that appeared real interesting to me--I walked up to a camp during August. The Indians had butchered a beef. And I thought that was the wrong time to butcher a beef. But they had some blackjack posts--long blackjack posts--set into the ground, and then there was a pole that went from one post to the other.

Jess: Yeah--tipi poles.

Bob: --and they would cut that beef into thin strips and hang it up here about seven feet or eight feet high--

Jess: That's what they call jerky--hang it so high--

Bob: I said, are you afraid the dogs will get it, and they said no--they weren't afraid of the dogs. But they said a fly won't go over eight feet high in the air.

Jess: Yeah--the fly's height. Nothing bothers it (the meat) up there--the flies don't get up there. And about every other day they turn that meat over till it's plumb dry.

Bob: They say it will never spoil--

Jess: Yeah--never spoil. I like that meat myself, today.