

Oh he was a fiddler.

(Well.)

Yeah, he was a fiddler. Red Cloud Duncan.

(Well, I guess, he was quite a personality in his day.)

Oh yeah.

(I guess he played for all the meetings around, dances around where he lived too.)

Why yeah, they said, he'd play till midnight, come home, saddle up his horse, call his hounds and fox hunt the rest of the night.

(Well, what about that.)

That's what they said.

(Well, he must have been quite a fella.)

He was quite a fella.

STORY ABOUT A CERTAIN DRUNK INDIAN

That Indian, you know, that he was telling about come by there drunk and his dogs run out at him and he got some wood and run 'em under the house. So, he got on him about it. He was sorry. Yeah man, he was sorry. He got tamed after he did that. Wouldn't come close the house going up to the mailbox. He got way out in the field around, you know.

(Yeah.)

This finally got a little bit tamer and finally got up to the house.

He wanted--that's what he wanted John to write in that letter to his wife. You know she'd about quit him and went down to Tahlequah.

(Well.)

Well, John said, what do you want me to tell her. Tell her to come home. Tell her I'm a shame man. (words not clear - static.)

(I guess he was so lonesome.)

He's lonesome. Yeah, he said he'd go up and sit on the hillside. Stay lonesome all the time. About, I guess, starving.