

Wallace also told everyone that he used to work quite a bit with the state organization when the old people were still alive and working in it. He said the old people got disgusted with the state because they saw the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were working it so they would never get any of their people elected, and etc. Ray and the others seemed to have difficulty in understanding what Wallace was talking about by the number of local chapters, maintained by the Cheyennes, etc.

I finally left, about eleven o'clock, feeling I had a good idea of what went on in the tipi after breakfast, and letting them have a chance to have a talk without a white woman present. I went to the house and watched the preparations for dinner. An elaborate dinner was in the making, but it was one o'clock, instead of twelve noon, when it was served, as there was a shortage of women working. Ella Lou and Rosie had had to go to Anadarko. A brief ceremony with Carl Ray's birthday cake was held just before we started eating. When the table was ready, word was sent outside and everyone who had attended the peyote meeting sat down at the table. James Silverhorn sat at the head, and Tom Bitseedy sat at the other end. Other people waited for the next table. The plates were already filled with some food. There was fried chicken, boiled meat, corn stew, several kinds of salad, coffee, fry bread, bananas, oranges, apples, crackers, jello, etc. A paper sack was folded by each place for convenience of visitors in taking home what they couldn't eat. Much more was served to each person than they could possibly eat. Most people immediately put their fruit, crackers and chicken and some other things in their sack before they started eating. Braised beef tidbits were served also. After the birthday cake was cut and one piece taken out, everyone sang happy birthday to Carl--not too enthusiastically, I thought. Then James Silverhorn made a prayer, and then we started eating.

After dinner I visited a while more and then told everyone goodby and left. Somehow I managed to make it out to the road without getting stuck in the mud in Alfred's driveway. Alfred promised me he'd have his driveway gravelled by the next time I came out.