

this paint, I paint over here at Barefoot. And before--just before I started, a kid come running in and run into my paint. Well, I closed it up. I said, "We can't go on." I didn't paint nobody. I stop right there. And this kid that run into this paint, not long after that, he died. And then about two months afterwards, his mother died. And then later on his father died. And they were all gone.

(Was that just this past year?)

Oh, it's been about ten years ago. Yeah. They asked me. Well, there wasn't nobody died or anything, but they was going to have dance. They had Christmas gathering over there. And they asked me to paint people before Christmas. And I started to, but this kid come running in and run into that paint. And spilled some of it on the ground. And this man said if I should spill any or some way somebody run into it, don't pick it back up. Just let it go to the earth. And I didn't pick it up. I just gather it and tie it up. I said, "Well, we're through," I told them. And they were all disappointed. But that was the rule I was given. I should stop if this paint gets on the ground. So I didn't get to paint. Then New Year's they asked me again. And boy howdy, they kept the kids out! They hold their kids, you know and I paint them too. They didn't let them run around like they did. So it's been two years ago since I paint. No--it's been a year this Thanksgiving. That was the last paint I did.

(Does it ever happen that people from other tribes get in on it, too--like they might happen to be around?)

Oh, there was some Cheyennes. They got in on it. And before you go in where you're going to paint, you have to take your shoes off and leave your shoes outside. You have to be barefooted. There was some Cheyennes that last time I paint down here at the park--about five years ago, I think. There was some White Tails and them Lone Bears at Thomas and then there was Harry White Horse from Seiling and then that Standing Water and his grandchildren, the Osages.