

as far as I go. Today, ah, if you go to school you have to finish the twelfth grade....like you finished see. Way back there we thought we was finished school at 'bout sixth grade or seven somewhere.

(Did you receive the name James Hauumpy at the boarding school?)

(Wife interrupts in Kiowa Language.) Yeah.

(What was your Indian name?)

Uh....they call me Honey-Ho. That's my Indian name.

(What did it mean?)

"No killin'."

(How did you like it at Rainey Mountain?)

Oh, I like it.

(Well, why did you run away?)

Well, its kind of wild down there. Lotta, lot of boys that-a-way, you know they run off. (Wife: They ((referring to boys)) tease him too much, you know. And he'd leave.) (Informant points to wife and says:) She run off. Oh them boys, -I don't know. They, some boys, they wanna fight me. Course I get a horse riding horse and saddle. In the evening I catch the horse, chase them rabbits. Some boys they get jealous at me. They wanna fight me. I----I, don't fight. You know how it is. Young and got to go to school and some girls they don't like you.

(And so that's the reason why you ran away?)

That's why I wanna go home.

RATIONS

(Do you remember anything about the rationing of beef, etc. to the Indians?)

Ah....Ft. Sill, way back there. They issued beef to every campers and those fellows they give them beef. Every camp...tent. And there's one man he shot a steer. And that steer he ah..I don't know. And he shot him and he wounded. On his heart somewhere he's red. (Wife: Must be medicine man.) And that steer,