

speaking English. They couldn't come out and tell, if white people, maybe sheriffs, be coming around looking for Jesse James, well, the Indians didn't tell on them. They just lived happily in that cave behind that waterfall. And when Jesse James rode up to these Cheyenne camps, he'd just knocking--he'd just come right on in and he was welcome. There was an old Indian couple--they both passed away not too long ago--and they were camping down there at what they call "Whirlwind." That was one of the first Indian schools, where these Episcopal people first started an Indian church there--in this Whirlwind. And this Jesse James must have come in that camp. And he picked out one camp to go in. He knock on the door. This woman was making fry bread--what they call "squaw bread" or "grease bread." She was making it and she had coffee. Just her and her husband. They didn't have no children. And she heard this knock. She had been to school. She could speak English but her husband never went to school. And she must have said, "Come in," in Indian or I don't know how she welcomed him. Anyway a man came in--a white man. And oh, he was polite. And he (unintelligible phrase) and she showed him where to sit down. He come around there and he was just like a cowboy. He sat down and this man said, "Maybe he's hungry. Feed him." So this woman, she got this fry bread and whatever else they had, and coffee, and she gave it to him. Oh, Jesse James was awfully glad to get it! He was so glad to get it--he just ate and he must have been hungry. And then when he got through eating he reached down in his pocket. He had quite a bunch of bills and he just got part of them and gave them to that woman. And he said--well, these Indians wouldn't know what he said, but he said, "Well, I'll see you again. Goodbye." Then he went out. He was just glad to come