

Mr.K: He's a preacher now, isn't he?

Yeah, he's a preacher. Well, he was in here not to long ago. I heard a good story.

(This part irrevelent) I wanna get something here and I'll read you an Indian story not about Indians around here, but it's a good story.

Mrs.: Here's about the Cache Creek Indian Mission.

(This part of conversation irreleveant.)

Mr.: This is a good Indian story. It's in a Masonic periodically, but it's an Indian story. Here's the indian story. They was havin' a reunion at Mennot, Norrh Dakota in the fall of 1948 was a great success. Mennot is a beautiful little city far north in North Dakota. In fact, it is near the Canadian line. Class was a splendid one and it was addressed by Gray-Eagle, a full-bloodied Arecara Indian of the Ft. Burkhold Reservation in North Dakota. We think his toast to the class is really worthwhile and usual so we publish it as of a follows: As I was enjoying this wonderful dinner, it reminded me of a short story, an Indian went to our capital city, Washington, D.C. while there he was invited to dinner. It may have been similar to what we had here this evening. Anyway, he never passed up anything that came his way. The general discussion was a Garrison Dam. The Indian kept on eatin' never saying a word. After he had had two or three helpings of beef steak one of the big shots said, "Chief you certainly have a wonderful appetite. Chief, I wished I had your appetite." The Indian jumped up and said, "You got all my buffalo, you got all my land, now you want my appetite." Well, that's all of that Indian story. Rest is about this meeting that the fellow went to, but I thought that was good. He said, "You got my land, you got my buffalo, now you want my appetite."

(Who was that that was in here -- Buck--)

Patterson.

(Buck Patterson?)

He was part Indian and his wife is part Indian--Buck. He's about a 32nd Choctaw, I think.

Mr.K: and Mell, she's part Comanche.

Mr.: Yes, her dad was half white and half Comanche--old man Detrick was his--