

stuff and I used to run with a boy, a good ball player, named Carl Sweazy--you probably heard of him. And he was a artist for this A. L. Kroeber and Clever Warden, another Arapaho and Paul Bointon, another Arapaho. Now Clever Warden worked with Mooney some, and George A. Dorsey of the Field Columbia University and he worked with this Kroeber. They was there at Darlington. Me and Carl stayed there together in his room. We eat together in the Indian homes. My cousin lived there and we used to provide groceries for them. And we eat there at the government quarters. And I learned quite a bit from Kroeber. Then, that same year--I was working in the story-- I got a job at the store in Darlington--and an artist by the name of Earl--E. A. Burbank--you probably heard of him. He's brother to this fruit genius, Luther-- that was his brother. He came to Darlington. And there's some very outstanding, prominent war chiefs at that time among the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. For instance, Wolf Robe was living right there. Got an allotment out there. He's one of them. Typical Indian. And he wanted to paint him. So he hired me, and he got that store-keeper to let me off for several days to work for him. He'd give me twice as much as I was getting ordinary as a salary for sitting up with him to keep this old man in position. To keep in contact. Then how he comes to remember how he was setting, and his fingers--how he cross his fingers--how his posture was. And then we'd go to dinner at that Darlington Hotel. He'd always want his meat and fat. He liked his meat and fat. He wouldn't eat no light bread. He always wanted biscuits and black coffee. And he always want his corn, this Indian. Wouldn't eat no pies, cake, nothing like that like I did. Then in the afternoon he'd come back, and put his clothes back on-- his buckskin suit and his war bonnet and fix it the way it was. And his pipe--and he'd sit back and fix his fingers--just whatever it was. But that man, I found a very peculiar thing about that man. Like all other geniuses--I know a lot of the music-- you see, I studied operatic music--classical music. I know of Wagner, and Mozart and Beethoven, Hayden, and all those early writers--and they used to go in a trance when they get full, occupied with their mind on what they're doing. And that's the way this E. A. Burbank used to be. He use to--Oh, you could see his face change. And he'd go to mumbling, and then just grab any little brush, and dip it here and there--just the