

Taos Indians. Told them a lot of stories, a lot of lies. And they went on the warpath against the governor, and they assassinated my great-grandpa there. And the house still stands where he was assassinated. And they had, I think, three boys. And one of them happened to be my grandpa, George. George Bent. And he married an Indian woman, but I have forgotten her name. Yeah, she was Cheyenne. But anyhow, that was my mother's mother. And of course, when she died, he married another woman. I forgot what her name is. She was kind of a mixed-blood, too. And they had several children.

(Was your grandmother--his first wife--full-blood Cheyenne?)

Yes. And of course after everything was settled, naturally my grandpa was one of those that could speak English. And he kind of was over the Cheyennes as interpreter and kind of a leader.

(Do you remember him?)

George? Yes, I remember him well.

(What was he like?)

He always reminded me of old General von Hindenburg! A great big heavy-set man. He looked like a Dutchman, you know. And he always wore a short pompadour haircut. And naturally when the government started these Indians--after they got down here--they started schools, and he was one of the main interpreters--down here at Colony when they started an Agency and a school there. These Indians would bring in their children. Of course the Indians didn't speak English and they didn't have no English name. Him and the superintendent--or the Agent as they used to call him--they'd be sitting there and they'd say, "Well, we'll name this one Benjamin Harrison." So he got his name there. "Well, we'll name him Alfred Wilson." Next one