

Probably her folks' background--they were jewelers. I think so, yeah. Her husband was a pretty good jeweler, but she was better than her husband. Then her husband was an uncle of my cousin--this Susie Birdshead, and of course, when she died--when he's living he passed that jewelry work to her--for her. So we always took him for uncle--Long Hair--nice looking tall man, you know. They said he was six foot two inches. They said when he was a prime young man he was in the Sun Dance ceremony one time. He was one of the dancers. And they say his hair laid on the ground about three inches plus his natural height. Six foot two inches and that hair touched the ground! And there was another one--Old Man Sage--he lived out west here, about five miles north--he was tall, too. And they say his hair touched the ground, too. Kiowas still tell that. Just one long hair--laid on the ground while he was dancing. That's long hair, isn't it?

(Did the Arapahoes like it when the hair was real long like that?)

Oh, yeah. Yeah. Lots of girls I know--my sister had hair pretty near down to her knees one time, and my brother, Sanky, he had long thick hair, and our nephew--our oldest brother's son--Striking First--he died here about 1947--he had long thick hair. And I had long hair--I had thick hair--my hair grew about below my belt line. All even and thick. There's a Kiowa that just died here about a year ago--his name's Henry Tenedoh--have you ever met him? He's a nice looking--he's three years older than I was. He used to get after me because I cut my hair. He says, "You're not no half-breed--what you cut your hair for? You're like me--you're a full blood." I told him, "I had to get some more education. I couldn't go with long hair. That's the reason I cut my hair again." He said, "YOU ought to let it grow again." I said, "No," I do office work and I travel all over the United States--Washington--I have to have my hair cut." He said, "All right. I sure didn't like to see you cut your hair." He used to tell me that.