

scalping songs. And I knew one song pretty well that my dad used to sing--him and Left Hand. The old man taught me that song. So I went on and got my cap and started to go see him. I got about from here to where that fence is and his camp was in that direction, and I listened and heard him sing that song. And you know, he was praising me. He said, in old time advice, he called my name. He said, "Strive hard. Insist on what you went up for. Make a man of yourself. We praise you." Those words he put in that song, and he called my name. "Well," I thought, "I'll surprise the old man." So me and another boy went over there and we walked in. You don't have to knock. His wife looked at me. "Well," she said, "Is that you, Jesse?" My Indian name was Magpie. I told them, "Yeah." She touched the old man. The old man was laying down, singing. She said, "Look who's coming in." He stopped singing and said, "Who is it?" "The man you're singing about!" He said, "Row-Jesse," or in Indian he said, "Magpie!" He sat up and said, "Come in, son. I was just praising you!" I told him, "I heard you." You know, he didn't know I was coming. Neither did my folks. I just got permission (from the school officials) before the twentieth (of December) and I told the people at Kansas to save my presents for when I got back. So I bought my presents in Lawrence, Kansas and I got some more in Wichita and I got some more at El Reno for my folks. And they didn't know I was coming till I got to this camp, down here in the bottom. But he was praising me. That was the old custom.

(Interruption)