

Oh, yeah, he'd get out there and girdle himself--he always wore a blanket, you know (wrapped around his hips). Get himself a hoe, an old-time hoe--what we used to call a "nigger-eye hoe." It was round and you put a handle into it. I saw him use that hoe. And he'd sharpen it. At noon he used to come in and sit on our bench and file it. Pumpkins. My dad used to, too. They all gardened, these old men. That's all they lived on--grapes, plums, pumpkins, corn and a few potatoes.

(From here where would they go to get any kind of groceries?)

Darlington and Fort Reno were the only two towns.

(Did he ever continue to put up a tipi or tent too?)

There were always one or two tipis around here. He like to sleep in a tent most of the time, chief. Because men would come and visit him and they would go in there and smoke. Talk and smoke in that tipi. He was six foot, two inches tall. And slender. And I don't know of him having a thread of gray hair. He died about the age of seventy-two. His eyes went bad about the early 1900's. But he was a fluent speaker. He was an orator! I used to like to listen to him.

(Did he ever speak English?)

No, no. He never spoke English.

INTERPRETERS

(Who helped with interpreting at that time?)

There were three or four. There was one named Jesse Bent, a nephew of George Bent. And the other was a half-Cheyenne and (half) Arapaho boy. His home was over that ridge over there. His name was Paul Bointon. And another one was Cleaver Warden. Those three were the interpreters I knew.