

PRELIMINARY CONVERSATION AND COMMENTS ON ARAPAHO BOY KILLED IN ACCIDENT, ETC.

--our chiefs, Left Hand, Row of Ledges, White Antelope, Bull Thunder, Scabby Bull, Black Coyote, White Snake...no, he was wrong, there--White Buffalo and Black Thunder. No. He's wrong there. Made the last important agreement for the Southern Arapahoes. Each member of our tribe was to...a quarter-section of land for farms, and all the land that was left was to be sold to the government. Leader of the Cheyennes made the... (reading in low voice to himself from book about Carl Sweazy by Althea Bass)

Oh yeah, by the way, I'm gonna have to report to you about these Bible stories. I went up twice to Canton to look for Myrtle. The first time I went up there she had gone to Old Mexico--her and a few other of my relatives--the Sankeys. They went down to see a bull fight. And they said she had a nice time. Then later on she visited her daughter down at Okmulgee, so I didn't catch her, but I left word with her that I want to see her about those stories. Later on that afternoon a woman came to me. She said, "Were you looking for Myrtle?" I said, "Yeah," I said. She said, "What about?" "There's a lady in the City studying Arapahoes who wants to get those Night Stories--the old spider--White Man--whatever you call them." "Well," she said, "That season's over." She said, "You know after a rain when them little bugs start swimming around in the water--fly--them stories are over for the year. And besides, they got only to be told by night." And I said, "I know that part but I thought maybe Myrtle could give us a review of all those stories, so they could be recorded." "No," she said-- Then I came back. I left word if she wanted to call me, to call me collect through this marshall. I haven't heard from her. But you know, I was going to Canton yesterday, again if I could. But you know, Saturday night a tragedy happened down at Anadarko. One of our boys that's a drafter at the Indian Office there was out riding with another Indian boy west of Anadarko and they run head-on into a motor truck. Killed them instantly. One of them, his father's my nephew by marriage. And so I didn't go. I wanted to wait till some of his folks--his uncles--went down to see about the body at Anadarko. His father lives at El Reno. So I thought