

I'd wait till about 4:00 till I could get the word--some of them might come back. None of them came back. So I don't know when the funeral's going to be--whether they're going to have it here or--his father's in El Reno--but they're from here--the Lumpmouth's. That happened Sunday evening about five-thirty. Too bad. (Well, do you suppose Myrtle or that other lady would consent to tell those stories sometime at night? I could come up in the evening.)

The way I had planned--I'd get Myrtle to come down here and we could arrange for you to stop with our missionaries--they got nice rooms, you know, for their guests. Just about 3 blocks west and 2 blocks north. The McElhaney's. You've met them. They always want to take in visitors. But I thought maybe Myrtle or this other woman could come down. But this other woman's a northern Arapaho woman married to a southern Cheyenne--I mean--Southern Arapaho. But, however, she might be able to kinda help Myrtle along. But I thought maybe they could still tell it--not to their grandkids, but for stories, to be recorded. That's what I want to see Myrtle about. I know Myrtle's pretty well versed on a lot of these things. I depend on her for a lot of these things on the women's side. But I didn't get to go to Canton yesterday.

(I won't be able to come next week because of our spring vacation--I'm going out of town. So it will be two weeks. Maybe between now and then you could arrange to get in touch with her and when I come back we could arrange something.)

That will work out all right. Because Mr. Griswold (of Ft. Sill Museum) wrote to me and said as soon as it warms up--about the middle of March--he'll be dropping in on me to pick me up and go to Canton, to run down all those chiefs, by their descendants, and a little brief history of them. And if possible, locate them. So I've been contacting the Cheyennes up there beforehand, so they'll know what's coming. And besides, I think we have a--I don't know what date's set, but the National Congress of the Oklahoma Division of Indians (NCAI) are having a series of meetings. We had one last Saturday and I couldn't go. I had planned to go but my daughter sent for me and I went down there. She said she had a memorial