

the remains of Brinton Darlington. And he had a son then named Billy Darlington--he was an engineer. He drove out. So me and this man drove out in a wagon, and school team, and we dug in there. And they had it marked. There was no monument or nothing, or headstone, but it was indicated. So we dug down. The sand had blown out kind a pit there. So we dug him up and brought the body to Darlington and they took it over to Concho, north and west of El Reno on the hill there, and he was buried there. And they had a temporary frame. Well, we thought it was permanent--it was two-inch pipe with balls at each corner, but now it's gone. His nephew--I heard afterwards--by the name of Enoch Hoag came out and excavate the grave and buried him somewhere--in some other state, I guess. That's the last I heard of it.

(Back in those days when they were burying them in those sand hill, did they make boxes or coffins to set--)

Right east of that hill where most of them were buried, about--I'd say a little over a quarter of a mile--there was a big government blacksmith shop and a big carpenter's shop for the Indians. And whenever a death occurred within that area, they'd have the carpenter there to make a casket out of oak. And of course they paint it, you know, so the moths wouldn't eat into it early. And that's the way they buried them.

(Was there any reason they selected those sand hills as the place to bury them?) Well, because it was close to the Agency, and most of the Indians camped there. See, they issued beef every week and beef every two weeks. Naturally the Indians couldn't go out and hunt any more, even though they lived way out toward Seiling or out there maybe 80 miles west, somewhere--toward Elk City. But they'd always sit around there, even though some able-bodied Indians would still stay out there. And make their own living out there. They plant corn and pumpkins. But when they gambled--I seen it, and I indulged in it myself when I was a boy--sneak away from home and father--one dollar that they'd bet--all silver--one Winchester cartridge--44 calibre or 38 calibre--was equal to one dollar. They'd bet dollars and bullets together. Because if you live out, say, north of here