

they're all associated merchants with the Kiowas, Comanches, Cheyennes, and Arapahoes. And they needed more clerks at the Kiowa Agency at Anadarko during the rush. They was getting their payments. So he asked me if I wanted to go down there and work a while for a month or so. I said, "Yeah." So he said, "Well, pack up, and I'll take you to El Reno and I'll buy you a ticket going to Anadarko and I'll call them to meet you." They did. Everything worked out all right. So they got me a place there at the Old Agency, just north, outside of town there. Where the old agency was. I got over there. There was a bunch of Comanches in town that day. I noticed them. So I went out and got a room. Next day I went to work. Next morning when I got to the store to work, here came a bunch of women. I don't know how they heard or knew that I was an Arapaho boy, working in that store, but one of the women said, "Are you Arapaho?" I said, "Yes." There were two or three other women standing there. She said, "Who are your folks?" I told her who my father was and my mother. And she turned around and told them, and the one said, "That's my son." You know, your aunt calls you "son" in Arapaho--if it's your mother's cousin. She said, "That woman calls you 'son'. It's your mother's half-sister." Part-Arapaho and part-Comanche. So she come up and talked with me. Said, "We're camped out here where there's the prairie town is, you know--Anadarko. Comanches. Come out and eat supper with us." So I felt then that I knew somebody. That I was acquainted with someone--related to some of them. So that evening I went out there and whole bunch of those Comanche-Arapahoes--when I got there, they came. They stand and talk to them. They know who I was and they told me who they were. So I made my acquaintance, and every evening I'd go, they'd invite me to supper, every evening. And I liked it. I worked there pretty nearly a month--I guess a little over a month. Then there was a Cheyenne Sun Dance over at Watonga. I didn't care to go to it,