

(He was a very agreeable person.)

Yeah, like I say, you could trust him. He'd just laugh at you, but if you ever got him mad, boy, that was it. He was a scout, too. Yeah, he got a tombstone up at Indian cemetery. One guy shot him, he took them in, report them. This guy told him, "I thought it was a bird." That was his alibi. Grandpa couldn't prove it. That guy took a pot shot at him.

(Didn't kill him, though, did he?)

No, just took that guy in, told him what this guy tried to do...shoot him. In the early days there, that was when the white man first settled here. It was dry and no feed, I guess their horses get in with ponies. They herd 'em. So they told my grandpa. He had kinda lazy horse and an outlaw horse, and he's the only one that could ride that horse. And he told him that white man won't let us have our horses. So he rode up there, told 'em what, he force 'em to open that gate. White man said, "No." Old man acted like he was goin' run over that gate, you know. White man act like he goin' to shoot him. And that horse was watching' that white man just about time he pulled that gun, you know. That boy say that horse jump that gate just like crazy. That how close my grandfather got shot. Then he had rawhide rope. Boy, he just took that rawhide rope and just beat that white man, nearly beat him to death. That white man laid unconscious. He told them to open that gate. (laughter) Yeah, he had close call, my father did. Yeah, he was lucky, see. Yeah, he beat that old white man, nearly beat him to death, just with that rawhide rope. But they got their horses. (laughter)

(Was there any white man that Birdchief liked, that he ever talked about a great deal, do you remember?)