

That's the white man! They say a white man's a copy-cat today. He'll gradually improve something. So, "What are you doing! What you want to do that for!" His wife got after him. Ah! She sure was fussing with him that night. After they went to bed. See, he was trying to imitate that boy. So I guess they lost all their covers. So that morning when his sister-in-law come in with that red-halo--the red bird flying around her head after he'd combed his wife. So the next morning he wanted to do that, too, this white man. He was gone all day. Nobody knew where this white man went. All that time I guess he had been chasing a red bird. He finally caught a red bird somewhere. And his wife-- he was combing his wife's hair too, like that Indian boy was doing. So when he got through, he said, "Now, go on out." He must have followed her out and tied this red bird by the wing or leg or somewhere--tie it to her head somewhere. To her hair. And he went back in. And he said, "Come on in." He was laying there. He said, "There's nothing that I can't do that you are trying to do--put over on me." He talked to this Indian boy. And there come his wife. This red bird was just trying to get away! Flying all around--! And this red bird, I guess it was mean and that thing would peck at her. Her blood began running. "What did you do that to me for!" Blood was running all over! I think that was the second time. And, see, they were crazy about red paint. That was something. And they were all in the tipi eating, I think, and this girl was sitting next to the door--his sister-in-law. This Indian boy. And he went by there and she was sitting, I think, to one side and he came by and he said, "I just have to grab hold of your shoulder like that." He kind of went by like