

that. "Oh, yes," one of them spoke up. "There's a man named Crooked Arm--Crooked Hand. He's got four hundred and something head of horses. I bet you southern Cheyennes don't have one person that owns that many horses." They laughed. They just all laughed. This man that I was telling you about that just passed away and he had a brother--this Pete Birdchief's uncle and father--they just laughed. And these southern Indians. Maybe they were there when they were young, when this came up. They were pretty old men when this old man passed away and then when this other one passed away at an old age, too. This Pete Birdchief's father. And their father was the one that got away with my grandpa's horses to Montana. I think they're the ones that told this story to me. Because my father didn't tell me anything like that. He used to say, "Oh, I hate bragging." He never liked anybody that bragged. He said, "People got eyes. They got ears." That's all he would say. He never would repeat anything like that. And then this man said, "We have one woman--she's a single woman. She's got five hundred head of horses."

(End of Tape. This story concluded on T-262.)