clubs. I use these. It was the winter 1834 and 35 that Boinadle --the Big Blond--was captured around the Gulf coast of the mouth of a large river which empties into the Gulf of Mexico. An incident happened in his life. He told James Mooney--James Mooney got lots of Indian stories. He used to live with us when he was writing these stories just like you are. James Mooney lived in our house. In about 1895 or 1896 and James Mooney told me Boinadle told him that he was two years old before he learned the Indian language. Living with the Kiowas, the war party came victorious, carrying not a scalp but a head of an Arapaho. And at a big village camp, I don't know how they had it but they was dragging it on a rope behind a horseback--horse rider. All around the camp. Boinadle said he witnessed that. And he could see the head and that human face and how they drag it out among the pebbles and rough places in and around through the dirty camp behind horseback. He said it was the vilest horror that he never could get over.

(Said what?)

He never got over that horrid treatment. It was awful. It stays with him today. Said he can't never forget it. Scared him up I guess. And that happened couple of years after he was captured. Scared him worse than ever. Then he growed up. Well, he come up and then he growed up. I didn't know him till about '96, well, '95 or 96 when I know him.

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When I know him he had grown up and the country hadn't opened yet. There wasn't no towns, no railroads, nothing when I know him. And they just had the Indian Agency and military men and United States marshals and the Indian police and a few traders. And there was