

or he never heard anything. Only she said "One little bird"--That's the only thing he told his grandpa--"Just one little bird and it was real yellow bird." Yellow. When he was sitting there--he was downhearted--sitting there. He said this little bird just come and made him happy. Come on the limb, and just chirp and sing. Just sing. And he said-- in Indian--he said, "You're sure singing a pretty song for me." This little bird just sang. He got through and he just flew a while. Then he come back and wander around and he stood there again and he just sang. Just like if it was a parrot or something. But it was just a yellow bird. He said he don't know what kind of bird it was. And my grandpa told him, said, "Why don't you--?" He said, "I just said that." He said, "I didn't talk to it any more. I just went on and was whittling the stick." At night, he said, he just leaned on that tree and just laid there and slept and no noise of any kind. It was still. Just a young man.

(How old was he?)

That's what I was saying (asking) to my sister. She said she don't really know how old he was. But he was a young man. I always kinda placed him at about 20 or 21--along in there. About 19, 20, 21--something like that--place him back there. Of course, I didn't know.

(Did they ever tell you what kind of sickness he had?)

No, she never did know either. No, she never did. I was thinking of one boy--I thought that was him, but it isn't--it's another boy. Say now-- I got this story kinda mixed--but could it be my brother? (Stops to think and remember) There was one boy she was telling me about that he was chasing horses, running. Not chasing, horses, but they was racing on ponies. And the horse stepped in a hole and threw this boy and broke his neck.

But I wonder if that could have been him? (Pause) But again I don't think