

Jess: I tell you who might have some of that paint like that-- It's a red paint they use. And the reason Indians paint themselves red with it, it's more of a camouflage so their body won't shine. And when they peep, you know, like spies, they always paint their face and their head red, and peep above the grass, and that way it won't show the outline of their head or something--or the fact that they were human. I tell you who might have some of that--his father had a big bag of it--John Blackman. That red paint. But my father, when he died, my mother distributed that paint to other women at the funeral.

Bob: Do the Indians still buy and use it?

Jess: Oh, Yeah. Yeah.

(Did they ever use that for medicine?)

Jess: Some of them. Some of them, for, oh--like itch or scab or something like that. They use that for medicine.

HONESTY OF INDIANS IN OLD DAYS

Bob: You know, forty years ago they'd have those Sun Dances on Left Hand's place--right there close by where Jesse Chisholm's burial place is. That whole hillside would be covered with tipis and tents. You know, you couldn't get an Indian to steal, forty years ago, and you wouldn't get one to lie to you.

Jess: Yeah. No, they wouldn't.

Bob: Where'd all this come about?

Jess: Well, I'll tell you my own observation. Leads me to this conclusion. And that is this: them days when the Indians got their grass money--you know, we leased our seven counties to the cattlemen. St. Louis, Wichita, Kansas City, Fort Worth and Dallas and different cattle companies leasing every county that is now presently known as Cheyenne-Arapaho reservation.

Well, they used to get cash--cash payments, twice a year. All right. Well, recently-- soon after that--the government went to giving them checks. Well, the traders--I know I worked in them traders stores, Sullivan and Company at Darlington--I was a boy and I passed the eighth grade and that was as high as the school went, so I went half a day to school and then I worked half a day