

to stay with us?" I said, "I'm gonna stay here three days. I'm with a banker in Geary." I worked at the Geary Bank then. I had long hair then. So they said, "You come over. We're going to drive over there in a hack." So that's when I saw him. They said, "This is the man that was pronounced dead and they buried him, but he came back home and the people there just disclaimed him--just ostracized him.

Bob: they had his funeral. But he had just passed out. And he didn't show any heartbeat. But when they put him in that cold air, he sobered up. You know, he wanted to buy--have the biggest car of anyone. And he had about the largest one. And he got to town one day and saw one bigger. It was a hearse. And he wasn't satisfied until he bought that hearse. And he took that home. He had the biggest car.

BLACK COYOTE'S HEARSE

Jess: Same thing happened here in Geary. Your father-in-law still tells it. Old Black Coyote--he was the head chief of police for about twenty years. But still he was a tribal chief. And some of the old fellows said, "You shouldn't be working at the Agency, making your own money and going and arresting these Indians--you're a tribal chief." So, in 1890 a delegation was called to come into Washington. My father was one of them. My father was selected foreman. My father selected Black Coyote and Black Wolf, Scabby Bull and--what was the fourth one?--White Buffalo. And Chief Left Hand selected the other two. Well, that's when Black Coyote quit this police job and took his full obligations as tribal chief. And he had income some way--anything he want, he could get it. Like these French buggies--he drove one around here, and he had a uniform made like these officers at Fort Reno used to wear--blue cape with yellow lining in it--cavalry--he had one made like that. Anyway, he moved out and settled out there northeast of Geary. They call that hill east of Geary "Coyote Hill." So right there he built a house.

Bob: (interrupting)--and I think he's buried there. Is he buried there?