

to bring his wife and his two Grand Children, a girl of 14 and a boy of 10 (Their parents as well as two sisters died in a Chollera epidemic at Weatherford) into Jickabong for a couple of days until this thing blows over. But the old man staunchly refuses - giving as his excuse the necessity of watering his stock in this dry weather and also because his favorite Bull, Hercules is sick and must be attended to at all hours until he has recovered "his spell."

The judge tips his hat, gives him thanks for the meal and climbs in his buggy. The Grandmother comes out and gives him a basket of Cornbread and beans and some cand meat to eat, since the judge has said that he and Jesus have several more farms to reach and warn before evening.

The old man goes back into the house after they have left and gets his Hawkins Rifle. He is rather resentful of Jesus's advice. He regards the man as part savage, perhaps too sympathetic to the Kiowa Cause. For instance, the old man does not believe that "Kiowa are like any body else. They get scared. They cry - sometime too much. They just like people and they can't stop thinkin this land is theirs." I will give at the dinner table a discussion of the inevitability of the death clash between the two cultures - that it is not bad or good; that it exists and that is the only excuse there needs to be. The old man gets rather pained at Jesus and Jickabong how he came out to this country, the people he buried in it, the sweat which he poured into the land. "The Indian never stayed on the land, he come through here like any other tramp forsaking this land like he would any land that did not bear buffalos. He did not stay. It is the sweat and the tears and the dust of your kin's ~~and~~ bodies that makes a piece of land yours. It ain't the money, it's the human remains that make it yours. It ain't the money at all." ~~But that~~

~~The dust~~ ^{These} of his children is probably
nourishing the corn that now grows
behind your house.

Jesus says: "But what you say for yourself, it is also true with the ~~Indian~~ ^{Indian}. Kiowa, his sweat is his. His blood, like yours, is in the ground many, many years before you came here. And the dust of his children also is part of the earth, the dust of his children, and his children's children and his children's, children's children. & Their dust probably nourishes the corn the corn that now grows behind your house."

Grandfather "There ain't no Indian sign on this place. Aint no Indian got a claim to my land. Maybe others, but not ~~mine~~ mine. But his blood might well be on all the migration over, cause I aint gettin' and they gonna have to kill me before I let them touch my stock."

The Judge "I only urge you, to use your usual good sense, Jack. Let your good sense tell you what to do. Your wife and your grand children will thank you for it."

Most of the stock was already in the pen. There was not much stock on that place, so it didn't matter too much. He rounded the rest of them up and put them in the canal where they could get water and he checked on the bull Hercules. He seemed satisfied that the animal was ~~responding~~ ^{responding} well to his treatment. In fact the bull was standing up when the old man visited the canal. (He is standing under the sliver of shade which the sun now past ~~high~~ 2 o'clock high was making.) The old man refused to coddle the Bull though he attended almost constantly. To ~~go~~ ^{go} to soft on Hercules would make the Bull soft and therefore weaker in the face of his disease, or so the old man thought. He watched him down and returned to the house to load his gun.

The old gun, the Hawkins rifle proved more rusty than he imagined. In fact it was almost impossible to cock. But the old man worked with it and soon got it to working smoothly. He loaded it quite deftly; he poured the powder over the lead ball, a ball so old that it was now black, to get with the idea of casting some new bullets but gave it up because he couldn't remember where the lead pot or mold was.

His father's hunting pouch, once a soft buckskin, when in frequent use during the early days when he hunted for meat, was now stiff and ~~crack~~ easy to crack. The old man grumbled about the lack of care his equipment had been given, but realizing that such care lay on the domain of his own responsibility, his protestations were not loud. He checked his powder, found it dry. To be sure he poured a bit of it out on the cabin porch steps and lit it. It burned fast and clean.

The swabbed the barrel to get the corrosion out and was surprised and annoyed that he was tired from ramming the cleaning rod. But the barrel was smooth enough now to take the ball so he poured the powder, patched and started the ball, then rammed her home. The boy is talking to his grandfather about the old days when there really were Indians. The grandfather does his best to glorify what is obviously a very unglamorous story but the boy is entranced. The old man checks his pouch and restraining a curse on Sunday shouts that there are no caps. He starts raising hell when the grandmother comes to the door and tells ~~them~~ him that there is a tin of caps in a trunk in the attic. The boy scrambles after them and hurries back with them, resumes his conversation with his grandfather, about the good old days. The grandmother and the daughter, already well showing signs of fertile womanhood (as the judge politely notices), especially since he has a son who has begun to notice such things. Jesus also notices that the girl would be a temptation to the Indians and

should hide anyway if Indians are sighted.] finish
picking up the silver or ~~the~~ powder when
and the glasses and the pots etc. Only the
grandmother touches the China because of its
rare beauty and value. It is fine French
apricot China already a hundred years old,
and though not a full set, there has never
been a piece of it broken while the grandmother
owned it, not even on the rough wagon trip out
to Texas from Georgia. It is her pride, even an
extension of herself as if she ~~she~~ sees her own
beauty and her own youth (since the plates
were a wedding gift from her ~~father~~ mother)
preserved and embodied in the changeless beauty of the
China. She used to talk and still does occasionally
and even more wisely, of the elegant ladies, the
fine dressed and cultured people who once dined
on such ware. She talks of the fine house with
servants and gold on the walls like paint, and the
fine talk and manners that are represented in
the exquisite apricot tones of the China. The Chinas
represent also her one very tangible link to the
Culture, the refinement and elegance which she
knew she could not have. Her youth, her
youthful dreams are embodied and sealed in
the porcelain and because the plates are hers
she almost feels a responsibility, and a vague
notion that she still continues, though in a small
way, the elegance and tradition that once lay behind
such fine dinnerware. It was because of this that the
China also was a perfect curb and outlet for the
frustrations of her hard life. ~~It~~ Somehow she felt
she had, if not the best of both possible worlds, at
least a tangible hold on the two.

Because of her love for the China, she never
allowed drinking of any kind, not even wine
at the table, at least until the China had
been removed and the only time she would assert
herself was when she felt the plates to be in
danger. She used them only on Sundays and

never at parties where there was a larger than intimate gathering. She had watched them closely and had preserved every one of them without even so much as a clip on them.

The two women are putting up the dishes and the old man and the boy are talking, while the old man is rubbing some axle grease on the gun. Suddenly the boy looks up and stops talking. The old man keeps talking then looks at the boy. "Then they are Swampaw," he says almost without feeling. The old man sits then for a moment watching. They are Indians alright fine by them. By this time the women see them and the old woman comes to the door. "Jack!"

Grabs "Did in the house." He picks his gun up. "Get in the house say."

"Jack, ... Mary!"

The boy stammered, moves slowly toward the kitchen door with out taking his eyes off. He's scared and is too stunned to cry.

"Everyone of you get in the house." He says this again, even when they are all in. He doesn't take his eyes off the Indians. The stock is restless. They smell what he soon will smell. The old man doesn't get up from his chair. He's scared, not even wondering how they could have gotten by without seeing the judge since they come on the same road he left. He can see them clearly as Indians now, though he can't tell if they are armed. He doesn't care. He just sits there. He doesn't think about that either. Then is a ~~man~~ moan from the kitchen, silenced by a hand.

"Jack, then's Mary. We've got to hide Mary." The woman has her hand over the girl's mouth. There are tears on her cheeks but she is not crying, just breathing hard, very hard, like she's been running. The old woman takes her hand from the girl's mouth. "Mary," she says, "get out this window. Hide in the Cornfield, they won't see you."

"I can't," she says.

It seems a long wait as they lay there in the cornfield watching the house. The locusts and grasshoppers kicked in the ~~dry~~ corn ^{loose}, making loud dry sounds as if to be ~~they~~ them. It was some time before they saw the indians ride up. The old man, having, renewed his faith somewhat thinks the indians are going to take the stock, in fact are taking it right now. But soon they hear the horses and then they see one of the indians ride up slow and after sitting in their saddles for a few minutes, they dismount, ~~one by one~~ ^{one by one} ~~some~~ two of them dismount and walk up onto the porch.

In the corn field it is all heat and sweat seeping into small cuts. There are knots and grasshoppers and silence. While they are hiding the grandmother tells her husband that above all, the children must be protected, that their own lives were not important. In the stillness, they can hear the sounds of one of the men who has entered the house. They hear a chair thump to the floor. All seems very quiet now and they can hear the indians talking very clearly and laughing now and then.

The old man says he wants to go get them, but he makes no move to do so. Then the indian who had gone into the house come back out again, this time carrying something. It looked like a dress. She could hear the dress rip followed by a lot of laughing. There is quiet again. (Give a description of the gun covered with a film of dust and the fragments of corn leaves still clinging to the fresh grease. Then in that still August silence (the grasshoppers seem to have accepted their presence and quieted down - the yellow ochre grasshopper that kicked hard and made a lot of noise.) Then in that still moment in which the insects and the corn leaves and even their breathing seemed suspended, stopped,

then was a sound, a very delicate sound, the icy tinkle of ^{glass} china shattering.

It was as if ~~the~~ she had been a spring, coiled tighter and tighter, waiting for a sound to set off the hair trigger. He did not let go at first but there was no fighting for the gun. She screamed something at him, her voice strange, ~~and~~ pitched high in outrage. He could have kept the gun from her but he let go; his grip released automatically as if it had functioned from a will other than his own.

She takes the gun and fight back through the tangles of the corn stalks almost heedless of them, heedless like a ~~beast~~ ^{ferocious} yellow hunter who moves through obstacles, never taking the eye from the ~~target~~ ^{object} of her interest. She moves fast, leaning at the bones which snag her movements.

The Kiowa hear her. They know these noises, no animal

The Kiowa stop laughing. They hear the noise and they know that it is no animal. ^{They} see the corn stalks move and the form beneath them. They stand there waiting, watching the man lead his way through the corn field. They do not reach for their weapons at first, though the two Kiowa ^{sitting} on their horses have repeating rifles ^{over their} ^{shoulders} and their thumbs are pressing on the triggers. Then they see it is a woman, an old woman. They feel humor in their stomachs but they don't laugh, because she has a gun. It looks too heavy for her but she carries it well, and maybe she will use it. Setmacente stands just behind Asleo. His bow is strung and he quickly reaches for an arrow and sets it, in place. ^{Setmacente} has a gun, a pistol stuck in his waist. ^{But} he does not reach for it, in fact he isn't. It was he who took the dress and he has the old woman's dress on which covers the gun. He tries to take the dress off but it fits tight even though he has had to rip it

to get into it. By the time he is out of the dress the woman is on the porch, pointing the gun directly at him. Her eyes are cold, frightened and defiant. He does not like this look. There is no humor in this woman. At first she says nothing, then she looks at the broken plates and then there are tears in her eyes. She begins to look ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{at} her.

"~~What~~ You did this didn't you"

Iseco does not understand what she says. He asks in Spanish for Setmauke to tell him what the woman says. It is what he thought she said. He wags his head. "No, no," he says. "Hambies, mucho hamie, nada mas."

Setmauke steps forward. "Kowa no trouble. Hungry much hungry. We no want nothing more. We no want no trouble."

"Then get," she says "Get out of my house"

"Want food then get" says Setmauke.

^{though} She does not feel the weight the gun and she hardly notices that she is lowering it. It is pointing at the Indian legs. And he begins to feel easier.

"There is no food here. There is nothing. You have no right to come here like this and destroy my property. my China, my fine apricot China" Set out of here."

Setmauke translated as best he could. He added that there was nothing of value on the Calaca or on the old woman or probably on those whom they had sent run to the Cornfield. He suggested they leave if there was nothing worth getting.

But Shtosan, who was one of those on the board ^{and} pointed to the old lady's gun. "Hawkins, Hawkins," he said. "It would make a good present for Iseco's father who greatly prized the rifle he many old times did who remembered their accuracy in the old

Days.

See back side for other idea

She runs up to the porch while the Indians are rubbing food on their skulls and stroking themselves with scraps. They act as if she were a joke and all but ignore her. When she cocks her gun, the main Indian stops laughing. Some of the others want to kill her and there is a long and rather deadly silence. The Indian sees that there is no cap on the ~~gun~~ nipple, of the gun and even though he would like to get his hands on the gun to take to his father he decides that there are no buffaloes left to shoot. He makes some comment as to how lucky the woman is, a comment alluding to the fact that the gun will not fire. Then he mounts his horse and he and the others ride off. The woman collapses at the table. As they ride, and the Indians shoot a few arrows into Hercules and leave the animal dying. The children and the old man come back to the cabin. She tells him that she thinks she saw them shoot at Hercules. He takes the gun goes to the stable yard to find the bull in agony. He raises the gun and pulls the trigger only to discover that the gun has no caps.

Bury mother
The change is light

The smell of dried Hackberry leaves

Final Section

The scene opens with the judge declaring that it is a miracle that he never got killed. The judge adds that he will ride north with her or bring the old man back himself. They found him wandering in Indian territory alone and apparently out of his mind a bit. The judge says that she may not recognize him and that it will take some time to "get him well". It seems that he had left to get an Indian scalp and he did have one when he was found. However, the judge warns her not to get worried because it was an old scalp dried up.

No judge but the Revere's note.
The judge to get the old man.
To get the old man.
To get the old man.

-9-

Possible Ending - They see it in the tree. It comes to the water bucket and leaves a feather.

She watched the yellow bird. "What
does it mean, Grandma?" said the boy. She
looked to the north, past the ~~dark~~ ^{white} Wilkes Hackberry
tree, past the barn fields ^{for pastures} ^{to the} ^{sky} ^{slowly along the path} ^{to the} ^{yellow} feather.
"I don't know," she said. The boy thought for
an instant that he felt a ~~little~~ ^{warm} ^{on his face}, a cool
~~light~~ wind.

She watched the yellow bird as it fluttered
among the leaves, ^{dis-}darting quickly ~~from~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{people a bag}
or a book with a snap of its bill.

She watched the yellow bird as it flitted among the leaves, disappearing here, re-appearing there, always darting quickly to seize some ~~small~~^{tiny} insect or worm with a snap of its bill."

"What does it mean, Grandma?" said the boy.

She looked to the North, past the ~~willow~~ dried
hackberry tree, past the Carafield, past even the North
fence. She looked far in to the Northern sky, at
the same time rubbing her finger slowly along the
shaft of the yellow feather.

"Don't know. It could mean dust," she said.

The boy for an instant thought that he felt wind on his face. It was gone in ^{the same} second so he didn't know if it was just his imagination. At first, he thought, like a cool wind.