

The Kiowa Indian Area, Oklahoma 1912

The doctor told them to stay out of the house, and so most of the Indians sat out under the arbor where, because of the intense, still dead August heat, they would have sat anyway if Crow were not dying. Only Billy Butler and his cousin Wounded Elk were allowed to remain inside the house where they sat by the closed door to Crow's bedroom waiting for news. It was not a big gathering for the death of such an esteemed man. Crow had said many times that it was the way he would want it, no military burial, no governor or senator to make a graveside speech, no crowds, no fanfare whatsoever.

The three old men waited quietly ~~while the others~~ out under the arbor smoking their pipes and talking quietly while the others went into the house to have a last look at Crow. Moon came to them when the others were through. The three stood up.

The three old men waited out under the arbor smoking their pipes and talking to each other in soft, euphoric language while the others went into the house to have a last look at Crow. When they were finished Moon came to them and, as was the custom, gave them permission to prepare the body. They ^{walked} ~~passed~~ the others in single file ~~went~~ into Crow's room and cloethe door behind them.

as was the custom
Crow asked permission
who was

The Three old men waited until those who were related to Crow by blood had passed through the room and had had their look, then as was the custom since they were to prepare the body, they asked permission of Moon enter the room.

The three old men waited until those who were related to him by blood had had their look, then as was the custom they asked permission of Moon, since Sangre ~~was~~ had left, ~~and then they all went to the house of Sangre~~

The three old men asked permission of Moon as was the custom, then they filed in single file into ~~the~~ Crow's room. The body of ~~the~~ old man

The Kiowa Area, Oklahoma 1912

Since the doctor told them to stay out of the house most of the indians sat out under the arbor where, because of the intense, still, dead August heat, they would have sat anyway, if Crow were not dying. It was not a big gathering for the death of such an esteemed man, but Crow had said many times that it was the way that he would want it — no military burial, no governor or senator to make a graveside speech, no crowds, no fanfare whatsoever. He especially wanted no whites near, for he detested them, infact had detested them for practically all of his one hundred and eleven years of life. If he had been conscious when the doctor arrived he would have considered his presence a definite intrusion. But he was not conscious. The three old men, Crow's last close friends from the old days, had got there long before the doctor arrived and had stood around the old man's bed for hours until the doctor from Haadarko came and told them to get out of the house. They had seen him. They had looked on death too many times before not to know its presence and they sat now in a kind of circle under the shade of the arbor with their unlit pipes in³ their hands, singing, inspite of the fact that they were now Christians, the old Kiowa death song.

*The noble character of
3 Haudoko
genius.*

The three old men waited out under the arbor smoking their pipes and talking to each other in soft, euphoric language, common to old men thinking of the past. When the others were through with their last look at Crow, Sangre's wife, Moon came to them and the three stood up. As was the custom, He Who Walks Proudly, Crow's closest living friend stepped forward and asked permission to prepare the body for burial. Moon nodded her consent. Running Wolf stooped to pick up the parfleche ^{then} and followed the other ~~two~~ passed moon, passed Moon's sister, She Fans Herself, up the steps into the front room passed Bill and Wounded Elk, both staring at them in silence as they went into Crow's room ^{alone} and closed the door behind them.

Old Eustice Croft grabbed the telegram out of the boy's hand and the other men gathered around him.

" Indians! By damn. Not indians back in this country, I don't believe it. "

The Throckmorton grabbed the telegram out of the old man's hand and read it aloud to the farmers and ranchers who were standing on the porch of the grocery store.

" It's from Anadarko Oklahoma. Three indian fugitives of the Kiowa tribe

We all knew that Eustis was the sherriffs cousin

The Kill

Old Eustice Croft grabbed the telegram out of the boy's hand as the other men stopped their whittling and gathered around him.

"Indians! Here in this country? I don't believe it."

The old man was so excited that ~~he~~ his eyes lighted up and tobacco juice dribbled out on his chin and Ike Throckmorton had to take the telegram away from him so he could read it to us.

"It's from Wichita Falls," he said. "It says that three Indian fugitives of the Kiowa tribe are heading in your area. Stop. They are murderers. Stop. They are armed and dangerous."

quickly ~~turned~~ placed the great shield and the short war lance beside
the chair and just as quickly stepped out of the grave.

be back in an hour.

Fred McFarland was the richest man in Jacksboro. He lived in a big house, had a sister who had married some European count, and he possessed the first car ever brought to the Town of Jacksboro. He ran across the square, cranked it up and drove back across the square to the back of the court house where Ike Throckmorton was standing. Most of the men had scattered by then to spread the news.