

Bob Bigtree raises his hand and speak: "My friends! we better take you back to the Motel so you can get some sleep. It is already 3 O'clock in the morning of June 12th. and you must leave for Buffalo today later."

He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a piece of paper. He puts it far from his eyesight, then brings it close, trying to make out what it says.

Bob Bigtree: " It says here, you all are to be in New York City by June 13th. at aClub 21?.....21 Club? anyways you would know where."

He again puts ^{it} far from his eyesight.

Bigtree: "To..be there....no later then....4 O Clock in the afternoon and stay there till...6 O Clock....or till you see some old friends."

The party breaks up and everyone follow them back to ~~the~~ Motel and goodby's are said and all run into their rooms and pass out. Nobody is really asleep but laying with lite heads. Boy! can those Indians drink!, everyone is thinking.

Clair: "Wynona! how did that man know when to read that note?"

Wynona: "Clair, my mind is to drunk to even begin to try that one!"

Clair: "Wynona!"

Wynona; "Y E S ! "

Clair: "How did that man know tonight was when the agreement would be signed?"

Wynona: "Clair! you have to like me, accept the fact that the Indian and his life-style, no matter how slow it appears, is a game that is played faster then we know how to play. I can only say-get some sleep! In the future, we may or may not catch up, the only one that could help us has us on a string and is pulling it in. If it can no longer be pulled in, we will have some answers."

With that both fall asleep."

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Bob Bigtree: " It says here, you all are to be in New York City by June 18th. at aClub 21'E,,,,,21 Club? anyways you would know where." /

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