

get a--not trade their own, but anything that they could get to sell, you know. Like, way back in them days like hides and stuff. He said people went out and they hunt for, you know, what you call deer hides and all other hides, like these coons and badger hides. He said that's what they trade to the white people. And everything kinda quieted down, and he said, boy, it was really a joyful reunion to, you know, not to be at war anymore with the white people. They set a day aside to give out rations for the campers. He said, they gave them a lot of rations. He didn't say what all it was, but he said they gave rations. And he said we got out and we had a big dance, and he said it was really just a joyful reunion. So he said there was quite a bit that was camped there. And some of the Indians--some of them--they wanted to go further west. They just camped as a group. I don't know why. In them days they did that, you know. They would--along the creek one place, and next time they'd move down to another creek. So they went way out west by Hobart. That's where he was talking about--that Pecan Creek. That's where they camped. And he said they were already at peace. So they had one man in there that was kind of--he kinda pushes us all the time. He wanted to be the big shot of the whole band, you might say. And he don't want us to do this, and he tried to watch you know--he didn't want us to do that. So, he said, they told us that what they were going to do--this man was going to get us in trouble again. He was a Indian, you know. An Indian man. So, he said, they wrote to Washington and they asked the President, and he said, "He is your tribe. So whatever you all want. You all take care of him the best way you know how." So that night everybody went to bed, and we heard a lot of footprints (footsteps) coming, you know. Just like you can hear a lot of footprints. It must be the horses that were walking with wagons. We didn't know, he said, they were soldiers from Texas,