

...with full beaded moccasins on. That's a story!!

Two boys going through Wyoming, going to North Dakota, they came to a certain grove of trees. They didn't know there was burying grounds of old Indians there. They used to bury themselves in trees. ...They laid down, it was cold. Late in the morning we'll go on. They put their bags together in order to keep warm. Sleepin' away. One or two o'clock one of them woke up. "You take that one, I'll take this one." This guy wakes up his friend and says listen. "You take that one, I'll take this one." Away they went. They went many miles, sat down take a rest. "Did you hear that?" "Sure I heard, I wouldn't be running for nothing." They went back and looked around and they seen that person up there wrapped in canvas still up in the tree. "Well, ...my friend, let's go back home. We can't go any further." He says, "Why?" "This thing just simply scared us. We ain't brave enough." So they went back. When they got back, they told that story.

There's another man, something like that. He went to the cemetery. He was tired laid on a grave for a pillow. Sometime that night he heard that "You take this one, I'll take that one." He went for the road right now. He went about two miles, they sat down. "OH, boy, I got to rest for a little while." That thing tapped his arm, "Hey, my friend." "What?" "We had a good little race, we got a little more." They didn't stop until they got home. "What you puffin' for?" asked their mother. "You'd puff too if some dog? talked to you at night?" "Well, what'd he say?" "Well, we was resting and someone say "You take this one." We came right out. Went several miles and we rested, that thing tapped me on my shoulder and said, "We had a good race awhile ago, how about another?" "We took off!"