

this old lady I was telling you about that owned that land east of the hospital--her name was Wildcat Woman--towards in the evening we'd go down and look for it. Sometimes she'd pack me on her back. I must have been about the age of my little granddaughter (about 3 years). And we'd go way down there about three-fourths of a mile where the camp was, and then the river--that was on my father's allotment--way down there, that Washita River. And she'd put me down and I'd be wading around, following her around where she was picking up wood. And she had a bunch of dogs. They'd just go every way hunting for rabbits. Pretty soon one would be barking. Maybe two or three would be standing around a tree. This one would maybe crawl in there--the littlest one would try to get the rabbit. But maybe it was so far up. But my grandmother knew there was a rabbit in there so she'd gather these dry leaves and build a fire and pretty soon she'd hear this rabbit coming down and she'd reach her hand in there and grab its hind legs. And she'd hit it against the tree. First thing we knew we'd have four or five cottontails going back home. Then my father would say, "How did you kill your rabbits?" "Well," I guess I said, "My grandmother always bump their noses on a tree!" That's what I said when I was a little girl. My grandmother used to always bump their noses on a tree. Because, you know, their noses would be bleeding when I'd see them. He used to ask me that--"How does your grandma kill rabbits?" And it just went all around.

STALKING BUFFALO ON FOOT DISGUISED AS WOLF OR COYOTE

(Did the Cheyennes ever use their dogs back in the buffalo days to hunt buffalo?)

No. I never did hear of that. I don't think they used dogs because