time. And his friend say, "Oh, let's--there's people--white people--coming over here. You hear that dog?" It was a trail hound. It was coming. He say, "You hear that dog? They're coming right over towards us." The other people, they went to the other direction. "And they're following our direction, them dogs." You could hear them howling, barking. "And they're following us. They're gonna get us. My friend, what we gonna do?" And he told him, "Well, my friend, you just go and hide and try to save yourself. I'm sick. I'm gonna die anyhow. I'm gonna stay right here. Let them come and kill me--honor way. You know, I'm gonna die brave way. If I get killed, it's all right. You go on and hide. Take off." But he said, "No, you're my friend. They could kill both of us--we be laying here together. It's all right," he said. He try to get him to go away but he won't do it. And finally that man, he commenced praying. He's praying, Indian way. And after awhile this white man, we went and holler--he must be a soldier or something like that. He's calling his dog back. And them dogs went back, and he said they followed the other tracks--of those men that--most of them went back. They followed them. He said, "We stayed there, but I was so sick I couldn't see." This man told him, "They done left now, but they gonna follow them other people--big track." "So we stayed there, but we got one white horse we got, what we got away with over there. But that horse was so bony. But while he was grazing round there he got so fat, we stayed there for good while. And he goes off some place and try to kill deer some way and bring it in and cook it and we eat with it. And I got well and got strong." And that's how come he came home--because he got sick. But he stayed back home, he was well.

(Do you know what his friend's name was?)

No, I don't know.

(Was he Apache?)

Yeah, he's Apache man. Yeah. Apache man.

(Did they ever go after horses or anything, from another Indian tribe?)