

had any of that black strouding blanket, they called it. Strouding (a wool broadcloth). Well, one man said, "I got half a one. I reipped the other half to make my leggings--to save my bucksin leggings from wearing them every day. And so if you can find the other half, you can make the boy a blanket." So this man, his brother, went around. And one man says, "I got part of red. I'd been saving that to tie my hair with, and other decorations--dress. You can have this red if you think it'll do you any good." So he said, "I'll sew it up." So his brother took this red cloth--this red part of this strouding. They matched it and they made him a good part-blue and part-red blanket. So that's the original of this blue and red blanket. You see them among these Plains Indians. That's the original of it. That's the last part of--you might say, the latter part of the seventeenth century. So he wore that. And when they went out to get these ponies, it probably took them a couple of days--they got away with these herds of ponies. And the Utes coming out, checking on their ponies--they saw a lot of dust. So they got on the hills and see that the ponies were being driven. So being unprepared with their weapons, they went back to camp and got their weapons and they came back after them and chased them. This boy always stayed in the back, behind the herders. He had a gun and bow and arrow. Had a spry, fast, horse, you know. And he'd always manage to keep the Utes back, from coming too close to them. He'd shoot back at them with gun or bow and arrow. They'd shoot at him. And when the herders get so far ahead of him then he'd take out after the herders. And all at once when he was going full speed he came to a canyon. My dad said that canyon was about as deep as the length of these tipi poles--pretty good-sized tipi. Must have been a rock bank--rock canyon. And about as wide as this tipi. Probably somewhere around twenty feet to eighteen feet wide. And going full speed as he was, travelling with his pony, that palomino jumped clear across that canyon. Maybe, say, thirty-five or forty feet deep. Cleared it. When he jumped and got clear across, then he turned around and them Utes were all coming down the