

invited them to come out to my house. They got out there at night. So my wife and her sister and mother cooked a big supper for them. I was in the front room. And the old fellows don't like to sit in a chair, you know, and I spread canvas, and my wife spread bedspread and canvas on the west wall, and north wall. And I put quilts and pads for them to sit on and gave them cuspidors there--they had a pipe. They started telling stories. And there were three half-Cheyennes in there--Cheyenne--Arapahoes--they were all related to me. One of them was my father's cousin. Another one was my mother's cousin. And the other one was related to my wife's folks. He was visiting. He was from Canton. So they related a story where they had gone over the divide and searched for the Utes, to steal horses from them. So they came to kind of a sawmill northwest of Trinidad. That was the best I could locate that at the time. And they come to a bunch of men that was working there. A whole bunch of warriors. And they began to suspect that that was not a Mexican--that it was an Indian. However the Cheyennes and Arapahoes didn't fight these Navajoes and Pueblos and Zunis and other tribes in the southwest. But they evidently thought he must have been a Ute--who was their traditional enemy. So they all had their bows and guns. And these two that was in that room--happened to be right close there--so they kept talking to that Indian and that fellow just seemed to be talking Mexican. And the white men that was there kept making sign like he was Indian. And they asked him, "What tribe are you?" He wouldn't answer. Which indicates he must have been a Mexican. Anyhow an argument started, and this fellow they thought was Indian made a kind of