

Maybe he was afraid he might miss that bullseye. Oh, he was just preparing, you know. "Now, Grandpa," he said. "You say this time, 'Grandson, there goes a heifer--a big fat heifer.' Grandpa you say that," he told his grandpa. He said, "Grandson, there goes a big, fat heifer." The old man said that. Just about that time he hit it again--hit the bullseye. There fell a big heifer laying there. He said, "All right, help yourself," he told his grandfather and grandmother. They started cutting up that meat again. And then he told his grandma, "Grandma, this time," he told her, "when you cook these bones, after you chop them and cook them--like you always do when you skim that fat--after it hardens--" No doubt they still had some more of that fat because there were just three of them. They couldn't eat it up. He said, "This time you just make it into a ball. And you tie it in a rag and tie it on your belt somewhere." These old Indian women, the only place where they keep things was tied to their belt. That's what old Indian women still do today. They tie their money next to their belt. You've seen them. There's some that always tie it there. They didn't know what pockets were at that time. And well, the time after she skimmed that fat, and overnight it got hard. And he said, "All right, Grandma, now you go over there and visit that chief's tipi. You go over there. The girls will be sitting there some place. After you visit a while, grandma," he told his grandmother, "Then you say, 'Well I guess I better go home now. I stayed here long enough.'" You know, things like you say when you get ready to leave people you've been visiting. He told her what to say. So she got ready. And she said, "I guess I'll go home now." And he told her, "Just before you get