

this road had began to cave--where it was moved. He used to try to get up there. He didn't have sense enough to try to keep going down the river where he could find a low place. And this poor horse just stood there all night. He had coffee and sugar tied behind the saddle, like how them old cowboys used to do. They'd tie something over their saddle. And they say he had a dog with him when he started off. Indians really believe in dogs. They say, "Dogs is your best friends." You know they tell you if anything is coming and they let you know if somebody is around. They'll protect you some way. That was their belief. And he took this dog with him. Just like he knew that he was going to need that dog. And so I guess he finally froze. It was in April when he froze to death. I guess it turned real cold that night. When they found him early that morning there was a little ice along the edge of that creek. See how cold it was? They found him and he was already froze to death. And early that morning--they missed him. He was gone. But looks like when he didn't come in that night someone ought to have gone looking for him. And that was his stepson they lived with. His wife and her son. That woman just had one child. And he ought to have gone out and looked for him. And early that morning she heard a dog crying. You know how dogs kind of whine? And she went out there to look. And this dog was whining and he'd walk away and he'd look back and this dog would come back again and whine around her again. She'd say, "What does he want?" And she knew her husband was gone--she ought to get suspicious right then and there. This dog kept going a little further and he'd come back. And he'd whine around her, maybe trying to tell her, "Follow me," maybe that