

to the Cheyenne-Arapaho country--horses, you know. Big herd.. Because they know they was in the wrong place down there. So these fine horses start to come back, one at a time. Maybe two or three start to follow each other. And these old Pawnee ponies were poor and bony. They tried to follow these fine-blooded horses brought in from Texas. And the Pawnees started to lose them good horses. They said, "Hey, that horse is gone--I brought it." "Mine, too--let's look!" They followed. And all they could see along the road, coming back to Arapaho country, was their own ponies laying along the road dead--starved to death! The Kiowas and Comanches, Cheyenne-Arapahoes and Apaches, too--they go down in Texas practically every year and steal lot of horses from those Texans--thoroughbreds--good horses. They come back and scatter them out in the tribe, you know. Then the Pawnees come along and steal them from us. And then when those ponies know they was in the wrong place they come back--these Texas horses--down to Darlington. Then of course these poor Pawnee ponies come along there--they die along the road! That's all the Pawnees could find--their own ponies along the road, dead! (laughs)

(Some irrelevant conversation)

Jess: The Pawnees moved in from Nebraska, you know. There's lot of stories about the Pawnees among the Comanches. One old Comanche--his name was Kanikwah--he died here just about twenty years ago--he's the one that knew how these Pawnees imitate coyotes. They was sitting there--young men--a bunch of them. They heard a coyote. He said, "Say, that ain't no coyote. I'm going to go around this way. You boys go east. Just don't let them know you're around. Listen to that coyote. I'm going to come from the west side. I'm going to go around and see if I hear--they might have their ponies there. They might even have our ponies they already got and have them tied to a tree." "All right, we'll go this way. Two of them go this way and two of them go that way. Pretty soon they hear coyote barking. Pretty soon another coyote bark over there. So they went around there and laid down, these Comanches. Old Man Kanikwah. Pretty soon they heard a bark, and then another bark. They commenced to barking. These Comanches had their ropes ready. Sure enough,