

"Do you want to eat supper?" I told her, "No, I eat with Medicine Grass." So they had a bed for me. But you know, the way we found--if I didn't have to look for Medicine Grass--I wouldn't have no trouble finding my camp at night. You know how?)

(No.)

I'd stop maybe at the edge of the camp. Pretty soon my horse would nicker. And my dogs knew my horse's nicker. My dog would bark and I'd recognize my dog's voice. I'd go right to that. That's how we found our way. Otherwise in daytime the (Unintelligible phrase because of external noise). But we know how to find our tents. Sometimes we found our camps at nights by our dog's bark. Because the dog would recognize my horse's nicker and he'd bark and I'd recognize the dog's bark. And then when we got to our camp we'd just turn our horses loose and the horse would nicker and pretty soon the old team around there somewhere would answer them. Next morning they'd all be together. And all those things were trained. Indian life.

(I always wondered--back when you all were living in camps like that--the horses that belongs to one family--did they usually stay together in one herd?)

Oh, yeah. See, the colt of the horses--see, like sister would have--from my mother's mares--three or four mares--and they raise them and break them and they'd always go back and forth, yeah.

MORE COMMENTS ON OLD PICTURES

(These pictures are really interesting.)

See, I worked out of the Smithsonian--I think this (another picture) is Darlington in the early time. See that?

(Yeah--here on the back it says "Darlington.")

And here's this same Powder Face again, with his family.

(Another picture) He was a warrior right, that fellow. And here's some more Indian paintings from Fort Marion, Florida, when those prisoners were down there. And here's a typical camp in 1868--at Fort Supply.

(The tipis you were living in back when you were a boy--were they the same size--?)