

after them. They just keep agoing but when they was looking back, there was nothing but just dogs, pack of dogs making all that noise. When they came around and went back. And they got back to the camp, and they stayed out some place till it got dark and went back to the camp. And they noticed where the, where the Indians, you know, they didn't used to bury them like we do now, put them up on arbor; you know, set up poles, you know, used to put them up there. And then he noticed that one tent was that way, and then the other tent, two tents, were that way. And he wanted to find out who they were. One of them was her sister, killed herself, I guess, you know, just like that. And, anyway, during the night, came, well, he went to, he looked in and it was his father. His father was, you know how they (not clear) just lying there looking towards the wall. And this mother was sitting there by the fire, and he says, "Father, I'm home." And the man says, "Nawww, don't come around making fun." You know, he was talking Indian.

(Mmmmmmm-hmmmm)

He says, "Don't come around making fun like that. We're in, we're mourning, he says, "We're in sorrow. We lost our boy. We don't want anybody coming around making fun." He says, "No, it's me. It's your son." And this mother looked around and says, "It sounds like our son. You better look." Just about that time, he came inside the tent, you know. This old man turned around and noticed his son. He started, you know, and say, "(Indian Word), keep quiet. Don't make any noise. Don't make any sounds. I'm going to tell you why." So, he told him the whole story how it happened that his best friend, while he was keeping the enemy back so these people can retreat and get away, well, he came and cut my bowstring. They took me just like a woman, a prisoner." He says, "Now, I come back. And tell them that we're gonna have (Indian word)" they call parade. Now, we call them