

a child. Her time was coming near so they were afraid to take her far away. So they went and left her here with the other Cheyennes that had given in to the white people. Well, they say they were accused of signing peace treaty, leaving these other Plains Indians out. And the government used to give them beef to butcher every so often. Well, the reason the government was doing that, they wanted these other Plains wild Indians, when they hear about it, to think that they would come over here for that rations and the cattle that they butcher, instead of having to go out and hunt for their food. So no, they didn't get them. Still they went here and there. And that's when my people went out that way, where there was no wood. My grandmother would say that some of the boys that were just old enough would run all on the sides looking for these soapweeds. You know that middle part of the soapweed is kind of a big--I don't know if you would call it flower or not--that main thing (flower stalk) that grows in the middle of the soapweed (Yucca). She said they would just race for those--these little boys. And by the time they stopped for the night them little boys would come in with big armfuls of these things. And that's what they would burn at night. They had a real hard time my grandmother said, and they burned buffalo manure. They burn real good. Then I guess they were out there to themselves. Now they were scattered. They didn't stay together. Even like I told you--because if they stay in one bunch there wouldn't be enough turkey or enough deer, enough antelope. That's why they had to scatter. So whatever they found right there was enough to go around in this small group. And while they were out there--I think it was my grandmother's--one of her cousins--where she was adopted--were with them.