

brother heard about it, he got his Bowstring Clan together. He called them together to tell them he was giving them orders that we are going out west and look for our people. He said, "The soldiers are hunting for them. Soldiers have travelled out west to locate these people that are out there hunting for wild game. We got to notify them some way." So they got ready and I guess they left while that man was already coming back somewhere. And just a little while after this man left, there came the sound of hooves again somewhere. And this time our grandfather said, "There they come, now. For sure that must be them." And he had already told my grandmother, he said, "Put the fire out. The soldiers might be here now around close. If they see the light, they'll know where we're at." He said, "Just let the fire die down." So it must have been almost close to morning, and she went out to look and it was them. And they said, "Where shall we put this meat?" That's what they taught them. She said, "No, we're just going to have to let that meat go. They come out here to warn us that the soldiers are after us." So they just dropped everything. And this old man went out there and cut a big hunk of buffalo off somewhere, and run a rope through it and hung it behind the saddle -- his saddle when they were all saddling up. And my father said he was almost on top of that meat. He used to ride with his grandfather. And my uncle was old enough to ride by himself. He was eight years old. And so they started out before daybreak. They went back towards this way. And after the sun had come up they could see then where they were going. And they'd stop and look where it was sandy or where it was soft dirt, to see how this man travelled. And this Bowstring Clan done the same thing. Way back