

and these big officials. And see, they had to watch out for them. And the word went around quietly, "Hide all your ammunition. Hide all your guns. Your spears, your knives, or what you use in battle." He said, "Hide them somewhere. It really is looking suspicious, the way these soldiers are around us. We can't be free. We don't feel at ease. We know there's something brewing." I guess they had put up a big fence--a big wire fence. A high wire fence, he said. And there was a house there. They began to get suspicious of that. And there were colored guards standing around there, waiting. See, they could tell what was brewing. They said, "Something is brewing." And my grandmother said that her cousins--these same boys I guess they were with out there--and another man they called Wolf Tongue, they were hiding their guns in front of my grandmother's tipi. He said just the minute you stepped in, they stuck their guns in there. And he said knives were stuck into--he said, "We picked out a plum bush. We were camped behind a plum bush and some of my brothers went and slide their guns in these plum roots. She said they'd hide them everywhere they could. And this uncle I was telling you about--his eight-year old brother--he said he was a good shot. One of the games they used to play was they'd shoot at one arrow. Or maybe they'd mark a line, to shoot that far, and if they hit that line-- And then the other game, they call it "Cheyenne ball." This Cheyenne ball it was a little hoop. And someway they put these buffalo (hide) strings back and forth, and in the middle was a round opening, and that's what they called the "bullseye." And if you hit that, you was the winner. And he said his brother was good in everything like that. He was a sharpshooter. He could hit