

this colored man. He kind of fell back. He just dropped everything--this Black Horse scared him. He hollered so loud right by his ear I guess he just fell back. And he said you could see his big eyes--this colored man's. Just the minute this colored guard fell back, this man jumped the fence and off he ran. He said, "Get away! Run for your lives!" He meant all these women. They all ran to their camps. And during that time while they were all over there while they were picking out these young men, he said they looked back down to their camps and there were colored men going in and out of their tipis--their wigwams--carrying everything out. Their knives and what guns that these other careless people didn't hide good. They brought them out. And my father said he looked down there with his brothers. He said, "We were always together. We were standing together. I looked over that way and there come a colored man carrying my quivir out. I could see my arrows. And another one was carrying my brothers'. I began to cry and said, "That colored man's getting my arrows!" He said, "I cried and my brother told me, 'Brother, don't cry. You know I'm a good shooter. I'll win some more for you!'" That's what his brother told him. "Don't feel bad about that."

PANIC IN THE CAMP AND FLIGHT OF THE PEOPLE FROM FORT RENO

And then that's when they all went back, and after this man, Black Horse, got away, my grandmother said he ran in kind of a northwest direction. And she went to her camp and just as soon as they got to the camp, my father must have gone straight on down to the river where they made those mud horses. All his playmates were there. And while these others stop and look at these prisoners, my grandmother must have been over there not knowing where her boys went.