

when I went on the warpath--I used to imagine myself laying on the prairie somewhere, or laying in no place, where wolves would just scatter my bones. I'm very glad I'm going to die in a nice place like this." He said, "Sure, I'm willing to face it. I'm the one that led us to battle." That's what this Medicine Water told this soldier--this officer. And he come in again and asked something else again. Well, he said they never did kill us. He said, "I'm still alive. I'm an old man now." And this old man, when I was about twelve years old--between eleven and twelve--I used to see him ride around on horseback. He'd get on his horse. He was a real old man. And he'd come home and first thing he'd sit on the side of his daughter's tent and he'd start smoking his pipe. We'd all stand around him. He'd come home with a sack of candy. He'd pass it around to us. That's all of this old man.

(Did he ever talk about the things that he learned when he was sent off like that?)

No,, he never did mention that. He never did mention that. But one of my uncle's counsins--his name was Little Chief--he went. He must have been under General Pratt (Captain Richard H. Pratt, in charge of the Ft. Marion prisoners and instrumental in founding Carlisle Institute). And when he came back he named after these men that he knew--this lady. Her name was Richenda. See, he named his daughter "Richenda." She's across over here at the nursing home now. She's very old--Richenda. Her father was one of them that was sent over there. And when he came back I was already maybe about five years old or six, or something like that. He was working at the hospital. And he was giving out the cough syrup. He worked in the department where they handled medicine. Because