

was gone. And then you made your sister saddle up her pony and your two younger brothers, and you stole away from them and went home. And when the Mexican found out that you stole that saddle away, he took after you. And you had your quivir--bow and arrow--behind you. And when you came through the thickets of willows your bow and arrow and quivir got caught and you just jerked and you left your arrows. Is that brave?" He told my father. "You didn't even have time to pick up your own arrows for your own defense," he told my father. Which was a good point. "Yeah," my dad said, "But I had a pistol." But anyhow that's how his sister and brothers came back to the tribe. But they all talked fluent Mexican. Not my father, but the three of them-- Tony Pedro, and the other was Middle Man and the other was Big Nose, I think. And they had a sister named Long Hair. But that's how he brought them back to the tribe.

(How was White Owl related to your father?)

I think they was no relation. Of course my father was an elder of White Owl's society.

(What society was that?)

I think they started in Tomahawks and they grew up to Girdled Spearmen and then Dog Soldiers. I know my father was past the Dog Soldiers but White Owl was in the Dog Soldiers. And then sometimes they'd say, "Well, you might be a brave man and all that but you don't invite people." I know that's come up a lot of times. "You don't invite visitors. You don't invite poor kids or invite old ladies. But me," he'd say, "I invite them every camp." Sometimes they'd try to outdo each other like that. That was another great stunt that they always resorted to. I know I