

Arapaho, and the other, I think, was a part-Irish. His father was a captive. His name was Pat Malloy. That's his great-granddaughter that was married here last night. They was in there. Because we was from Geary and they were all up there, you know, at Carleton. They come and said, "All right. What story? Or what's going to be the ground of your experience." Well, there was a whole lot more to tell their stories. Somebody might probably have defeated me. But when it come to me I said, "Well, when I was a young boy, about fourteen years old --my young brother had died and I hadn't seen my folks for three months. They was living out there and I was going to school at Darlington. And they happened to bring my pony down for me to ride around on Saturday and Sunday on outings from the school." And I said, "I brought a boy friend of mine--he was a Cheyenne boy-- He stopped with a group of boys. Some was on horseback on the hill. They were going back and forth across the river. He was on foot. I came to my tent, to my mother's. They just had killed a beef. There was sliced, jerked meat on the poles. My mother said, "There's your pony and your saddle. We just got your saddle yesterday from the trading store, and your bridle." I said, "All right." So I went out and saddled my pony. He was fat. He was a palomino. Brand new bridle and brand new blanket and brand new saddle. And my mother was cooking dinner. It was Sunday. So I got on my pony. I went back to look for this friend of mine. He was a half-breed German-Jew--had a German-Jew father, and he was part Cheyenne, Sotai, the Cheyennes called his family--part-Arapaho stock. I found him back there. He started running across on foot. That