

was over half a mile across the river. He was running and these other boys on horseback were riding to him. And it was in May and it was hot. I seen him coming downhill and he had his coat tied by the sleeves around his waist. I hollered at him. He stopped and looked at me. I said, "Come here." He came, sweating. I said, "Get on." I got his coat and he got on behind me. I said, "We're going to my tent--my folks' camp." We got there and got off. My mother was just about to serve dinner. My dad come out and sat down in the arbor. I says to my dad and mother, "Don't be mad at me, what I'm going to do." My father looked at me. He didn't say nothing. My mother didn't notice. She heard me, but (she didn't look at me). So me and my friend, we sat down and ate. It was a nice dinner. So I told my father and mother. They was both there. Me and my friend were eating. I said, "Dad, and Mother, you know this boy is my friend. He's got no pony. He's running around afoot with those boys that's riding horseback. That's why I went and got him. Now," I said, "I'm going to give my pony with saddle on, bridle and blanket, so he can have a horse to ride." My father says, "That's good, son." That experience will never be beat. Nobody can-- If you ever relate this story these people in the camp with us will always be your witness. Besides, this pony is a palomino. That's the color that a chief's son's pony always has to be--palomino. I was a chief's son. "No," he said, "That's good. That story's going to be hard to beat." And I told this boy, "George--" His name was George Bloch-- "George, you see that horse out there?" He said, "Yeah." "That's yours," I told him. "Complete as he stands--"

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