

there was three of them . And they had nice caps on." Government issued them caps. And "I asked him--tried to get his cap--trade for his cap. And this boy told me, 'You go to school over there and they'll give you one.' I didn't go to school, but anyway we played together and they eat dinner there at the camp, at the village. And before I know it, "Why did you boys run off?" I said. 'No, we just came up to visit the camp and eat dinner.' We're playing around there, and before I know it, I lost them," he said. And toward evening they started west. They was going to a camp over here on Zodal-Tone Creek, where the village was. And just about dark came a sleet and rain, rain, heavy, rain. And a norther come up and it sleet--and then it came a blizzard--a snow storm on top of it. And the boys kept coming. They said in about two-three hourse time the snow was a foot deep. And they had lost the trail, but they was trying to follow it--the direction it was. The camp was right in here in this valley. The Indians, they was a lot of tipis and they got a habit of going into one tipi and calling, "Everybody come to my tipi and we have a smoke!" They calling for smoke. That's a social meeting when they calling for smoke party. And they tell old jokes and stories, and tell about their war experiences--old men--and people listening, and during that meeting, about twelve, an old man, White Horse's uncle, came out of the tipi, and the snow and cold was awful. The snow was deep. And he thought he heard a voice. And he listen and he said he make it out plain that it sounded like a boy running and crying. Crying. No, it was a boy, crying. And it was top of this hill--top of this hill a mile away--that's where the road was. They was supposed to going west. And them boys was running, almost froze, and they were crying. He went back inside and told 'em, "I hear voice crying on the trail." And those men in (unintelligible word) said, "No, you don't hear no boys crying this time of the night on the trail. Look out there--it's almost ten below zero. How could anybody be out there this time of night? You're mistaken. It's coyotes you heard hollering. Them coyotes, hollering--that's what you heard." "No,"