

place where it happened. Somebody seen some buffaloes--some men--cold in the snow, and they went out on a buffalo chase to get fresh meat for the village--camp. Every man went out to get meat for his family. My grandfather, he went out, and my uncle--my father's brother--oldest son of the old man--went along. He said he was about 12 or 14 years old. It was cold. He wanted to go along, and the old man took him along.

(What was his name?)

He was about 14 years old. 12 or 14. My father was telling me about this. And of course the whole camp--maybe about 150 men went there--there was thousands of them buffaloes, and they went out way away from the camp. And they all chased 'em. He took his arrows. He went and they went out in the evening. Always, chased them, scattered every way, killed those buffaloes, and after they butcher 'em they go back home. And in the chasing--everybody chasing in different directions--he the old man got through butchering he went and took his carcass--buffaloes--back home, thinking that the boy had followed somebody back home.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ It was cold--zero--and the snow commenced to fall again. And the snow fell and it got dark and he got home. But the boy didn't come home. Everybody come home. He went around. "Anybody saw him?" Nobody seem to know anything about it. It began to get dark and snow was falling heavy. All the blizzard. What could he do? Some of the mans went out to look for him where they been chasing buffaloes all the while--30 or 40 men went out and looked for him. Couldn't find him. It got pretty bad, so those men come back. That night, after they come back in, this boy--after he couldn't find his father and he know the snow was falling heavy--there wasn't no creek--just prairie. No timber. He didn't know where