

know where to go for shelter. Snow was getting about a foot deep, and he was riding along and he run into a washout. Came across a draw and he was somewhere there was keep a washout--a big hole. Big hole where the water made a washout--just natural. Water keep falls in there, it must have been about ten foot deep. And it was full of tumbleweed just clear to the top. And so he--his horse fell into it--that's the reason he discovered it. So he thought that was a good place to take a shelter. So he turn his horse loose and put a long lariat rope, and he tied one end of the rope to his arm, and the other end around the horse's neck. And then he crawl in that hole under them tumbleweeds--way under there. Mash a bunch of 'em down and made a bed. Other ones over him. And the snow fell and just sealed him. Made a dome, and the wind cut off the wind. He lay in that dome and went into the tumbleweed shelter and laid down. And the tumbleweeds way under there wasn't wet. They was dry. And when he knock down and lay on 'em he got warm. And he just laid there, and he had his horse tied to his wrist--long rope, walk a lot, horse standing on the edge of that ditch. Ever time he pull he wake him up, and he'd pull back down. And his horse would stand still and he went to sleep. That night, when the folks come in (?) everybody commenced to pray. "We've got a witch-doctor here, Owl Prophet 'â.tè--why don't you call up and talk to him, and maybe he'll tell you where your boy is--whether he's dead or not." So in the early morning they called him up. He put up a tipi up, just like that. Here I'll show you--

(What did you say the name of that Owl Prophet was?)

I don't know the one that they called, but they call them 'â.tè., that's the medium--that means the medium. They put up a tipi like that,