

some more plums!' and all the other women follow you and then you leave the plums and, 'Over here is some more!'" And then they run and get closer to the ponies, and then run and jump on them and then run. And that's what they done. One old woman they run over there to the bushes and the other one they run over here and they run over there and then the other one say, "Oh, come over here," and they getting closer to the horses all the time. (Unintelligible phrase) Then while they was running, there was a woman who peeped over the rock and the man commenced to getting bold when they was running and he thought they was getting excited over the plums. Showed himself way up and they knew. After they got on the ponies, they stampeded for the camp. Must of been ten or fifteen miles away. This man run back and told the others, I guess. And they commenced to follow and these women never let up. They run the horses all the way and they got there in late evening, a few hours before sundown. So when they come in, they repeated the story--they told of how they saw a man spying on them and that it was an enemy. They couldn't tell what kind of tribe it was but it was an enemy with his arrows on his back. They told all the warriors there in the council. They called them in and told them the story and most of the men began to laugh at them. "Oh, it was her boyfriend peeping at her. You didn't see no enemy or spy. Just a boy, that's her sweetheart," they said, laughing at her and walking out. "There ain't no war story, that her boyfriend followed her over there and tried to get her attention to see where he was at." But the one that saw it and told it--there was some of those women said they didn't see the man but that's what they told anyhow. Well, those women that looked