

there. They hide around and twist around and go this one way and that fellow said they got lost. They stop. They hear this fellow coming, but they was going the wrong way. "Stop here!" They stop. There's big bunch of riders. So they sit there till they pass on and then they twist around this other way. Then they got out, away. They lost the track. This fellow was going east. He said we travel east. They go on travel, then twist around some way else. They keep going through the pine and the spruce brushes--cedar thick. They going through there, and they can't see them. But them other Indians, they already got the news. Said, "Lot of Indians were bunched up over there. They got them poor boys, they got no shot (chance). There's too many of the enemy. Too many of them Navajoes." They said, "Maybe they kill them by this time. They've stopped." But they were alive. They never hit them anywhere. So they went on thataway. And night come. That happened then when the night come. They travel at night. They travel three or four nights. And when they come on the line (boundary), well, it's safe. When you get on that line, that territory line--it's safe. They can't come over there. They're afraid to come. Soon they got over that line. And this woman--course this woman was mourning, crying, for her only grandson she's got. And this one taking care of it, he knew he was dead. So she walk over there to one fellow and ask him, "How far did you see my grandson?" "Well, I hate to tell you--I seen them right in that bad place. Right in the midst of that bunch." He said, "I believe they got him." Poor woman, she cry. And the old Indian way, when they mourn pretty bad, they always cut their little finger off. That's their way--custom. Their way those days.