

So she cut her finger off. She was crying and mourning. Some women come up there and try help her out. They said, "Say, you're too old, anyhow. You're not going to live long in this world. You better don't take itttoo hard." And one woman said, "Nobody ~~never~~ saw them killed. Only if word is somebody saw them get killed, then it's be sure. But nobody never saw them. They said, "Those men, he's good shot with bow and arrows and gun. They may live. You might get to see him again." Trying to help her out. That woman said, "Yes, I hope so." But he got a brother. During the war, during the hard times, he said, "Brother, don't leave me." And he ain't got no (real) brother. So that's the way those Indians become brothers. Sometimes in war like that, they sure enough became relations. Sure enough brothers. Sometimes in war like that, they sure enough became relations. Sure enough brothers. They made them brothers. He said, "Yeah, I ain't got no brother." He said, "I'm going to take him for my brother." After they come back, they bring their scalp of what they killed. So one morning just about daybreak, this woman--the one that's the old lady mourning--she was sitting up there on the hill, looked towards the way the road to see if she--Pretty soon she see two objects coming. She looked, and there's another woman there, said, "Hey, look! Looks like it's my grandson!" And she's got good eye, this other one. She's younger. "Yeah, that's your grandson! He's coming!" Oh, she was glad! That's the way those days it happened. Indians in the war, fighting with one another. Sometimes they get killed. So they come in. That man and boy, he jump off. He hug his grandma. He said, "Grandma, I never had a scratch." He said, "I prayed to my god. I prayed to my