

like that. Way back. Because they had war all over. It's dangerous. And my grandmother, she's a Utes woman. I'm Ute.

(Oh, you are?)

Half. Now they took her. They brought her another meat and she cook them. Now she's strong enough to walk home. She's walking. And you know he medicine wolf--lick her all over and her sores was healed up. Now she's going. After a while--after the river--they cross the river, then coyotes began to holler. They holler like they always holler. And she understand. She understood them, she said. She said, "You all tell me what's happened. Tell me what's happened." And one jump up. He jump up and holler, "Woof, woof," He said, "Down to this river way on that village, there's some camp, maybe," he said. He holler. And she looked that way and she see the smoke. "Oh, must be camp!" And they went way top of the hill. And they stand up there and them coyotes, they began to (be) kinda scared. They just walking around and she looked and somebody was coming, walking. She standing there and she call, "White Horse!" She saw somebody standing out there and he's coming towards her. And he find her. "Oh, you the one that--" "Yeah." And them coyotes run away. They brought her home. See, that's a true story, out of my grandmother. All the Utes people that live there, they know my grandmother. We was over there about seven years ago. We live up to Colorado and they know me. My uncle is named Buckskin Charlie. And they know me. Every day they come to visit me. Come to house and eat. But I don't know them. After way when my grandmother died my mother--maybe she's about fifty years old--and they heard that my grandmother and her daughter's living. And they come to see her. And I saw them. I was eighteen years old then, that time. And I know them. I know the chief, Buckskin Charlie. He said, "You my uncle."