

Well, they got down in there and there was a lake down there below them, and they managed to drink water, but they didn't have nothing to eat. That's the way my father told it. The next morning they got so hungry they killed a coyote. They butchered it and cooked it, but they couldn't eat it! They just puked it out! And the next thought that come to them was, there was some buzzards flying around. There must have been some dead animal around somewhere. They couldn't find a dead animal, and anyhow they thought it was too much decomposed, anyway and they shot that buzzard with a bow and arrow. They tried to eat it. They couldn't eat it. It wouldn't stay in their stomach. And they came on. And sometime in that valley they saw an antelope. And they sneaked around and one went this way and one went that way, and when the antelope came by, they shot it. And they all run to it. And they didn't just skin it--the antelope-- they just got skin and all. They cooked it and they ate it. There wasn't nothing but skin and bones left when they got through eating it. They was that hungry. And the next day they came on further northeast toward the Arkansas. They were among the Southern Ute country, you know. So they was going along a high bluff of rock. And one of them was walking along there and he sees a red stone that's chipped off. He picked it up and rubbed it on his hand and it was red. "Say, boys," he said, "This looks like good red paint. Look here." He put it on his moccasins. And he looked up there and there was a kind of a place there where it looked like that thing was about ready to fall down. So they said, "Well, let's do something about it. Let's get some of that." So two guys picked up one tall young man with an ax or a hatchet or something like that, and they spread a blanket down there. So he chipped that red stone and it fell down there--a big pile of it--and it was this red paint. That's what you saw.

Bob: Well, that will not wash off.

Jess: No.

Bob: I took a little paint that he gave me and put it on my skin like that--dry powder.