

remember that last day. I found a place where I could make my way up the side of the cliff and I got up onto the top of the summit and then (13 3/4) on the map on the top of the summit showed a place over here, about three miles over, where there were little round circles which, green circles, which usually mean a stream. I went over to the circles, I came to the place and it was a little dike put across by the Indians to catch the water of the stream (14)

It was absolutely dry. I remember there was another run five miles over the hill, over this way, I walked over across, I came to it, another dike, no water. One more a few miles over this way, I walked over there, over the hill, just before dark I got to it, again absolutely dry. Then I walked through the night, I found a little trail there, I walked back, the next day at eleven o'clock I came to a place where some Indians come twice a week for some mail, with a little town down below. The Indians drive thirty-five miles, come with these trucks with mail and provisions ^{and} for the other Indians come up on their horses, up the trail from way down in the valley over there, they meet in this place and they exchange what they have. I thought they'll get there, each of them will have a canteen, each will give me a drink. I got there at eleven, blazing hot that hour, waiting (14 3/4) for

Twelve o'clock came. I heard the sound of the (15) come here. I heard the sound of the Indians coming up. I stepped up and asked for water, not a drop. None of them had any water. Well, I got on one of the horses and I went down into the little village of (15½) down there, the most remote village from a railroad in the United States. I went down there, on the way down we found a place where there was a spring and got some water, but the mucus had so filled up my throat that it took an hour and a half to get any water through it. Eventually I got it through, I lay down there for three and a half days, drinking tomato juice and...