

and the other landed right in front on Green street. Boy! to our surprise a bunch of Indians jump out and ran up to the front door shooting some soldiers who didn't make it to the elevators. We laid down on the floors expecting to be shot. It was this tall slim Indian who told us to stand. Handsome devil he was. Automatic weapon, hand grenades sticking out of every pocket, clips for his gun on a belt that was thrown over his shoulder. He was definitely a leader of some kind. It was the Indian that stood next to him that you could never miss. He was a giant. Big, looked like he stood seven feet tall, and had shoulders as wide as two men standing side by side, yet he moved like he was feather-lite. One soldier tried to shoot his way in. This giant turned shot the man dead and before this dead man could fall, he grabbed him and throw him through the wall of the building. "

Clair could be heard almost crying.

Buddy: "Clair brought them from Phoenix to Cheyenne and didn't know who they were. Go on Stan!"

Stan: "This Indian Leader looked around and saw the door that led to the six-sided room. Almost like he knew where he was at. He ran to the door firing his automatic weapon as he ran and by the time he got there it was blown open. He shouted "Bring the gasoline now!" We watched as they soaked the walls with gasoline. dug holes in the walls, placed grenades in them, tied strings to the pins and were making their way out of the building letting out string as they went. This same Indian came up to us and said: Tie a white piece of cloth around your arm and make your way to the airport terminal. By now there should be some help there and they are expecting you. There has to be 140 of you. If not we'll tear this place apart.

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Clair* could be heard almost crying..

Budd3r:"Clair brought them Phoenix to Cheyenne and didn't know who they were. Go on Stahl"

Stan: "This Indian Leader looked around and saw the door that led to the elevator room. Almost immediately knew where he was at. He ran to the door firing his automatic weapon as he ran and by the time he got there it was blown open, He shouted<i>"Blowing the gasoline now!"</i> We watched as they soaked the walls with gasoline, dug holes in the walls, placed grenades in them, tied strings to the pins and were making their way out of the building letting out string as they went. This same Indian came up to us and said.: Tie a white piece of cloth around your arm and make your way to the airport terminal., By now there should be some help there and they are expecting, you. has to be 100% of you, Let not we'll tear- this place apart.