

mountains and the creek runs in between it. Well, I guess Dad and them used to see it, and he showed us that light one night when it was raining, and he watched it on the porch. And we seen it, just a little bit east of that creek. We'd seen that light coming. And then when it got to the end of the mountain, well, it'd just float over them trees, and it got on the west side of that mountain. And then it got on the south side, and just went on in the creek. We'd see it every time it rains, when it rains steady for so many hours.

(What did the Kiowa say that was?)

I don't know. I don't believe anybody say that. We just know, and then them people that used to live next to us, but there all gone now. We never did think anything about it. But we'd look for it when it rained and we'd see it, every time.

(What were those waters good for?)

Well, I don't know. I was small when my grandma and grandpa was living, and lots of time they'd go down there with some other Indians, some old Indians. Lot of times. They'd bathe in it and they drink some of it, but I don't know why.

(Was there any kind of a ceremony they'd have?)

No. Well, they'd pray before they do that and that's about all.

(Did they get clear into the spring?)

No. They dip it out in buckets and bathe.

(Did they take it away from the spring?)

Yeah. One time my grandpa brought some home, you know, in a jar. He used it. I don't know what he used it for, but he brought it home. But I never did know what he used it for.