

blood coming out of his mouth. And the man he shot that steer and he got the same way. His blood come out of his mouth. (Wife: He hemorrhage) And that steer died; he died and that person died at the same time. That steer must be medicine cow.

(Was this the time the government was giving out food to the Indians in this area?)

(Wife explains in Kiowa:) All I know they give them beef. I don't know.

That's what happen. Rations----the government. Well, them wild Indians. You know rice? They give them rice, bacon, flour, all cooking outfit. Well, some of them womens they was afraid to eat that. That rice, they call them a bunch of worms, dried worms. Them dried worms, well, they'd take 'em way down there somewhere in the ditch. They'd spill 'em. Throw that bacon away. They said it was elephant bacon. Ah...they don't know what. It's good to eat but they don't know.

And my grandma they captured down in Texas. They brought 'em down here and they raise her up.

(Who sis this now?)

Well, the Comanches. The Comanches got her. And she grew up she married a big chief of Kiowa. And as she was growing up at that time they was giving them rations. Well, she know what it is...bacon, rice, and all things. They throw them away and my grandma went out there and got them all. Told them Indians, "It's good to eat. What's the matter with you Indians?" (Wife: They get condenser milk you know. And most of 'em told them that was some kind of human brains.(laughs) They so ignorant and so funny. Throw them all away. That's all they care for....syrup. Yeah, they ah...they throw 'em away. Good piece of bacon, butterbeans. They was afraid to eat that. (Wife: Yeah, I heard that too. You know what I say, they oughta showed them when they give 'em in them days. They oughta cook 'em. Slice 'em and cook 'em and tell 'em cook 'em that way and they good. But they give it to 'em and left 'em that way and they don't know what to do with 'em. So they just