

thing like horse hair. So they accepted that prairie dog's hair. Well, after they put it on there, "Who is going to furnish the mane?" I forgot who furnished the mane and the tail. Then, "Who's going to furnish the hoofs?" Well, different animals-- ducks gave their legs. "No, they won't do." "Got to have something else." Others put different things, and it don't do. Well, Mr. Terrapin said, "I'll loan my back." See, the terrapin's back is kind of dome-like. Well, they accepted it to give the horse his hoofs. They accepted that. Well, he's got to have wings so he can fly. So Thunderbird offered to give the wings. And the Thunderbird gave him wings. And they put that on there. And I forgot who it was that furnished the red paint--red clay. So there was a red horse completed. You've seen lots of times that picture of a red horse with wings for Conoco Oil? (Mobil Oil-- the "flying red horse"--j.j.) That's the way it was. And they try it out; and they wanted to see whether it would go. They pushed it off. And instead of running, it just flew. And it turned to--they call it the "red horse"--the tornado. It was the tornado. Instead of a horse. And wherever the "red horse" goes, it tears up trees and houses and everything. So it went in the clouds. So this Indian said, "Hey, tornado! Red horse, we made you! Whenever you see a village or tipi, it's us. Always go over. Don't hit us. We're the ones that give you life." When the tornado or cyclone is coming--black storms, Indians get out there and talk to it. Yeah. They still believe that old story. (Gee, that's interesting. What do they say to it?) Well, they all talk to it. They say, "This is the Indian-Kiowa village. Go to the north or go to the south, or go over us!"