

bridle and saddleblanket. You're supposed to pick up the
bridle and saddleblanket and get away with them. That's the
custom--the good luck way. So, this fellow picked up that
bridle and the saddleblanket. Boy, when they see this Indian
that's helpless--afoot, the other Indians are pretty bad.
They're coming right down. They holler! (Yells) I don't
know how they holler--war whoop, I guess. So this fellow,
he says, the one that lost the horse, and this other fellow
was with him. He thought he had a good horse and he could
get away if he wanted to. He get scared and leave his partner.
So, he made a war whoop, and he find out it's getting pretty
tight. The Indians are coming with bow and arrows. He said
you could see the arrows flying like grasshoppers. And guns
popping out. He's sure enough into it. Then those days, the
Kiowa Indians, they got a medicine god. They call him "Grandma."
(The Kiowas had ten tribal medicine bundles which they called
"Grandmothers"--J. Jordan) Some kind of medicine they got.
They carry it around wherever they travel (that is, when they
move camp). It's in a bag. They got buffalo hide, you know,
and it's in a bag. I don't know what's in there. They claim
that's some kind of a god. They claim it's pretty powerful.
So, this boy, he think about it. So his name was "Going-a-
Rough-Way." I don't know, what you say? Rough. Pretty
tough. Lot of people there, you know, and he can't get out
of it. He holler and war whoop and he find out, this boy
looks like he couldn't make it. He said, they're going to
kill him. They could hear this arrow whistle by his ear.
Whhhh!, like that, when they shoot at him, he could hear
them arrows, just like that, And maybe sometimes they touch
a little bit at the fletched end of the arrows--in his flesh.