

he challenged him challenged this medicine. So the old man said ok, I'm ready to die, but I guess I could do this and go on. So they make places in front of them, performed their medicine. So this Cheyenne cleared the dirt and fix it prettty good and put a feather down. Eagle feather. And this old man who I know by name Phakehur which means raw hide blanket. Sit down and he made a place for his medicine. And he says little girl, go get a broom weed. Just break it and bring it over here so I went and got it. And give it to him so he stripped it of it s leaves and put it in front of him. I was wondering what he was going to go with it and then this medicine this Cheyenne man said that all right let's saart and he got his little bitty drum, and his little bitty drum stick and this little Comanche boy said oh I like to have that one and somebody said be quiet, he can't give it to you, that's his medicine. So he went to work sung his medicine song, and beat on that little drum, sang his song one round, so nothing happen, so he sang it two times and nothing happen, three times and still nothing happen. Then he started on the fourth, right in the middle of that song that little feather, stood up and danced. And it just made time, it just danced. After while it got through it laid down. And this old mnan made sound like a way a tiger or lion growl. He said ok. Made his medicine, went through his procedures of hocus-pocus and what-not. And then he got his smoke and his smoked through his smoke and the usual ways. And then he put it down and got his black handkerchief he spread over that little tree, (unin) tree and then after while he kept talking, talking, afterwhile he picked it up and there was some plums on it, so then everybody wehnt, oh, so he passed it arond to people want dance and there was two plums left on it, so he said it , "Here little girl, " and I told him I just hear him say, he make that medicine before he died so I say, "You won't take me with you before you die," and he said "No I just create this, for you so you could taste it." And I think I haven't taste a plum like it. It taste so good. I wanted more. So that Cheyenne man say, he grunt and say, "You win." So that was the story about a medcine contest between a Cheyenne and a Comanche man, a very old man. And I could sit and look at him cause he was wrinkled all over. So we won the medicine contest right there. And