

and that was my story about medicine I seen real medicine then. My mother told me a story about the medicine man had his medicine way up at the head of the South Canadian River, west somewhere. And this medicine is known as the (unin) medicine, Beaver medicine, where they doctor sick people. And this man was doing it, and she was with a little girl. But there was little kind of places where you ain't suppose to go, but there was a little hole that there beaver made out of mud setting on the bank of this little hole. And so they were going around and this little girl said, "Come around this way," and my mother didn't know where she was going. And she fell in the little pool. And some big man sitting over there said, "Hey, get that beaver out of that water." And she was just feeling around there, so they got her out, and she just run out. The girl run after her and she went and changed her clothes, and started off back there and that little girl had to hold onto her and says, "You just don't jump in that water anymore." She say, "I didn't jump in it, I fell in it." And they were fussing and that same man told them, "Tell them beavers to quit talking," So they got a round to where they could sit, and then they started their medicine. And this person was a woman that was sick, laying there she started laughing. And so after it was all over, that same man said, "I think you little beavers got more medicine than I do, you got that woman well." And everybody would sit around in that big room, made out of willow tree's, and this man would do his medicine. And then one man sitting on the north side would dance. And then a mansitting by him would have a drum and sing for him. And he was the only one that was suppose to dance and his man was at the only one who was suppose to talk when he was doing his medicine. And this women was still laying there and she keep laughing, and they said these two little beavers have more medicine than you have. So my mother and I never forget it that I fell in that medicine water. And that was the last medicine lodge they build, since they came to the reservation. And sometime later on they said they wanted to build one, but they wasn't because they didn't want the white people to come and look at them. My people the Comanches when they have their medicine, they don't play with it. They want do what they want and not to be bothered with it. So that was the last big