

About two hundred years ago, ain't no white men here just Indians. I heard this story. Ain't no white men. At that time, ain't no white man, just Indian, no doctors, medicine men, Indian doctor. We got our own medicine, kidney trouble, gall stone--herbs, cure anythin'.

That time we had medicine man to heal the sick. Even a person sleeping a day old make him get up. Look how much power they got. I heard strongest man. He'd know when anybody sick, when they gonna die. See how much power they got.

Them Indians go travelin' round, camping. Horses--no wagons, buggy or anythin'. They went campin' somewhere called Black Hill. (Where are the Black Hills?)

Don't know where. Somewhere--white men, cows, down there. Indian he went down there. Make a trade of what he got. That Indian told white man he's medicine man. Let's make contract. Indian told white man "go ahead and show me what you got." White man took stick with cotton and put in alcohol, put it in his mouth. Blow out that fire. Indians saw the medicine and told him ain't nothing. White man got through; told Indian to go ahead.

That Indian--he use a black handkerchief. All medicine men use black handkerchief. That Indian got handkerchief. Put that handkerchief on his chest and cover his heart. Big butcher knife comes out of his mouth. That Indian told white man--"Watch me." Got hold of it (meaning Indian got knife), cut himself in the stomach. Cut himself wide open. White man said, "Oh, that's too much."

Indian got black handkerchief, put it on cut. Take it off--red paint over it and it done healed. Wait I'll show it to you.