

back! Come and get your things that I won with my horse!" "What!" this old lady said. She didn't believe him. "What?" "I brought a lot of things for you that my horse won!" She finally made it outside. She stood there with big eyes looking at what her grandson brought. He said, "I entered my horse in this big horserace they had," he said, "And this is what I won." The old lady began to untie everything. All kinds of food and bowls and blankets and everything. The horse that was thrown away that they had picked was the thunder horse. And that's the end of the story.

INDIAN DOCTORS TELLING STORIES TO A YOUNG PATIENT

(Where did you hear this story?)

Well, my brother, they were hunting one night and they used to have a bunch of hounds. Boys used to have a bunch of hounds. It's before this was a state. This was all pasture around here and this main street just had a few stores. And way down there the east part of town (Clinton) was pasture. And there used to be a big camp of us Indians there. And I was about nine years old when my brother got crippled. At night they used to take their hounds out and hunt for possums. There was plenty of possums and racoons at that time, and skunks. Well, at night they'd take them out. And one night while they were going along the river he stepped in something. He thought it was a hole. And you know when you jerk your (leg)--your knee, sometimes it hurts, you know, when you jerk --and when he came home that morning he couldn't move his knee. And right away they went after Indian doctors. Two old men. One old man they called Old Crow, he lived in Thomas. A well-known Medicine man. And this other one was Old Man Goodbear. He lived right across from Thomas--at what they call Faye. That place is