

prayed or something, and then he walked back and got back in line. Then the drummer started to sing. First the drum started. Then this man in the middle was praying. I think he was praying--anyway, he was mumbling. And then when this drum started they all three of them started to sing. Before they started to sing, when this drum started, this man opened the bundle and there was a soft plume--an eagle plume--about that long (10 inches long) with black tip. He laid it down there inside that circle where that meal was put. Sat it right down there--just the feather. There was kind of a little breeze that just moved it around. And then when--they always walked backwards. They won't turn around and walk--they just walk backwards. Get in line. Then their drummer started to sing. Started to sing and the drum started a little bit and pretty soon he started doing like this, and they all sang. And that feather got up--that feather. It got up like that and danced. When the drum stopped, that feather fell down. Laid there.

(Was this in front of a big audience?)

Big audience. Now this Comanche Indian stood there. And he didn't have no faith in those people. He started to walk around behind these men. Just--wasn't stepping up, but just sliding his feet--as much as to say, "I'm going to see if there's any strength to this thing." And one Kiowa over there said, "Hey, Albert, you ought not do that. This is their way of performing their sacred doings." And when he was walking around he held his arm like that--this Comanche.

(With his elbow out?)

Yeah. As much as to see if there might be a string there somewhere