

his wife and another woman holding him. They said the old man was coming in, and to make room for him on the south side next to the drummer. His face and neck was all swollen. Sharp didn't know the song he was supposed to sing when the woman came in with the water, or he couldn't think of it. He was shaking his gourd, and thinking. Medicine Bird started that song as best as he could. Sharp caught the song and began to sing. The woman came in. They lit a cigarette for her. When she was through, the drummer got it and smoked it (I think he said) and gave it to Sharp and he smoked it. There's a comb case that follows the water bucket around in the morning. The woman drinks first. Then you can use the things in the comb case to freshen up. You can brush your hair or paint your face, or so forth. The water bucket was in front of the woman. I was the last one to use the comb case. Then she gets up, picks up her pad she was sitting on, and the bucket and goes out. There were two or three more songs and then they quit. Then they untied the drum. There's four sages that go with the cane. The chief (leader of the meeting) gives these sages to whoever he wants to, for a blessing. They keep them. When it was all over I got the cedar bag, and the cane and the drum and the feathers. We all go out. Help the old man up. He said to get his quilt and pillow and blanket and make a pallet for him under a walnut tree outside. His wife brought a pot of water and some cigarettes. He was sick in his throat and mouth. He said, "This is what happened to me twenty-nine years ago down in Apache. A man who wanted the woman I married witched me. He saw me taking water from her. My throat swelled then, just like it is now."

Old Medicine Bird had a pretty clear voice--a beautiful voice. Clear treble tones. He was left-handed and we called him "Left Hand." Not Chief Left Hand. He held the gourd in his left hand. He died about a month after that. I think he learned his road from the Apache named Quilt, or Pad. (Saddleblanket?)