

about five or six of them working on him all afternoon and night. He was bleeding out of his mouth and eyes and ears and everywhere. He was unconscious. Some of them was taking suction in the mouth. Suck out all the blood and then they blow it out. Instead of blood, it turns to paint. Paint! And they cleared his conscious, but he never did get up. He was all crushed. Every bone was crushed. Might have been almost 1800-pound horse that fell on him and it just mashed him up. And he finally died.

NAMES OF LAST KIOWA BUFFALO MEDICINE MEN

And then, well, those medicine men that I saw work were Ténéhaedl and Pa<sup>u</sup>.godl. I think both of these were brothers.

(Say that last one again?)

Pa<sup>u</sup>.godl. And Conklin Hummingbird--Hummingbird. And let's see, who else was it? And tai-peh.

(Say that last one again?)

And seitzedlbeh and Poolaw. Those were the men that were doctoring. Same bunch that doctored my cousin, Wilbert. I think those were the last buffalo medicine men in the tribe. After that there's no more.

(Well, what about old man Haumpy?)

Well, he was a much younger man than the rest of them I guess. But he was--his daughter lives over here a mile from here--Jenny Haumpy.

(Yeah, I know her.)

You know her. Well, she might tell you about that song.

(Well, did Old Man Haumpy, did he have this buffalo medicine too?)

Yeah, and Jenny might give you that song. That's her father's song.