

pretty soon, this man on his left side started to drum--that long drum. And this man that had the drum started to sing and this man that sat at the center spread this fumigation or blessing, and he started to sing with them. Then this man that's on the right came behind this second man and got between them. And this man moved away from there. And he opened his bundle--a bundle about so long. Brown hide, the way they tan hides up there. Took out an eagle plume about that long--black-tipped. Walked three or four steps, and he set that feather down--just--just the feather. And he started to sing (claps his hands in rhythm). And all three of them started to sing just like they were going to start dancing. And that feather got up. Stood up. When the drum stopped, that feather fell down again. And then this Comanche from the south, here, he walked around there behind these guys just like he was trying to take it that there was a string. And he carried his arm like this--there might be a cord there. And one Kiowa over there, he said, "Albert, don't do that. You don't believe these fellows. You ought to believe them!" He didn't see nothing. He went around there. Got back and he walked backwards. And they started singing again and that feather was laying there just blowing here and there. When the drum starts, then that feather got up. When the drum stops, the feather falls down. When that man got home--he was a Comanche, Albert Attocknie--he walked around there just like he did when he walked around there. And he couldn't lift his feet. He walked that way the rest of his life, like that. And he carried his arm like that. Now how that happened we don't know. Those things are a mystery. Now when they danced with these snakes here two years ago at Anadarko--you remember how they dance with them rattlesnakes?

(Yes. They let those things out and everybody starts to run.)

Some carry them in their mouths and some carry them in their hands. Keep