

gone." I said, "Who is it?" he said. "Sure enough, you all right? I know you're all right! He must be pretty good," he said. "What did he charge you?" "I forgot--he left early and he was talking to my grandson and I don't know what he done." I done told him not to tell nobody what we done. He tried to get it out of me, but he wouldn't tell him. It worked. It worked. Everybody commenced to seeing, me and I was all right. "How'd you do it? What happened? Who fixed you?" "I don't know. Somebody just happened--and it just went away like that--"

(What was your grandfather's name?)

ku'yo. te

(Say that again?)

ku'yo. the He's a mexican captive, too. Growed up from a little boy--

(What was the name of that Comanche woman they wanted you to go to?)

Oh, I forgot her name but she's been dead a long time and her daughter's still living. Her name is Mary--(pauses to think) Well, her name is-- she change her name again, now--Mary--Redbird, now. Today it's Redbird. They're from Cache. She married to Charlie Redbird now. Her first man name was Cable--Mary Cable. That's her grandmother, was this Comanche one (doctor referred to above)--her grandmother.

(How old is this Mary Redbird?)

Well, she's about fifty now, I guess, or better. She maybe older--50--

(~~Yes~~ Does she doctor?)

I don't know--her mother might--the old lady did.

(This Charlie Redbird, what tribe is he?)

Kiowa. Mary's a Comanche, and this old lady was a Comanche.