

to give all the secrets out, something like that. But I don't use it. I don't practice it. Many of 'em came to me for treatment, but I don't know--I don't use it. I don't believe in it anymore. I was just telling you how it works. Well, now let's get closer to home--you put that away--

(There's one other thing, though, I wanted to ask you--you said you carried those ashes out in the yard when you got through--)

Yeah--I throw 'em way out where nobody walk.

(Why do you do that?)

Well, just get it out of the way. Go back to the owner's spirit. Give him his own medicine back.

STORY ABOUT GUY'S GRANDFATHER, LOST IN A SNOW STORM AND FOUND BY

HELP OF SPIRIT MEDIUM:

{Could you tell me how you used those beads?}

(laughing) --I can't tell you. I throwed 'em away. I don't have 'em.

Now--we got away from our story again. (At this point I was pressing Guy to reveal more about the ritual acts involved in his doctoring of himself, but he finally refused to go into this anymore at this time. I felt that he was determined not to talk more on the doctoring, so I let the subject go back the direction he wanted to take.) Let's see--what was it. I want to tell you about one experience, way back there before Indians were located on the reservation. When they was at war with one another. They used to be out on the plains and chase buffalos. And before we had contact with white people. I don't know what part of the country it was in, but it was somewhere way away, where they chase buffaloes. People had never killed buffalo for a long time. It might be in Dakota or Wyoming, or Montana--I don't know where it was--but anyway it was a