

well, this man, the one that sticks that hand in her mouth.

And that woman, she commenced to scream. ~~That~~ was the story.

(Kiowa term) Yeah. And that woman said wahhh! And she commenced to holler. They had a war over there, you know, and a lot of them had a hand cut off like that--m^wntaepki.

(Oh, what were you saying about how they kill people?)

(Granddaughter: That time, see, they had a war. And some of those Indians would get an axe and cut them off. They usually cut their scalps.)

Maybe that Mauntaepki might get you. When you're asleep, he might come and go--(He makes a moaning, growling noise.)-- then what you going to do!!

(Granddaughter: That's what he use to tell me, see, when I was bad, long time ago. This Mauntaepki will come and he'll have his hand, and say "oophhh" and that's the story that would make me behave!)

KIOWA HORSE TASSEL SOCIETY

(Well, maybe I'll tell it to my kids. You know, one thing we were wondering about companies, Clans. Yeah. Like he was talking about the Blackfoot and Gourd Dancers and so forth, and we were wondering if he could tell us any more about those companies. What they were like. Were you ever a member of any of those companies back in the old days? Like the Blackfoot, or Gourd Dancers, or Horse Tassels?)

(Granddaughter: Well, that's what he was (Horse Tassels)-- He was--first he belonged to the Rabbit Clan. And the Rabbit Clan is these little, bitty ones, the little boys.)

Yeah, the Horse Tassels. They're young men. Those days the horse got some kind of pretty paint. Paint (or pink) flowers on their head. When they're riding, they carry them around