

Sankey, came, and I done that. And oh, when I was looking at that blood - it just made me feel funny. Kind of shakey and all that. Few days after that I heard my boy got killed down at El Reno. And I just thought, "Well, that was the sign--I was scared of that blood." I told them. So I throw them things away.

(That was Hannibal?)

Yeah, it was Hannibal.

(Well, when you used to do that for people did they pay you?)

Yeah. Money. They used to pay money.

(Did it make any difference what they gave you?)

It didn't make any difference. They give you ten dollars or they give you five.

(Which aunt was that?)

This Coal Fire's wife.

BLOOD LETTING TOOLS

(This thing that you used, it was sort of like a little arrow, wasn't it?)

No. You know--well, you had a little stick like that so you could hold it. But over here, you crack it and put that glass in there. And then tie it with--kind of wrap it with sinew. Wet that sinew and then wrap it. And it hold that glass. And this stick, you hit it with was that long. And you just hold it at the edge, just that way, you know--not hit it hard. Just let it drop on there.

(So you had a little thing that sort of looked like that and then you hit it with a bigger stick?)

Yeah. And then you cut this and put this up that way--the sharp thing come down this way. Just like a little hammer--a little hatchet, or whatever you would call it. (Glass sliver hafted to small split willow stick at right angles.)