

somebody went out--probably went out there and captured the owl and brought it in, and the owl's eyes were just a-shaking and a-looking every way. And that man shut his eyes, and he said it was a sacred owl. He was going to tell us who was going to victorious and all that. That we must sacrifice something to the owl. And these boys commenced to give presents to the owl gods for his benefits--just like a priest, you know. You have to give them certain things. And you get blessing for giving your offering. Hawbawt said he didn't give it nothing, and he took his arrows and put them down, and the man said, "No." He wouldn't accept the arrows. Well, he didn't have anything else. He was on a war party, and we already put all our extra things where we left our ponies and custodians--take care of the load till we come back. "I went down to the creek and cut a young sapling about two or three inches green--about a foot long, and brought it under my blanket. And they were still lined up and each one put their hand on the priest that held the owl. He had the owl in his hand. And he'd lay it down there for the owl." His turn come up and he said, "Owl, you recognize something wrong." He just kept looking at him. "Yeah, Mr. Owl. I didn't have nothing to bring you but this!" (whacks owl on the head with his stick). Old owl drop his head. "Oh, what you do that for? You going to die! It's a sacred owl!" "Well, it's all I could give you!" And the rest of them, when he tells the story, laugh about it. And another one tell another story, and another, and another--all night. Sometime maybe the enemy cornered them and liked to kill them. And how these fellows that's wounded and . . . killing the enemy and saved our lives. One time one man got knocked off his pony. And the enemy was charging, and he was sure he was going to die. He was just wounded. Another fellow run on his pony and picked him up and carried him off and saved his life. Things like that. And they