

eight. Then we took four more--twelve--and I think we took two again-- Anyhow we ate eighteen. The last ones we took I know were four that made eighteen--for him and for me. But when I ate this--I think sixteen--that's when I vomited. That's when I thought I was having a hemorrhage, when that stuff come out of my mouth. That's when I punch this boy back there and said, "Ben, I'm vomiting blood." Then he told his mother, "Mother, Jess is vomiting blood." "No, don't think that way, boy." So I didn't worry about it. Of course I never was sick and I thought maybe something else--but in the morning when I looked back, there was--about that big around where I had vomited. It was that red chile. But around the outside was that fat. It had turned yellow. Then I knew it was that chile! (Laughs)

(When was it that you noticed the snake?)

Right there at that meeting--that same night. After I vomited and got straightened out again, I sat there and that's when that boss, he sang, and then he pass it on. And he put his feather down--a fan--it had a nice kind of tapered handle, and at the end of it was them fringes. And the next day I examined that fan. It had two buckskin straps about that long. They were forked at each end. And edges had red cut beads. It looked like the tongues--the double-tongue was wet--like those shiny cut beads. Indicated like it was a wet tongue--a snake tongue, you know, the way it laid there, shining. All those things.

(And you said it had some peacock feathers in it?)

Them peacock feathers--you know what they're like when you're holding them? Above this beadwork (the beaded handle of the fan) there was two peacock feathers. They looked--represented his.