

Oh, I didn't see the tail of it--I just saw where he was holding it. I just saw the head part and the--I guess it was about this far away from the head where he was holding it. It was kind of like this--humped up. Something like that (draws a sketch). This was the head right here, and this was the back, right

here. And it kind of come maybe small like this. And he was holding it about there.

And then this head was resting on that pan.

That's why it made such a loud noise.

(Were they drumming, too, at the same time?)

Yes. And singing.

(How many people were singing?)

I'm not real sure whether they were drumming. Maybe they were shaking these gourds. Because they're the ones--no. I don't think they have gourds (pause); these Hoof Rattlers. Maybe it was the drum. I don't remember. I was just a little girl. But I saw that old man well.

No--I take it back--when I was eight years old; it wasn't Old Man Allrunner. It was this old man that lost his wife that did that.

The second time when I saw it, it was this Old Man Allrunner. That was after I was married. See, I saw it twice.

(So the first one you saw was this Old Man Buffalo Left Hand?)

Yes, that was the first one I saw. That snake fell from that tin.

(Was there anything else you were going to tell me about your son when he joined that group?)

No. That was all there was to it that night.

(Does he still meet with them?)

Well; they don't never meet any more. No.

(How long ago was that?)

