

This Owl Prophet, he speak to the owl and listen and tell us different stories. But he didn't have no owl to show us that he had one--but the original Owl Prophet, he carry a live one--in other words, it's not live--it's just a skin owl--a shell and he slips it over his hands and he acts like a ventriloquist and talks and pretend the owl doing the talking. Move his fingers and make him turn his head around, this and that. He wouldn't he couldn't go on the party, so one of his lieutenants--right-hand man that he was training for the job--went along with us. Way down in Mexico we was going through the timber. We was eating supper. Somebody caught an owl. And brought it into camp. And Owl Prophet said, 'Bring it here. Let me talk to it, bring it here.' And they gave it to him, and the old owl, they said, his eyes were big and he just eyeing everyone and just looking ever way. Couldn't keep his head still--just watching ever way. And he talk to him and hailed him and said, 'Now this fellow said that first of all we got to sacrifice something to him before he going to tell us about our luck.' So they began to give gifts and presents. And that old man put a blanket over his head and held it, and held some feathers over there, and hold that owl in his hand, like that. And each one that give--'Put your hand on top of this owl, and say your prayer that what you want. And he's got the power to give you this--whatever you wish in your heart, your mind, this owl gonna let you have that gift--whatever you want. 'But you must make a present or gift.' Hawbawt said he didn't know what to give so he took a couple of arrows--that's all he had--and this priest said, 'You can't give that--you got to give something else, better.' So Hawbawt went back over to his friend, Setmaunte, and said, 'I ain't got nothing to give but arrows, and he turn me down. I ain't got nothing else to give. What can I give?' 'Oh,' he said, 'You can't give that. Give something you like. Something worth something. You have to give him something. Make some kind of vow.' He couldn't give anything, so while they was going through motions, he stepped off. He was in the creek, in the timber and he walked off a little ways and he got his knife and he cut a sapling about 3 or 4 inches round, like a Billy club. Peeled it up. Heavy club--just a club. Put it under his blanket and