

"Turn me loose, I'm your friend." And he says, "That bow, I've been looking at it. Is that what killed them buffalo?" He said, "Yes, I killed them with this bow." And he looked at his. "Now watch," he said. Little fellow took his little bow and little arrow for his bow and pulled, and pulled. There was nothing in sight but he pulled that arrow anyway. So, the whole arrow went, and it was light enough so you can see. So, this other side just like it is here on the other side of the hill. He says, "Come with me, I'm gonna show you something." So he took him to the other side of the hill, and there was an antelope there. And that little man's arrow was in that antelope. (Laughter) You know how Indians are, that's how he got his power. After that, you know, why, he go hunting, you know, don't have to sneak around, hide around, you know. When he get to buffalo, why I guess, some power that he gave them. He was, just like fog. He's not invisible, but, you know, fog forms about him and the game can't see him, right upon him. That's the way he killed his games after that. See, that's another interesting thing,

CLANS

(In our tribe, we call it (static) and how much did, you may know now, somebody told you. You know, do you have the clans, like, well, we have in the Osages. What all clans do you have? Do you remember anything pertaining to the clans?)

Well, just like our people, and just like any other people, just like my father used to say, "That's one time in world history, he says, just remember one time all Indians in United States were one people, one tribe, spoke the one language." "But somehow," he said, "maybe it wasn't God's Will that we stay together so we scattered out, and that's how some of our languages we're speaking almost same language. And some even speak same languages."