

my father used to call "silly clan." They were the War Dancing Clan.

(Did the Bowstring Dancers ever carry any kind of rattle or anything in their hand?)

No. They carried their men's blanket cause it was so hot for them to wear. They just fold them up--these men's red and black blankets. Of course they were long, and when they dance with them, they almost touched the ground when they danced. They had them like this.

(They hold it over their arms or on their chest? Well, did they ever carry a fan or something like that?)

Yes, they carried fans. My father was carrying a fan on horseback.

(What was his fan like, do you remember?)

It was an eagle fan and it was beaded here at the handle, his fan. Oh, I didn't know what I was going when my father passed away. They went and put that fan with him. And here my father told me, "We Indians are foolish," he said. "We bury something nice with each other," he said. "Everything just goes to the ground and rots," he said. "I don't believe in that." He said always to keep the pretty things back. "Because people are still living," he said, "You're still living and you'll make use of them." And see, he already told me that and when they put him in, I didn't know anything, and they went and put that extra pair of his moccasins in there--pretty ones. But he used to work with these undertakers when they went to places you know, taking-- About the only funeral home they used, mostly, was this Colonel Snider's. They didn't have the other funeral home. And my father, being a missionary helper, he used to go carry on these funerals. And when he passed away these men liked him so well. He was with them so much. And one of these said, "Birdie, I want to keep my friend's moccasins, if it's all right with you." So they got those back out of his coffin and they still got them today. And I always want to go back and get them and copy the old-time work-- what today they called "chief moccasins." They call them "chief moccasins."