

Bowstrings. "All right, boys. You come to join us?" Both sides --these men at the door--would be trying to draw them to their side. They said, "Come on in. Come in. Come on and take your place! Here we are right here! Look us over," they tell these little boys, "Which are the best-looking men that you want to join!" They tease them, you know. "See, we're all nice looking over here and look at that other side--they're nothing but old men!" They just fuss like that before these little boys. These little boys would just laugh. They'd kind of look back and forth. But they already know which side they're going to join. See, their parents tells them that--"You join the Hoof Rattlers." Or, "You join the Bowstrings." The little boys just stand there. Finally one of them will speak up. "I'm going to join the Bowstring Clan." "Oh, you're welcome! Come on in here, you're little brothers." They set them over there. And, like when my son--my oldest boy that lives in Albuquerque--when he first went he was with my cousin. He's gone now. He passed away. And my other cousin that works at the hospital--Willie Fletcher--and this one that just died--his name was Stander. His Indian name was Stander, but we named him Stanley. There was four of them that came to the door when they were going to eat. They were invited. And four little boys were standing over there. So they asked my son, "Which are you going to join? Are you going to join those hard-of-hearing old men on the other side? Or are you going to join these nice young men over here?" My oldest boy said, "I want to be a Hoof Rattler." They said, "Oh, go on--join those hard-of-hearing old men!" So he went over there on the other side. And the next one that was standing there, my cousin, Willie Fletcher, they said to him, "Now which one