

have almost stopped having members today? I was wondering why--?). Well, my father said there were too many people that didn't have no good upbringing. He said, "There's too many of them in this world left." He said, "That's why it's that way. All the good people are gone. There's nobody to tell them what's what any more," he said. "That's the way this world is turning to--mostly no good ones are left."

(Do you remember about when the Bowstrings last held their dances and their ceremonies?)

Let's see--when my son was about three years old--(Pause to think)--about 1926. Yes, that's my oldest son. That was the last good--no. It was after that when my husband was elected sub-chief. But everything was still going good at that time--that year when my son was three years old. All them old people were living, and this Arrow Keeper was an old man. And he would dress himself up like some kind of a priest would. He'd put red paint on his head. He was gray-headed, and he'd put red paint on, and he'd put red paint on his face, to show that he wasn't in mourning--that he was happy, that he was rejoicing, looking at his people. See, he's supposed to be the Keeper of the people. That's what his name is, the title he's carrying--Keeper of the People. Because when they tie these arrows together, see, those arrows--or sticks--whatever they call them--they represent the people and he keeps them. So he's the Keeper of the People. And when his people are looking around--how well and happy they are, and having good horses--and that was the time they were beginning to have cars. Well, he's supposed to show it (his happiness) in his actions and in his dress and in his ways. He's rejoicing.