

same style of arrows." So I went into the tent and let him use them. His name was Yellowfish. So I let him use it. And people would come up and--one fellow came over and offered me twenty-five dollars for my four bois d'arc arrows and one dogwood arrow, all feathered. One white man from Illinois, "Jess," he says, "We were noticing those arrows of those Comanches and they said they were yours." I told them, "Yeah, they're mine. I loaned them to those Comanches." "Would you sell me some? Would you take twenty-five dollars?" I said, "No. That bow itself is a life time possession of mine. It's a keepsake. My father made that when I was eight or nine years old." "Well, what do you want?" I said, "I don't want nothing. I won't sell them to you." "It's sure beautiful work," he said. "That sinew's--I don't know how you people make your sinews." So I wouldn't sell it. So you know what I did--I lost them on the way home! Lost that bow!

(Oh, what a shame!)

Oh, I hated it!

(Well, that bow was made out of bois d'arc?)

Bois d'arc. Nice, square. It was that cupid--cupid-shape like the mouth of Cupid. It was that shape. My father fix it like that.

(Cupid-shaped bow--)

Yeah, my father got that bois d'arc from a tree growing at Darlington.

(That's one of those trees used in fencing?)

Yeah, from a fence row. This was--it's a highway. On the Arapaho School side was this whole string of these bois d'arcs planted. Of course they have saplings--shoots. Some of them grow pretty straight. I know some that big around. My father had to cut one that big around. It had to be straight grained. It was 1893.

(Who planted those?)

Well, the government officials at the agency--Indian Agency back in them days--I don't know who they were. Either government Agents or school people. The Arapaho school set there, and the Agency set there further south. Combined