

once a Doorkeeper. He'd get up and work the ground--kind of a circle-like. And then he would--just like "erasing" the drum. See, the drum has been used by so many different clans and for different dances. Well, maybe that meant that when you erase it with dirt, all what was on there--the way it was used--he erased it four times. With his hand he'd rub this dirt and then erase the drum. And then he'd give it to the singers. And then they start singing. He starts out with this songs that they use when they go to war, or when one member dies, and it used to make all them Indian women cry when they started singing, that maybe their sons or their husbands used to be in that clan. Oh, that sure brought sadness, these songs. And then at the end, after they go all night, at the end over there, then they sing a few songs again. And there's one song that says, "I'm with you. I'm with you come what may." I think the words are something like that. "I'm with you." He meant his bravery.

(Interruption)

We didn't have these recorders. If we had recorded them some at that time, I could have recorded many of my father's songs. He used to name the number of songs that this Bowstring had. He said that they only have that many songs, he'd say. Maybe half of them were forgotten already. But the songs that they were using when he was living yet, see that was going strong when he was living. And he'd start at the beginning. He used to invite these--it didn't have to be a member in that clan--just so somebody would remember those songs. A few of them were interested. These young educated men weren't interested in learning Indians songs. Just like I said, like this man prophecied, "You're going to forget your own songs." They didn't care to learn their own songs. And my father sang with