

They--my dad was telling me, "Sometime when they have this shooting target. Then, they put them arrows so close to that sand." Said, "Sometime there'll be a bunch about that big." Just stuffed up in that little stick, you know, bunch like that. Sometime, maybe, somebody come, you know, and put another one in there. They hit the arrow like that. There was so many.

(Mmm-hmm.)

Somebody--well, whoever hit that target, you know, sometimes, they hit that arrow in there. They hit it. Sometimes, they hit it in the center, you know. Sometimes, they just split that arrow, split that other arrow. I don't know what it--what it counts, but, you know, they call it something. That's about all they used to have, you know.

(Yeah.)

That's all. Maybe, sometime, maybe, they have a match, you know. Somebody wants to match them, you know.

(Yeah.)

Yeah, you--you can't hardly make some good fine arrows. I had bunch of them, but, you know, I told you somebody took them away, you know. I had a old bow too my father made, you know. Somebody took that.

(Yeah.)

And he made me some arrows. He said, "You sometimes, maybe, you might"--he had designs on his arrows right on the--oh, about that far from the--from the point, sharp point.

(Yeah.)

Sometime, he make them three corners that stands like that. He had designs, you know. He had one design, something like that, you know, saw it two ways, you know, two sides on top. Then, he make another one. You know,