

anything. And his brother would come home with an arm full of arrows that he'd win--bows and arrows. You know, they'd bet this and bet, these little boys, maybe a knife or something. And he said, "I'd already be looking because I'd wonder which one he was going to give me. I wonder what my brother's going to give me." We'd go inside. His brother would say, "Wait, wait. Let me sort them. I'll give you your share, and I'll keep mine." He said, "I knew I wasn't going to get the best. He was going to keep the best and what he didn't like was going to be mine!" So he said when we'd get over there he'd sort them and all the good ones he'd keep and all the scrubby ones, these were mine. But he said he was glad to get them. Very proud to own them--a whole bunch of arrows he said. And they used to have a quivir. You know, each man used to carry a quivir. And he said the little boys had quivirs too. And they would keep their arrows in there. And he said his little quivir was hanging in one place, and his brother's was hanging in another place. And he said he didn't dare to bother his brother's arrows. He said he was satisfied with his. And he said they didn't care to hide those. They didn't think anybody would really bother anything of what they had. But I guess like they were saying, "Something is brewing." Well, the crier was heard somewhere hollering way out there--

(End of Tape. This interview is continued on T-162.)