

they told me "This was the place." I remember that place. I said (to her sister) one time, "Emily, they had a Buffalo Dance here. I joined," I said. "Yes, I know you joined because you cried."

(What do you mean; you joined?)

They don't take me because I cried for my mother. My mother was one of them--my mother and my grandma and my grandpa. Just me and my dad, I guess wasn't in it. But I cried for my mother. But she couldn't take me. So my grandmother said, "Take her anyway and we'll pay for her, so she could join when she is little." So my grandpa he had some of them little buffalo--you know those things, on their hoofs? Them little-- (You mean right up above their hooves on the back of their legs?)

Yeah. Them--That's what they use.

(Dew Claws?)

That what they call them. That's what they use. Dew Claws I guess. They use them. They string them up. They make such a pretty noise ta-ta-ta-ta (imitates sound of hoof rattle.) They used them when they're dancing. And don't you know that they used to doctor em with that. I mean not with these things, but they doctor themselves.

(With those rattles?)

No, them rattles go with the dance--They used em just like a drum or something like them whatchacallit--what you call it? They use--

(Oh, like those tambourines?)

Yeah. Anything to help the music. That's what they were for--bells.

What, whatever it was. I remember the older I got, they used to have it at Red Rock and they used to have it when all of them ch! ch! ch! ch! Boy, they kept time with the music--I mean the singing! And it was beautiful! (Oh, I bet it was.)

Well, it was, if I have to say it! And that's what they did and I cried.