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was just too abrupt a change for a people who had led a communal life where nobody had private property and everything was free. There was no currency and no business transactions of any kind. The only mode of exchange was the horse. For these Indians a monetary system was completely foreign.

I made Big Ben's last will. Guess I made about three, altogether. He made lots of changes. He said all his real relatives were down in Mexico and he didn't remember who they were, anyway. He would change his mind often about which people he thought were entitled to share in his bounty.

Yes, there were a lot of amusing things about Big Ben. His life is a clear example of a barbaric civilization trying to cope with a modern one. Old Ben had a fellow he hired as a chauffeur. He was one of Ben's hangers on. When Ben was in the chips he drove Lincolns and Cadillacs. He would ride in the back seat and sitting in the middle, he'd take up most of the room. He was a big man, a tall man. Tall and wide. Ben didn't like to sit in restaurants, so he would have his food brought out to him in the car. You can imagine what the upholstery in the back seats of those cars looked like.

One time Ben decided he wanted his portrait painted, so he engaged a commercial artist to do his portrait in oils. He posed for it but assured the artist that he wanted it to look like he did when he was young. Now Ben was eighty or ninety years old at the time and that's a pretty hard task for an artist to do. \$500 was the price they agreed on and I think the artist was from Oklahoma City. Well, the artist painted his portrait and sent it out to Ben. He hung it up in his house but it wasn't more than three or four weeks before Ben got to thinking that he didn't like that portrait. Finally he took it down and hung it in another house and said he wasn't going