

"Hey, your Daddy's got all these buffaloes," She said, "Yeah. My daddy's got one of these--" what you call a "big bull," I guess, you call it. She said, "That's the one we really keep for hard times. See him right there?" she said. I guess that little girl throw the canvas back or something, and sure enough that big buffalo was laying there. So he ran out and he told them people, "Hey, that man over there, he's pretty well prepared. He's just trying to starve you all. He's got nothing but buffaloes," he said. And they told him, "Hey, that was Sainday! He was supposed to be a dog, and now he's a human!" they said.

(End of Side A)

Side B

My grandmother and grandfather. But they never did tell us any Sainday stories you know, like that. But Alfred's father sure had some good Sainday stories, but I don't think Alfred knows any of them because he used to talk to my brother when he was little, when we first got married. He really had some nice stories, like stories for the stars, you know--the dipper and all that.

(Are these Apache stories?)

Well, they're all Sainday stories. The Apaches and the Kiowas--I don't know about the Comanches whether it is the same thing too--but they are just all about alike you know. He's got some bad stories, too, Sainday.

(I collect a lot of bad stories!)

Well, I know I never use to pay any attention to this Edward--you know this Clarence Stanr. His wife, that was Edward's mother. Her name was Mary Dee. She was crippled. When she use to stay here with my kids, she is the one tells them kids Sainday stories. And I don't pay any attention to her. Because they would shut this door and these kids they would be