

Evelyn: Curio shop.

Alfred: He was a cowboy.

Evelyn: It's Cletus' (Cletus Poolaw uncle).

(Is that the one Rachel met in New England?)

Evelyn: Um-hum.

Alfred: You take about, maybe, two years before this Blackfeet (Dance organization) ever organized--reorganized--I was talking to Tennyson Berry. He had kinda--he was kinda interested. Somehow me and him got together--of all places, down in the hospital. So, right there in the hall, well, we kinda talk about this. He asked me what I thought of it. I said, "Well, that's up to the people, but we don't know the songs." Well, he referred to my mother. He says, "I think your mother knows it." Course, she's been around 'em. Places like those, I believe the reason why she knows 'em. Well, Capitan--he sings all the time. Sings--just like I told you--he sings. I don't know--maybe that's his profession. He's just a born singer like, nowadays, you're born to be something. Well, in the old days it was the same way. And of course Apache Ben, he knows some--he sings all the time. I travel with him all over and he sings. You might not believe it, but I didn't catch one!

Evelyn: I did though. I know all them songs.

Alfred: When he sings, I can sing with him, but quick as he sings new peyote songs--well, I know it. That's what I was interested in.

So about two years after, me and--I call him Brother Tennyson--he said, "I been over at Fort Sill. I eat good dinner with 'em." So somehow he said, "I got subject (?)" He said, "You know we heard all tribes but we never hear Apaches. We'd like to hear Apaches. Brothers, there