

along the way Apache Ben got the idea of going on into Canada to visit the Sarsi Indians. Dr. Gilbert McAllister, who worked with the Kiowa-Apache, in the 1930's, had told Ben that there was a tribe in Canada called the Sarsi whose language was very similar to that spoken by the Kiowa-Apache. Whether this trip was the first made in recent times by a Kiowa-Apache to the Sarsi is not know, but Apache Ben and Alfred, at any rate, apparently came away feeling that the Sarsi and the Kiowa-Apache were two branches of the same tribe that divided many years ago as a result of a quarrel between two chiefs over the division of meat from a hunt.--J. Jordan

APACHE BEN'S CAR AND TRIP TO CROW AGENCY

It was somewhere in there, give or take a little either way from 1950. We were living in Anadarko at that time. It was right during the Fair--the Indian Fair (American Indian Exposition). And on Sunday morning the day after the Indian Fair he (Apache Ben) came up to the house and wanted to know if I wanted to take a little trip. "Well," I said, "All right." I didn't ask which way. "Well," he said, "North." He said, "We're going to take an extra passenger, if you don't mind, he said. ~~This fellow~~ we're gonna take is just moving from the camp--this Indian Fair. He was camping there." He said, "Let's give him a little time to get home." This (home) was in Clinton. His name was John Fletcher. He's a Cheyenne. So, well, he went back over here to west of Apache. (Apache Ben lived southwest of Boone) I stayed right here on East Main (in Anadarko). That's where I lived, on the corner here. I waited a little while, and he came right back. Of course, he drives himself, that time. So it's about, I guess, ten in the morning. He was getting around early, you know. So we started towards Clinton. (What kind of a car did he have?)

He had a Packard. He had a new Packard. A fifty model. I think you call it "limousine." It was one of them long-bodied Packards. Boy, it had everything in there. It had a microphone in there, for when you roll the glass up in the middle. Yeah, that was a kind of expensive car. When they tell stories, well, I roll the middle glass up. I had my music, and they be telling stories back there (in the back seat). So we got up to Clinton, where John Fletcher lives. It was noon then. We stopped in the yard there--John Fletcher's yard. Finally--he