

my sister-in-law. Just her and I stayed with them kids. They were all gone. He came there about one o'clock. In the meantime about eleven thirty--it was before dinner--a big old Cadillac drove in. Just come in our gate and lot and drove in right south of the house--just by the side of the house. My sister-in-law said, "Who is that guy?" I said, "I don't know. It's a big car." I thought they were Osages. Pretty soon I heard the door slam shut. He come to the front door. I went to the door. It was Apache Ben's wife. I recognized her. She had a big bundle--packages like meat, bread. I opened the door for her. I told her welcome. She said, "I brought something for us to eat." I said, "All right." I said, "Lucy--" (my sister-in-law) "Come to the door and take these things." I said "Thank you." I said to Lucy, "Go ahead and cook for them." And Apache Ben come in. Nice looking, tall man. He talked good Arapaho, Apache Ben, just the same as I do. Ben said, "I came to visit you." So the women--his wife--they cooked. Nice steak, or pork chops, or whatever it was. So we sat down and ate dinner. Meantime this taxi came up. I told him I'd be back soon--I was going to town. He said, "No, if you want to go down, we'll take you."

(End of Side A)

SIDE B

(Some irrelevant conversation)

So we were sitting around and finally Apache Ben said, "My friend, I hear you got good otter skins, those hair ties, already fixed." I told him, "Yeah. I got them in the trunk here." My daughter's gone. She works at the hospital. And she always packs this trunk, down in the bottom was this box. I showed him my Indian things. I pulled them otters out. They was already fixed for the hair, you know, beaded and everything. I said, "Here they are." So he called his wife. She come and looked at them. She spoke English. She said, "They're sure pretty." And Apache Ben says, "Good ones."