

kept his hide.

(What did he use it for?)

For moccasin soles and things like that. And then of course they quit making these rawhide ropes after this hard-twist came out, but up to that time they used to tan the hide and they had knives fixed so that they could cut them up into strips about a fourth of an inch wide--(unintelligible phrase) and they'd redouble it and see how many strands it would take--maybe take a hide and a half sometimes they always--make it twelve strands. They'd sit for hours.

(So many interesting things come up, like these hide ropes--I'd love to find out more about that.)

And they made quirts, too, you know. Women made quirts. They learn it from Mexicans. We had a Mexican with us. He must have been a pretty smart man. He was from Fort Worth. He stayed with us about five years. I learned to talk Mexican from him. I was ten or twelve years old. He'd order my boots from Fort Worth--measure my foot. I wore some good boots, them days.

(Some irrelevant conversation)

ANECDOTE OR A MISUNDERSTANDING BETWEEN A BROTHER AND SISTER

This Mexican just loved my folks. He spoke fluent Arapaho. When he left-- I wasn't home when he left, but I came back home and my folks tole us, "Silas left." I broke down. His name was Silas Martinez.

(How did he ever happen to come up here?)

He was with--I think what prompted him to come to our country, some people came buying horses. They went out to Colorado and they couldn't get satisfaction, so they come to our country. Well, where he came from, I don't know. But when they left--my aunt talked fluent Mexican--and talked fluent