

# GIFT EXCHANGE AMONG RELATIVES:

(Well these guys that were bringing you something like eagle feathers, or something like that--were they your relatives?)

Yeah, relatives. Yeah. I one time they had a winter Sun Dance over here north of --I was working at the store and I was coming on up on the train here and then I was going out from here and camp. That morning those Indian police at Darlington-- they always came into the store and traded--I told one man, "I'mn going to Geary tomorrow, at ten o'clock." So I guess he went over to his house--they had police quarters in the police headquarters. They had eagle feather fans--pretty ones-- white and black tips--twelve of 'em. Complete. I guess he told his wife, "I got to have this to take it to this--" he called me grandson. His wife was my grand-aunt--my mother's aunt. "Gonna take 'em over to Jesse--he's going to camp." His wife sad, "Well, that's all right. You ain't gonna never use 'em anyhow. He's young He can use 'em." So he came to the store here, ad they were wrapped in paper. "Hey grandson. I brought you this. They're eagle feathers. I brought 'em from Wyoming." I said, "Oh, good. They're pretty feathers." I just reached in my purse and give him ten dollars. "No, I didn't come to sell 'em to you. I just give 'em to you." I said, "If you want meat I'll give you meat, and put it on the bill." "Well," He said, "Fix me up a dollar and a half's worth of ribs." So I fixed 'em up--weighed 'em up and give him a dollar and a half's worth--meat used to be cheap. Used to be about ten cents a pound, you know. So I bought those feathers to the Sun Dance, and some Cheyenne boys saw them. They wanted to buy them. I said, "No they were given to me." All things like that. And when I wore my hair long, my cousins and aunts used to buy me yarn, you know, for my hair. Otter skins. I told you I sold one set to Apache Ben. And beadwork, for me.

(Was there any reason why they were giving you all this, or were they giving it to their other young men relatives too?)

Not, that I know of. I seem to have been a pet, cause I was the youngest son of my dad (?) my mother had eight sisters, and four brothers--big family of 'em. And my cousins would always. . .cause I had long hair. Other boys had haircuts. You