

Anyway, we went out for ourselves, right now. We didn't wait to live with them. But she used to send for us to come back over there and help them around, but my man used to be working for farmers, you know. So we finally stayed with his folks, and he done farming over there. He used to raise corn--kaffir corn and stuff like that. So we got along. She finally left me alone. And of course we had a hard time, you know, taking care of our kids. We used to both go out. During that World War I, you know, hands were scarce, so we both went out. My mother-in-law used to take care of our baby. And we'd go out and shock wheat and we used to get six dollars a day. And both of us, we used to make twelve dollars a day. I even pitch wheat.

(How do you do that?)

Well, you know the wagon used to come and you take a pitchfork and throw them bundles on there--the threshing machine. We were with threshing machines. We used to work fast. Then after they get through with the threshing, when the crew quit, we done the plowing for the farmers out there. I used to ride one plow and he used to ride one. We used to make money that way. That's how we got started. So these businessmen--agencies over here--they knew he work all the time, hard. So they went and asked him to come over here--move over here (on tribal land at Cantonment). And he used to farm all this place over here, my old man.

(How many acres was that?)

A hundred and sixty acres. He used to farm it. And we had cows.

PRESENT HOME

(This is tribal land?)

Yeah, tribal land. And you know after he died--I forgot what that Agent's name was--but there was Ralph Goodman and Ralph Little Raven. And that man told me, he said, "You work hard. I see you in the fields. You can live here on this place as long as you live," he told me. That's how come I'm here.