

he grabbed one of them bones. (dice) His mother threw him out. Not long after that--I think it was just two night after that-- was right over there right south of Warren G.'s house, across the road. We were all camping there. Just think, he had it on her lap and she put it on her lap that night--they were going to have this same game, and I guess all that time that kid was dead. And she had it on her lap. And here we were just laughing and having a good time. And some old woman--I guess it was Myrtle Striking--she said, "Hey," she said, "Your baby sure looks pale!" She try to pick him up and he was stiff. We all quit and went out and oh, she really took it hard! I don't know what was wrong with him, but he was playing--he was about three years old. He was playing outside and when he came in he sat on his mother's lap and I guess he just died. That was awful.

(Was that very long ago?)

That was in 1910. And then we a few people--her father was old--and he's the one that told her that. "You quit throwing your kids out. You don't believe anything, how we raised you. I never did throw you out. I never did lay a hand on you!" Her father was telling her. Yeah, there's a lot of things that these Indians used to know ahead of time. They used to know when it was going to rain. They used to know when it going to storm--everything. Well, I don't know way back, how they raised their children, but what little I know, they didn't allow--even men didn't allow their wives to hit their kids or push them around. They just let them grow up the way they wanted to. But they were good.

(Did a mother ever talk to her kids, you know--?)

Oh, yes. They used to advise them. Talk to them. Tell them what was wrong and right. And they used to--they didn't answer back. They didn't