T-624
MYRTLE LINCOLN, ARAPAHO
INTERVIEWED BY: JULIA A. JORDAN
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DATE OF INTERVIEW: 10-20-70

GENERAL SUBJECT: OLD TIME GAMES; KINSHIP BEHAVIOR

PARTICULAR TOPICS DISCUSSED:

MOTHER-DAUGHTER RELATIONSHIP
OLD TIME GAMES AND GAMBLING: DICE; CUP AND PIN GAME; GAMING WHEEL; ETC.
PARENT-CHILD RELATIONSHIP AND RESIDENCE AFTER MARRIAGE
HOUSEHOLD COMPOSITION
YOUNG MARRIED COUPLES
SELECTION OF SPOUSES BY YOUNG PEOPLE
OTHER KINSHIP RELATIONSHIPS AND EXPECTED BEHAVIOR
CARE OF THE AGED
MORE ON KINSHIP BEHAVIOR

BACKGROUND OF INFORMANT:

Myrtle Lincoln was born at Cantonment June 25, 1888. Her father was Bad Man, an Indian policeman, and her mother was Red Feather. Myrtle was an orphan by the age of 13. A grandmother helped raise her, and later an aunt took her but she stayed at Cantonment boarding school much of the time. Myrtle's marriage to Howard Howling Buffalo or Howard Lincoln was arranged by her uncle, Coal Fire. Myrtle and Howard had seven children, two of whom--daughters--are living today. One son was killed in World War II, and two other sons were killed in local accidents. Myrtle and her husband supported themselves by farming on tribal land and doing farm labor for neighboring white farmers. They moved to a place near Cantonment in 1936, and Myrtle has lived at this place ever since. Myrtle has also worked as a cleaning woman in Canton. She now lives on a very small Social Security allotment and a small income from a land lease. She is well known to Indians and whites in the Canton area and her status as a Gold Star mother has earned her a great deal of respect. She appears to be in very good health, for her age, and is active and quick and alert.

MYRTLE TEASING HER SMALL CHILDREN

--they came up from the creek. "Hey, Mama," he said. I said, "What?" "Where did I come from?" And before I could answer him his grandmother told him, "We got you in a hog pen!" And he said, "Was I in there?" "Yeah, you come from a hog and we just raised you!" And then Lewis, he come, and said, "Mama, where did I come from?" "Oh, my, you kids," I said. "You just ask where you come from. I find you in cow manure," I said. "You was crying. You was just kicking. So I went and pick you up