

Her mother was my mother's cousin and they just went like this together. And she said they would give (referring to Aunt who told story) the men those mows on two wheels and driven by two horses. And a long blade. Hay mows...I guess they call it. They cut prairie hay with it. And the rake with two great big high wheels those rakes would have. And oh, the rakes would be like that and they just put the lever down and it just cost the government something. And the old lazy things, rather than to hook up their horses and take them home they break the wheels. That rake--they'd something with the blade. And those sockey plows they'd take the wheels off and run 'em off. Cripple them some way. And she said like crazy women folks would go and take this can of lard and take it down the hill like. And get axe and just bust that can open and just let it run. "And we throw that hog meat away," she said. "Oh, this is elephant meat." How did they know what elephant meat look like. Well, she'd tell me some old stories like that. She experience them. And now, she's living in \_\_\_\_\_ now. She married a doctor and she know pretty good about them white ways you know. She cooks beans and she got boys and now she say I wish I had that salt meat to put in my beans she said. I said yes you Indians back there they cause of the government quit helping us. I said they helped us along and you all went and throwed it away, and now we payin for it, I told her. And she (laughs) said yes, I helped do it. She sure tells us lots of stories. She had the experience of the hard time. The (repeats)--Oh when they roamed around and camped here and there.

(Do you know anymore old stories like that which she told you?)

My Aunt told me. When they'd go off to war you know--they didn't have real war like they have now but they have raiding parties. See that's how they got my dad. But some of them people, they really are good to them when they adopt them. You know just like their own children. And she said they--the people would go on raids like that and the young men go and when gonna go they fix their---. The mother would fix their moccasins and the father would make them arrows you know. Because we don't know whether some other tribe might get into them and steal their horses at night and they'd have to walk. And ah...she said we just set and listen. And maybe in the meanwhile