

would have to be to--but, anyway, that's the kinda gun that she--she never liked anybody that was lazy, you know, because she was a very ambitious woman, you know, as far as workin' was concerned. And she didn't want nobody to--you know everybody said, "Oh, Indians lazy." You know, they don't work, but that was a big lot of balonie, Indians weren't all lazy and so she didn't want no laziness attached to her, you know, because she didn't want nobody sayin' "You ole half-breed," see? So, boy, she didn't have no use for no laziness and we got up at daylight and we went out to the cotton patch when we could jest tell that cotton fluff from that weed and we stayed there that, that got too dark, you know. And I didn't want to hear her fussin', I was so, I'd wrap me up a piece of corn bread and piece of salt back, stick it in my over-all-pocket and I'd take it out to the field with a jog of water and I'd stay out there. That's the way I learned, it. I jest--that's why for a long time I didn't like Oklahoma at all on account of that, see? I jest--but grandma had a good farm, I mean she had a good farm, but her son he was a different type of person. And you know, my step-uncle, I mean half uncle, he was a different type of person--and he broke my grandma's heart, she let him out with the farm and he jest went to pot. She had 200 cherry trees on that--this Hildebrand that I told you about. You know, she got nursery stock from him, she had a 70 acre peach orchard on there, she had a nine-acre hay meadow and then she had about I guess, about 20 acres of pasture for pasture and black-jack, we call it pasture. And then the rest of it she was in fields, you know. She usually planted corn or cotton.

(And that was around Lugert?)

No, that's up at Binger.