

scars. But she's in good health and she went to several colleges. But she neglected to go to--I often had her go to the Lawton Hospital for the --(unintelligible) always cooperate with the Bureau of Indian Affairs--doctors at Lawton Indian Hospital. We work with them. But she failed to go. I was in Washington then. Well, she just miss one week, too late, well, that affected her. Any infection that might be developing in her kidney, or where her kidney was would affect her pretty seriously. Well, she came back, and, well, she rested all right. And (unintelligible phrase) and that kidney showed infections. But she kept on writing. One time we was down at the City. We went out to the Will Rogers Memorial in Claremore and went out to Chilocco Indian School. And she wanted to see the oil capital of the world--I took her to Tulsa and then we came day. The fourth day she want to see this Indian--Mohonk--here at Clinton--you ever been there? (Yeah.) She wanted to see that Cheyenne-Arapaho work. And then she want to see Fort Sill, so I took her to Fort Sill. We travel a lot. She drew four hundred and eighty dollars a month from her mother's estate. We had a station wagon--V-8 Pontiac, and just carry our bedding. Sometimes we'd stop. She's a good outdoor cook. Of course she like outdoor life. She can slice Indian way, meat--jerked meat, accumulate marrow in bones and all that fat; you know. Oh, she was good Indian cook. Well, we cook out sometimes. We stop somewhere near Fort Sill and we cooked out, and we came to Fort Sill Indian School and saw the Fort and all that. And when we got home she was all tired out. I made her rest all day. I pile up all the laundry, went to El Reno and took our laundry there. Next day she complained. She couldn't eat. So she had some medicine. I made her take it regular for about six hours.

(were you living here in Geary, then.)

No, we was living at Concho Agency. They gave us four room apartment there at Concho. So the doctor advised us to go to University Hospital and get her a check-up. Well, she didn't want to drive--at least I didn't want to drive--and she was willing, so I got my nephew that worked at Concho. Got permission for his release that day. And he drove our car to the University Hospital for the check-up. I told her, "Why don't you just stay over here two or three days? And let them just work on you." "No," she says, "I wouldn't want y u to be worried about me. I wouldn't want you to go hungry." "Oh," I says, "I'll