

No, this girl is--she's a quarter white, this woman. Sort of mixed. So this boy would be one-eighth white. No, he's an Indian.

(Who's the other boy ~~that~~ was with him?)

Well, his folks lives here two blocks south. The other boy drinks. Now these boys run around with--we call them "winos." They'll be--he'll be killed the next time you hear about it.

(Is he very old?)

About twenty-two years old. He went to the army when he was nineteen. Come out last September, I believe. Three years ago.

(And that's his mother's things?)

Yeah. That's his mothers' things and she's got another box back here. I told him, "The first time you get-your money, take this box out. She's got some dirty laundry and clothes. Take them to the laundry. Clean them up and put them away." That's their suitcase back there. They ain't practically got no home. They got land here and there, but they ain't got no place. She won't work. They give her a job and she's gone in about a week--after she gets her money.

(Where does she stay?) ,

Just here and there. Where these others--wherever she has relations. But now they are all down on her on account of she won't help around home. She won't try to take care of herself, clean herself up, and whatever she sees a party (?) she goes right there and take up with it--oh, it's pitiful.

(Was she related to that boy that was killed by the policeman or was that a different one?)

No, that was a different one.

BLIND MAN MAKING ARROWS

(Well, you were telling me about this Blindy, this Old Bear. Did he ever learn to do anything, you know, like work with his hands?)

Yeah, he's good. They tell me that his son is a fine-looking son. Fine looking boy when he was young. He was older than I was, of course. But they said he