

and stuff.

(Well these strawberries that you picked, were they wild strawberries?)

Yeah, they was wild but actually they were that big.

(Really big?)

Because I can remember that they were very big and I'd run for one--try to get one, and she was kinda afraid because she thought I might get a snake there or something and she was--she'd have to tell me not to do that or something but I would see one and I'll--I want to pick it you know--a real nice big one. I'd pick it just there and eat it. That's way--the way--they make their living in one, in a way. And my father was a hustler. You know, he was a provider. You might say he was a good provider and then, he--and then I think from there, I think he got a job. I think some time along there in the summer--I think before he married my mother--I think he got a job. He was a cowboy, a cowhand. He meddled with--not meddled--but he was with cowhands, cowboys, and then finally that's how he got on the reservation. He was an Indian, but yet, he was with the white people; the white mans, and he had his own horse and his own saddle and bridle and he got acquainted with my mother when she was just a young girl, see, and then he married. My mother was married and then her husband died and she had one boy and she was young I guess, nice looking, and my dad married her. See, my dad was a Frenchman. See my name was Dupee.

(How do you spell this?)

D-U-P-E-E. Mary Dupee-my given name.

(That's your dad's name then?)

No, that's my name, my dad's name was Victor Dupee. Victor Dupee was his name and then he married my mother, he start making a home for her, see. He start right now and took care of his in-laws right with her you know;