

find somebody that he knew, and he'd give 'em the money and get the stuff. They got to where they wouldn't even sell him this rubbin' alcohol or bay rum or shaving lotion, anything in the stores - every one of them. Or this vanilla extract. Sometimes he'd find the extract where they was, and if they wouldn't sell it to him why he'd fool around till he could slip three or four of them in his pocket.

(You mean he'd just swipe them?)

He'd just swipe them. Sometimes the clerk would see him gettin' all this stuff in his pocket and then they'd go and charge it up to him. And later on when he got a check, they'd tell him about it and he wouldn't say nothin', he'd just pay for it and go on.

(Was he Choctaw or Chickasaw?)

He was Choctaw. Full-blood Choctaw. He was my wife's brother. And they - they didn't have too much to eat, on account of him drinkin' so much. Sometimes they'd have - have his check spent for three or four months ahead of time.

(That was his Indian check, his allotment?)

Yes - No welfare. Yeah, welfare check. And he never would let his wife have any money. Well, he lived a little bit - no, quite a ways from town there, a mile or two. Everytime he come to town why he'd hire a taxi.

He'd go on credit there that way for two or three months. Well, his taxi bill would run twenty-five or thirty dollars. And his whiskey bill, and what little groceries he'd buy, why he'd - he wasn't doin' so good.

(How did she manage to cook? Was it mostly commodities?)

Yeah, it was mostly commodities.

(She did the best she could.)

Oh sometimes he'd bring in a little something or other to cook - something that somebody let him have on a bargain - different kinds. They'd tell him about it and he'd buy anything he'd thought there was a bargain in it, he'd