

here. We lived there. We moved up there and we start farming. I used to use a walking plow--plow this whole place over here.

(This place right here?)

Yeah. This south piece I used to plow with a walking plow. And she (Imogene) got big enough and we put her on the lister. She lists. The old man would have another plow, too. Then when it come to cultivating, we had two sleds. They're still laying out there. I worked hard all my life, you might say.

When my grandmother was living, what I used to do is carry water and get wood and help her around the tipi. We had a tipi. I was raised in a pitiful way.

And finally these people, you know--I got some relations--Old Man Sitting Bull's my grandfather. But he didn't care for us. He didn't have anything to do with us after my mother died. Once in a great while he'd come over to see us. We'd go over there and see him. And after my husband died we were just left alone. Her (Imogene) and her little nephew, Leroy, was with us.

So I bought a tractor and she used to drive that tractor and plant cotton and everything. Cultivated it. We used to make good crop here. And then after she got married, my son-in-law, he done the farming. I used to help.

Anyhow, they couldn't keep me out of this farming--chopping cotton, stuff like that--picking cotton. And I'm eighty-one years old. And this year I couldn't hardly walk. Now I feel better. I'm getting around again and I'm thankful.

LIFE IN OLD DAYS

But in the olden days--you see these young girls and young boys all over. It was not like that. When we were young girls--say about fifteen or sixteen, the old people, they won't let us go anywhere unless they went with us. We couldn't even go down to the river ourselves. We couldn't get around. And the boys, they had a hard time to get to the girls, you know. I had a friend by the name of Susie Rabbit. She had a boy friend. And east of our tipi