

I think the Thompson, Felix Thompson and there would be others, I can't think of right now. There were quite a few families that composed this community. And we were not members of the church. But we attended because it was an Indian church. In those days there wasn't much difference between -- we didn't make much of denomination. If our people belonged there, well we would go there too. And then I remembered the girl living at this place, I don't know how many miles.

KICKINGBIRD PLACE

It wouldn't be more than six miles, to the north. It was Kickingbird place. That's what my father would always call it. We're going to see the Kickingbird place. And I remember they had a four room house. And in those days, that would be a large house. And I don't think it had a porch around it. It was just, maybe a small porch. But I remember I believe it was yellow and it sat in the woods. It was a beautiful site. And perhaps there was a stream. I would remember things like that because that was a place to play.

(Uh-huh.)

CAMPING - GENEROSITY OF THE MAN OF THE HOUSE

So it would be on--there was a lovely stream flowing just nearby. And it was an ideal place for the Indians in those days wouldn't have to be invited. You go there and other families would come. Sometimes they even camped around. They used to camp around our place. Not the government house but our own home place. And then they would stay for days. Sometimes they would do their own cooking or invite one another or maybe the man of the house would butcher a beef and they'd all share it together. Have a real good time. And I imagine that's what he would do because I'm sure that he, my father had cattle, and I'm sure he had cattle. And as I remember he was a very prominent preacher. To me, he impressed me as such. Not only was he big in stature but I think he was very commanding in what he said and did. He was a man of the house you see. If it were in the days of chieftains he could