

and the council elects the chief.

My sister's name is Teenie White. She's married to Willie White. He's a kis-pogoθa and he belongs to the Snake clan. That's hard to explain. You can't call them turtles or horses. They've got little deals on their stomachs that grab hold of the ground and that's how they move. They belong to the Snake bunch of Indians. All their names is Snakes.

My mother was from the White Turkey bunch. My dad, Little Jim, was from the Absentees. My mother's dad was named Charlie Beaver. He was a U. S. Marshall and his brother was a deputy. They worked with the Indian Bureau. They had a lot of horse thieves and stealing back in those days. His brother was named Mark Beaver.

There's always been a conflict between the Indians. Like between the Democrats and the Republicans. I can't understand it. It's been that way ever since I can remember and since my Dad can remember. My dad lived to be 92. He still had all his teeth even that old.

The tribal history used to be handed down from mouth to ear, I would say. The old-timers keep it and told it. Them days they had a tribal council. The council members would gather all this up and talk among themselves. They would say, "Say, do you understand?" As the council men died, they would elect a new one and smart him up on it, and he would concentrate on what had happened and learn it. They didn't put anything on paper them days. Whatever goes in your head, you won't lose.

No, I didn't know Big Jim. He died before my time. (Gives me another paper to look at, a zexoxed copy from a book, it looks like, that has information on Big Jim on it). (This paper said Big Jim's Indian name was Wa-paw-up-to and meant "gives light when he walks"). DQ I think his Indian name was wa θa kwa. That name comes from old people way back--older Indians. He was born down in Texas. I don't know the time. That name didn't mean he