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and eat it. They didn't have no meat. And then, they had some homemade cake or doughnuts or something like that. But back to my father, I know that he had a hard time, hardship, back in my young days. I used to just love to play the piano which I couldn't play, but I love the piano. Even today, I still love piano. I like to hear it. So, when my girl got to where she started school and where she could read, I got her to take music lessons. And now, she's real good at it. The teachers tell her that she is very talented in piano. And I am proud of her, and, but I do not go around telling people I am proud of my children because to me it just doesn't seem right. Even though I am proud of my children inside of my heart, I do not come out and say, "I'm proud of them." But I think that even though us Indians were poor, the atmosphere in the home, we were very happy family because my mother and my daddy made it so. Even though we didn't have no luxury, we had something to eat in the house. And the atmosphere, I think we, I was brought up in a real happy home, and I am proud of that. And I have learned many things from my father. He told me before he passed on for me not to worry about anything, and he wrote a little note and said that he knew that I had a hard time, hard life, but God would take care of me and which He did. Even today, when I, I'm going to go visit the Indians and talk with them. Inside of me, deep inside of me, I have sympathy for people, and I believe my girl is the same way. Sometimes, I wonder and I say to myself, when I feel sorry for some people that I wonder if these people had any sympathy at all for the next person. But even if they don't, sometimes, my daddy used to tell me, "Feel sorry for somebody. Do some little things for them. Do good to them." And I wished I could do good for some people that I do feel sorry for and help them in some way. But