

gallon jugs and I had that water in it. I had an old tire from our car and had some rocks all piled up for table. And one day as I was playing around that I had that gallon jug in my arm and tripped over that tire and fell over a rock and cut my wrist. And I still have that scar on my wrist today. And my family doctor, it was just about when I did that and they took me down there in a wagon and tied up my arm as it was bleeding so bad. Got me up there in the office. Took three of them to hold me down. I guess I was around six years old because we were still out in the country. We moved to town when in in the second grade. And my mother said she went way down the end of the street she could still hear me hollering. That was after six o'clock. And it swelled up so big, without even making it numb or putting me to sleep they just held me down and cleaned out my wound. I look at it, he had a spoon like, just cleaning out that blood. He sewed up with me just hollering and hollering and hollering. And I had my arm in a sling for a long time. He told my parents that I never would use my left hand. It would be withered. But it didn't. Our old family doctor, everytime he looked at it or they took me up there for a shot or something, he used to show the people what he done to my wrist, my hand. I guess, he said it was a miracle that I could ever use my hand again. And I thank God for that. Well talking about my family and about myself. As I was growing up I remember lot of things. But I guess it was meant that I wasn't going to have my education. Like I said while ago if I had went through high school maybe I would have been little bit more educated. Because now as I interview the Indians and do what I'm doing now and after they put me on this Equal Employment Commission or something like that. I got a letter today telling me to come to Oklahoma City, May 2. And so I'm going up there if I can. And see what's going on. I'm forty-eight years old now. I had my own family. I got married