

to the government to build homes for low housing. And then now, today, my brother don't have a home. He don't have no land to put his house on--and he's eligible for a house.

Davis: Which brother is it?

Irene: Clarence--the one with eleven kids. We call him Blackie. See how the Indian live!

Roberta: But they don't say it. They just keep it all in here!

Birdie: Take it out on their husbands, eh! (everyone laughs)

Irene: But seems like they're pretty happy--

Jordan: I know they are. I don't mean that things couldn't be better, but I know that you all have a good time.

Birdie: Yeah, us poor ones are happy, anything we do. I don't care if it's goofy--we're still happy!

Jordan: That's why we enjoy coming our here--!

Roberta: Being goofy! (everyone laughs)

Jordan: I fit right in!

Roberta: What does goofy mean, anyway?

Jordan: I don't know--

Birdie: Ignorant! I hope it's not ignorant!

Roberta: I hope it's kinda funny--you know, silly, in a good way. But that's the way it is.

TRIBAL BUSINESS COMMITTEEMEN

Birdie: It's just you're just not eligible--I don't care how much you make. There's always a catch to something. You're too poor--there's a catch to everything through the Bureau. And even our committeemen are that way. All of them. And I just get tired of them. I don't even want to talk to them.

(Irene: But one of our committeemen is just--all messed up in the head, I guess. It's all in the mind.