

like that. You never would hear of an Indian from one another. But nowdays you have to--- Now I can't even lock my door. One time my blanket was stolen, but I found it back in the pawn store.

(Just thinking back on this kind of situation--when would you say that things started to change--that the Indians began to do things to each other?)

Well, I think it changed about 1937. We were all living all right all the way to that 1937. That's when this new generation got worse--stealing, going into penitentiary and all that. And it seems like it's getting worse. They just have a (?) all the time now. Not long ago over here--about five or six days ago--I was in town and I heard the law was searching this soldier boy that come for a leave. They heard he had a knife and I don't know what all. And the law caught him and searched him. They got a chain out of his pocket, and a knife, and razor blade. Now see, that wasn't the way our boys were raised. Our boys were decent, way back there. They took the advice of their fathers and mothers. They had a respect for their mothers and fathers. But nowdays there ain't no respect. The way they act around here.

#### HOW MYRTLE'S SON WAS KILLED BY ANOTHER ARAPAHO

(Why do you pick the year 1937--did anything happen about that time?)

Oh yeah. My boy got killed that time. And I hate to say but I'm going to say--I heard that it was \_\_\_\_\_ (a man) and \_\_\_\_\_ (a woman). And then a man by the name of--oh, I forgot this man, and another woman. I heard they were the ones that kill them two boys and put them on the tracks. And it seem like every time I see \_\_\_\_\_ my feeling always go away from me and I feel funny. And I don't like to hear him talk. I don't