

(That was Ralph Goodman and who else?)

Ralph Little Raven, and this Agent. I can't think of his name. I think his name Papanley, or something like that. Yeah. But that's how come I feel that this is my home. And that's why I'm staying here. And that's as far as my work--my hard work--went. The last time I worked hard was 1966. And at that time, that's when Mr. Mitchell told me to ask for old age pension, but I couldn't get it. He wanted me to go make application for it.

(Haven't you asked for it since then?)

No. Just what that woman told me--that I wasn't entitled to it. So I just didn't want to ask anymore. I told her, I said, "Well, that's all right. I'd rather earn my money than to depend on somebody to give it to me," I said. I don't know how she felt. I said, "Whenever you want anybody to do work for you, you let me know and that way maybe I'll get it," I told her. I told her that.

MYRTLE'S BROTHERS AND HOW THEY DIED

(Could you tell me anymore about your life when you were living with this aunt that was sort of mean to you. Didn't you have a brother that was sort of mean to you, too?)

Yeah, I had a brother. I had a brother. And we had a hard time, it seemed like. And when he's hungry he used to come to me and question--he'd say he was hungry. But I don't do anything. But of course she got our money. You know there used to be annuity payments every three months. And she used to get it. We used to turn it over to her. But you know how people are. She didn't like it when we eat too much. And we just--we just lived there with her. And my brother got hurt and he died and I was left alone.

(Was your brother older or younger?)

He was two years younger than I was. I had another little brother, but a snake killed him. He was five years old. But our grandma was living yet. I