

NEIGHBORING WHITE FARMERS AND RANCHERS DRAINING CREEKS, ETC.

Irene: Now there ain't no boll fields. The farmer doesn't want us to pull bolls no more. I even had my little kids out there helping me pull bolls. I made five dollars a day and that was money to me. Besides that, when I got through pulling bolls I could go haul water from the creek. But then you can't drink that creek--it's dry. These farmers dug out all these big trees and then after all these big trees are gone the water seems like all the creeks went dry.

Birdie: Vickrey (a neighboring white rancher) drains out. It runs good but he's got his pipes in the water and for all his Angus (cattle) he drains all the water out. I can't even go swimming!

Jordan: There ought to be something you could do--

Birdie: I don't know. I just get tired of even talking to them any more.

Jordan: How much land does Vickrey have?

Birdie: He's got this next land right here (east of Birdie's place). See what he done! You've seen that big elm tree--that pretty shade? We used to go down there and grandpa (Joe Blackbear) used to make fire and all that and cook down there. He cut that tree off! On his side! You know, that big shade there? He cut that because it was hanging over on his side. And we're goofy! We just sit there and watch him saw it off!

Irene: Indians are not like that! We sold--my step-dad (Apache Ben) sold that forty acres we own out here. And there was a line running like this and there was a pecan tree just maybe-- The line run like this and there was a pecan tree right there (on the other side of the line) and that pecan tree kinda hang over towards our place. And after we sold that, they fence it off, Louie Hawboche's daughter sat out there till ever pecan was picked up. And we had trees and we just go along there and pick. And if we didn't pick, we just left them and the squirrels ate them or rats or whatever it is, ate it.