

farm that place up there. Boys did all the time, done the farming, chopped cotton, picked cotton and hauled on the way back. And pecans, they weren't worth very much at that time, 2¢ a pound. We didn't make very much money then.

(You were farming school land?)

Yeah. It was good at that time, but nice soil and all red land, sure rough now.

(They just about had to stop farming some of it, didn't they, washed away.)

Washed away.

(Did they have any problem with discipline there at the school with the boys have much trouble, you remember, with the Indian children?)

Oh, sometimes we did, and sometimes we didn't. We used to most of the time, we done pretty good,--. Stayed in school. There were a few ran home but they bring them right back in two, three days at a time. They wouldn't do any good at home. All the kids are at school. So, I guess, they were better off at school.

(Were they a little bit different than what some of the radical students we have now all over the country?)

Oh, yes.

(They were there for a different purpose, I guess.)

Un-huh.

(After this nice visit with Mr. Mack, I going to ask Mrs. Mack here something about her family, and, Mrs. Mack, why don't you just tell me what you said about your grandfather.)

Yes, my grandfather Logan, KaKaQue.

(Logan, how do you spell that last name?)

KaKaQue.

(KaKaQue, un-huh.)

But in history, it's pronounced different, KiaKiak, something like that, Black Hawk.

(Black Hawk.)

--That was Logan. Logan was my grandfather, and Black Hawk was Logan's grandfather.

(So it's directly decented on male side, then, aren't you, Black Hawk.)

Yeah.