

T-666-1

MYRTLE LINCOLN, ARAPAHO

INTERVIEWED BY: JULIA A. JORDAN

TRANSCRIBED BY: JULIA A. JORDAN

DATE OF INTERVIEW: 11-30-71

GENERAL SUBJECT: CHILDBIRTH; NAMES OF OTHER TRIBES, AND NAMES OF ARAPAHO DIVISIONS, DISTRICTS, AND LOCALITIES

PARTICULAR TOPICS DISCUSSED:

SOME COMMENTS ON HELPING A WOMAN IN CHILDBIRTH
DISPOSITION OF NAVEL CORD AND AFTERBIRTH
EAR PIERCING
ARAPAHO NAMES OF OTHER TRIBES
ARAPAHO DIVISION NAMES AND NAMES OF DISTRICTS AND LOCALITIES

BACKGROUND OF INFORMANT:

Myrtle Lincoln was born at Cantonment June 25, 1888. Her father was Bad Man, an Indian policeman, and her mother was Red Feather. Myrtle was an orphan by the age of 13. A grandmother helped raise her, and later an aunt took her but she stayed at Cantonment boarding school much of the time. Myrtle's marriage to Howard Howling Buffalo or Howard Lincoln was arranged by her uncle, Coal Fire. Myrtle and Howard had seven children, two of whom--daughters--are living today. One son was killed in World War II, and two other sons were killed in local accidents. Myrtle and her husband supported themselves by farming on tribal land and doing farm labor for neighboring white farmers. They moved to a place near Cantonment in 1936, and Myrtle has lived at this place ever since. Myrtle has also worked as a cleaning woman in Canton. She now lives on a very small Social Security allotment and a small income from a land lease. She is well known to Indians and whites in the Canton area and her status as a Gold Star mother has earned her a great deal of respect. She appears to be in very good health, for her age, and is active and quick and alert.

NOTE: T-666-1 is on Side A of this tape. Side B is the beginning of another interview some time later and is numbered T-666-2.

SOME COMMENTS ON HELPING A WOMAN IN CHILDBIRTH

(On T-608 Myrtle tells how she assisted her grandson's wife in childbirth. This part of the interview was aimed at clearing up some details.)

(--so you were standing behind her?)

Yeah.

(And you had hold of her by both shoulders?)

Yeah.

(And you were sort of pressing on the middle of her back?)