

live with us all the time...and my aunt, when my grandfather died, my grandmother and her daughter, my mother's sister, she wasn't married, never was married, and they just live with us and when they butcher they cut it all up and little pieces that she cut off she give it to me and she give me a knife, show me how to slice it. And I would cut those little pieces of meat. Some of them about that long ((4")). And then I'd cut it like strings you know, and she'd hang them up and finally it get dry.

She give me a little sack and I put it in there. And after so long she would take it out and pound it and then that was all mine. I would eat it when ever I get hungry. I have it by my bed in a sack. She make meat balls out of it with sugar and that was mine. She gave me that to eat whenever I got hungry. I was about the size of that little boy. She'd give me that to eat. That was all mine cause I made it. I cut that meat myself. She learned me how to cut meat you know. Now I could cut great pieces of meat and slice it and hang it up, and let it get dry. I learned that from my mother.

(What kind of advice would she give you on how to be a good person?)

My father was the first christian man in this church, the Presbyterian Church, the mission up here. He was the first christian man among the Comanches.

(What was his name?)

David Poafpybitty. After we had services over there...well my brothers and me we were all school members...they come on the wagon over there on the hack you know, big old white hack, and they come up there to church Sundays. And then the next Sunday he would go up there to Richard Spur and talk to them people up here about the Bible and things like that. And they would all come...there was a bunch of them over here.

(Now where was this?)

Over here at Richard Spur, you know just the other side of Porter Hill... the next little store...and in that creek there was a bunch of Indians