

he was seven years old. It starts from there. The time he ate crackers and salt meat for the first time in his life.

(I don't remember that story. Why don't you tell that part, too?) Well, I always wanted to write that down for my children. They ask me every once in a while and I tell them here and there but I never did tell them from the beginning to up to today. I don't know what year that was, but my father was seven years old. No-- he was six years old and his brother was eight years old. And they had a grandfather--their father's father. And he didn't have no wife. And my grandfather had two wives. And this Pawnee woman that was captured--I told you about her --and he had another woman. She must have had some kind of Spanish blood in her. She had light hair and she was light-complected and she had light-brown eyes, I think. And them two were my father's father's wives. My grandfather, I should say. And this Pawnee woman was my father's mother. And his older brother, two years older than him, his mother was the other woman. Her name was Snake Woman. And my grandmother's name was White Horse--White Horse Woman. And the people had been --I guess they used to do that every fall of the year--when all this grass is dried up and leaves are falling. And these deer and antelope would travel out west somewhere or maybe a little bit south where it was still warm and it was still kind of green. And they'd follow them. So different ones--different bands of Indians went here and there. They went here and there. And my grandfather's group travelled straight west--as far west as they could go. And out there there was no wood. My grandmother would say there was no wood--nothing to burn. Over here they left this other one-- Snake Woman--my grandfather's other wife. She was going to have