

Yeah. They had their own. They had their own land.

(Well, was this better or something?)

No. It wasn't any better than theirs. Daddy just likes to be good to people, that's all. They had their own land.

(Did they farm it too?)

I don't think so. They just get money out of theirs.

(Well, were there white people farming on some of the Indian land?)

Yeah, you could lease your places to white people and that's when you get your money. That's what they were doin'. And so my daddy kept all this and let them Indians farm it, free.

(Well, he wasn't getting any money for his land?)

No. He wasn't getting nothin'. Nothin' at all.

(Sounds like he was a real hard worker.)

Well, he wasn't working too much. He doesn't work too much. All we do, he just take us out and to out and chop for people, and earn our money.

(Chop cotton?)

Uh-huh. Chop cotton or a hoeing corn--patches--big patches. That's all we did to make our livin'. And he gets all the money. He gives us a nickle or a dime and that was lots for us. We didn't mind it. We were big kids too, then.

(You gave your money to him?)

Uh-huh. We gave our money to him.

(Interruption.)

(Well, where did you live then most of the time when you were growing up?)

We lived right west of here. Next 80 acres to this one.

(All your life?)

Uh huh. Oh, well we moved on my mother's place once in a while. Fred Rucker bought that place. We sold the place to him. We lived out there quite a while.