

Anda those ole a old Indians was honest but after the Indians got educated, the white men got to fiddlin' with 'em, they some of 'um got crooked.

Mrs.: Well, you'd be surprised. They take those ole squaws. How quick they could uh skin a meat. And how neat and clean they could get it done. You'd jest be surprised. (Would you all used to worry about the Indians when...didn't you when you were growin' up?)

Mrs.: Oh, I, course. I guess a, all kids and everthing they were taught, you know, that they'd cut your head off and scalp ya and everthing like that and that's what made us afraid. But ah I don't remember it. Course now we didn't live right amongst the Indians but we lived out south of Cloud Chief. But ah...I...I guess the Indians that come there musta of come down from up about Clinton. Or somewhar's. I don't know where...where they lived...and ah but then after we moved to \_\_\_\_\_, we seen more Indians then there then we ever did when we lived out, up around Cloud Chief. (But there wasn't any real danger fram a ....?)

Mrs.: No, we never did have any danger...seein'...now ole Big Tree was one of a main raiders in this country time...in but he was civilized. He never bothered nobody.

Mr.: He died after we moved to Carnegie.

Mrs.: I don't know whether he died after we moved to Carnegie or not. But him and ole Gogo both...was over there. He could sit down in the wagonbed, the backend and fill the whole wagon. That's right.

Mrs.: But one time I was at my cousins that lived up the river over here. Anda I forget what the old Indian's name was but he couldn't speak English much anda he come to my cousins and he wanted little chicky white, no hairs, no feabbers. She didn't know what he meant and I didn't either. And she kept tryin' to make her understand. And he...she told him everthing. No, no, said...little chicky, white, no hairs, no feathers. Said maybe Josephine can tell ya, that was his granddaughter and he was wantin' some eggs. Guess he was tryin' to explain it'd didn't have any hairs, nor no feathers on it. Course that's been about 50 years ago.

Mr.: They ah...run the popcorn machine and ti tickled me. Anda I'd pop the corn and my wife would sack it out. Anda a lotta of these Indians didn't, they didn't savvy my wife. They's give the money to me. Anda I think my wife got about half mad about it.