

Mr.: These Indians er they're smart. They're smarter then the white man.

Mrs.: They're cunnin' too.

Mr.: Because they've lived all of their lives and never have work and white man's worked. They ain't smart in that respect. And but if the Indians would work his land, and some of 'em does, these white people would have to leave here. Yeah.

Mrs.: Well, I think that most of them have sold it that the government let sell.

Mr.: Oh, yeah.

(Well, did you ever lease any Indian Land when you were farming?)

Mr.?: Yeah, yeah. I gotta some land.

Mrs.: All the land that you want. You've jest gotta have some planned out...to sell to the town fer the Indian Land.

Mr.: Well, I've got ole \_\_\_\_\_.

Mrs.: Well, I know. But when we lived out...

Mr.: No, south of town. That was all Indian land. And old Ralph Quetone.

Mrs.: Them Quetones was good workers.

Mr.: Yeah.

Mrs.: Anda the old man, Quetone, I had the piece cut out to give off everthing we had in the tornado. He never did finish tellin' you about that. But I had kept lots of writings and clippings that away. And this old feller was called Chief, but back in the early days they were havin' so much trouble with the whites and the Indians. He went and rode haorseback plumb to South Dakota to try to straighten things out. And they would give him \$500. Build him a \$500 house but I guess you take back there in the '90's you coulda built a awful nice house fer \$500. Well, ah, he went up there and done what he was supposed to have done and everthing and got this straightened out and come back. And gover...course the government forgot what they'd promised to do. And since we've been livin' here why, that come to light and they've added worth of repairs on his house. They lived out about a mile southwest and a mile south and the back west, again.

(What was his name?)

Mrs.: Quetone. They called, some of 'em called...some Quetone. But with Chief, I don't know what his other name was. I jest called him Chief. And then he had three