

I was going to say, you don't talk to one of them. They yell a lot, around here. Oh, I'll tell you some of the Indians is just like everybody else. Pretty good Indians. And then there's some ain't even worth killin' just like us got white folks. And we came here by Mountain View. Course I wasn't use to the Indians. I guess I was about 16. Maybe 17. Along in there. Buy anyway, them Indians were a lot different then, they are now. Them Indians, some of these Indians are just the nicest.

(Back then--)

No, now. And some of them just like some white people, they aren't any good. But there's wonderful Indians around.

(What were they like then?)

Oh, well they was kinda friendly but you know, they friendly with us to get started, you know. Their particular not to let them have hold of anything to drink like liquor or anything. Or it cause them to get on the war path. But they aren't bad. I use to see an old man that was out there. I told a feller the other day, told him the other day, lived out of northwest around me, and he was about, his name was, I'll never forget, Old Man Big Tree. And I'll never forget it.

(Big Tree?)

Big Tree and he was so big and fat, when they come to town, that was before car days or anything, they bring him in a wagon with a quilt or something down there or a blanket and he was sittin' right flat down in that wagon and it was full.

(How big you reckon he was?)

I think he weighed 400 and something.

(That's a lot.)

He just pretty near cover==and he's an old timer, he just pretty near covered the bottom of that wagon. And I seen him bring him right in the early days. Comes in, use to have what they call real Indians such as that, but people