

collect all and as I say Apache Steve run on some of his folks. I helped 'em run it - just Methodist women, we run a rummage sale. One of his folks came out there, I said, "You kin to old Apache Steve?" "Yep, he my daddy." Well, I was thinin' "That old skink still owes me for some chickens and bread. He said he won't be apt to pay me. He's gone to the happy hunting ground. And things like that you know."

(Well, they decided the children didn't feel responsible for the parent's debts?)  
Oh no, man died the debt died. They jes' didn't never pay nothing, that their folks owed. Now, I imagine their still that way, I don't know about it. When old Chano died, him and his wife were dumb kind--they had to have their children interrupt for them to. One of my boys still lease from him, but they pay him a cash rent.

(Did you say they use to burn up all their stuff--)

Oh yes, anything that belonged to a dead Indian, no good, no keep 'em, burn 'em up. They's great on pretty dishes. And just take them pretty dishes out there and throw them in the fire and they could pop and crack.

(They wouldn't let anybody have that stuff either?)

No, huh-huh, any of that stuff--They wouldn't sell it or anything. They said it would be bad luck. They always--what we considered heaven, they called happy Hunting Ground. The older ones did. I don't know what they call it now. But they always said they were goin' to the Happy Hunting Ground. Now, I do remember one, Old Tom, he lived close to us and he, he died and he was sick several days and they bought the field matron. They call them-- they have them in these towns and we was 1. miles out of Apache and she'd asked us to go up there every once in a while and see if old Tom was still alive. They had her out here a half a dozen times thinkin' he was dead--he was in kinda a coma. And finally my husband and a man that stayed with us, we walked across there one snowy evening and we unrolled him out of that blanket and he really was dead. They jes' had him rolled in big red blankets, jes' to keep him warm they said. And that was their way and they put 'em away that way--those days. I--

(His name was Chano too?)