

No, he was Old Big Tom, they called him. He was an Apache tribe. I know I used to make a pickled chow-chow and I'd put spices in it. He'd come down and he'd want a jar of that. And he'd show on his horse his horse was black and he'd say, "leedy, leedy," that's the way and I could find out what he wanted was that pickled stuff--with the little black spices in it. You learn, you know, how to deal with them.

(Were there many of them in town, when you come to town would you see many?)

Oh, yes, they's lottsa Indians and they'd have their little old dirty kids, lotta them carrin' 'em on their backs, you know. But you don't see that anymore. That's kinda done way with. Yeah, they--that's the main thing, to go to town.

(You said they didn't keep them to clean?)

No, those little old short faced, lousy things. but they've been after them later in there later and their jest awful careful with their children. Fact, I don't see many Indian children, jest a few past and I never see a dirty one. Now like you go to these help-yourself laundries and the agent compells 'em to they jest put up the nicest washes.

(Did people treat 'em good, generally or--)

I believe they do. I believe the people--you know, there's always people that'll get to somebody if they can. That's always been and always will be. And honest people and dishonest people. And there's people that would get to 'em if they could. But since I've been here, I haven't had very much Indian dealings. More through a rummage sale--they come in and buy clothing and things like that, but the used clothing is the most that I ever dealt with Indians since, I been here, I been here now 23 years--off the farm.

(What was your first husband's name?)

Herman.

(Herman?)

Uh-hum--all three of my boys are farmers south of town.

(Did you stay very long with your father in Enid when he was--)

Well, I married in '05. That's a long. I've been out since--he lived to be quite an old man. In his 80's. Not much older than I am now, but it seemed then it was