

the traces on--hooked up. And the horses get scared and run and the old tongue go in the dirt and then that turns the wagon over. Sometime they try to drive with the brakes on, and the horses can't pull it until the brake's off. And then my father caught on soon, so he left him to train the other Indians how to drive. He had a team that was gentle and he knew how to drive, so he had the job training the Indians how to drive. He said one Indian, he was going to store with his wagon he got. And he come up there and he brought his grease. "He told me to be sure and grease the wagon before I go anywhere!" So he got a towel and just spread it all over the body. Grease his wagon all over the box. He's supposed to put it on his axle. "Told me to be sure and grease it all over!" So he greased it all over!

(Well, now was this before you were born, or do you remember this?)

No, that's before I was born. I was small when my father did that. It's when the wagons was issued. And every one of those wagons had a green body paint and yellow streaks on there and in the middle of it was a step where you get in. They had "Haskell" on there. Maybe they was made at Haskell Indian School. I saw the wagons. I was big enough to see the wagons. And they had "Haskell" on there. And the brakes had double grip and they have to pull both together to move it.

And they started down here at Ft. Hill where the school is down below there. The government plowed the ground with ox teams and plant it the first year. Plant it the first year. Next year they told them how to plant it. And give the seed to the Indians and they plot it off just like this. Well, one Indian has so much, and another Indian the next one, another Indian, another Indian, and another Indian. There's a whole lot of them. And each one supposed to plant his own block. Well, they brought the harness on the wagon. They put their plow on there. Well, "You get on this horse and