

Sure! We did! Nobody have a house! At the Agent office, there just small floor and you know I told you about the trading post--four stores set, but not too close. And those white folks they know--The Indians are wild,.....But they treat them nice---they train them. We live in a tipi.

(What did your father do?)

Oh, I can't tell you. My father's name is pw.bedlo' koi.

(Again.)

pw.bedlo' koi and my mother's name wnhw.te. O-M-H-A-R-T-Y, is her name.

(Ok. Did your father work anyplace?)

They don't work that time. They like to go to the warpath! Kill the white people! (Laughter) They don't know what plow is. They just don't know nothing. Just in--I don't know how long--when I went to school, I came back home to our home camp. And my brother--my oldest brother--he's plowing. There's a white man--what is it? A white man named Joca he's the one that learned him how to plow ground. The government give them harnesses like that plow, and everything. Snakes and cultivators. They give it to 'em. They just give it to 'em, because they want learn them how to plow. See my brother was workin', he's walking plow. His plow... Oh I was so surprised...! "What's that?" And my mother said, "They gonna plow the ground out there. I'm gonna plant some corn." "Oh," Afterwhile he know how to work. And my brother, he's a good farmer man, just like Farmer Jones. Oh, everybody knows him.

(What was that white man's name?)

Joca.

(Joca?)

Joca. Indians I don't know what is it...but they call him Joca.