

work in the store with us. He didn't know this girl. So at the noon hour some of the folks brought my lunch. I was too busy to go up to the house to eat--a quarter of a mile or so. But I stayed in there. This lunch was brought to me. We always kept coffee in the back with the warehouse. So I went in there and unwrapped my package and ate my lunch. He came in. I gave him--shared my lunch with him. Of course we could have cooked this deviled ham or sardines and stuff like that to eat for our lunch right in the store, you know. But I had my lunch cooked from the camp. And he said, "Say," he said. "Who was that girl you was talking to--that tall nice-looking one?" I said, "Well, there was three of them." He said, "That tallest one." I said, "That's Mary Bent, George Bent's daughter." He said, "I like her. You must tell her that I want to talk to her." I said, "All right." So when we came back on the job, those girls had gone out to the wagon. They always used to travel in wagons. They had their lunch there and then they came back in. They stopped in the same place, looking on, spectating, you know--fine things, materials and all that--fine clothes, shawl department, buckskin, beads. So Mary said, "Tomorrow I'm going to bring you lunch." I said, "Where you camped?" "Right across the bridge there at Darlington. Just right across the bridge there's a nice brush shelter--windbreak--and we're camping. Just come over tonight." I said, "All right." I said, "We close about eight o'clock." So, he saw me talking to them girls again. I didn't get to mention about him, but I thought maybe I'd go with him to the camp. We closed up. Of course I had to help sweep the floor, and they stock the shelves, you know, and we fill them, and all that, and unpack clothes and suits and shawls that they mused up. Open new crates of cut beads and fill those trays. So I didn't get to eat no supper but I went on and I told him, "I'm going out to Mary's--come with me." So we went across--about half a mile, across the bridge. Got to her camp and I