

was. In the family. He allot them with us. Just so the family stays together.

(What about your mother's people?)

As long as they were married they had their own choice where they picked their lands. Say, if my mother was still living with them, she'd either take her in as a family or else a sister would take her mother in as a family--same mother--she might have a younger girl, child--whoever chose to take them in in their family group --they had a right to. That is, like if my grandmas wanted their other daughter to be allotted with them.

(Was your mother still alive when they were allotting?)

Yeah.

(Where was her allotment, then?)

We were allotted north of Geary, here--across the river. My mother happened--she had an allotment that had a little timber on it--about forty acres was just bearing timber. That was enough for wood. The rest of her place was pasture and farmland--eighty acres. She took eighty. And she took another eighty where there was heavy timber, further north a mile. And my father took his allotment by hers, because that was hay land--eighty acres. And then they allotted me right beside my father. And my land turned out to be nothing but alkali. Stock wouldn't eat that. I told my father, "You must have thought I wasn't going to live--you gave me that old alkali." He said, "No, son, I wanted you right close to me." I said, "That didn't help me. You gave me bad land. You gave your sister and your aunt and her children good land." "Oh," he said, "I didn't want you too far away. I want you right along side of me."

(Did you have some brothers?)