

and salt. I want your horse to be in pretty shape. Go out and curry 'em when you want to, and check their hoofs and then where there's a camp goes on--your horse have too big a belly--didn't want to make people think you was riding a mare around. So you go out there and lope 'em--that belly'll come down. That'll be safer. And I don't care," he said, "if you got old saddle that's cracked or all warped out of shape--people ain't gonna look at that saddle--they gonna look at that pretty horse you're riding. You understand me?" I said, "Yeah." "Just think of that pretty horse that's dappled and fat. Prancing, you know. I don't care how old your bridle is, now old your saddle is--they're gonna look at that horse. They ain't gonna look at that saddle." And another thing he'd say, "I don't care if you got torn clothes--if you got good moccasins on and a good hat--I don't care how many times your pants and your shirt have been washed, if you got on good moccasins and good hat and fix your hair good, people gonna look at that. They ain't gonna look at them clothes. They gonna look at them moccasins and that hat and your hair. That's what people admire. Those things is what counts--people's appearance--division of respect--" that's what the Old Man used to tell us.

(Who else was he telling this to besides you?)

My brother and I. My brother, Henry.

(Did anybody else lecture you like that?)

Oh, sometimes neighboring Indians would be there--old men. Old men would be there--

(Did anybody else talk to you about girls like your Dad?)

Oh yes, sometimes my oldest cousin used to talk to us about that--girl's ways, and married life and all that. I've had a lot of lectures. And lot of men like my uncles--my uncles, like my distant relations--men. . .and women too--my aunts, and my girl cousins would bring me clothes--handkerchiefs, nice shirts, moccasins.

And men folks would bring me, like eagle feathers and other men would give you good bridle. Maybe moccasins, or something like that. They'd always bring 'em to me.

Of course my mother had paid for it, you know, in a way--not money, but maybe she'd sned shawl to that man's wife or dress goods or something like that. But I had lot of good clothes long time ago.--