

(Jennie: Way up this side. Not right there, but way up this side. The whole family used to--the whole family use to go and camp somewhere where there was plenty water and plenty wood. Course they had ponies and horses, and the wood and pastures giving out well they move to another place. Just here and there. They move around you know. In tipis.

(I was just wondering even before they alloted the land if they didn't stay in certain places.)

(Jenny: Well they didn't have no--they wasn't alloted and they didn't go anywhere--)

That's her father.

(Jennie: Good place to camp and--)

(Oh gee, now this is Old Man Haumpy? Oh that's good.) (referring to photograph Cecil brings out)

That's him there agin, and his mother. That's him again.

(Brief conversation about the pictures.

WHITE PEOPLE COLLECTING INDIANS' OLD PICUTRES, ETC.

You know what?

(What's that?)

There's this fellow from Texas came down here one day, and I had a lot of old pictures in a box that I had been collecting way back when I married her. And this fellow came and gave me a dollar a piece for them. I thought that was good money. And they got after me. They said I shouldn't sold them. But he's got them in Texas now and he's copying off of the He's making copies over there--artists you knnw. Artist put them down an then copy. Get their bead work and get their feathers and their emotions, you know, body. Like that picture, yeah, that picture--they get the feather and all that--I sure wish I never, never done that.