

that would get together, you know. Then sometimes they have dinner at the church or whatever they need. They just go and help them out.

(When the Indians would come in and pick it, did you have to pay them anything?)

Some of them wouldn't want no pay. The others would just say, "Well--"

They'd accept pay.

(How much did you have to pay?)

Oh, whatever the market--cotton picking, you know, was.

(Where did you sell your cotton?)

They used to have a mill in Geary--the southeast part of town there--the creek. And then sometimes we sell to Greenfield when the Greenfield gin started. Sometimes we'd take it way to Watonga.

INDIANS WORKING AT FARM LABOR: PICKING COTTON

(Did they plant cotton back in the days when your father was farming?)

Oh, yeah. The way the Indians used to do in the neighborhood around Geary and Greenfield, around down there, they'd make a plan to get together sometimes, maybe, say, at some church dinner or some gathering. "All right," they'd say. "We gonna start cotton picking. We're going to go south of Greenfield, camp. Then move up when we get through with that man--we'll move up. But every time we move, when we start to run out of meat, we're going to tell that farmer to kill a beef. And weigh us all a piece of meat, you know. And we'll work it out. That way we'll have something to eat." When we through with them, why they'd be (unintelligible word), they'd move on--clear up to southwest of Watonga--camping. And of course the farmers would feed our horses, you know. Oh, I wouldn't go with them. My folks--I always kept my folks up. But I was around there Saturday nights and Sunday, you know, just at their camps. But the longer they stay away and the more they move, the fatter their horses get. And the nicer clothes they wore--comfort.

(When they were working like this, were they working for white farmers?)