

that gives it a kind of a rough--smooth--and kind of not too greasy. And it's good. I still use that.

Bob: You know the WPA ruined the initiative of the American people--

Jess: Oh, yeah, yeah.

Bob: But as I said here, until the WPA days every farmer took care of his future needs, as far as food and clothing is concerned. But today they drive their Cadillac down to CAP or commodities, and put them in their car--their Cadillacs. They don't think anything about tomorrow's food.

HOW JESS'S FATHER STORED PUMPKINS, SQUASHES, ETC.

Jess: Well, I can remember that my Dad was quite a gardener. He'd always dig a hole about three or four feet deep--oh, about eight feet in diameter. Then we'd go down to the river and all them leaves he'd rake up, we'd throw them in the wagon and sometimes make two trips, and he'd throw them in that pit. And then we'd put our pumpkin and turnips and cabbage and squash and onions in that pit and just put cross poles in there and put the leaves on top of that and then cover it up with dirt. Just have a little place where you could rake out whatever you want.

(Where did he learn how to do that?)

Jess: Well, he learned from his--his aunts were married to Frenchmen. And he was an orphan and they raised him. They brought him from Montana to Wyoming and then eventually they came and settled down here by Piedmont, northwest of Yukon. And he learned carpenter work. He learned how to temper steel. And all those things. And he learned gardening. And he was good at that.

(Now this digging a pit and lining it with leaves--did he learn it from a white man or from other Indians?)

Jess: No--from those folks, those Indians.

(And what tribe were they?)

Jess: They were Arapahoes. Well, they're really Arapahoes, but they're branched off from the Arapahoes--they call them the Gros Ventres. And of course they're inter-married with the French and Blackfeet. My father was part Blackfoot.

Gros. Ventre Blackfoot.