

restaurant. It's altogether different. Then, I came to Geary in the fall of '30--every Indian--I don't remember an Indian who lived inside the city limits. He lived in a good home out here on his land, in a good house, well taken care of. He had a good wagon, a good team of horses, a good harness, plenty of feed, and in the mornings you'd see the Indians on the road, just one after the other, coming to town. But before the sun went down, the Indian would get his horses and put them to his wagon and go home.. You don't have this like we've got now where the Indian is loitering around on the street after night. He was at home. Today, you won't find an Indian who lives on a farm anymore. In 1930 the Negroes were the ones that lived in the shacks--and in the dugouts. Today the Negroes have got T.V. antennas sticking out of their roofs and they got bathtubs, and they got telephones. Now the Indian has given up his good life, and if you go to town you'll find him around in little shanties--shacks--out at the edge of town. That's where the Negro has come up and the Indian has gone down about as low as he can go. In the last thirty-five years.

MORE ON BUTCHERING AND STORING OF MEAT

(I want to ask you about another two or three questions about this butchering before I forget it.--)

(Interruption)

Bob: --we take the beef to the slaughter house, and there it's butchered, and you never see it until it's packaged. It's quick-frozen, and then you bring it back and put it in your freezer.

(Do you get it all back?)

Bob: Well, we take it for granted that we do. There's very little chance of knowing whether you get it all back or not. You got to know your butcher.

(I guess there's a lot of fat and so on, that they just throw out.)

Bob: Well, one thing about it--if you don't know your butcher, if you got a good calf going in there, you better be around when he butchers and take an indelible pencil and take and write a mark of some kind that you can identify on this carcass.