

And picnics up here. And oh boy they'd fight. Get drunk and fight. Now they don't do that anymore.

(No.)

You know that's that's--I'm glad of it. Because I saw some rough ones, when I was a kid. One time I was coming--used to be, now right down here, used to have a public well.

(Yeah.)

Right up there on that old cement foundation.

(Yeah.)

There. Waters off there and a pump. And up there on your horses. Ride up there and water your horse.

(Huh!)

People carried water for little old houses around here.

(Yeah.)

(Not clear)

(Well what about that.)

One well that was for everybody. Everybody go up there. And one time I was coming--a picnic up on the corner, where the school ground is there, back just a little. They used to have them every year. And I was coming back down this way. Me and some other little old kid. We was about twelve, I guess. And boy, we come down there--kinda little old alley there between two buildings., it was, you know pretty wide. Back in that, there was three of them a fighting. There was two white boys--two white men--they was men.

(Yeah.)

And one big Indian. And them white boys was using rocks. They was a beating that Indian up. I never seen as much blood in my life. And he was a big buy anyhow. And he'd hit one of them. And I mean boy! Just like a rag doll, or something. (Laughter) They never did whip him. They beat him. And boy they beat him. He was a bloody mess as I ever saw. And that was