

I crawled in under that hay and went to sleep. I don't know where he went. But he was there next morning. Oh I don't know how old I was. About twelve maybe. And then we got up before daylight. Then we left. And he knew the road they'd go to come home on. And we caught a ride with them. (Laughter) Then we come on home. And then from there I went to Genoa, Nebraska.

(Now where was home?)

At Mayetta, Kansas. On reservation there. I went to Genoa and I just stayed there, possibly six months. Then I run off. I never did go back. And they looked for me long time. The law did. I had a job somewhere and I told daddy if he sent me back I'll come back. "Well," he said, "If that's the way you feel why you don't need to go back."

#### TIMES WERE BAD DURING THE DEPRESSION DAYS

So worked and worked. And when the depression hit I was in Langston, North Dakota. That's about twelve miles from the Canadian border. I had a job way out in the country. I got tired working I come on in, and there was no more work. That's when the depression hit. And oh-h-h I come back to the reservation done a lot of running around. Bootlegged a little bit. This, that, and the other. You couldn't get no work. And I must have done that three or four years and John and Josephine came up in the meantime. And he said, "Why don't you drive home for me." "I sure ain't feeling good." I said "All right. I'll go down and stay a month with you. Then I'm going to Iowa. I'm going up there to shuck corn." Well I come down and stayed a month. He wasn't no better. Said "Stay another month. Maybe I'll be feeling better." He said. But he just kept getting worse. And the month would be up. So I seen he was sickly shore enough so I stayed. And that following spring he died. I must have come here in '31 because he died in '32. When he passed away, Josephine said "You stay with me a year then I'll be pretty well straightened out." So I did. And she just kept hollering for the folks to come