

Warm Valley Historical Project
Interview with DOROTHY PECHE (d.o.b. 1911) and Zedora Enos
Interviewed by Sharon Kahin
March 8, 1991

SK: Today is March 8 1991. It's a conversation with Dorothy Peche and Zedora Enos about the government school. This is for the Warm Valley Historical Project. OK Uh—you were saying that it wasn't a very nice place to be in back then—

DP: No, it wasn't a very nice place at all. It was unsanitary and then they bathed as many kids as they could get into one tub—'Cause that was all there was, one bath tub, at that time. And then there was an older girl over seven or eight kids and all in the same water. Oh, there's a lot of things like that that I just [laughs].

SK: Yuck! [laughs].

DP: And you doesn't say anything because you'd get punished every time that you turned around.

SK: Well, I heard that there was a lot of punishment that went on—What kinds of things were you punished for?

DP: Well, for speaking your own native language for one thing and you were severely punished for that.

SK: What kinds of things did they do? Do you remember?

DP: Oh, yeah. They would put you in the—They'd put you in the—What they called the "jail." It was a room down in the basement with no windows or anything and they'd give us bread and water for — 'till they said it wasn't so or something. They kept you there until you said that you didn't mean what you said or was supposed to have said that, so they'd—Then they would caution you not to say it again and then there was a lot of Indian girls, like us, we totally forgot that we was Indians, you know, our language.

SK: Did you ever get put down in this cellar?

DP: I never did, but I had a sister that was everlastingly down there, because she was one of these feisty ones. She would fight back, you know, and call them names and all that—That was Alice, you know her.

—: Yeah, I know Alice.

SK: Is she still alive?

DP: [garbled] [laughs] And she was down there and she was everlastingly fighting

somebody or somebody was fighting with her. Iva [Ivy?] St. Clair was just the meanest human on earth when she was going to school there. She was one of the older girls that was over a number of small ones, you know. When we were just treated like slaves at times, and then at other times we were treated like we were in the army, you know, we marched and we were in uniforms, I guess from over here—this is—on—this was an army post somewhere.

SK: They used discarded army clothes for uniforms?

DP: Oh, yes! And then the girls were in the hickory—the everyday dress was—you only had two dresses, that was the hickory, like this old ticking, you know that they put on pillows—

SK: Stripes?

DP: Yes. And those were our everyday clothes and then we had our uniforms that we wore to church on Sunday or on parade and we was everlastingly parading, you know. Marching—and we did that all the time, several times a day, you know. Marched here and marched there. We got to be real marchers [laughs] I'll tell you!

ZE: That is what—

SK: That's what Norman said.

ZE: Val.

SK: Val Norman. He said when he went to the army, he was all set. He knew it. He could do it with his eyes closed.

DP: And some of those little ones, you know, it was really hard on them. 'Cause the big ones, like Iva was just as mean as she could be. If they stepped out of line or fell down, she would raise the devil with them. And then the matron just stood up for Iva, that's what she was supposed to be doing, just like an officer or something in the army. Iva would yell at you, just like you was in the army.

ZE: It wasn't very pleasant, I'll tell you!

SK: Uh—

DP: And in those days, they'd round the kids up, the Indian kids up, and made them go to school, you know, whether they wanted to go or not, or their parents. They just took you and put you down there. That's the reason there was a lot of them there. And I know, my sister, she ran away a couple of times but they got her and brought her back. And Hazel—Hazel O'Neill, she ran away every time she turned around. And they were so mean to her. that's why she ran away. And then she always had poor eyes, you know, she couldn't see good in the first place and they

didn't care whether you could see good or not. She couldn't do anything in school. She couldn't keep up with her grades or anything. She couldn't see! She always had bad eyes.

SK: Now, is she the one, Zedora's mom was saying that some of the older girls would run away and they put some kind of a ball and chain on them or something?

DP: Well, that's what she wore—it was a post, a fence post, for a long time. It was about that big around and about as long as a fence post and she wore that for a long time and she kept running away anyway. She just got to where she could just handle that post like nothing. And she ran away anyway and then they put two of them on her. One on each—until Rev. Roberts came down there one Sunday for Sunday school, for church on Sunday, you know. And boy! He raised the devil out there! But they still kept her and her posts. ,

SK: They had one on each leg?

DP: Huh?

SK: One on each leg?

DP: Yeah. One on each leg. And she used to jump out of the window with those two posts. Occasionally, she got to where she didn't care, you know. And she had a boyfriend, Harry Ingevooldt[?]¹. He was in the background somewhere. I don't know where, out in the haystack or somewhere, I don't know exactly. They used to kid him about being in the haystack all the time. I don't know [laughs]. And then he helped her from the outside because a lot of them girls that run away did. They'd their sheets together and there'd be boys waiting outside to pick them up. And then the boys would get into—That's how they got into dormitories too, those boys. Some of the boys down there. Some of the bigger boys. They would get into the dormitories, crawled up the sheets, the girls—some of those girls would tie all their sheets together and bring them up to the dormitories. It would scare the rest of us half to death. Afraid of them, because—I must have been about ten or twelve years old, I think that I was in fourth grade. Somewhere along in there. And they had the meanest teacher down there that ever lived, old lady Kavelar[?]. She looked just like a witch. Skinny and—well, just like a witch. She was mean. She was everlastingly popping the kids on the hand with a ruler, you know. I know Benny[?] St. Clair used to get into a fistfight with her and Frank Tillman[?], he'd get it! And they weren't the only ones, there was a lot of other ones that would do that, just to—and then they would get punished too—I suppose. That was going on all the time at the school. You couldn't learn anything because there was so much fighting and—and there was certain kids that they just picked on all the time. The teachers, you know, and never gave them a chance to learn anything. I don't think I learned a thing down there but mopping floors and washing dishes and that sort of thing. It wasn't very pleasant at all.

SK: Were—besides your friend Hazel, were there any girls or boys that had posts tied

to them?

DP: Had what?

SK: Posts tied to their legs?

DP: No, I don't know about the boys. I imagine they were punished—well, they had some boys in jail there, just like they had the girls, you know, in the—on bread and water because they had done something and quite a few of them boys was from the Cheyenne and there as from the Cheyenne Reservation, you know, they was—Medicine Elk was one of them's last names, Medicine Elk—And he was always in jail and they was basketball players and football players and they were everlastingly being punished. They couldn't go to games or anything. That's the way they got even with them.

SK: Did they have a separate jail for the girls and a separate jail for the boys?

DP: Yeah.

SK: How long was the longest that you remember anybody being put in the jail?

DP: Oh, there was always somebody in there. I don't know—I don't remember who they were. but there was always somebody in there now, because a lot of them — we had an Arapaho girl that come to school there her name was Marie Pfeiffer, she was one of the older girls and she sneaked food out of the kitchen and put it in her bloomer legs around here [laughs] and then, down to the basement and poke it through, you know, where the pipes come through the wall in the basement. She'd push the food in through there for a lot of those kids in jail, boys and all.

SK: Did she ever get caught?

DP: Nh-huh. I know lots of times she—me and my sister, we would have been awfully hungry if it wasn't for Marie. she'd sneak food out for us once in awhile, whenever she could. Like a sandwich or something. And then, Ben St. Clair, he got so he couldn't eat in the dining room—that food just turned his stomach. He'd have a fit in there and he'd throw up and just raise Cain. And they'd feed him out in the kitchen. I don't know whether that is what was really the matter with him or not but—He just did that to where he could get into the kitchen to where he could just help himself, you know. But that's what he used to do [laughs].

SK: What was the food like?

DP: Oh, everything was boiled. Gravy—meat boiled in—and then gravy, meat in the broth, most of the time, that's all. And then oatmeal. They never had any sugar down there. They had syrup down there and they would pour syrup on everything. It was like feeding a bunch of pigs, if you ask me, lots of times. But it

was, World War I was on that he time and everybody was having a hard time. but that was a self-supporting school down there. They raised everything down at that school. There was no excuse for it—That's just the way they treated us Indians. That's the way—the whole thing of it.

SK: Can you remember any specific times or incidents of kids being taken from their home when their parents didn't want them to come?

DP: Oh, lots of times.

SK: Can you describe what that was like for some of them?

DP: It was terrible for them, I imagine—but they would come down there on the weekends to see their kids and then the kids would want to come home with them, you know, and they were little kids at the time. The Ute girls up here, they were—they were small kids, Beria[?] and her sister.

SK: You were ten when you went there?

DP: I was ten or twelve, uh-huh.

SK: Where did you go before then, or didn't you have to go anyplace before then?

DP: Well, we should have been in school. oh—let's see—we went to Crow Heart. We went to summer school at Pilot Butte for a long time, one whole summer. That was where we started to school, if I remember. It was down there. And, of course, we had to walk about two miles to school, but we went in the summer time and—What was her name? Marie Volker was our teacher over there at the Pilot School, where we went to school—

SK: About how many kids —

DP: They don't call it the Pilot School anymore—That's where the Wind River School—it was—is there now. And it was just a one room school. I think it was—well, Johnny Travis [Chaves or Jarvis?] went to school there. And Troy Aragon went there and the Volker boys and the Fly[?] boys. There's two, Chester and his brother went to school there and there was the Bettaker[?] kids went to school there. And Molly Aragon went there.

SK: Is that where Frank went?

ZE: Frank Enos?

DP: What?

SK: Is that where Frank Enos went?

DP: No. I don't think—Frank went away to school someplace—where else? Was it

Genoa? A lot of kids went to Genoa at that time. Elmer Stagbourn[?] went to Genoa.

SK: Well, how come you switched, then, and went to the government school?

DP: Well, that was World War I, was going on and my dad volunteered to go to the war and mom had two kids, two small kids, besides Alice and I and they put us there. He brought us down on horseback. And then—Alice and I—and I never—he came once during all the school season to see us. And we never saw mom. And we had long hair, Alice and I had hair—our hair was dragging on the floor, just like my mother, she had long hair too. And we got lousy down there. Oh! And they just grabbed our braids and cut them off, the matrons down there. Talk about mad! Mom was ready to fight when she seen us when we got home. She never seen us until school was out and then they wanted to keep me there the following summer on a detail. they kept several kids there, you know, during the summer time. but mom wouldn't let them. They said—she said no, they'll come home.

SK: What was the detail? What do you mean by that?

DP: Well, to keep the school. You didn't go to school, but you stayed there and worked in the kitchen and kept things up for the school, you know.

SK: Did they pay you for that?

DP: Heck no! They never paid us for nothing!

SK: About how many kids would they try and keep during the summer?

DP: Well, they detailed, I think, six at a time, if I remember right. You stayed six, maybe for so long a time and then changed and six more. The same thing with the boys—and they took care of the stock and all that, put up hay—they put up hay down there until the snow flied every year—

SK: But they'd have to get your parents' permission in order to do that?

DP: No. They never got no permission from anybody's parents. They just took you, that's all.

SK: But your mom said "no," they couldn't keep you?

DP: Well, she explained it to them that dad was supposed to be going to war and she had to have some kids. I was the oldest one and they had to have me to help and we lived up there at Crow Heart, just under the hill where [garbled terrace place is. We had a house there, where the hill—That was supposed to be my allotment, but, they never allotted it to me. I don't have any allotment. A lot of us don't. The Chavezes got beat out of theirs too. They was all in school when we were.

SK: So, they would have about twelve kids there in the summer. About six girls and six boys, just to take care of the school and the grounds?

DP: Yeah—and then there was the matron and the disciplinarian—the matron was there year 'round and then the boys', the disciplinarian, his wife was there and then Mr. Pop was there working there at the time.

SK: He was the boss farmer?

DP: Yeah. And Mitchell[?] was the real farmer—Oh—What's his name? He was married to an Indian woman, Tony Lysmuses' sister, Minny. And he had two sons. You know Ray over here?

ZE: Yeah.

DP: Well, that's one of the sons' sons. And they were related to them, Lysmus, Tony Lysmus—Minny, Sally—

SK: If you had stayed during the summer, what would your job have been? What would you have had to do?

DP: Well, wait on the—matron and the disciplinarian, Mr. Palmer, I suppose [laughs].

SK: Did the dishes and that kind of thing? Serve them at table?

DP: What?

SK: do the dishes and that kind of thing? Serve at the table?

DP: Yes—and keep the building clean, I suppose. I don't know exactly what they did do because I didn't stay there and do it.

SK: Do you know if anyone is still around that did stay and do the summer detail that we could talk to?

DP: Well, I don't know if anyone is alive that did, but they did do that—I don't know if Birdie and her sister ever stayed there or not.

SK: Birdie Arron[?]?

DP: They don't like to talk about it, you know. They want to forget all that.

SK: So, how long were you at the School for?

DP: I stayed there a whole school season, one year—

SK: Just the one year? Then did you go to another school or—?

DP: Oh, yeah—we went to school at Crow Heart and—

SK: Afterwards?

DP: Afterwards—Tito Hurtado[?] was in school down there and he was also in Crow Heart when we went to school up there. And Bill Bradford and there was a bunch of them there. The Whites, Howard White's brother and sister, all went to school there and they were White people up at Crow Heart and then there was the Penoyers[?] and the Stuarts, one of the Stuart boys, I think he lives in DuBois now.

SK: Was that Gordon Stuart?

DP: Yeah.

SK: Uh—What was the school in Crow Heart like? How did that compare to the government school?

DP: Oh, my goodness—that was a school—just a one room school house. And we didn't stay there. We went home at the—You know.

SK: Did you learn there? was it—

DP: Oh, yeah. There was so many students up there. Yeah. There were quite a few there. There was a lot of ranchers there and they all went to that school there.

SK: And was there much fighting among the kids or did you get along pretty well?

DP: Oh, we got along alright, fine, yeah. The Clevelands went—all went to school there and the Tatums, all but Ned and he was—I don't know, he was off running around someplace, I guess. He wasn't in school. Tito was there and Caroline didn't go to school with us up there but she did go to the government school with us. She was one of them that was so scared of them boys that she just—Gosh, she was scared of them boys that used to come into the dormitory.

SK: Well, what would happen when they would come into the dormitory?

DP: What do boys do when they get in a dormitory with a bunch of girls all in bed and naked and—sleeping? That's what they done [laughs].

SK: That must have been vary terrifying for them.

DP: Oh, it was! You have no idea, unless you went through it.

SK: Well, where was the matron? Didn't she check?

DP: Well, they knew exactly what time she came 'round. Come around with a

flashlight and shine it in your face and wake us all up and count us and see that everybody was in bed.

SK: Well, when the boys came up, didn't the girls gang up on them or did some of the girls want them there?

DP: Well, most of them wanted them there. That's why they came there [laughs]. That was going on all the time. And I think a lot of the gals—I know if Mar

ZE: was alive, she could tell too, cause she was one of them that kind of wanted them to come there—But she could tell you. And then Virginia Newsip[?], she was pregnant and they made her go to school anyway. she was the only girl in the school that was pregnant down there.

SK: Why didn't more of them get pregnant if that was going on a lot?

DP: Well, maybe they did for all we know.

SK: Uh-huh. Did they send them away if they did get pregnant?

DP: Not that I know of. You got to—[get?] by just as best you could. It's nothing like it is now. There wasn't a hospital or anything in my day.

SK: Do you remember many of the girls being pregnant?

DP: In school?

SK: Yeah.

DP: Nh-huh. Only Virginia. And she was the only one at the time I was there. Because they used to make fun of her so much. she was a good girl too. She was my friend always, until she died. She was a very nice woman. Had a big family from the man that — Harry Newsip—those boys and—How many daughters has she got? Two or three, isn't she—

SK: Let's see—

ZE: Five girls?

DP: Five girls—she had a big family. My mom went to school with her mom a the Haskell [Institute]. And my dad was at—he went to school in Pennsylvania.² He went to school and graduated at that school and stayed there seven years longer and cooked. He was a cook at the school.

SK: Were there any girls that actually got raped during that time?

DP: Well, I don't know—

SK: I mean, you were sleeping in the dormitories, did you know—?

DP: I wasn't asleep, but, then, what did I know at that age? They were just scared to death. You covered up your head and stayed there until they left! You didn't know what was going on. They ran up and down the halls—the bog 6-Y dormitory there with several rows of beds and then they ran up and down the place in between the beds and made a lot of noise. but then, Mrs. Palmer stayed down stairs in her room and—maybe she couldn't hear all that noise. But she checked real often, but they knew exactly when she made her rounds.

SK: Did the little girls sleep in the same room as the big girls?

DP: Yeah. 'Cause there was supposed to be one big girl to so many little girls. In case they had to get up at night in the dark. There was no such thing as electric lights down there.

SK: Wouldn't you say some of the big girls kind of abused that and were mean to the little girls?

DP: Well, yeah. There was always that going on in an Indian school, that I know of—until they get used to you and all they'll pick on you and call you names and everything. We went through all that.

SK: Well, you were probably glad to go back to Crow Heart.

DP: What?

SK: I said you were probably glad to go back to Crow Heart, weren't you?

DP: Well, I could—as I said, I can't remember being glad about anything [laughs]. It's just a matter of survival, you know.

SK: Did you speak English before you went to the school?

DP: English?

SK: Yes. Did you speak it before—

DP: Yes, we spoke it, yeah—We spoke our English at home most of the time—but my dad, he spoke three languages, Shoshone—He talked Shoshone and Mexican and Arapaho.

SK: What was you dad's name?

DP: 'Cause he went to school down at the mission down here.

SK: At Ethete mission?

DP: At St. Stephen's.

SK: Oh, what was his name?

DP: Charlie Sirrell[?]-My maiden name is Sirrell.

SK: When were you born, Dorothy?

DP: 1911.

SK: 1911. So you'd gone there about 1921?

DP: It was in '20 someplace—someplace or another, I think—I wanted to talk to Birdie and them, because she remembers the year. That's what I wanted to do, but when I go to the center, they weren't there or when I didn't go, she was there. And Virginia was one that didn't like to talk about it either—As good a friend that she was she didn't want to talk about it. Once in a while we'd kid each other and make [each other] laugh about something, but that was as far as it went—we didn't seem to want to go into more details.

SK: Were any of the teachers good people or friendly people or were most of them kind of military?

DP: They were so darned bossy and ornery, I don't think they spoke a decent word to anybody down there. They was always cranky and—And I always remember Charlie Hurtado and why he was in school down there. I don't know, because he wasn't on the roll. Or maybe, in those days, it didn't make any difference. But he had the voice like—You hear that song on the radio where that "Hate Me Blue"? Well, he had a voice like that fellow and Oh! They used to make fun of him. And he used to love to sing in church and you could hear him above everybody else and they'd call him a woman and a queer and all that stuff, you know [laughs]. Because he—and he tried to change his voice, you know, to be with the boys because they made so much fun of him. And that poor kid was abused all his life. He's an orphan, you know.

SK: Uh—can you remember other punishments and rules that there were?

DP: Well, there was details like the girls to the kitchen and girls to take care of the dormitory and girls for the dining room.. so many—and the same way with the boys, so many of them went and done the milking early in the morning and then chores to do. There was all of—so many of them detailed here and there to take care of—there was horses down there—They used horses to cut hay and everything in those days. It wasn't nothing like it is now—Those were horse and buggy days in those days. And the mowing machine, go out and spend all your time down there cutting hay and they were doing that from the time they got in school until they left there. And some in the carpenter shop and some down in the—what do you call them places—Power house? For the heat, you know. That's what they had a powerhouse down there for, the heat.

SK: Was it coal—coal heat or wood?

DP: Coal, I imagine, yeah. Hot water and coal. Because it was all radiators in the building, for steam. Steam heating. Oh, I could never say that it was really warm—

[END SIDE ONE]

[BEGINNING SIDE TWO]

[laughter]

SK: Did you have sheets?

DP: Huh?

SK: Did you have sheets?

DP: Heavens no! They didn't even know what a sheet was. that was too much work for them. Then there was the kids that—Virginia was in the Bakery for a long time—yeah.. and I was int he bakery. I asked to be in the bakery, to learn in the bakery and I was in the bakery for a while and then I wanted to go to the sewing room, too. So, I went.. I spent a lot of time there in the sewing room too.

SK: Well, what sort of things did you do in the sewing room?

DP: Well, there was mending, patching and making more dresses, because that one dress ain't going to last you a whole year.

SK: So you made your own uniforms?

DP: Well, everyday dresses, we did. But our uniforms were the blue Navy, middy type, you know. The middy and skirt and then they issued you shoes and if they were too small, you wore them any way. And if they were too big, you wore them anyway. You wore black stockings—and the same way with your clothes. If they fit, alright. And if they didn't, then you wore them just the same, if they didn't fit, if they were too big or if they were too small, you had to wear them any way. They didn't fit too good. I know that I suffered with my feet when I was down there. My shoes were just so tight I couldn't hardly stand them. And I went and asked Mrs. Palmer if I couldn't do something about my shoes, stretch them or something. Oh no, she thought that was terrible, no, I had to wear them. She said you have to wear them, so I had to wear them [garbled]. And I wasn't the only one. There was a lot of them there that the shoes were too small. And on Sunday morning it was just like—I don't know what, down there. Everybody, they just rushed you into everything on Sunday, you know, so you wouldn't miss church, you know. And you had to polish your shoes and then they would all fight over who was going to get to the sink, to wash and to comb each other's hair. And that was terrible, that sink! That was the dirtiest, rottenest place in earth! And then our toothbrushes

was all numbered on a big string, you know, hung on the wall and there was no covers over them or nothing. Oh, to think of that! Gee, we were lucky that we didn't have something wrong with us! [laughs] Catch a disease of some kind.

SK: And you all washed your hair in the same sink?

DP: Yeah. It was just a big long sink that took up the whole wall like that. And they'd just put water in it and there was faucets every so far and as many girls as could get there. But some of them would just stay there for orneriness. And they never drained the water out. They would leave that for the next person, you know. And it was just awful!

SK: What other kinds of unsanitary conditions were there?

DP: Well, the toilets weren't very good either. I think there was only three toilets, flushing toilets, in the basement. and you had to go plum to the basement to get it, to go to the toilet. And they were terrible, because some of those girls down there were absolutely—some of them that was—had their periods started—

SK: Three toilets all the way in the basement in the dorms?

DP: From the dorms. See, the dorms were upstairs. And the dining room was downstairs and the kitchen was downstairs. And then, we had to go up the stairway to get to the dorms and then—our doors were locked in the dormitory, too—locked from the outside. And then we had chambers.³ One chamber by the door on this end and one chamber by the door on the other end for those that had to get up at night. And sometimes those things would be running all over the floor, that many kids there.

SK: I'll bet.

DP: You know, it was terrible. You just have no idea what it was like.

SK: Well, what about—did the school give out supplies for girls' monthly period or how did they handle that?

DP: Well, they brought you a little sack with a lot of rags in it. And you were supposed to—that was your responsibility to keep those clean and all. And half of the time, you couldn't get to the—to do anything about it because you couldn't get to the sink or to where they washed them to take care of them or anything.

SK: Did you wash them in the same sink you washed your hair [in]?

DP: I don't, I don't know whether they did or not. I didn't have such a thing then [laughs].

SK: It wasn't your problem?

DP: It wasn't my problem. I can remember how terrible some of them smelled. Oh dear! — was one of them. She couldn't hardly stand herself when she menstruated. She was really strong. And so much! She just absolutely hemorrhaged. I am amazed that she's made it as far as she has. Is she still in the hospital, I wonder? She was in the hospital with pneumonia.

ZE: I don't know if she is.

DP: And I don't know if she is older than I am or not. Because she was skinny—Dear! She was skinny when she was in school and she was—I always thought that there was something wrong with her. Maybe she had TB or something.

SK: What were some of the health problems that you remember, like trachoma, was there—

DP: Oh, they had all kinds of trachoma! They were everlastingly examining their eyes for trachoma and squirting their eyes for—Some of them would scrape their eyes with a toothbrush, wash their eyes with a toothbrush, you know. And some of the—some of the Indians, you know, they used that grass, too, in their eyes, to scrape their eyes. That's the reason that a lot of them got such bad eyes. It causes a growth over your eyes. And some of them are totally blind., I remember— She's blind anyway—but she kept her eyes shut after they scraped her eyes with that grass. And they hurt so bad that she kept them shut. And they grew that way, you know. They grew together. Now, I always thought that if she went to the doctors and had her eyes opened—had the doctor open them, I bet she could see.

SK: What kind of grass was it that they used?

DP: Oh, it's a grass that's got—one side is real rough and it's—It will cut your hands if you pull on it form off the ground.

SK: So that's what some of the Indians—

DP: A lot of the Indians would use that—work on each other.

SK: But the doctors and so forth, would use toothbrushes sometimes?

DP: Well, I—That's what—I don't know if he was a doctor. He was supposed to have been—I couldn't swear he was a doctor. But that's who they sent for if somebody had [sore eyes?] or something. Hand he would come and he would scrub their eyes and would have those kids crying, you know. their eyes would just bleed, you know. It was just terrible.

SK: It's very infectious, yes.

DP: Yeah.

SK: What other health problems do you remember there being there?

DP: Well, if a kid used to catch cold, I know he would be in bed for days and then if the kids got cramps, like some of those girls would get cramps, then they would bring you a big pitcher of ginger tea. And I was never so sick of ginger tea in all my life! I guess they thought we were all going to menstruate—that is what our cramps were about. And then you'd drink that hot ginger tea, oh, that was supposed to help you along.

SK: Did it?

DP: [laughter] I don't know—I don't think so. I didn't even need it! But a lot of them older girls, they would bring them that and they could stay in bed.

SK: Did they have a special room or did they have to stay in the dorm?

DP: Not a one! They didn't have any special rooms, there was just that one big dormitory.

SK: So, if you were sick you stayed in the dormitory?

DP: Yeah, stayed—

SK: What if you had a cold or something contagious? Did you still stay in the dormitory?

DP: You still stayed—They had whooping cough and they had measles while I was down there.

SK: And those—they didn't separate the kids that were sick?

DP: Nh-huh. All in that one place, that big dormitory.

SK: So there wasn't a sick room?

DP: No sick room. I don't even remember asking for medicine, asking for something for a headache or something. I don't know what they would have give you.

SK: Did they have a nurse or anybody there at the school?

DP: Not that I remember. There was never a nurse. There was Mrs. Palmer. She was a big, heavy-set woman, a big busted woman and she was a —she did whatever nursing of them, you know, making ginger tea and making them stay in bed, that was about all you got, that I can remember. And Hazel, I don't know how she—Your mother, you said she just had that little rub on her and she got infection. And Hazel wore those chains, you know. I wonder how—well, you just

can't imagine how she suffered. But she was just stubborn to give in. Oh, no, she wouldn't give in.

SK: But they secured the chains around her leg?

DP: No, it wasn't a chain. It was a cuff, you know, like—

SK: A cuff with a chain?

DP: And then the chain to it and to the post and one cuff around the post and a chain to it.

SK: Well, what happened to her eventually?

DP: Well, she eventually got—quit—didn't go to school. I don't know whether she grad—I don't know whether she ever went to school. I can't remember her even being in school. But she was there. And she eventually got away from there and married and she had children. Mattie, over here, is her daughter. Mattie—What is her last name not? Mattie's last name?

ZE: Let's see, Meeks?

DP: Meeks? She's been married a couple or three times. She was a [too faint. raped?], you know. She's been married several times since she was—since I knew her. And she's a relative of mine. I'm—[all them?] O'Neill are my relatives.

SK: Do you remember anyone else getting cuffed and chained like that, with a log chained to them?

DP: No, I've heard that some of them got whippings down there.

SK: Some of the girls?

DP: Some of the girls and boys too. They had a whippin' machine in the—thing in the principal's office. If you were called to the office. And everyone was scared that they were going to get—scared they were going to get called to the office if they did something. Some of them got some awful whippings.

SK: It was a machine?

DP: Well, I don't know exactly what it looked like, because I never seen it. But I know everybody was ascaered to death of it. And they said that they would whip on the machine, what ever that was. I know that there was a Cheyenne boy down there that was one of them that they picked on all the time and the Jarvis boys was down—Olie[?] Jarvis and two—he had two other brothers down there, Pete and Clarence, I believe was one.

SK: Any of them still alive?

DP: The Jarvis boys—And they never left here. They married here. Outside of Pete, I don't know what happened to—He died, didn't he?

ZE: I think so.

DP: I believe he died, yeah. And the McGills, they were down there at the school. The boys. There was no girls, there was just boys.

SK: Well, if you spoke your own language, what was the punishment for speaking your own language?

DP: You weren't supposed to! They were trying to make white people out of us! We were supposed to be—They were trying to change us. There [garbled] any Indians. There was a lot of them was—forgot about their language. My husband was a Flathead Indian—They put him in—His mother and father separated and he was abused something terrible because he couldn't talk English. He talked French all the time and he completely forgot his language because he said they beat him and made him kneel in a broomstick handle, hours at a time and he got whipped several times, he said, with a wet towel. I was telling Father Camberg[?] about it. And Fred hated the Catholic Church! Oh boy, he hated the Catholic church because he was abused so much. And I said I don't think it was the Church, it's the people that ran the Church. And he said that they were the meanest Fathers there that you ever seen.,

SK: Where was this?

DP: On the Flathead Reservation in Montana.

ZE: At Arle[?].

DP: St. Ignatius—That church is a famous church. It wasn't famous to him. He was abused there.

SK: Well, did you forget your language?

DP: Yes, completely.

SK: Just that one year?

DP: Yeah. When you don't—when you can't speak it—And then being small, like I was, I suppose it had something to do with it, because you just—You just forget—Block it out of your mind and do as they do. As you were supposed to do down there. That's the way it was.

ZE: A lot of them forgot their language. I think a lot of them, well, they would sneak

around an speak their language and I remember your grandma Jossie, she would come down there and see the kids and they would talk Indian way out in the—where they were visiting out there on the front lawn [real lowly they talked?], you know, I don't—there wasn't any of them, I don't think, that forgot their language entirely, anyway. but now a days, they don't talk their complete language. It's so mixed up with everything else. There's only one person that I know that can speak the real Shoshone and that speaks fluently and that's Delbert Stuart. He wanted to learn it and he stayed with Jessie Day and he learned it. And he talks it all the time and every time he talks, he won't talk to you unless he talks to you in Indian. And Fred could talk sign [language], you know, so well. But he could talk Shoshone a lot better than I thought he did. Understand it real good, Fred could. But I never took interest in it anymore, because I just blocked it out of my mind.

SK: So you didn't speak it at home after you went back from the school?

DP: Nh-huh. My mother was a Bannock and she spoke—I never did hear her speak her language at all. Of course, she went away to school, too. She went to Carlisle, too. She went to school with Pine Tree, was in school with her. And Virginia Newsip's mother. Virginia and several of them around here went to school I think there was a couple of Arapahos that she knew. Oh—Martha Grossbeck's husband, Pat Grossbeck, his [too faint].

ZE: Bruce?

DP: Huh?

ZE: Is it Bruce? Bruce?

DP: Yeah, maybe that's it. We went to school with him. And he was at the school from when we were at the government school down here and he was—teaching those—Swinging those Indian clubs, you know. That was our exercise at the gym. Did you ever see them?

ZE: Nh-huh.

DP: They were dangerous—

SK: Oh, that was part of the marching military—

DP: Yeah. You had two of them and you swung them, you know, in different designs.

SK: Yeah. They look like big bowling pins, I think, aren't they? They're long—

DP: Yeah. They look just like a bowling pin and then—

SK: And you did calisthenics with them, wouldn't you?

DP: Yeah, that's kind of a —and some of them were really experts at them, I think—and then a lot of them would let them go and heavens to betsy—they would slip out of their hands or something.

SK: You did drills and marching, then? Marching in formation?

DP: Yeah, you bet.

SK: How often would you do that? Was that every day?

DP: Every day but Sunday.

SK: In the mornings or in the evenings or when was it?

DP: In the afternoon. See, we went to school half a day and then we were on a detail the other half, for so long and then they changed it around. You went in the morning at one time, to school and then they'd change is around and then you'd go in the afternoon and then they'd change the detail.

SK: And then you had that drill and the calisthenics in the afternoons?

DP: Oh, yes.

SK: How long did you do that for each day?

DP: Well, it seemed like hours to me [laughs], but I don't suppose it was. Oh, I imagine it was—no longer than an hour, I don't think.

SK: Did you have any free time at all?

DP: No. They kept you busy all the time. You were in the sewing room or the bakery or someplace—You were somewhere.

SK: You didn't have any time to play or anything like that?

DP: No, no time to play.

ZE: I remember I made two dolls in the sewing room and made dresses for them. I made one for my sister and one for me. And we tried to play with them in the—sort of a lobby where they had that, sort of a washroom is what it was, but—there was benches around the walls, outside of that one wall and they had that lined with that sink with all those toothbrushes and I brought them down and we didn't have them then minutes and them kids stole them. And they took them out and just tore them up. That's the way that some of them kids are. They're just ornery. Jealous. The Shoshone are the most jealous people on earth. They're jealous of one another—

SK: So there was a lot of fighting? Was there fighting between the different tribes there or—

ZE: Oh, yes.

DP: There wasn't any—Well, there was good and bad among them like Marie Pfeiffer—she felt sorry for a lot of the smaller kids and helped us and was kind to use and there was there was some that was ornery. You just passed by them and they would slap you. It just depended on how they—certain kids they picked on.

SK: Well, was there more fighting between the Cheyenne and the Arapaho and the Arapaho and the Shoshone or was it just everybody?

DP: No, I don't think so—They didn't associate much. The—I know girls, the Cheyenne girls that was there, they didn't associate with us very much—But they stayed in their own group. And they were all big girls, they weren't—well, you might say that they were grown up, because they were men and women when they came there. But they made them, rounded them up, and made them come anyway, at the school at that time. They were trying to change the Indian to the White way of living.

SK: Well, looking back, besides your language, what do you think was lost there?

DP: What was lost? What do you mean?

SK: Well, you said that for a while you kind of forgot that you were Indian.

DP: Yeah.

SK: Well, what things besides your language do you feel that that experience destroyed?

DP: Well, our culture, for one thing. A lot of things we did before, that we believed in before, they changed it and—if you stayed in there long enough, then you'd do as they do it, and that's hard.

SK: Could you give some other examples, besides language, what kinds of things from the culture do you think got lost with the school experience, or got changed?

DP: Well, for one thing, Oh, there's a lot of things, like food. We used to, I used to go with my grandma and we'd dig—we'd go every—spring, I think it was spring, we went and we'd gather roots like the sago bulbs and bitter roots and all those kinds of things for our food, you know. And you just lost track of all that and you even forgot what the thing was, what you were looking for, like. You have to know what you were doing, and you'd forget. Oh, there's just a lot of things—And the way you dressed—and the way you acted lots of times.

SK: Like how—?

DP: See, we had two, Alice and I had these two great big braids that hung down our backs, plum to the floor and they cut it off and that just—Oh, that was something awful to us! It was just like cutting our throats [laughs], because we didn't believe in wearing—and we weren't brought up to have short hair—and there was just a lot of things—And we wore—It was Depression time, in my time, it was Depression time, and you know, my dad made us kids' shoes so that we could go to school. We had a terrible time. He made his shoes for us, Alice and I, so that we could go to school. And we made our own clothes. And I think that we had one outfit that we wore to school and as soon as we got from school, we took it off and our middies were washed and done up for the next day and our skirts were all cleaned so that we'd have it for the next day of school. That's after we left the school down there.

SK: Uh-huh. Well, I was just wondering—the food and the—

DP: The food was a lot different.

SK: What was it like? What were the differences?

DP: We was used to having regular Indian food, you know, and cooked like the Indians cook it. Over the fire or—they didn't have it all fancied up with all kinds of stuff and [laughs] of course, we baked our own bread and our own pies down there, which wasn't very good to start with, because they ground the flour over here and it was unbleached and fresh, you know how it is, and it was hard to bake bread from that. And we ate—We were used to fried bread and all that sort of stuff. Our regular Indian food and down there and—We was lucky if we got a slice of bread, 'cause they would fight—The kids would fight over the bread, because there never was enough bread on each table. And then the two big girls that was at the table, there was six girls at a table, I think, four little ones and two big girls, one on each end, to wait on the—to take care of the little ones and see that they got their food. And a lot of them, they didn't—They weren't just eating food, like that. It was awful—And them poor kids would get so hungry that they would stagger around.

SK: So, there wasn't enough food?

DP: It wasn't because there wasn't enough, they just didn't like—Old watery gravy and you got that every day—no matter what. And that beef, boiled beef, every day—And then the broth was made into gravy. It wasn't nice or nothing. It was just like water.

SK: Well, what kinds of things were you eating at home? Then that were—You mentioned the roots and things like that, what was your traditional diet before you went to school?

DP: Well, we sort of lived off the land, like all Indians did at that time. We had wild game, and it was roasted and fixed up, like Indians do it, and at our home, we never used much salt. And everything [at the school] was so salty, you couldn't hardly eat it to save my life, because we weren't used to eating salt like that. And I noticed over here to the center when some of those old ladies just really pour salt on—And they're not supposed to have salt either, their blood pressure. And they have—most of them are diabetics over here. We're luck to be alive, I'll tell you.

SK: Someone told me that when the government gave out salt pork that a lot of the Indians would give it away because it was just too salty. Do you remember that?

DP: Yes, that's true. They had rations, over here where they would have the rations.

SK: And salt pork was—

DP: Salt pork, uh-huh.

SK: Do you remember people giving it away because it was so salty?

DP: Well, they would throw it out, most of them.

SK: Throw it out? Were—

DP: And, in anyway, it was so damned old, being in that commissary over here for I don't know how long. And I don't know where they got it int he first place. There's no telling [laughter].

SK: What were some of the other things that they got for rations, that you remember?

DP: Well, they used to give them lard by the buckets full over here and that wasn't good for their health either. And then, once in a while, they would get buffalo meat. I don't know how they got the buffalo, but they got buffalo meat and each family got so many pounds, maybe ten or twelve pounds of buffalo meat. And they issued clothes. It was all army clothes and overshoes. I always think of Greg Lysmus. He was a cut up. He'd have them on under a big overcoat and a pair of big overshoes than anybody I ever knew [laughs], he's a happy guy. But he died real young, you know.

ZE: Who was that?

DP: Bird[?] Lysmus. He was only about 14, I imagine when he died. Everybody missed Bird. He was—Let's see—His mother was a mute and she had a big family. There was a big one — a lot of boys— I don't think you remember him. You were too young. But your mother would, because I can remember when she was married. She was the prettiest. That was supposed to have been the prince and princess of the Shoshone tribe—Lily and her husband Charlie Teton [Enos?].

SK: Isadora's mom? You never told me that [claps]!

DP: She was real—oh she was pretty—and Charlie was nice looking too at the time. And they dressed so nice—when Indians were Indians—

SK: Now tell me, now, I've always heard—Did you really refer to them or speak of them as "princesses"? Or think of them as princesses of the Indian tribe?

DP: Yeah—everybody looked up to them and, you know, I remember my dad always claimed that he was related to them Washakies somehow—but when my dad was alive, why we saw a lot of them. And one time we all went to a Fourth of July in Lander and we was invited to go to Jossie's camp and Charlie and—

END OF TAPE

BEGINNING TAPE TWO

DP: —in the fire, when we burned our house down and well, I've got lots of pictures yet. And I've got worlds of negatives in that—and it might be that if I just go through them negatives, I might find something.

SK: I was—the reason I was asking was that I was just wondering if the Indians really used that term "Indian Princess" or if that was something from the White man's world that got used.

DP: Well, they always called us 'breeds, you know, I think it was the 'breeds, mostly, I never heard the Indians talk about it. If they did, they said it so that I didn't understand it. But she was—they were prince and princess to us—us 'breeds—because we knew them so well and she was the prettiest woman in the tribe, anyhow [laughs].

SK: I was wondering where did you get the goods handed out? Was that at the commissary or did you go somewhere else to get that?

DP: Oh yeah—They had a building over here where we went, what we called the commissary.

SK: It was called the commissary?

DP: Yeah. It was a stone building, but it's gone now.

SK: Someone told me that sometimes things were handed out at the mill, that sometimes commodities were handed out —

DP: Flour was handed out.

SK: Flour was handed out?

- DP: I remember, we went there to get the flour—Well, they—the Indians used to farm quite a bit and they raised their own grain, their own wheat, and they took it over there. It was ground there and then they came back and got their flour.
- SK: Uh-huh—Uh—Going just a little bit more on the change in diet. When you were at home did your mother make pies and things like that with sugar? Was that part of your—?
- DP: Yeah, whenever we had it.
- SK: Uh-huh.
- DP: Yeah. Because she had been at school—went to school at Carlisle. And she wasn't as much 'Indianfied'[sic] as my dad. I can't even remember not hearing my dad, at sunrise in the morning, singing Indian. Early, we'd wake up to that, every morning, he sang Indian. When the Indians are really Indians. You don't hear that no more. You don't hear Indian at night, you know how they used to ride up the road on horse back late at night and sing and you could hear them all over—maybe just one rider. You don't hear that no more.
- SK: What about playing the flute? Do you remember people playing the flute when you were young?
- DP: We used to go to their dances all the time, Alice and I—
[not sure if ZE says following or DP] Up here when they had—what was the old, I guess it was made out of logs—Near as I can remember, it had a dirt floor. Straw on the ground for you to sit on. Oh, we used to have lots of fun. [long pause] They're not Indians, anymore—Now they're trying to change us back into Indians—
- SK: Do you think the—
- DP: —and some of us is not going to make it. Isn't that the truth?
- SK: Do you think it was the schools that were primarily responsible for that, you know, when you look back?
- DP: No. Them big shots in Washington that was doing it. And taking all they could get their hands on, our land, everything. Just moved us off whether we wanted to move or not and took it!
- SK: Is that during the allotment or when was that?
- DP: No, that was before the allotment time came, at—that wasn't so awful [garbled]. It must have been about the same year that we went to the school, down here when we got beat out of our—we were some of the last ones to—They told my dad to go and select the land somewhere and he did. And then, when it came time to

allot us, they didn't allot us. They over ruled it or something.

SK: And what happened to the land?

DP: Well, it's still up there [laughter] uh, Rebecca and Howard, they leased it for years to run their cattle on, you know, after we left there. And that house above there, Carls [Trailheart's or trailer?] used to be above there on the ditch. That's the house off of our place yonder. My dad built that house—that was my allotment, right next to Rebecca there. Supposed to have been my allotment. My dad built a cellar there and there was a hay field there and a house and he had all his cattle there—that was my grandma's cattle—she turned them over to him—after she got too old to do it, why she turned them over to him and he run his cattle there too.

SK: Well, when your dad didn't get the land that he selected, who got it?

DP: It went back to the tribe.

SK: I see.

ZE: I bought it [?]

DP: I imagine that's who owns it now, too. And some the tribe own—I don't know—somebody told me that the tribe bought Rebecca's place. I don't know whether they did or not. I never did get the straight of that. I don't know, they let those out on assignment so who ever wants to live in those places, like on the other side, over there, but—I don't know if that's so or not. I'm going to have to ask Tito one of these days. He's in real bad poor health and his sister died, Rebecca's oldest one, and it's kind of got him and his health has been no good ever since.

SK: Do you remember what it was like during the Depression?

DP: I'll never forget it.

SK: Could you tell us a little bit—like what you and your family did to try and get by? What were things like back then?

DP: Oh, my gosh, it was awful! Fred and, was married during the Depression. We had six dollars to our name and then we went and got married Don Hudson[?] and Fred was real ambitious. He done anything. He worked at the school for food for two or three years. Took care of my whole family. My dad was a very good provider. It was hard. He fished, he hunted, we lived off the land. In those days, it didn't make much difference, it wasn't like it is now. we would probably starve to death if we had a depression now. You have to wait until it comes in season to get food, 'cause you can't just go out here and kill a deer or elk or what ever anytime now.

SK: Was there still a fair amount of wild game here then during the depression?

DP: Oh, lots of wild game. Plentiful.

SK: What about a garden? Did you have to raise a garden?

DP: Yes, we had a garden too. We had a garden, we had to, you know. Neighbors were neighbors in those days and whenever anybody got something, like if somebody killed a beef, everybody in that neighborhood got some. 'Cause there was no such thing as a freezer or a Frigidaire to put anything in, to keep stuff. Everybody got some. And usually, everybody that was in that neighborhood got some part of it. That was one thing good about people in those days. Nowadays, you don't. Neighbors aren't neighbors anymore. I don't know my neighbors right here along side of me.

SK: When do you think things began to change in that respect?

DP: Oh, I don't know, I'd say the white people, lots of white people, they just come in here. They opened the reservation and they just flooded in here and squatted wherever they wanted to. Gradually, before you knew it, there wasn't a space for you to stand.

SK: And you think that that really tore up the sense of community?

DP: Well, it had a lot to do with it. I brought a ranch over here on this other road over here, during the Depression. And Fred, he worked at the schools and he was a ditch rider at the same time. And I trapped muskrats and when he come home—he was doing the milking down at the schools, because there was nobody there to do the milking. They still had a bunch of milk cows down there. And they had to be in the dining room, let the milk cool, on every desk a pint of milk—on every desk to start school, because a lot of them kids never got anything to eat until they got to school. There just wasn't anything to feed them, I guess. And I think these housing — These housing places over here are the worst things they ever put on these reservations.

SK: Why is that?

DP: Well, if they wanted a house, why didn't they have it put on their own place? No, they've all piled up over here and there [isn't a?] thing to do but drink and fight and dogs and kids and old wrecked cars and they gradually, you know, be enemies to one another when they are crowded up like that. All nationalities and all—all kinds of people, these days and age, there's dope heads and everything, alcoholics that never used to be in our tribe. You never heard of an Indian being raped in my day—that would never, ever — and those kids used to go back and forth to the Indian dances up there and we never had anything like that happen to us or everybody around here.⁴ There just weren't that kind of people. The Indians weren't. Now you can't even go fishing. I'd be scared to death of them,

fraid you can't, and an old lady like me and I just love to go fishing—I'm scared to go fishing because—I went a couple of times and I was up at the reservoir one time and there was a bunch of teenagers up there, smoking pot, you could smell it before you got there—and pushing each other around and everything. I turned around and come back. I went up to Sage Crick [sic]. I went up there, I thought maybe there wouldn't be anybody up there. I went up there and there was a bunch of them up there and I went to Diversion Dam one time and there was a bunch of them down there and they was a shooting around and I don't know what all. There was some of them Arapahos mixed up in that. But I saw several boys there that I knew and I got out of there in a hurry, too. I haven't been fishing since. I'm scared to go fishing and I like to fish. We used to go ice fishing. Take our camp and go to the lake on the holidays and stay from one holiday to the next and fish through the ice and just have lots of fun up there. You can't do that now days.

SK: Well, again, do you have any idea or any sense, you know, when that started to change? When it wasn't safe for women and kids to go about? When did all that start to change?

DP: Well, we've had a few alcoholics all along, but they aren't nothing like they are now. There was people that drank, but they didn't act like these people do now days because they're mixing it up with everything else, dope and wine and antifreeze and extracts and anything that's got a drop of alcohol in it [laughs]. I don't—I know it used to be so different when Fred was on the job here. It's just totally turned around since he was here, since he was a ranger here.

SK: He was a forest ranger?

DP: Huh?

SK: What kind—he was a forest ranger?

DP: Yeah, ranger aide was his title. He knew these mountains just like—ain't nobody knows these mountains like he did, and Sonny's another one. He was raised in these mountains up here and we lived out of doors. And we lived in the mountains all the time, year 'round. Came out of the hospital with sonny and took him straight up to the top of the mountain. He was raised up there and it's—and you couldn't get an Arapaho to work up there on the trails in those days. They wouldn't stay up there. They're afraid of air [?]. And now you can't go anywhere. I don't trust none of them. I had one come here, just since Fred's been gone—Well, he wasn't Arapaho, but he was a Navajo and he was among the Arapahos and he come here and knocked on my door late in the evening and I was in my gown, night gown and housecoat, and I was just about to go to bed and somebody come rapped on my door and I thought "who in the world is that?" I went to the door, I keep the screen locked all the time so they just can't walk in when I open the door. I opened the door and he said "Hello." and I said, "Hello." And I said, "Well, what do you want?" And he said "Well, let me in." And I said, "No. Who are you?"

And he wouldn't tell me who he was. "But I'm related to you" he said. And I said "Well, I don't know you." So I turned on my light, my yard light and I said "I don't know who you are. I've never seen you before in my life." And he looked—he was awfully drunk and the longer he stood there the worse he got and so I said "You stand right there. I'll be right back." So I come in to my bedroom on my other phone and I called David Heinz over here and told him to call the police. And he called the police and in the meantime, he called his dad too, up at the ranch and that was just about a week after the store got robbed. That's the reason that he called his dad and he said—David said, "Is something wrong?" And I said "Yeah, I've got a drunk over here on the block and I can't get rid of him." And he said "I'll be right over." So he came—I seen him coming around the corner here and he had a baseball bat and he talked to that guy for a long time, but he wouldn't leave. He said "No, she's related to me. I don't know why she won't let me in." And I said "I'm not letting you in." So I shut the door and then his dad drove up here and he said he couldn't talk to him and he said "I'll stay right here with you until the police get here." And that policeman was forever getting here. He had time to drag me off someplace before they ever got here so I was getting pretty worried when they finally came. but, in the meantime, he had pulled the carpet off of my porch and drug it around the corner of my house. He laid down, out here and it was 14 below that night—and curled all up out here beside the house and Donny made him get up from there when he get up, he kicked him in the rump and told him "get up!" and he got up out of there and he said "What are you doing here?" And he said, "Well, this lady is related to me and she won't let me in." And he said, "No, she's not letting you in." and he said "I'm not letting you in either," he said. So they stayed right here until the police came and they took—they took him to jail. But they turned him loose the next day and they gave him his fifty dollars back. And he had sobered up, I guess in jail, and he left right after that—But my brother knew who he was. I described him to my brother. I said his hat and everything, I described him. He said, "I know who he is," he said, "it's that damned Navajo from down below here." He said "That's who that is." and—in the meantime, I guess [garbled] out here to get away from them. He said they drove in the yard at the store, he said,⁵ got away from them and jumped over the fence and started running, isn't it and he said "I seen a beam of light over here." I said "That was my TV." I hadn't shut my TV off yet to go to—because I don't have a light at night."

SK: So, he was running away from a gang of Arapahos.

DP: He said,—Yeah. And I know how that is too, because a bunch of them ganged up on Fred one time. They only done it once, though. There was eight of them. They won't—just one of them won't attack you. It's got to be a gang of them, at least four. And—he was coming from down below, somewhere, Ethete, around that way somewhere. Anyway, we come by the springs there and they got—their car was stopped side the road and the hood was raised and they was looking like something was wrong. Of course, you know Fred, he stopped to see if he could help and they ganged up on him.

SK: How long ago was that?

DP: We was coming from Hudson[?]. Oh it was several years ago. Fred's been gone about nine years already and—Because he come to the car [and he said? did he ask for a gun?] "I'm going to shoot them all [laughs]. I handed it to him and he got it by the barrel. He took it by the barrel and he walked out there and he just floored all eight of them, laid them all over the ground out there and they never bothered him no more.⁶

SK: Did he ever work for the CCC camps during the Depression?

DP: Oh, yes.

SK: What kind of work did he do for them?

DP: Fred?

SK: Uh-huh.

DP: Well, he done everything—

SK: That was—

DP: He ran a saw mill up here —

SK: Uh-huh.

DP: And he drove the supply truck and he done anything there was to be done.

SK: Uh-huh. Did you ever work for any of the CCC projects? Anything like that?

DP: Do you mean me?

SK: Yeah. During the Depression.

DP: I didn't. He did.

SK: He did. Was it kind of against —

DP: We all lived in tents.

SK: You lived in a tent?

DP: Uh-huh.

SK: Did many women work at that time or was it kind of —

DP: Well, they had a couple of—At the—in the summertime CCC camps, they had

some women cooks or there wasn't a lot of—just single men, you know. we weren't in a single men's camp. And that's where Paul Heinz got his start. He was time keeper at the CCC camp.

SK: Oh, I didn't realize that—

DP: Yes.

SK: Well, was there a feeling that women should not work when you were growing up? Or shouldn't work outside the home, rather?

DP: I don't—I always worked.

SK: No, I mean, worked outside the home. Was it considered OK for women to take a job, you know, away from their home?

DP: Well, there wasn't too many that did in those days, wouldn't think about it. Then cooks in the CCC camps and Esther Chamberlain was one of the cooks and I had an aunt that worked up there, named Lucille Glick. She was married to Marvin Glick and—That's how come them Glick boys are all here—they come up here in the CCC days. And the [Cuban?] up here, he came here in the CCC days and a lot of them married into the tribe and they're still here. My sister married a Glick. Florence married a (Kingman?). Had a big family—Oh there's a lot of them—Jarvis, they were at the CCC camp several of them Jarvises, and they just stayed there too. But they didn't come along during the CCC days, they come here when we were all in the government school, them Jarvises.

SK: Uh-huh. Were there some other tribes that came and worked with the CCC camps?

DP: Oh, yes. Sioux, Crows and—lots of them. We had lots of Sioux here. Rose married a Sioux.

SK: Your sister?

DP: She's been married eight times, yeah.

SK: Eight times?

DP: Uh-huh.

SK: Was there any trouble with, you know, different tribes coming in that you remember?

DP: Well, they drank and all, but they didn't act like these people do now days. And we used to have the grandest old square dances you ever heard of around here. And they had the best time and they never fought or anything.

SK: Where did you have the square dances?

DP: Huh?

SK: Where were the square dances held?

DP: Oh, we used to have them any where that we could have them. Each other's houses or—or some school house someplace. We used to go to Countryman's up there and the school house. And they were all musical people. A lot of them played violin and guitar and you know—And —'course, Fred was about the only one that could call and of course we was—he was always there where he was calling the square dances. And there's nothing that we love better than go square dancing. We even taught that here for a long time, he and I.

SK: What were some of the other things that you remember doing, you know, getting together with friends back then that you don't do now?

DP: Oh, we used to get together, us women, used to get together and quilt and sew and I made rugs until you couldn't—time to scream. There's one right there that I made and I got one on the rack in there and I had seven on my floor when were were burnt down, all what I made myself.

SK: Hooked rugs?

DP: Hooked rugs. And some crocheted rugs, that's a crocheted rug made out of old sweaters over there.

SK: Uh-huh.

DP: And I've got several of them. That's just a small one there. I've kept busy. I don't just sit here and twiddle my thumbs and watch TV. I make plastic [work?] and I read. If I couldn't read—I don't know—I read everything I can get my hands on.

SK: But things like square dances, when did you stop having those as a kind of a community get together?

DP: Oh—when they started these singing square dances, you know, when they had the caller sing the call. Did you ever see those? They sang the call instead of calling it and the—they had it on record. The music was on the record and you danced by the record.

SK: Yeah.

DP: And it changed a bit right there, Johnny Mc—

SK: McClare?

- DP: McClare—was one of those that sang. Those are more wrasslin [sic] than they is dancing. I thought that wrong. [laughing in background].
- SK: Well, we're almost finished here, Dorothy.
- SK: Huh?
- SK: We've almost finished here on this tape here [laughs]
- DP: I could fill a book with stuff that—
- SK: I bet you could [laughs]. Uh—
- DP: Lots of people don't want to hear it, especially these youngsters, you know, they don't want to—a lot of things you tell them they don't believe it. They had on TV not very long ago about when they rounded up the Indians and sent them to Carlisle or Haskell and cut their hair off and changed their clothes and they all had suits and black hats and derbies—and showed pictures of them and what a change is was and what a hard time—what a hard time they had a changing from one—from being an Indian to being a white man. And somebody over here in the store the other day said to me "You were right about that story you told." and I said "What are you talking about?" And he said "About those Indians going—the time they all went to Haskell, they rounded them up and sent them to Haskell and they turned them into white men," he said. He said "I saw there all on TV last night." I said "I'm glad you did, but," I said, "that's not all of it. They only told the good part there. They didn't tell what all the things that happened to each one of those boys and girls that went to that school." And he said, "Well," he said, "Why don't you get busy and write a book?" "Oh," I said, "I don't think that nobody would publish a book that I wrote [laughs], They'd think I lied, just like you thought I did." And he said "Well, I don't think that any more, because," he said, "I saw that whole thing on TV." Well, I don't know, but I sit here some times and I think, gee wiz, I always thought that I was going to live to be a hundred years old, but I don't know about that. I don't know if I want to live in this kind of world or not. There's only one thing that keeps me going and that's my son. That's all I got, just my son. Well, I got some nice grand kids, but he's the closest to me. And he's just like his dad. And it just startles me sometimes when I call him on the phone and I hear his voice. I'd swear to God that's his dad, his voice is just like his.
- SK: Can you suggest some other people that we should talk to about what it was really like back there at the government school?
- DP: Well, I wouldn't know off hand—but I want to talk to the Ute girls up here later on, whenever I get a change and—maybe I can get Birdie to open up, I don't know, and confirm some of the things I said,, 'cause she was there with me. And then I'll see Millie, 'cause she's easy to talk to, Millie Guina[?], she's a good friend of mine.

SK: And you said that you might have some photographs or some negatives.

DP: Yeah, I've got some negatives, but I'll have to look thorough them and sort them out and see if I can find something—there's certain people that I'd like to, you know—I did have pictures of them and now I ain't sure I've got them now, because I haven't gone through all my pictures and things to see—I know I lost a lot of them in the house—that I had in the house at the time the house burned down, but what pictures that were saved, I had a trunk out in the store house out there and it's a—well, we had moved everything out of the house at one time and we put everything away. We were going to re-do the house inside and I never did get it back in the house and that's how I had a lot of pictures and things out in the trunk yet—a lot that I even forgot that I had and I've got a lot of Indian pictures, because I used to make it my business to get up there and take pictures at Sundance time and—and well, when I was in school, I took pictures—I got a picture of old Washington [or Washakie?]¹—Lucy Washington's husband. I got a picture of him. He used to lead me around by the hand when he was at the school down here. He was one of those that came to the school to visit the kids. I don't know about how we were related to him, but—'cause he was kind of hard to talk to, he talked Indian, you know.

SK: But if you find some that are from this period, '20s, '30s or '40s, uh—

DP: Oh, I can name a few of these girls around here—I meant, they were a girl like I am—Obviously they ain't much girls yet you know, but they were in school when I was. But I've got to talk to them first to see if they are willing to try, you know, because a lot of them that don't want to—that won't let you put them on tape.

SK: Sure—

DP: and I don't know why. Maybe they're afraid they're going to put it on TV and they don't want to—

SK: I think so—or put it in a book with their name on it or something. but if you do have some old photographs, we do have some money in this grant that, you know—if you would be willing to let us copy them, we could give you a copy in exchange—

DP: Oh, sure, if I've got them, you can copy them. I've got pictures among the Arapahos that I've got to go and get because, I leant it to—a picture of Emily Enos, do you know who she is? She is the—you knew—

END OF TAPE (side two is blank).

¹ Transcriptionist note: Ms. Peche uses a lot of family names in this interview with which I am unfamiliar. When I am not sure of the spelling, it is indicated by [?].

² At Carlisle?

³ Chamber pots?

⁴ Is she she alluding to a recent incident?

⁵ Is she or her brother talking about something that happened to the Navajo? Quoting him? Not clear from tape.

⁶ Not clear whether he actually shot them or if he just told them to lay on the ground.