

first see soldier. I stay there at Hayfork long time. My mother come there, too. She die there after awhile at Hayfork.

My cousin, Ellen, younger than me but she got man first. We didn't neither one know much. Man told us cook beans. We cook green coffee for beans. Man cook long time for us.

Li'l sister, white man took her away. Never see her no more. If see it, maybe wouldn't know it. That's last young one tooken away. Mother lost her at Fort Seward.

I hear it, I went back, got mother, brought her to Hayfork. Lotsa Inyan there, lotsa different language, all different. Mother stay with me until she die.

You ask 'bout father. He got killed and brother in soldier war, before soldiers captured us. Three days fight. Three days running. Just blood, blood, blood. Young woman cousin, run from soldier, run into our camp. Three of us girls run. I lose buckskin blanket. Cousin run back, pick it up. I roll it up, put under arm—run more better that way.

We had young man cousin, got shot side of head, crease him, all covered his blood, everything. We helpum to water. Wash off. No die. That night all our women come to camp. I ask mother: "You see my father, big brother?" "Yes," she say, "both two of um dead." I want go see. Mother say "No."

Young woman been stole by white people, come back. Shot through lights and liver. Front skin hang down like apron. She tie up with cotton dress. Never die, neither. Little boy, knee-pan shot off. Young man shot through thigh. Only two man of all our tribe left—that battle.

White people want our land, want destroy us. Break and burn all our basket, break our pounding rock. Destroy our ropes. No snares, no deerskin, flint knife, nothing.

Some old lady wear moss blanket, peel off rock good.

All long, long ago. My white man die. My children all die but one. Oldest girl, she married, went way off. Flu take restum. Oldest girl die few years ago, left girl, she married now, got li'l girl, come see me sometimes. All I got left, my descendants.

'But twenty-five years ago I marry Sam. Marry him by preacher. Sam, he's good man. Hayfork Inyan. Talk li'l bit different to us people, but can understand it. We get old age pension, buy li'l place here in Round Valley, keep our horses, keep cow, keep chickens, dogs, cats too. We live good.

I hear people tell 'bout what Inyan do early days to white man. Nobody ever tell it what white man do to Inyan. That's reason I tell it. That's history. That's truth. I seen it myself.