

X33 By Alex Mctoxen 5-29-39

The Onaida singers prayed in Greenleaf where an Oneida Indian was sick in bed. She said will you sing some more you have very good hymns and come again.

X-40 By Alex Metoxen 7-20-39

Last Friday nine of us singers went to Madison, Wisconsin. When we got there we ate and then we went over where they record music. There we sang for three hours. And then we talked with different ones and somebody made a speech and one of our group sang in Indian and then our leader said we will eat first and then we will go home, so we did and we left there at 8 Pm. We traveled two hundred and (? sixty) six miles, that is how far we was.

Mrs. Mary Parkhurst

11-12-41

[Oneida] (age 80)

Religion

My mother was a white woman adopted by Isaac Wheelock's wife while they were still in New York. Mrs. Wheelock was selling baskets among the white settlers near the Oneida reservation when she came to a place where there was a large family of little children, and the mother had died. The father asked Mrs. Wheelock to adopt the smallest child, a little baby, and she took it, and raised her, and brought her to Oneida when she was a little girl. That little white girl was my mother. Mrs. Isaac Wheelock was a Methodist and so was my mother. She married a man by the name of Huff. My sisters and my brothers were all baptized in the Methodist church. My father died, and my mother was married again, and we moved towards Green Bay near Larson's farm. We still attended the Methodist church, but it was almost too far the way we traveled in those days. Father Goodnough visited us and asked my mother to change to Episcopalian. My mother attended the Episcopal church and she did not notice any great difference in their belief, or the way the services were conducted, so she joined the Episcopal church. We were all baptized again. When I was old enough to go to school I used to stay with my

grandmother, because she lived near the Episcopal mission. I went to school for three years but not regularly. I learned how to read and write the Mohawk language. I did not learn to read or write in English at all, so I never could speak English, and neither did my mother. I forgot how to read or write in Mohawk because I had no occasion to use it. I was married very young, and we settled in the woods, and all I did was cook and help my husband to clear the land, and build the house to live in. we adopted a child, because I had given up hope of having children of my own. I had been taught in the church before I was confirmed that God is a being, a spiritual being, and that He is almighty, and that He is in Three Persons. Father, Son, and Holy Ghost or Spirit. I believe that God send his son into the world, and that Holy Spirit came before Jesus ascended into Heaven. I firmly believe in what the church teaches about God and His son, and in the Holy Spirit. That is why I take communion as often as I can. I also try to keep the ten commandments because that is the law that God gave to Moses to teach the people the things they should do, and the things they should not do. I never work on Sundays, only what I absolutely have to do. I never sew or wash on Sunday, but I cook and wash my dishes. I don't preach to other people about my religion but I try to live in such a way so that I will be a good

example to the younger generation. I never was a very active member of the Women's Auxiliary, because I live so far away, but I always donate towards their dinners and often help them serve the dinner.

The Oneidas must have been members of the Methodist church before they came here, because Isaac Wheelock and his wife were members of the Methodist church before they came to Wisconsin. If the Oneidas once had ceremonies of their own it must have been about 2 or 3 years ago. I used to hear the old men speak of [Oneida] as the two deities that had great powers. One is the Great Spirit, and the other is an Evil Spirit. The Oneidas speak of these spirits as invisible, but are constantly watching the people. I used to hear them say that if the Oneida were at War with any Indian tribe that [Oneida] is there to help them win the war. Now that I am getting old, I don't go to church very often, but I always say my prayers. One thing I always liked about the Methodist people is that they make up their own prayers. I used to hear different ones repent of their sins, and also testimonies of different members of the congregation. There were lot of the men who were almost as good a preacher as the white Methodist minister. Isaac Wheelock was a native preacher. The men that preached to the people had to lead good lives. I could not say that all the people that don't belong to the Episcopal

church are not saved. I think any one who accepts Jesus Christ as their savior is going to be saved, regardless of what church they belonged to. I don't believe in joining some other church than when a person is baptized. My mother made me change, but now I would not want to change back to the Methodist, as I am satisfied with the Episcopal church. My daughter-in-law belongs to the Methodist church, but my son and I belong to the Episcopal church he goes to church with her, but he does not want to become Methodist although the minister has asked him several times to join the church. They have prayer meetings here, and I always hear them, and pray with them, but when I go to church I want to attend my own church. Some people tell me that there is an Indian preacher here that is very good. He knows the scriptures and can deliver good sermons, and lot of the people have joined the church since he came. His Sunday evening services are well attended. Some people are leaving their church to join the church of Christ. He baptizes by immersion, and he don't believe in baptizing infants, because he claims that they have no sins. There are some people that are always changing their religion but I don't think that they are very strong Christians when they are shifting from one denomination to another. I used to enjoy going to church when the sermons were interpreted, and I could understand what the priest

talked about in his sermons. I could always follow his prayers as that was interpreted at one time. When my adopted son was a young boy, he found employment in Chicago, and he asked me to go to Chicago in the winter months so I went to Chicago very winter for three years. We had a nice place, steam heated, and every thing modern, but I felt like a bird caged up. I was comfortable, but I was not satisfied, I always felt happy when spring arrived and my son let me come home. While in Chicago, I never cared to go any where because I did not know any one, but here people come to see me and I get a chance to converse with some one I can understand, and if I want to go and see some one my son will take me there. My daughter-in-law, and I do not chat together because she claims she can't understand or talk Oneida, and I can't talk English. I think it is nice to be able to speak both Oneida and English. I can't understand how some forget their own language. Some of you speak both languages fluently. None of us went to school very much. My half brother Aaron Denny who is dead looked like a white man, but he never learned to speak English. He was the man that some white people identified as their lost child. They were some well to do people, and they wanted to take him back, and share their farm with him, but he did not want to go. He was baptized in the Episcopal church, but after he grew up he never went to church.

His wife did not believe in my religion. She was one Oneida that was an atheist. Her husband may have believed in God, but she influenced him to stay away from the church. Her mother was the last one of those that people suspected to know some thing of witchcraft. She hated Aaron and first their baby had some kind of spells, then later, his wife took sic and when she was dying she spoke of her mother as the one that always came to the window every night to bother her, so she bewitched her own daughter, because she hated her son-in-law. She was the only one I always heard that she knew how to bewitch people, and she was not a church member, and was considered a mean woman. A witch is a wicked person, who works with the evil spirit. A person can wish bad luck to any one, and some times a wish comes true, so it is not hard for a witch to think of mean things to happen to a person and some times it really happens, most people wish you good tings and it really helps. A good wish is a sort-of blessing. An evil wish is a sort of a curse, and some people have a great power to wish any thing, and it will happen. It seems to me that when the Oneidas accepted Christianity they abandoned all their wickedness, superstition, and witchcraft. The ones that wanted to keep on with their evil ways did not accept Christianity, and most of them stayed in New York, because the people that came here were a

Christian party. The first preacher that they had here was Eleazor Williams. They had their meetings in a little log cabin, and they soon had to enlarge it and this time it was a frame building, and many years after before the finished the stone church. The Oneida Indians were one of the first tribes to accept Christianity, and that is one reason they advanced in civilization a little faster than other tribes. They gradually abandoned all their Indian ways, and tried to live as near like the white people as they could, but they thought that all white people were like the missionaries.

Guy Elm (GE-20)

Attitudes in the Oneida Families

The other observations and studies that I have made amongst the Oneida for some time, I have discovered many interesting facts concerning their habits, hobbies, social life, sports, occupations, and church activities.

I am in position to know, because I have lived, worked, played with them, both socially and athletic contest. I know the white people just as well as I know the Indians. For this simple reason that I have spent about half of my life with them at different times of my life. I spent my child hood days with the Oneidas from the time I was born until I was fourteen years of age. Then my parents sent me to Carlisle Indian Industrial and Military School for boys and girls and also for women and men in the fall on 1910. at this school they had what they called outing system for the students. That is the student could go out in the country, work for some white people during the vacation, and if they prefer to go to public school during the winter they could do so, and work before and after school hours for their board and lodging.

The wages they earned, the students could spent one fourth of the total sum while they are out in the country and the balance is sent back to school, the money placed in the bank. When ever the students goes back to Carlisle and

decides to stay there to continue his or her schooling, the money that they have in deposite, they can with draw again one fourth of the total sum. When the student graduates or stays to complete his full term of enrollment either three or five years, what ever the case may be, they can go home. The money is sent to them after wards if they decided that they are to stay home for good. That is what they call Carlisle Outing System,

Well, when I got there I was young and didn't know much, and I was adviced to take this outing system to learn the ways and mans of the white people. I stayed with on family for three years, then I decided I want to visit my folks. The place where I worked was called Robbinville, seven miles east of Trenton New Jersey. The people I worked for were Germans. I have never found better people to work for since that time. They were hard workers, kind and very religious people. the man was middle age at that time, his wife was much younger then he was and they had one daughter. They had a farm about sixty five acres. They specialized in truck farming, poultry, besides they had some cows, pigs, and horses.

I'll never for get the different crops that we used to raise, there and the acreage of each crop, because I took as much interest in helping raise the crops as the owner. This farmer had about five acres of peaches, five acre of asparagus, two acres of strawberries, one acre of black berries, two acres of apple, pears, plums, and grapes all

in one orchard, ten acres of early potatoes and about fifteen to twenty acres of late potatoes. Along side of these trees and between the rows where there were young trees, he had his vegetables any thing you can think off. So you can see what a big job we had on our hands. The first big job was cutting the asparagus, which usually are ready to be cut after fifteenth of April. We keep on cutting it every day except on Sundays, until last part of May. My boss usually have about eight men to cut asparagus first thing in the morning, and two women to do the sorting and to tie them in small bundles. The asparagus were sorted into three grades. Number one were first grade, in this grade was the best quality, they had to be straight, tender, and so many inches long. The second grade are asparagus that are shorter in length some crooked ones mixed in, but they have to be same length too. The last grade are those that the stock are small in size and the heads are not so good. They have a machine that they used to bundle them together tied with a red chord, trim, cut at one end. Then they are packed in to crates twenty-four bundles to each crate, towards evening we take it to village station and shipped it to New York City. The price for first grade was any where from three to four dollars per crate. The second grade was sold cheaper and the third grade was sold cheaper yet. Every day we get the returns, the price received of the shipment.

We usually have about twenty-five to thirty crates per day, that's about one hundred dollars per day. After paying the workers, the crates, and other over head expenses, my boss use to tell me that he makes a clear profit of sixty dollars per day not a bad wages for any man. Just about the time we are getting through with the asparagus, then the strawberries are ready to be picked. He hires pickers as many as he can get. He pays the pickers 2 cents per quart or box. These quart boxes are packed in to crates and shipped to New York City or some times Philadelphia and besides we used to take turns going to Trenton, New Jersey to sell from house to house. When we went to Trenton, we had to get up about 3 o'clock in the morning, take care of the team and have our breakfast. We had regular market wagons two of them, one wagon for a team and the other for single horse. The wagons are covered so that the fruit, to any other food stuff doesn't get wet if it rains. At five o'clock we are parked at the city market. Then the fun starts I usually have around there just two hours, if I don't get rid of the load by that time, then I hook the team back on the wagon and start peddling for house to house. In that way I used to sell out my load and beat it back home sometimes for dinner. Going around town like that I came into contact with different nationality of people. I treated them all alike, I was fair, honest, I joke and I some times told Indian stories to them. I had friends in every part of the city, and Trenton is not a small city. I

think to this day that was the best time I had in my life and the best education I ever received. On this trips after I sold the farm produce and I knew I would be late for dinner at home, I used to put the team in a barn for the farmers to geed their horses. Then with my bad of money I would go up town tot a swell eating place, clean up take my cover alls off, and order me steak dinner. On one of these stops at the restaurant I met a cashier a pertty girl, but I could tell that she was older then I was. I was seventeen years of age then. I noticed that she was all smiles and she lookcd me over. Any way she asked who I was where I was from and many other question about my self. And told me about herself, that she was Polish girl. She had worked in Chicago, New York City, Philadelphia and that both of her parents had died and finally invited me to come back there again. I like the girl right from the beginning. From that time on I saw to it that I always got late for dinner at home, so that I could go and see the girl at the restaurant. Young whipple snapper as I as she took me to town like nobody's business. Before I started going with this girl, I used to go to Trenton about once a month, now I was going there every Saturday and some times I didn't come back until Sunday night. I didn't have to worry about money, because she had a good paying job. I would get broke on Saturday night and she stood the expenses on Sunday nights. My folks back on the farm begin to wonder what was going on in the city. I tried to keep secret about the girl

in the city. But I couldn't fool my boss, he kept teasing. And this went on until towards the end of the summer. So one Saturday night I invited the girl to a good show and we were enjoying ourselves. The lights went on and I happened to look back and there was my boss and his wife sitting right behind us. Well, after the show I introduced my girl friend to them. She talk to them and they like her very much. my boss went so far and asked me if I was going to marry her. I told him no sir, I said, not me, I'm going back to school in about two weeks to continue my education. I said I'm only a kid and she is a woman of about twenty-five years of age. He said to me, but she is a swell girl. She has the looks, educated, good job and has a wonder full personality. He said, I wish I were you, I would marry her on the spot. He said, if you get married and settle down, you can worked for me on the farm during the summer months and work in town in the winter time. I can find you a job in town at the Rubber Company plant. Or you could live with us on the farm, we have a swell home, and besides you have been with us so long that you are just like our own son. You better think this over in the next two weeks. well, I did I asked the girl if she would marry a man if he asked her to. She told me it all depends on who the man was. She said of course if you was to ask me to marry you, I would say yes at once. That was enough for me, I got scared out. I said to her not I don't mean that, I was just fooling. The time came for me to go back to school. I told my boss

that I would be back the following summer to work for him again.

I went back to Carlisle and fro there I came home for a short visit with my folks. I was home about two months, then I went back again to Carlisle. I corresponded with my girl for almost one year, but I didn't go back to New Jersey that summer. I went to New Hope, Pennsylvania instead. But I started to go to 'Frenton to see her again, everything went swell with us that summer, we had lots of good times together, dances, shows and private parties. In the fall I went back to school, and that following spring she wrote me a letter telling me that she had married. And that was the end to our romance. Although I received many letters after wards from her, I kept clear from her and sometimes I didn't answer her letter and she finally stopped writing to me altogether.

In this family I never notice any quarroling going on between husband and wife. Some times they argued about this and that, but it was always a fair argument, when it was over they were just as good friends again. The daughter was very obedient to her parents. When she was told to do this and that with the work, she went and done the work without any delay. The clothes she wore, her mother picked out for her. The company she associated with, her parents had their approval of it. She never went to parties unless one of her parents were along with her.

The family worked together and they were getting richer every day. Besides the farm, they had other properties in the city. A store building, auto garage, and about have a dozen houses in Camden, New Jersey, that they were renting out, I knew that they were making lots of money on the farm.

The wife raised each year about one thousand young chicks. That was one of my jobs to feed them. She kept about two hundred hens over winter to lay eggs. They had a regular egg route in the city.

Every Friday the eggs were delivered on this route. I don't remember just how many dozen were sold each week, I know this much the Mrs. always had lots of money with her went she went to make a deposite at the bank. I learn many things while I was there. I went to public school and I kept up with the white kids that were attending full time, while I used to start going to school first of November and I quit first of April each year. When they had their examinations I would go and have my examinations too. My test were always near the top of the list. All the education I received were part time school work, no doubt if I had attended full time on my school work, I would have went through high school at least. When I went to school I used to study hard and did what ever the teacher told me to do in line with my studies.

I don't remember ever having any trouble with my teachers or the students at any of the schools that I

attended both Indian and white schools. The first teacher that I had used to tell the class, that obedience, perseverance, honesty, cleanliness were the stepping stones for building a person's character. I have followed the golden rule as much as possible and I have no regrets or am I ashamed my character even today. I make friend where ever I go both men and women.

One summer I was placed on a dairy farm near Langhorn, Pa. These people were quakers. We had about thirty cows to milk. This farm was a large one some thing like 180 acres.

The family was a large one, man and wife, six children, besides the grand parents and the wife's sister, and us two Indian boys, altogether thirteen people. There were four boys and two girls, the oldest was a girl sixteen years of age, and the youngest one a boy six years old. The grand parents were both over seventy-five years of age. The farm house was a stone building. It had about ten rooms altogether. The farm was located just out side of a small village called Humerville. It was the first time I ever worked on a modern dairy farm. at first I couldn't quite get used to it. That is milking the cows. I had to milk from six to eight cows morning and night.

The boss used to wake us up pretty early about four o'clock in the morning, because the milk had to be shipped to Philadelphia at 7:00 A.M. Some times we had to hustle like every thing so as not to be late to go out in the fields to work, because I spent most of the time cleaning

the barn, washing the milk cans, pails and feeding the younger stock, besides other live stock. I sure was busy all the time.

It took my about one week to decide whether I should stay there or go back to school. I was glad that I stayed. After I learned and got used to the work, I begin to like my work, I stayed with these people one year.

I thought perhaps that the people would be quarreling, because there were so many of us together. But the boss and his wife knew how to manage a big family. Every member of the family had their own work to do. I had the job as I said before in the barn. The other Indian boy had his job in the fields. One of the boys had to look after the water pump, another chickens and ducks, another the hogs and small pigs, about twenty of them. The women folks had a plan just like ours one woman did the cooking, another as a helper, one did the cleaning around. When one got through with her work, she would help the others out.

There were jobs on the farm when the whole family would turn out to work together. Every thing as far as I know work like a clock, no arguments, quarrels or fights. Well, anyway this quakers don't believe in fighting at any time, I suppose that's why we all got along so good together. I noticed that they are not so noisy like other class of people. but I used to make them laugh at the table, during meal time. If I was late for meal, they would waite for me at least fifteen minutes. I asked the Mrs. one

time I said, how is that you folks always wait for me? You shouldn't wait for me, when ever the meal is ready go a head and eat. She said, you don't know how much we enjoy your jokers, stories and the talks we have at the table. My husband and the rest just won't eat until you come around. Sometimes I have to repeat my stories several times to them.

I went to church several times with them. They don't have no minister they go in and sit down, every body as quiet as they can be. Then all at once some body gets up and offer a pray to God. They claim the holy spirit moves them to do this, and way that's their belief. Some times they stay in church for a long time and again some times its just a short service.

One thing that I was very interested about this quaker people and that is at playing different games of sport like football, baseball, basketball, tennis, hocky. I found out that this people don't engage in sports where there is a body contact, like football that might cause a serious injury. The younger people might have a different idea in regards to this, but the old people sure don't like to hurt other people.

I am writing my experiances with the other race of people to show the contrast between whites and Indians and further more to prove that I have been with them. And in this instant what I have wrote, the Indians are just the opposite. When they play and kind of a game, they like to

hurt the other player, so that they can be forced out of action. But they do it in a fair play. However some times their fighting spirit gets the best of them or if the other player tries to pull some under hand stuff, then they too get rough and pull their tricks and violate the ruler of the game. In other words, they are ready to give and take.

I have been told time and again, that is one reason they make the best football players and also the best soldiers in the army. I think its quite true, and I'm satisfied of the fact that they are great performers in all kinds of sport, and in the army too. Every now and then I see in the newspapers or hear over the radio they are mentioned about their achievements in sports and in the army that has been increased to over a million men on this new defense program.

I worked for the jews at a summer camp at Camp Becket, Mass. near the state line in the summer of 1917. We had as many as two hundred young rich jewish boys from New York City for the summer.

We went there on the fifteen of June and stayed until after labor day. This jobs were under the supervisions of the Carlisle outing system. There were ten of us Indian boys that were sent there that summer as assistant physical directors. The boys were divided into groups, so that we all had about fifteen to twenty boys to look after. The quarters or buildings where they stayed was arranged so that they were all in the groups. We were held full

responsible of these boys at all times. The head physical director gave us his orders every day. The program for the day was worked one week a head of the schedule. Our job consisted of setting up exercise the first thing in the morning before breakfast. After breakfast they were required to make their own beds, clean up their quarters. They had about one hour to do it. At 9: o'clock we call the roll to see if any boy is missing. The training was then in order for the day. Instruction in swimming, boxing, wrestling, baseball, basketball and track work. About 11:30 A.M. the boys are told to get cleaned up for dinner. At one o'clock we call the roll again. We take them out to athletic field again, then the different groups organize their best men to form a team either basketball or baseball. The athletic field had four baseball diamonds in it, tennis courts, basketball courts and big lake near by. Besides the camp was at the foot of a mountain, woods plenty of it. Well these boys kept us busy from early in the morning until 9:30 at night. When they all go to bed, then we had one hour to our selves, either to write letters or visit one another. These boys played different games under supervision of us Indian boys. We also had organized a team of our own. We went out and played the village teams around there on Sundays that was our day off at this boys camp.

Some days we took our lunch along with us. And went hiking up the mountain about eight miles distance one way.

these hikes gave the boys plenty of good exercise. We would also show the boys how the Indians used to blaze through the woods so that they wouldn't get lost. The leader usually did the blazing as they went along through the woods. These hikes took place about once a week. Some of the boys stayed there all summer, others stayed two weeks and some one month, but as soon as a group of boys left another group would come from the big city to take their place, so that we had about two hundred boys all the time. Another job we had was to tow boats for them. We also gave instructions how to handle the canoe with the paddles. Some times when we have visitors at the camp the Indian boys would put on exhibitions going down the fast swirling rapids we had two small rivers that emptied in to the lake a short distance from the camp. and also we usually put on a canoe race on the lake. We had Indian quartette that could sing any kind of music, and also Indian orchestra. There were other camps close by for girls, and grown ups, so that gave us a chance to go to dances. The Indian orchestra were very much in demand for music around there at these camps. They made extra money, because all these people were rich, what ever they asked, the jews were more than willing to pay for it. besides it was some thing different, and they sure enjoyed and danced to the music, on our way back from Becket, Mass. at Albany New York, we took a river boat a small passenger boat that makes its run of Hudson river between New York City and Albany. That evening some body

suggested to hold a entertainment. They asked for volunteers, we responded with few selections with the quartette, and the orchestra got there instruments our and started to play dance music, waltz and two step. It wasn't long before every body was dancing on the deck, the captain invited the orchestra and the quartette into the main ballroom, and asked us if we would entertain the crowd with our songs and the orchestra with their dance music. Well all consented and accepted the kind invitation.

The ballroom was so pack that some of the people couldn't get in. the dance went on until after midnight. The people certainly enjoyed the orchestra music, we work together with the orchestra by putting on our quartette songs in between the dance numbers. This quartette later was recognized as to be the best quartette that Carlisle ever had. The quartette and the orchestra were invited to the captain's quarters. We had a swell dinner with him, after ward we counted the donations form the people that was given to us for entertaining them. The total amount was almost two hundred dollars. We dived up into ten shares. It came very handy the next morning when we got to New York City. We went on sight seeing trip, visit the central Park and other places of interest. We were there all day and part of the evening so that we were able to see a good show. At midnight we boarded a limited for Philadelphia, and there we changed cars of Harrisburg, Pa. We got back to Carlisle next day ay 9: A.M. All during this time we never

quarreled or had arguments, we got along good and made many friends with the people. we were congratulated on good behavior at the camp, and on our trip going there and back again. The first school assembly at the auditorium when all the students meet together to start their classes, the superintendent spoke to the student body, he mention our group of boys that were at the boys summer camp. He said, last spring went I received a letter from a wealthy jewish man who owns and runs this summer camps in Massachusetts. He asked me if we had some young men that they could be depended onto fill this positions as guides and physical directors. At first I was inclined to write back to him and tell him that we couldn't possibly fill the bill. I thought it over, and called in the staff of my officers. We discussed and argued the matter over and over again. The more we talked about it. the more I was convinced that perhaps I wouldn't make a mistake to send you boys there to do this work. I finally decided to look at your records. The teachers were interviewed about this and that boy in regards to his conduct in class room. The disciplinarians were consulted as to your characters and also the coaches and head physical director. It wasn't no easy task to select the twenty-five young men that we send out to different camps this summer as a experiment to find out whether you boys would make good or make a failure. We pick you boys out on the basis of your past records here at Carlisle. I was very glad to hear from your employer from

each month how you were getting along with the work you were send out there to do. I'm proud of you and the school can also be proud the wonder full record you all have made there at those camps. I'm glad that I send you boys out there, and that you all looking so strong and healthy. Next summer, we plan to send more boys to these summer resorts in Massachusetts and New York State. Now that we know you young men can handle those jobs out there. I want to thank you all for what you have accomplish this past summer.

I always wondered why the Indians got along so good at this school at Carlisle because it was a large school more than one thousand students attending there. But I suppose it was the discipline that kept us from arguing and quarreling at one another. There were all kinds of ways in which to case quarrels, but they usually just say few words and let it go at that.

In the summer of 1918, I was sent to Hog Island Shipyard, a government Shipyard the biggest in the world. It had fifty shipways. About fifty Indian boys from Carlisle were send there. I was given the chance to decide whether I want to go to summer camp or the shipyard. I went to shipyard because I know I could make more money there. We went there first part of June and I stayed there until 1st of Sept. We were put in the barracks with the United States Army men that were stationed there for guard duty. We didn't have to pay for sleeping and staying there, but we had to pay for our meals. They used to serve caf style.

It was a large building they had several of them like it in the yard.

They used to tell me that about 20 thousand people were employed there at that time. They had three shifts of 8 hours so that they kept going night and day with out stopping. When we first got there, those of us that didn't have trades, we were asked to pick a trade like riveting, rimmer, corking and crane man, signal man, rigger, and many other jobs that required skill labor. I chose riveting. We had instructors that gave us lessons just how it is done, I might say we went to school for a period of two weeks, before we were placed on shipways and joined different crews of working men.

I worked with a crew all new man, that is we all started at about the same time. I started off with passing the rivets to the bucking upman. The first day we went on the shipways to work. Our riveter told us to take our time. he said, after we get organized with our crew than we'll speed up. Well the first day wasn't so bad. It took one week on the shipways before I noticed we kept getting more rivets in. from that time on we went to town full speed. The crew stuck together all summer, some times we would double over on the shifts that is instead of working only eight hours per day we would work sixteen hours. In that way we earned more money. I averaged about \$8.00 per day, some got more, depending on what they were doing. We had few arguments at times in that some times one of us didn't

want to work on Sundays, but we usually settle the question by voting or pulling matches to see if we would work. We would always settled the argument one way or the other, and it was final. Our crew of men was made up of a Polish, Irish, Mexican, and Indian, all about the same size and we all could speak good English and swear in four different languages.

It was a happy and crazy crew of men. When we want to celebrate in the city of Philadelphia, it was nessary to bail out some body at the jail every time. and we were all pals so we had to help each other out. I never since that time have I run into another gang of men that would work so good together. And I have worked with many different crew of men since is started working for my living. When I told them I was quitting my job at the shipyard back there at Philadelphia. They kept asking me to stay on. Uti told them that I want to get in the army to see what kind of a life that was like. I finally quit and went back to Carlisle and from there I came home. I was here in Oneida about two weeks. and from here I went to Camp Shelby, Mississippi. I got into the army just long enough so that I can say I was in the World War about months. During the time I was in the army, I was obedient to my superior officers and I worked hard tried to learn as much as I could about the soldiers life in the army. I really didn't get a chance to drill very much because I was put on the football squad and did my training on the football field.

I might say that is one place where you can't argue or quarrel, you either do it or get off the pot. I seen several arguments, and each time it was settled by a fist fight. After it was over the man would shake hands and make friends again.

The army life was o.k. with me, and I'm very glad that I had the chance to join it. I have received State bonus government bonus and other help from the United State government. In the army a soldier can't argue very much. you can't even talk back to the officers you have to take it on the chin with a smile.

The most quarrelsome family that I have know were Oneida family. They lived in Milwaukee, Wisc. years ago, when I was working in that city. I had to board at their home for one month. I never seen anything like it. they quarrel at one another from morning to night. And it wasn't just two of them, but the whole family. There were two boys and two girls. The boys were older then the girls. The parents were just as bad, I suppose that their children hearing them quarreling all the time, decided to do the same thing.

The two boys would argue as to who was to take care of the furnish or clean the basement, and to carry the ashes out from there.

They quarreled over the family car. When the car was some thing the matter with it, they blamed one another about it. they were constantly quarreling at the table at

meal time, so that I some times would get up and go down town at a restaurant to eat a good meal and enjoy myself. I had just started to get used to them, when I found another place to board, it was regular board place. after I got settled down it was like a heaven to me, I didn't hear any more quarreling or arguments, only on Saturday nights, when the men had few drinks, then they would argue about this and that until one of the party would give in to the other. I never in my life like to quarrel, but I do enjoy arguments when it comes in the right place, like for instance at card parties, lodge meetings, in football or baseball game. The arguments some times has a good results in deciding the score of the game. And some times in lodge meetings to help the organization in their past mistaken.

But quarreling is all together different with me. when I quarrel over some thing that is worth while affair, I just as soon fight, and get it over with it. But I have changed that attitude in late years, now days when I have to quarrel I usually try to laugh it off, or make myself scarce. I have found it to be a good policy and worth while to remember it at all times and places.

I have a pal that we have been all most constantly together from boy hood. We attended the same schools here in Oneida, and also at Carlisle. and we have worked at different jobs together. He ahs more education then I have but I have traveled the country more than he has. We are always trying to out smart one another, but its no use,

some times he gets the best of me in discussions the events of the day, politics, the kind of government we have today, the people's economic life, church affairs, and its aspects for the future and pass experience, the different sports, horse racing, for example and also baseball, football, boxing, wrestling, and many other games of sport enjoyed, by the American public, and about our pass experiences with the weaker female sex, our down fall and our weak spots, drinking habit, tobacco smoking, our social activities, work being done for different Indian tribes by this so call New Deal, the present World War.

There isn't a day that goes by but we are arguing about one of these subjects. My pal usually gets the best of me when it comes to writing about these subjects, but I get the best of him when it comes to discussion in public. That makes him quite angry at me, so much at times that some times it looks like we are just about to come to blows.

But then I usually spring a good joke on him, what has happened to him in the pass, any way I always succeed in getting him back in good humor. If we do get mad at each other it doesn't last very long. We have been such good friends for a long time, that either of us get lonesome and then before we know it, we are talking to each other again, good friends as ever. It we don't see each other again for few days and when we do get together again. Look out for jokes and stories about him or myself. We help each other

out in many different ways by exchanging our point of views in many questions and what is happening in general. He is ex veteran and so am I. In business we advice each other carefully. We belong to the same church. Some times we get to arguing about who is the best Christian. We both drink beer, smoke, chew tobacco and some times step out and celebrate on Saturday night. I don't know who is the best looking between the two of us, but one thing I know he is the better liar than I am.