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Wesley Thomas.

[s.l.]: [s.n.], 1970/1979

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Wesley Thomas

One time I played baseball in Montana with these other Indians. We had a three day engagement at that time. Right after our first game as I was walking back off, somebody slapped me on the arm. I turned around quickly but there was nobody but a white man standing there. I was about to answer back when he said, "Hello" in Oneida. I spoke back and he used the Oneida language. For a while he was asking me about various topics. When it cleared up, he was the son of a former Methodist minister and he had been raised around here.

I was surprised at how big the ones living there were. One guy was seven feet and one inch tall and for sure it was three feet across his chest, but they never did anything bad to me or seemed to fight me. While I was there, I went blind. I just couldn't see anything. These Indians made some medicine for me. One side improved but they told me right away the other side would not get well. And it happened just that way. At the present I can see only a short distance. It is those Chippewas that are mean. Sometimes we throw fists at each other, that is their kind, but usually the leather bundle of these Iroquois drops on top.