

Allean Soch was the way of the tribe. During the war he worked, haying for father with a number of other Indians. Some Gypsies came along and camped near. The Indians were puzzled of their ways of living and the account my father gave of them and made them more anxious to see something of them. They concluded that being dark-skinned and living after this fashion they must be some sort of Indians. So after dark Allean headed a party to go up & investigate. Then they were more puzzled than ever & told father about their call. "You see he don't know much. He us sort Injun. He talk him in Injun an' he don't un'stand' one word, an' he talk some stuff we can't tell what it is."

Allean Soch (also called Steve Soch) is one of the few in the picture we have taken in our time.

One day a travelling tin man came around. For the sake of joke Allean cried out "Hullo, what ya got-dere?" "Tin ware" "Ah, we don't want tin (thin) one; we want t'ick (thick) one ruzelf."

He wanted to get Mr. French's butcher cart for carrying sheep and calves to a hotel about Solomon. Sebat being very small & dark, the reference to a monkey cage was only too obvious. Allean was struck by a high handspike on the shin; died 6 wks. later.