

Colorado.

(Colorado. Does many Cherokee from around here, around Tulsa go, Hooley, every year?)

No. Not too many.

(Just a few, huh.)

There maybe 3 or 4 in the bunch or something like that.

STORY OF THE BROTHER LOSING A LEG

(Well, isn't that how your brother got his leg cut off or they had to take it off?)

It was in Walsh, Colorado, he was. See, I was about 75 miles from there.

(Didn't he go up there to cut broom corn?)

Yeah, that's where he had been.

(And they'd all started back?)

Maggie: Uh-huh and--

Said driver went to sleep and hit--

Maggie: She said they phone him--my brother, you know, they both have driver's license you know, too. "Here, get tired and sleepy. Let me drive."

"No," she said, "I'm not sleepy and then she said, "I just have feeling we're going to have something to happen to us." She told 'em said, "Well, get off the highway and rest and sleep somewhere, still wouldn't mind," she said. That time he went to sleep.

(Hooley) Driving.

Maggie: Driving.

(Hooley) He got off the road and hit telephone.

Maggie: And my brother, she said, he was so sleepy, she said, the leg was sticking out of the window like that.

(Yeah.)

Maggie: Well, it hit that post.