

('Cause in the end, they'll all be judged alike.)

Unidentified voice: Well, I've got to run home. I just wanted (static)

OLD COMMUNITY CALLED YONKERS

(That old community of Yonkers up there. Was it a little town at one time?)

Well, yes, yes. It had a grist mill and a cotton gin and Uncle Jim Langley had a store there and then there was a post office in the store, and then Mr. Butler had a store. His folks lived up at Perry.

(Yes, ma'am.)

And he had one daughter and she married a boy and he died. My sister and her married the same time Pocahontas. And this (not clear) I think died two weeks before. He left a boy. And so, we saw him--how long ago, honey?

Unidentified voice: Huh?

How long ago had we saw Dale?

Unidentified voice: Dale?

Georgia: Uh-huh, Dale Harmon.

Unidentified voice: It was--it must have been about three weeks ago.

Georgia: We went to a funeral over there. I wanted to see those old people, you know, that lives over there. And Dale was suppose to preach, but, you know, that (static)

(At Chouteau? Well!)

He was (not clear) one-room house, little modern house. And he had an operation. I begged him to go home with me in Tulsa. He said, "No." We were living in Broken Arrow at that time, and he said, "No, I can attend to myself better over there. I'd rather be over there." Well, we took these Christmas things to him before the 20th of December, and he seemed awful in good spirits. Come to the car and brought my keys. Said, "You better take these. Somebody'll steal them. Think I got a woman up here." He's awfully