No, I think that's it. Of course I don't know about the other ones that are white folks buried in there. I never did notice their stones some of them that are marked.

Third voice: Well now there might be one or two that's marked.

(Yeah.)

Well, now that was just all and they used to tell us so.

(Yes, it certainly was their belief. They just didn't want to follow the white mans' ways.)

The Indian loved their own life. And the white man, you know, he did it the other.

(Yeah.)

And my dad always said that he was white. And that's where our Indian blood to dishonor on our dad's side. (Laughter)

(Yes ma'm. Well, the Indians certainly have a lot of customs of their own that are so different and they certainly have a reason for them too. And many of their reasons are very substantial, I certainly go along with.)

There was one man-- when my dad-- what was his name? Where did you say he used to live? I'm trying to think. And he said he knew some Redman away back, practically -- Indians or something there.

ENJOYED BROWSING IN SCHOOL LIBRARY WHEN A SMALL GIRL

(This has always been your home right in here.)

Right across the creek over there.

(Yeah.)

Where we--I was born and raised here--

Third voice: Born right in here.

(Well.)

I lived in (not clear) for a while.