

Yeah, that's who--that's what.

(The Bureau.)

Mmmm-hmmm, that's what--excuse me, I got the hic-cups--been drinking whiskey, I guess. (Laughter)

(That's alright, Dolly. Go right ahead.)

AUNT BECKY COME OVER ON THE TRAIL OF TEARS

When, you know, I can't remember way back.

(In other words, you wrote all that out, and didn't get a penny for it.)

Yeah. When we would have if it hadn't been for him, the old man. He didn't put even--buried this old woman in box. I wanted to bury her in there. And he told me, "Whenever she die--when Aunt Becky die, you call me. You write and call me, I'll come right here and bury her." When she died--well, she died in town, you know. She was a hundred and twenty-five years old then. And she died, and I said, "Turner, we're gonna send grandma home." "No, just let us forget about it," he told me.

(How many years had this been, Dolly, she died?)

Unidentified voice: She died in '32.

(In 1932.)

Mmmm-hmmm, and, so, well --

Unidentified voice: (not clear)

She can thread her own needle and thread and make own quilts.

(And she came over on the Trail of Tears. How old was she when she came across?)

She was six years old.

(She remembers it, doesn't she?)

Mmmm-hmmm, she started it three years old when she was six ---