

Mr.: --too much now.

Mrs.: We haven't told any secretes.

(Nobody's going to get ya.)

Mrs. He's just kiddin' you, he knows that. Can you think of anything else that you think he would like. I mean that's important. I know --
(unintelligible)

Mr.: There's a whole lots of stuff in there--.

Mrs.: You might kinda tell him about your father and mother coming here and establishin' this store and you grew up in the store, and kinda the history of you.

Mr.: No, this is suppose to be Indian history. I'm not an Indian.

(Well, we'd like to know a little bit about you so we know whose talking about the Indians. We don't know whether to believe you or not, see?)

Mrs.: That's right, that's right.

Mr.: You might put in there that I was the first, one of two, first graduates of Apache High School in 1909.

(How large was it? Just two in the graduating class?)

Mr.: Just two.

Mrs.: That sounds kind of strange doesn't it?

(How many students were in the whole school?)

Mr.: I don't remember.

Mrs.: Is it going now? Well, there wasn't many in the whole school, but this new school building--

Mr.: New school building, yeah--

Mrs.: What year was it?

Mr.: 1909. I have my diploma there. I've got that proof right there.

(Yeah, I saw that.)

Mrs.: Then after that what you do? Where did you go to school?

Mr.: I didn't go to school. They took me to Stillwater, Oklahoma Agricultural