

They let them come and look.

(They let white people come?)

Uh-huh. Yes, they do.

(I'd like to see it sometime.)

Yeah.

(Do you have to get permission from somebody?)

No. You can go and see it.

(Where do they have it?)

They have it right straight over here. Back in the woods. This first--not this house but the next mailbox. See, that car going? That away. You keep going toward south.

(Is it somebody's place?)

Yeah, people lives there. Ernestine. Their name's Green. Ernestine Green.

(Do they have it there every year?)

Uh huh, every year.

(Why do they have it there?)

Oh, they just got special place--special man that runs it. Not just anybody.

(Do the people come from up around Jones to see it too?)

Yeah, they do. Yeah, lots of people from Jones comes there. But there ain't much people comes anymore. Just a few. Not like they would at Ed Macks. Lots of people there. But I think they charge white people to see that now.

(Why won't so many come to this one?)

Oh, they not so crazy about Squaw Hops anymore. (Interrruption.)

Yeah. They don't much like Squaw Hops anymore. Just a few people--old folks, That's all.

(Well, that's too bad.)

It is. Everything's going out. They ain't much of that old stuff anymore.