

dead. We have a man here, named Wallace Jefferson, almost a fullblood. He doesn't take much interest in politics, but his wife, she is a busy-body. I should not say that - they might come and give me a whipping. She's a white woman and he's Indian. She is bossy.

( I understand that. My mother was a white school teacher and my daddy a fullblood Choctaw. They do see things differently.)

It creates a lot of misunderstanding. Both of 'em could be right. Just like politiss. Take a Republican and a Democrat like I am. They differ politically. But friendship - well, when it comes to somebody steppin' on the other's toes why they had not better do it, they have us to contend with.

( Can you think of other old Choctaws - any of them around that I might visit with? Do you think I might get any news on the old Choctaws - courts or schools?)

Well, I don't know - it was kinda a surprise to me and I'm getting to where I don't remember very well myself. You take a man as old as I am, he is excusable isn't he?

( I hope you are. I hope I am. I can't always find just the word I want to use.)

The first day of December of I'll be 90 years old.

(Where were you born?)

In Kentucky. I came - I got here in 1902. This has been my legal residence ever since.

( Well, when you came here in 1902, this was just pretty much Choctaws and that was it. Wasn't it? That was about all.)

( Few colored people, I guess?)

Very few. That street out there was mud kneedeep. There were just shacks