

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