

Oklahoma, eventually, and but my grandma--my great grandma, you know, she got out of it by not looking like an Indian. Her hair was curly and born like the, you know, the French, and so you know, that way she avoided but her brothers well, you know, they took out for the hills in Missuoni and I don't know whatever became of 'em. I think some of 'em went to California back in the Goldrush time. Bur, now all my mother's folks, later they were all religious people, or politicians and military. My grandfather was a graduate of St. Joe Military Academy which they had back when it was established kinda like West Point, you know. Now my step-grandfather also was a graduate of that military academy. But no one would have ever known it to see him. Now I can remember him. He lived up till I was about 17 years old, step-grandpa. But my grandfather, course I didn't know him, 'cept through letters and things that I'd read what grandma had or what my grandmother told me. He was real good friend, my mother's father was real good friend of this--I don't know, Field Sherman, of Phillip Sherman, you've read history (Sheridan?) Well, I guess that's it. Anyway, his name, well he had same name as Field Sherman, you know. Although there's quite a bit of difference in their age, they were good friends. And during the civil war, grandfather was usually stationed at Amry post and was called a Post Soldier. Then during the civil war, he stayed on the post whenever Lincoln would be and so therefore, he met Lincoln and got to be a friend of his. We used to have a dresser something like this one only it had a marble top that belonged to Bill Sharidan, see. And how my grandfather got that was the notherners were driving 'em out of their homes and my grandma was driving a wagon this dresser of Bill Sheridan's and