

find a number of Indian rocks and almost perfect there around was beside a trail and he told me where it was, and he found and I also have a grinding rock that I turned in at the museum. He would spot me, all these folks down there knew I was gathering those things. So I have a small collection of both food getting rocks and fighting material--tomahawks and things of that kind.

(And you buried him?)

Yes, I buried him.

(And there was nothing of the Indian customs?)

No. But the remarkable thing was about it, I asked for some volunteers to sing. It was a cold day in February when this happened and most of the people down in the hills made their own coffins. In fact the hardware stores in Talequah kept the handles and also the plush velvet to make the coffins out of. In fact my wife didn't know the first coffin wasn't bought. And I called the family and one of the men took the coffin the back of his pick-up and we sat the coffin on a couple of saw horses in the old battered graveyard. And it was my first funeral that I had conducted and I forgot to read the obituary, but it was kinda cool and some of the men had build a fire out in the cemetery in the yard, and the people would just slowly walk around and when they'd get a little bit cold, they'd walk over to the fire while I made my little talk. And I had a volunteer choir and they sang in four parts. They had singing conventions out in the hills. Every fifth Sunday was regular Sunday that they'd gather some place and invite the people to have singing conventions. They used a lot of shaped notes, they didn't go by lines but they used shape notes and they sang perfect harmony. I remember I asked them to sing the Old Rugged Cross and Abide With Me. And they