it till we got ready to leave.

Daughter: They used to raise heck up there then, 'cause I remember when we were there Mama used to have to hide us 'cause they'd come bomb one of those houses at night.

(Did what?)

Daughter: Throw rock bombs--rocks at those houses.

Throw rocks at 'em, but they never did bother us.

Daughter: No, they never did bother our house I guess they knew we were Indians.

You know how they had them houses built? The old barracks, well, they had that but we didn't get one of them we got an old house. And colored people lived on that side. Believe me they fight. About every day there's somebody fightin', white and colored. And one time Gloria got off, and so, we went over to--where did we go? Oh Mary Moses--you remember her don't you? Her and her husband's up there. So we went over to see 'em and they was gone. So we started back and our car went dead. So Gloria said, "Well Mom, the only way I know of we have to get back would be on the bus." 'Cause we was, oh I don't know how far from town. We lived way on one side of town and they lived on the other. We all just gettin' ready to get on and I kept saying, "Oh I dread this bus; gonna be crowded 'cause we saw one bus get on and I said these kids never would get on and I can't get 'em on," so a man was standing there. He said, "Lady," he said "Dont worry. When that bus door opens, " he says, "I'll put your kids on for you." So he did. He just picked Mary and Gloria and Patty, 'course Patty was big enough. We got on there and before we got on there, why there was this colored man and colored woman and white woman and kinda slurring, you know, saying things. Gloria said, "Mama there's gonna be a fight because they keep throwing--saying things." So I said, "You and the kids get back, so about that time, boy we heard something and this--I don't know whether this colored woman