

(How is he?)

They're all right, I guess. But they need someone there to be with him and take care of them.

(Last week when I was here your Dad was telling me he was sick, and I wrote him a letter and I'm going to stop by there after a while on my way back. I just wondered if he was getting along all right.)

He's doing all right. He was up this morning. She's my aunt. That's Papa's half sister. I go down there--when I'm in the mood I go down there and mop and clean up. She can't hardly see good. She's got one daughter that's living and that's all. She's in Nevada. She married a white man.

(Does anybody stay there with them?)

Her grandchildren are there with them. They're boys and they're crippled so they can't do too much.

(But they're not Guy's grandsons?)

Guy's so kind-hearted, he treats them like his own. He's a real kind-hearted man. I don't know--you people believe in--when your people gets old you put them in an old-age home where they are taken care of but you don't hardly find Indian people that way. They keep them at home.

(I think the old people are happier too, you know, at home--anybody, you know, that's got their mind, I think is going to be happier around their folks.)

I know the reason why I moved down here was to take care of my mother and dad. Not to really take care of them--they aren't helpless. But yet, be far enough away from them, and close enough where they can.....

(Bonnie: Just in case.)

Yeah. My Mama got ptomaine poisoning last year and they said fifteen minutes more and we would have lost her.

(I remember when she was sick.)

Papa got a heart attack and Mama can't drive.....