

(Right here in Vinita?)

Yes sir.

(Well.)

More, there was more Indians here than there was anything else. It used to tickle me. (Laughter.) Wool blanket, you know, they was all wool blankets. They'd be sitting out there, you know, you could say that about all you got out of 'em was a grunt. They don't want to talk--they wouldn't talk. (Laughter.)

(No, not unless they know you pretty good.)

No sir, they ain't going to talk. I know one of those full-bloods. My dad was an old Irishman and he done a lot of talking. (Sentence inaudible.)

(Laughter.)

(What was your uncle's name?)

Walker.

(Walker.)

George Walker.

(George Walker.)

He's the one that started Walker cemetery down there. He buried his mother there.

(Well.)

He was quite an old man. Little old bow-legged man. He used to come out there and fish. Drive two old ponies, and he'd stay a week. You know, like I was telling you, like we was talking about while ago, (inaudible) stay as long as you want to.

(Yeah.)

And he liked to fish; he'd come out there. What tickle me, then he was an old man then.

(Well.)