Down this lane. Right on the corner.

(Well isn't that/interesting.)

Hots of houses. Several of them have been burnt. Lots of -- I don't know how many have been moved to Colcord. Up to Colcord there.

(Yes.)

And I'm practically =- well no, there's still a few here. But I mean there's lot of them that have moved out. What hasn't burnt. Been lots of houses burnt, you know.

 \sim (Wel \cancel{A} . I guess that's what happens to lots of people.)

Yeah. And they never build back. 'Cause the town was on it's way out.

(What year did you come up here?)

Well I don't know. I was eight years old.

(Well let's see, you must have come here in about 1913 then.)

I guess so.

(Quite a while ago.)

Way before World War I. You know, my dad, had an uncle and aunt that lived down here. My dad thought he watned to come here, so he come down here and rented a place from an Indian--south of where Colcord is now.

(Yes.)

And of course there was no Colcord there. Just one house there where Colcord is.

(Well.)

SCHOOL- CHURCHES - FARMING - SAWMILL - GRISTMILL

And let's see. School was right up here on the corner where you turned right.

(Uh-huh.)

Yeah.

(Now was that the original site of the cemetery up there—at the north end of town?)

Uh-huh. Yeah.

(That must be an old place too.) / 🛷