

Lot of people don't know. Lot of people says well death. (sentence not clear) Nobody knows. 'Cause nobody ever tell about it.

(No one's ever been there. But we know that the soul lives on.)

Yeah. Your soul never dies.

(That's right.)

Like that or when they go right to the place. I often times wonder about that. 'Cause nobody will ever know that.

(No. The old Falleaf place up here, was it a dedicated place.)

Where's that?

FALLEAF CEMETERY

(The Falleaf Cemetery. Did your folks dedicate that?)

They could've. I don't know.

(It would probably be on the record, wouldn't it?)

Yeah, probably would.

(Course now that--)

This feller that's got the deed to it, owns it. He lives over here on the highway. He lives well up between here and Wynnewood highway here. About two miles north of the store.

(Yeah.)

Now he owns the place. He told me one time he'd tell me where the (not clear)

(Well)

On the corner. 'Course I get crippled up a lot. Can't do it.

(The Tomey, John Tomey. He was one of the older Delawares too, I guess.

Now Simon Falleaf. Which one was that?)

That was my uncle.

(Your uncle.)

Youngest boy. Yeah, he was dad's brother.