

Well, not too long ago I got a letter from somewhere way down in Alabama. And this lady wrote a history or traced it. Traced my ancestors back. She said she read something, you know, I don't remember. She read something and she had traced it back. And it was pretty well. She traced it pretty well. I got it around here somewhere.

(Bluejacket prairie, I see on the map '62. I'll see what that one is.)

/Interruption./

Navajo. And had lot of records. Lord, rainy days I used to go down them old Navajo records, you know. And read 'em. Oh, they had reading where this old boy buried at. He had a vision and went out here and dug a hold six foot deep and found here at the bottom of it. And it said go kill a man. So, he goes up there and he kills this guy. And so they was in my road and I recognized 'em for what they was worth. But they was very interesting. Lot of times I didn't have anything to do I'd go up there and dig 'em up. They was mildewed and strung all over. But I would go and read them. They was stored there and an old leaky roof. I finally bundled 'em up one day and mailed 'em out to Denver. Well, you know, that gets 'em plumb out of the country and the same things happened here.

(Oh, yes, you know it has.)

You go up here. Well, we mailed them to Denver. And you know what Denver does with 'em? About every six month they--

(They have a house cleaning.)

People are transferred and move and go. There ain't nobody running them records down there anymore. Now you take my grandfather was a full-blood Indian. And to get my kids to go to school here eight or ten years ago, I tried to prove it. Well, I could find where