

We had a big old fireplace. We cook there. And they used to have these little old cotton ginnings, you know. They'd put a big ball of cotton in front of the fire and get it good and warm. Take the seed out of it by hand. Make these bats. Make quilts. I've got part of them old bats. Palmer's over seeing 'em. Somewhere, I don't know where they at now. Yeah, sitting around now--we'd do that at these different houses, you know.

(Yeah.)

Kids and all. Tickle them kids. And I sat there and took in every word of it. Now way back then I can remember lot better what happened than day before yesterday.

(Well, I can too.)

Oh, Browney Squirrel would tell about how they come over the Trail of Tears. What they had to eat. What they fed their horses and mules. What kinda wagons there were. All that. I remember that.

(What did those poor people have to eat?)

They fed 'em just old dry bread and dry beans. Just barely enough to keep 'em alive. Just old army rations.

(Yeah.)

They herded 'em. They didn't just let 'em ride. They hauled 'em. Lot of 'em walked. (Interruption) Die on the road and they wouldn't even bury 'em.

(That would be hard to take, wouldn't it?)

Oh, you bet 'cha. That's the reason I said, white man will never get through paying the Indian for what he done to 'em. I can't help, but hold that against them people.

(I can't help it. I just can't help it.)

That was back when Andrew Jackson was president.