

Well, no. I didn't--well, yeah there was, we got acquainted with one old lady, down there. She was a Chickasaw. Her name was Katy Burnett. And she was married to a white man, But Burnett. Well, anyway, we was on their place a little while. Daddy worked for him. And then, we went from there then, I think, it was over on Rock Creek, over by the Table Mountains.

(Where's that at?)

That's in there by Maysville.

(Yeah.)

Yeah. So, we went then, we left there and went, daddy got a job working for a fellow by the name of Bill Landers over by Foster, between Foster and Elmore, Elmore. And then, we left, that's where we left, right there. And came back up here. And we finally--

(John, just before you go on, can you describe the country about that time as you was coming up there on that train. How did the country look at that time? Any different from it is now?)

Well, you know I was only ten years old, little. And I couldn't, well, yeah, it looked quite a bit different. You know, it was not so thickly settled, you know.

(Yeah.)

At that time. At that time, you know, there wasn't no, well, just you know no homes then. Was mostly log houses, shacks. Some of them lived in, Leonard, there's some of them that lived in these half-dugouts, you know, and like that. And, well.

(Kind of like a cellar, I guess, isn't it?)

Yeah, uh-huh.

(They're bigger, I guess.)

Yeah. And well, anyway we moved, we come on back. We finally went and wound up over here, Hominy. We got, we farmed Hokah's (?) place there, right east of the camp there, you know.

(Hoppy Webb?)

No, no Jim Hokah (?), I was saying.

(Oh, you mean way up north, huh.)

Yeah. Camp there, you know.

(Oh, Mickey Camp.)

Yeah. Micky camp. And your grandpa, they lived there.