

T'is now, Sequoyah.

(Yeah.)

I went to school there--went to school there two years. They called it the Orphan's Home them days.

(Yeah.)

And so, then, I got tired. I thought I was getting grown, I guess. That was about fourteen years old. (Laughter) And I come home. And, then, I got me a job to people lived (not clear). There was--there was widows. There was bachelors --

(Widow ladies.)

Yeah, no, men.

(Oh, men.)

Old man, Jones Buckley his name was. He had two kids. Oh, they were about that high, boys. And I took care of them kids, And I --

Unidentified voice: Where's daddy?

Now, I washed. And I kept house for him, not like this one I got here though. (Laughter) This one's a little bit cleaner. (Laughter) And so,

I stayed there one --

Unidentified voice: Yeah, you can have it. You can have it too if you want it.

(Laughter)

And so, I stayed there from early in the fall, early in the spring until early in the fall. Then trash man, his name was Gay Rogers. He was half KaTaPa. (Laughter) I call him KaTaPa, half nigger.

(Oh, half KaTaPa?)

Yeah.

(They're from North Carolina, aren't they?)

Oh, well, they're just mixed, you know, Negroes and Cherokees, and what-- anything else. His name was Gabe Rogers. And he said one day, I was cooking