

(Fooling with it, huh?)

And same way with wheat. We used to be big wheat growing here.

(Uh-huh.)

Uh, even when me and Buck got old enough. We know--knowing something about--we used to have this here field full of wheat--you know, my field full of wheat, and we'd have rent a place, you know, with wheat. We have big place of wheat. We raise our own bread.

(You baked your own bread? How'd you bake it, Dolly?)

Well, I had good milk to put in there, put baking powder, and salt.

(You didn't use yeast, did you?)

No.

(Baking powder.)

(coughs) I can make good bread. I'd make good bread right now.

(Did you make it in outside oven or inside?)

No, inside.

Unidentified voice: (not clear)

(Yeah.)

Unidentified voice: (not clear)

(My goodness.)

I wish you could eat dinner with me some day. I --

(You'll fix me a good Cherokee dinner?) (Laughter)

Unidentified voice: Yes, you like to stuff corn bread, beans, and stuff like that. You know, I can sure cook now. That's ain't no two way about it.

(I bet you are, especially if you took it to school and everything else--raised all those kids.)

Buck: (not clear)

Unidentified woman's voice: He said he was ready to leave this world