

My grandfather, why that is not your son's, didn't know nothing about our history. I said, "By gosh, you had better find out that's Herbert Ross' daddy. And I said well, Herbert is his grandfather, so naturally he is--would be his great-grandfather. And I said you better read back on this history." Mrs. Douglas she was the curator down there. I said, you better stay home, and I said I'll correct any of them if it's not right. (Not clear)

(Three sentences not clear) Now that's what pretty! What is it?)

Jane Ross have her baby Elizabeth. That's this one in that little frame. That's my mother right there.

(Oh!).

She was the wife of Antoine Nave her baby Elizabeth Grace, was born September the 29th, 1843.

(She's pretty, wasn't she?)

Yes, she was. And of course all of those things got burnt in the house that night.

(Well, here are these pictures any of them that you would like to have, you are welcome to it. Of course we can get another copy.)

Well, thank you and there's Uncle Henry and his wife, he was just like a father to mama, you know. So, I think she'd cried when he comes, he lived at Ft. Gibson, you know. Cried when he left, he was with us when she passed away. John Ross Nave and Henry Clay Nave, John the oldest boy, is seated, the boy was the children of Jane Ross Nave. The dog's name was, the dog's name was Carlo, we'll forget the dog now. And you see, Uncle John you see grandma's oldest son, he was the one that was living and he had son, Jack they called him. Was four years-old, and Aunt Elizabeth and her daughter, Miss Jane, the school teacher hadn't been living, a man by