

Him being an educated man--like the year the Masonic people bought out some of their reservation west of El Reno. It's now known as a Quail Hatchery.--

(Interruption. Interview resumes with Birdie Burns on origin of corn, etc.)

HOW STORIES WERE TOLD AT NIGHT BY AN OLD LADY

Well, at the beginning they crossed that big sea. And they kept roaming south. And then they got to those big pine trees, and they found shelter under the roots of these trees. Well, I guess they thought they could live outside--

(Interruption)

(Now, would you tell me again where you heard this story?)

Well, I didn't hear it just one time. I been hearing this story ever since I was a little girl. Like I said, it's from my great-grandmother.

(Do you remember her name?)

Yes. Her name was--let's see--what was her name? Of course they translate them a little different--I can't think of it right now.

(That's OK, maybe you'll think of it after a while. Didn't you say it was your father's aunt?)

My father's aunt, yeah. Her name was "Lodge." I forgot how they translated it. Yeah, it was my grandfather's sister. And she's one of them that told me, and then my own grandmother--my father's mother. And then some of our old relatives. You know when we sit around at night one would start telling something and then he or she would remind that next person that was visiting, and then they'd start out like that again. And one person just didn't sit and tell it. See, they kind of remind each other, and this one, whatever he