

town, because you couldn't sell frying chickens or anything like that. Everybody had lots of chickens, but you couldn't sell a frying chicken or anything like that because the broiler industry had never started there. There was no electricity in the country then. But there was plenty of water, Drowning Creek all around there you know where the stock could go for water. Everybody got along well and everybody liked everybody else and everybody's friend was sacred to them. You never heard of anybody in the country ever stealing or branding somebody else's stock or anything like that. Everybody got along well in those days. Everybody made their own butter and you know, and everybody had plenty to eat. We didn't have but very few places where the lunch pails for children were scarce. (Not clear) and you go to him and his wife, and they'll tell you all the old, where all the old Cherokee churches stood. He's real old.

(Well, I'll sure hunt him up.)

And he can tell you names of all the old preachers that preached to the Cherokees in those days. And his boy is Lloyd Kingfisher, and you could get Lloyd, Lloyd's a good singer and you could get him to record hymns on your records. For records. In singing Cherokee, I'm talking about.

END OF PART I OF SIDE B