

But they tried to make a Cherokee out of me.

(Did they succeed?)

At least, I got scalped. No, I didn't get scalped but I lost all my hair. So looks--kids, people be kidding me about that. But there is an intense loyalty of people for that which is right. To me that was the thing, and the other outstanding character--characteristic of the hills was their contentment. Some of those people in the late '30's maybe handled \$25 cash in a years time, they would spend their evenings sheeling corn by hand. To take it to the Griss mill. I remember Silas Fountain had a Griss Mill to every Saturday there would be people riding out to the hills with saddle bags, and flour sacks, 24 pound flour sacks full of shelled corn and they'd take back to the corn meal.

(This is these are characteristics you don't find elsewhere?)

Right, least at one of the other things, that I found real beneficial to from the WBA was that it taught some of these fellows for example, all the way between park Hill and Cooksin, they built a farm market road and laid up in stone. I mean they trimmed these stones to make culberts--that held the capacity of the water flow. Because it rained frequently down there. And water came straight down, and this was the other thing, we ran to shut the windows when we first got there, and found it wasn't necessary because the houses had wide eaves on it. But they learned the trade of laying up stones. And to me the LWBA was real beneficial in the hills. Because years later with one of our Lutheran churches in Tulsa and the foreman of this crew, I knew up in the hills, as the fellow who had worked on these culberts. That layed the stones they actually laid up the side-