

hadn't practiced. They were, I had the words they didn't know all the words but I had the words and they must one of them, hummed the melody the tune and it was just so consoling, "Abide With Me." The first, second, and the last two, four verses. But this was quite something to just have a volunteer choir and to sing this so beautifully.

(Well, now did these people still speak any of the Cherokee language?) Well, they would greet each other with --- "Hellow, how are you?" I remember when we played ball, by the way the camp boys played softball, and we had all the equipment down at the camp, so we had a Standing Rock team. They all wanted to pitch. But they couldn't get this underhanded pitchin.' You know, you had to be six inches from your side and you couldn't get a curve on it so by going way like this, and I had two rules and one of the old Indians who was graduate of Haskell Institute in Kansas, Lawrence, Kansas, but once in awhile he-- a little bit too much, he gave me that credit when I came back the second time, anyhow-- I had two rules; they couldn't cuss on the grounds and they couldn't fight. If they couldn't get along, well they had to get off the grounds. Well, this was unheard of in the hills, because most of 'em had their services in the school house. And they also had their ball games in their school houses, and they were all patrons of the public school, but this mission was owned by the church so I could order them off the grounds unless they were coming to church and he had three different types of barks. If he by one the road up on the hill, why he had kinda of a hollow distant bark. If they were coming down the road, he'd give me his alarming bark and if they were on the grounds, why he'd give a real viscious bark. So many of time in the middle of the sermon, I'd stop and gone out and say all right boy, come in and once or twice