

Every single year. From there one, once he got established, he could know every year. He actually lived those years, of course, you know, and by his keen memory he could find out, you know. Recollect what happened.

(What ever happened to that old scraper?)

My mother's scraper? Well, I wasn't with them you know. I went off to school five or six years. And I know when I got back I thought about that scraper once or twice. I never could remember to ask my mother. She was living with her oldest son, then, at Carlton. She might have passed it on to-- Usually those things are passed on to a niece by an aunt. Paternal aunt. And she might have passed it on to her nieces. I never could account for that. It was a nice big old elk horn about that long. ...Those dots would be about an eighth of an inch deep and about that far apart. Some of them be closer. And about that big around. They take a real pointed knife and they just (twirl it back and forth) and make an indentation. About that size. They rub a little green paint, or blue--what-ever it was--like mine was blue. That's all there was.

(How many dots would there be altogether, by the time she was through keeping her records?)

Oh, my oldest brother was, I think, 59 years old. Fifty-nine dots. And when he died, of course, they quit making dots. They just make a--like they make a cross line. Like, my sister died and they just make a cross line right there (and end of the series of dots). And that end it.

(End of Tape. This interview continues on T-221.)