

Blood poison kill him. Nice looking man. In them days a good doctor, they could have saved him. Maybe they could've washed it out with kerosene. No better. But in them days when a person get hurt, they don't know what kind of remedy to use on him. But now days, you get hurt anyway, nail punch you could get kerosene, pour it on there and kill all that poison out of it. The reason why I said that is because I'm still living up to today now, and I got three nail punch on this foot. This over here is where a dog bite me. A dog bite me there in 1912. This nail puch is on this side. Hey!who hit me.

(I must have taped you with my foot. I'm sorry.)

That's alright.

(Now Bill Poafpybitty is the one who lives in Lawton, isn't he?)

Yeah. Bill lives in Lawton.

(He is younger then you are?)

Yeah, he's whol lots younger then I am--the youngest of all. But he's great big man. Twice as big then I am.

(Does he ever come down around here and visit?)

I don't know. He--I don't know whether he's going to come down or--maybe someday he might walk in here. Get in good humor, you know. Max make up his mind to quite all this. You know, we all mean to one another. Maybe someday he might make his mind himself to sao good things to us and then come in. Well he's welcome to. Come in this home anytime.

(End)