

Yeah. And oh, Ben Still he died out.

(Yeah. What kind of Indian medicine would they gather this time of the year, now?)

I couldn't tell you that now.

(I know Butterfly roots, I see them gatherine some of it.)

Wanted to catch a ride from (not clear)--had blowed away. I walked out in time. Going to catch a ride back from Kenwood and (not clear)--it blowed away.

(It blowed away. In that cyclone, 1942.)

Yeah.

(Well.)

(not clear)--there was water that deep. On (not clear)--down here.

(Yeah.)

And (not clear)--said, "Where you going?" "Where you coming from?" And I said, "I'm from Kenwood." Said, "Get in." That's the way it was far back.

Well, people, got killed. (Not clear) I used to live in Tulsa too. My mother did. It's just after, I had a picture and everything (not clear)--I'll tell his name pretty soon. This here book, it's got my kinfolks in it.

(Yeah.)

And I left it down Kenwood, down there. When anybody aim to talk with me, I (not clear)--do nothing. I was over about half a month ago and said (not clear). My brother come in from Chelsea. He said, he know (not clear)--too much. I took him over and Homer--Homer (not clear)--less than Chester did. There's one died, one of them died. He's a man, killed both of them.

End of Part I - Side B