

was down there selling those Choctaw hymn books. Then he had a bible or two with him - he was taking orders for 'em in Choctaw.

Mrs. Oaks: So, I wouldn't imagine that they'd take very many of those now, not very many Choctaws left that could read one of them.

I could read one.

Mrs. Oaks: Well, my son, our youngest son -

I can't talk it, but I can - I know a nasty word or two. ((laughter)) I learned enough at school - about all I know. I learned enough that I wouldn't go hungry. I can tell you that. I know what "Impa" is. You know, they say "Come eat," and all like that. I know I wouldn't go hungry, I tell you.

(You never did speak it when you were little?)

No, my mother and father - 'course, my father wasn't much Indian either, only an eighth, my mother was a half. But they'd talk it. They - if they wanted to talk about something they didn't want us kids to know, they talk Choctaw. He could talk it good and of course she did too. They never would teach us kids to. I guess it's a good thing in a way, but I sure wished they had.

Mrs. Oaks: Well, I've wished the same thing and I remember asking, you know, and who was it telling me yesterday that they wanted to learn Choctaw, but their parents said "No." If you're going to have to speak English, you don't need Choctaw, you know, to get in the way. So, they wouldn't learn it. But I've talked to lots of people in the older generation that can talk it and it and then it just runs out. They haven't taught it to the children.

There's quite a few Indians that live here in Hugo. Oh, there's several families of full-bloods still scattered around back in here. Some of those who talk it are right smart cause they speak English too. But they get together, stand around here talkin', say something once in a while