

gate, right there's the gate. And I passed by this lady and she looked up at me and I thought she was pretty. And I stopped the horse and got off, and went to her and asked her who she was. And she said, "Well, I'm Myrtle Campbell (not clear). And, this is my daddy's cotton and I'm picking." She had a sack, by Joe, I know it was 20 feet long, cotton sack, tied to her, you know. And I say, "Say take that sack off, let me drag it." No, no, no, didn't want to do that. Said, "I got to drag out there, see where the wagon standing. I'm going there." "How much you got on there?" She say about 200 lbs., I guess--whee-- (Laughter).

(Other man: She's draggin' 200 lbs.?)

Yes, she draggin' 200 lbs., tied to her, that's the way they used to pick cotton, you know, way long, why--well, I picked some more with her, and I began to ask questions. I said how old are you? She said 17, I won't be 18 'til April. Next April--and that must have been in about November, I think. Well, can I come to see you. Well, at the time I don't know what caused me to say that--but, yes, yes, you come see me--but you ask my dad. Right there, by Joe, my feather went down a little bit, but I got up, and little while I looked up and I said, "Who's that old man comin'--grey-headed old fellow comin'?" My daddy--by Joe, I got on the horse and left right quick. Well, that evening, late that evening, why, her brother came there and had a little note, and said my dad said, you come see me. Anytime you want to. Well, I didn't, she was, you're too young, 17 years old--she was pretty, to me. But anyway, we finally, later, married. Lived together 55 years, right here; in this house, she built this house... So, she got on the roll as an intermarried citizen, although she was Cherokee.

(Oh, how much Cherokee was she?)

She was very small, I think, about 1/8, 16th, something like that--