

Well, Christie's my grandpa, white man. But I don't look like papa though--they call everyone of us a name, go by Christie, Jack Christie, Bill, Ned, everyone of them, James and my mother says Mary, Annie, Jenny, all of us. Over at that grave yard, there's every--the name on mailbox. All the Christie's are down there last May. See the grave of my grandpa. And somebody sang. There a cousin, my uncle Ned Christie, everybody there and give it to me.

(Yeah, your uncle '70 years old.)

It's down there somewhere. And I don't know where they moved it to. Somewhere out in there.

(Yeah, they have a stomp dance out there too. I think they still have one over close to Chewey and then down at Watts they have a stomp dance down there.)

Yeah. --go over there. Go where the job is.

(That's right, to go where the job is. Do you squirrel hunt up here Sunday?)

Well, I went the other day, but I ain't got no good tree dogs now. Besides there's too dog-gone many snakes, I can't get squirrels. I imagine there's quite a bit of squirrels though.

(Yeah, there is. You still go fishing though'don't you?)

Oh, yeah. I go down here to Grande River.

(That's where I fish.)

HUCKLEBERRIES AND BLACKBERRIES

Lots of fresh huckleberries. I like them when they're fresh picked.