

NO DIFFERENCE IN CHEROKEES IN ANY LOCALITY - ALL WERE GENEROUS

(Richard, was there any difference back in those early days of the kind of the Cherokees that lived in the Northern part of the country than those of the Southern part--any difference in the way they lived?)

Well, you mean this way and that--

(Yeah. Un Hunnh.)

No. There wasn't. They all lived about the same. You couldn't tell a difference when you visit them. I got kin folks on both sides of the county. And it seem like the Indians had more love toward one another then than they do now. I can see that. You could go to Indian's house back yonder and you could stay as long as--you was welcome as long as you wanted to stay there. And he'd never mention a dime worth of grub to you as long as you stayed there--

(Long as he had it--you had it?)

Long as he had it, you had it. And back then my folks, my uncle raised hogs--well, all my folks did--and he'd invite people to kill them hogs. They just runnin' wild. He'd just tell 'em, "Now if you need a hog, you kill it." And they didn't think about--like it is now, if you look at a hog pen, they ready to file charges against you for stealing. Them days, they didn't have such as that. They didn't run to town and have you arrested. You was just as welcome to their stuff as you would be to your own.

(There weren't very many white people then?)

STORY ABOUT FIRST WHITE MAN HE EVER SAW

No. They were far and between. I remember the first white fellow I ever saw. And his name was old man Jim Pettit--he's dead now. He was a good old man. And I couldn't talk English.

(You couldn't talk English to that white man.)

I couldn't say a word in English. I was afraid of white man. My grandmother had taught me that white man was mean. And so I took it a different