

George West: I've seen that old cemetery many a time. Used to go to Ft. Gibson, I go right by that old Scott place we used to call it.

(Is there anything left down there of that old cemetery?)

George West: I don't think, no.

Hurt West: Down where supposed to be Houston's place. No there ain't nothing. No. You can't tell where the house was now, but the old log house blowed away in that storm in '45, but there isn't nothin' there.

Mrs. West: And the old trees is dead and gone.

Hurt West: Yeow. Trees out a there.

Mrs. West: There was some pear trees there, I don't know whether they're dead or not. They live forever.

George West: All them people is scattered y'know, they've turned it all in to pasture, I don't guess they's any there.

#### BURIED TREASURE

George West: Well one time, years ago, when I was just a kid we was down on the river and my step-dad's father and they was people come by there in a wagon, they had an old guy a followin' 'em a ridin' an old jack and they wanted to know how to get around down in there and they wanted to go to that old cellar, spring place, they said. They had some reason. They went on round there at that mountain down where from that old Scott place up there, they dug up a pot a money. Yeow, jest left the old pot a layin there.

Mrs. West: You know I'll bet they's a lot--

Hurt West: The old man on the Jack probably knew where it was.

Mrs. West: They was, that's the way they buried their money way back then.

George West: They's probably be money in different places in this country. That's the only place they had to keep it and maybe they died and nobody knowed nothin' about it.

(They didn't have any banks in the early days.)

George West: No.