

I think they did. The next old school was --as I remember--was out north of Westville. Old Marsh. Small outfit.

(Yeow, small school at Wauhilla. And did you have one at Hungry Mountain?)

Yeow. Still got it there. Though they changed buildings. They's two hundred scholars there this year. Four women a cookin'. You don't see that anymore. Papa and mama would get them old big steers, hook 'em up and go y'know.

(Travel with a ox team.)

Yeow. They'd get to visit one another. Maybe they'd go on Saturday and come home maybe Monday. Don't do that anymore. Them big steers with them old horns a way out. Well, he had some mules and horses too. But the'd always work them old steers. They'd visit one another and you don't see that anymore.

(Do you remember back _____ (not clear)?)

Let's see, there's another little boy. Let's see--what was his name. An old man. Clifton, I believe was his name. Guess Old Uncle Dick Christie, you got him now? Now that old Indian would go out in woods and dig roots and he'd run ye out too.

(And he was a good Doctor.)

Oh, yeow, and he learnt me sompin'. He showed me the roots and all when they was growin up. Cure that Clap and syphilis. Now, you have to run and see the Doctor.

(That's right.)

He dug them roots. I don't know at the people I've talked to.

(Do you remember what they called that plant?)

Huh-uh.

(Didn't have no name huh?)

Huh-uh.