

(Yeow. Everything. Where was your first Church here?)

Well, they helt' Church down yonder at the Mission y'know.

(At the Mission.)

Helt' Church there. Then built this outfit right here.

(Right here huh?)

Jest 'fore grandma went away. They built that school house then.

Dad-gum bridge up there, salivated this school here. Wasn't 'nough scholars.

(Where did you first go to school? Here at the Elm Mission?)

Mission.

(You all Indians down there, huh?)

Yeow. Nearly all. Well, they's a few whites.

(Few whites.)

Um-huh.

A FISH STORY

(Did you ever do any fishing on this Barren Fork here?)

Yeow.

(Lots of fish in those days?)

Boy, wouldn't take you no time to get a mess of fish. I stayed and took care of my aunt over here at the foot of Clay Mountain.

Aunt Fanny Clay. I told her one day, I said, "Well, I'll go catch a mess a fish for supper Aunt," and she said, "Ye ain't got no bait, no minners and no worms." Well, I said, "I'll get down there, I'll get some worms." I said, "I'll get us some fish." I got my cane, well, she never seen what I'uz gonna use. Had my grabs y'know and (much static on tape here). Went down there from the graveyard-- she's buried there now. Saw a bluff there. I got up there where it was sorta shaller', so I could see. There's two big old bass sittin' out there like on the nest you know. Well, I had them