

We went just about half mile west of my grandmothers. Up on side of a hill.

Lee Howard was there to take--south of Wewoka.

(Yeah.)

That was the last--my first and last going out to an Indian ball game. There was a crowd way back off somewhere. And there's another crowd--another bunch somewhere. And they never did come to grips. We spent the day there waiting to see the ball game. My uncle A.B. found us there, and he chased us home.

~~But it was just a little ways from where we were, where my grandmother lives. So we went back. But this ball game was just--in those days they called it a little war.~~

(That's what they call the ball they played with too--wasn't it?)

Yeah, yeah. And if there was--had been any grudges there, well that's when all the grudges were settled. And it wasn't no pleasing to see, some got hurt real bad.

(Hmm-mm. Well I guess a person was killed occasionally.)

Yes.

(You didn't see a game that day did you?)

No I didn't. I missed that one. But I think I--had--we went over in the Creek country. I don't remember just where it was, but I was rather young.

We went over in the Creek country to see--before the one that I just spoke of.

We went to see, the first one. But they never did come together. We spent the night there, and went home the next day.

(They never did play?)

They never did play. But they said that when they do, why they just take on just like a wild fire. If anybody got in the way why he got clobbered. So I guess we were all glad it didn't happen.

STORIES - HYPNOTISM - WITCHES

(Charlie, do you remember any stories when you were a kid about witches?)