

Course there was three dead. Just my sister, older sister. She's sixty-eight right now. And they brought her along with them. You know when we moved in.

(Uh-huh)

We were raised up there. And where we lived. My dad had a claim. Cleared out little patch over here. That place down here. He went working on that. He raised corn. On the spot. He'd hire a man just like he did when they was at Skinner. So I don't know. Old Ben Johnson worked. Make our living for us. Course he went ahead and tended his little patch of corn, he raised. And one time I know he raised cotton.

(Well)

Course he was working under uh--in under Indian Agent then.

(Uh-huh)

They wanted him to do that. Old Jake Cannon. Probably you remember him.

(Uh-huh)

He was the agent then. Told me how you can do to make a living. And he went on. And I was big enough to work, and help him. Most of the time we be out here in the woods making cross tie.

(Uh-huh)

Why I'd go out with him and cut the timber. I --where it cross tie. That's for our living. That's the way we lived. We had a few hogs. We'd butcher hogs, every winter. One of two hogs. Lay up through winter.

(Yeah)

And course he didn't have as much when he lived with his father.

(Uh-huh)

He didn't have no cows nothing like that--no sheep. And we had--well he did--he had to buy all our clothing from the store.