

Molly: She used to talk it a lot. When his folks was still living there. They're all dead now.

They don't have anybody to talk to. If you want to talk to him, you ought to tell him. Once in awhile I'll speak an Indian word or two. And that's about it. You soon forget it. You can't remember (not clear.)

(I've run across other people who are like you. That they don't understand but they don't talk.)

I wish my daddy had learned us how to. She's got a sister, you know, that understands nearly all of Cherokee talk. But she never could talk it. Molly's mother here. We'd been married, I don't know, four or five years before she ever spoke a word of English to me. And we'd moved back to Pawhuska. And she was living out there. -So one day here she wanted me to take them out to Pawhuska. And I took them out there. And ate dinner. Got back, about a block from her house. And she wanted out. She lived out by the city. But I think she was there by herself. Washing at the side of the house. I drove up, she said howdy. Get out. Wasn't nobody there to talk for her. And from then on she could talk just as good as anybody.

PEGGS PRAIRIE - FARMING

(Not clear--what was Peggs Prairie like, up in here was it a farming community or?)

Yeah.

(About like it is today?)

No. Oh, no.

It's a--used to be they farmed all over this whole prairie. And then out here and around it, you know, it was all a farming country, you know. This whole back wood land here. Why they'd make a bale of cotton to the acre.

(Well, my goodness.)

And they never thought about a drought or anything.