

(Yeah.)

Fellow by name of Park taught in that school --

(Park?)

But I don't know if there's any of them left there in there or not.

(Well I used to know one long years ago.)

He was a guitar picker. I forget his first name though. Forgot his first name.

(Now there was quite a family of colored folks by the name of Vann.)

Yeah.

(And --)

Yeah. There was a bunch of them or was right down here on this (sentence not clear)

(Yeah, there's one still down in there that I know about.)

Yeah, there's several over at Tulsa I know of. And one in town, no I think that's the one that's dead.

(Words not clear) Hulbert or Tahlequah?)

Yeah. Just about a mile southwest of that graveyard, Double Springs..

(Yeah a mile southwest of Double Springs.)

Did you know Arthur Welch up there at Pryor? They wouldn't talk to us.

About two years ago, I told that boy of mine, I says, "I'm going to stop some of that bull. I'm going to make them talk to me." That's all he could do, stand there and cuss at me. But I found two that would talk to me.

(Talk the Cherokee language?)

My father and mother both talked it. Mh mother, she talked Cherokee all together. Mother wrote and she could write and read Cherokee. Something else I couldn't do. Never did learn to read that. But when I was little, but then they'd tell me, "Why you don't need to know that." That's just