

<b>Mathu</b>	Page 6	"Mathu was squatting against the wall with that double-barrel shotgun in his arms. He had on that old gray hat that was the color of the ground. He had on a dirty white t-shirt and green pants. He was smoking a cigarette. Mathu was black black with a white beard."
	Page 15	"Mathu squatted against the wall by the door, the gun cradled in his arms. Squatting, not sitting or standing, was his favorite position when he was out on the porch. And by the door, against the wall, was his favorite place to be."
	Page 51	"...I looked at Mathu squatting against the wall with the gun in his arms. ... Mathu was one of them blue-black Singaleese n*****s. Always bragged about not having no white man's blood in his veins."
	Page 72	"[Mathu] still squatted against the wall with the gun cradled in his arms."
	Page 84	"[Mathu] was up in his eighties, head white as it could be, but you didn't see no trembling in his face, in his hands. He faced Mapes straight and tall, carrying his gun close to his side. ... Mathu was a man, and Mapes respected Mathu. ... His head up, he was looking straight at Mapes. He wasn't quite as tall as Mapes. Built like a picket – no, more like a post. An old post in the ground – narrow but still strong, and not leaning, and not trembling, either."
	Page 178	"His old tin cup he used to take out in the field was on the mantelpiece, too. The old cup was so old it had turn black."
	Page 182	"Put myself above all – proud to be African."
<b>Clatoo</b>	Page 38	"Clatoo was in that old green pickup truck he used for peddling his garden. He had on that little narrow-brim straw, a white shirt, and a bow tie. Clatoo always let you know he was a businessman."
	Page 42	"After going a little ways so the people on the highway couldn't see us, Clatoo stopped the truck and told us to get out. He had to go farther up the highway for another load. He told us to wait for them at the graveyard, and we would all walk up to Mathu's house together. He thought that would look better than if we straggled in one or two at at time."
	Page 50	"Cyril Robillard aka Clatoo"
	Page 51	"I am brown-skinned—my grandpa white, my grandma Indian and black, and both my parents black..."
<b>Gable</b>	Page 48	"...Gable Rauand. Now, that was somebody, Gable, I never woulda expected to see. He very seldomed ever left home. To church, maybe, but that was about all. ... Behind Clabber came Jean Pierre Ricord and Gable Rauand."
	Page 68	"Gable was a thin, brown-skinned man with white hair and high, prominent cheekbones. He was impeccably dressed – brown sports coat, plaid shirt, a string tie, brown trousers, and shoes well shined."
	Page 100	"[Gable] had been staying there by himself some fifteen, twenty years. He went to church twice a month – Determination Sunday and Sacrament Sunday. You hardly seen him any other time. Just staying there behind them trees there at Morgan. Had a little garden, a few chickens – staying behind them trees. Last person in the world any of us woulda expected to see today was Gable."
<b>Uncle Billy</b>	Page 34	"...something about Mr. Billy Washington..."
	Page 36	"'What's Uncle Billy doing with a shotgun old as he is?'"
	Page 43-44	"Billy carried his gun over his shoulder, but carried it too loosely. More like he was carrying a stick of wood than a gun. Billy couldn't hit the broad side of a barn if he stood two feet in front of it."
	Page 49	"Jean Pierre, Billy Washington, and Chimley was doing all they could to walk with their heads up and backs straight."
	Page 67	"The old man had to be eighty. ... The old man wore overalls, a khaki shirt, and an old felt hat. He was a clean-shaven old fellow, walked with quick steps, leaning a bit forward. ... His head was shaved as clean as his face. He looked up at Mapes a second; then his eyes came down to Mape's chest. He had a nervous twitch that made his bald head bob continually as if he were always agreeing with you. He was quite a bit shorter than Mapes, maybe even a foot shorter. ... His bald head never stopped bobbing. ... 'How come you so far from home, Uncle Billy?' Mapes asked him."
	Page 77	"[Uncle Billy] seemed as proud of his swollen lips as was Crane's boy in <i>The Red Badge of Courage</i> ."
<b>Yank</b>	Page 41	"Yank was in his early seventies, but he still thought he was a cowboy. He used to break horses and mules thirty, forty years ago, and he still wore the same kind of clothes he wore back then. He straw hat was draped like a cowboy hat. Wore a faded red polka-dotted handkerchief, tied in a lose not round his neck."
	Page 98	"Mathu was nearly a foot taller than Yank; Mathu tall and straight; Yank, short, stocky, and bowlegged."
	Page 99	"'Sylvester J. Battley,' Yank said. 'Be sure and spell Sylvester and Battley right, if you can. When my folks read about me up North, I want them to be proud.'"
	Page 198	"Yank didn't hoot like the rest of us. He hollered the way you holler at a rodeo when somebody's riding a bucking horse. 'Ya-hoo,' and shot."

<b>Mat</b>	Page 29 - 30	"'I'm seventy-one, Chimley,' he said after the line had settled again. 'Seventy-one and a half. I ain't got much strength left to go crawling under that bed like Fue said.'"
	Page 31	"A fine featured, brown skin man."
	Page 32	"He was quite a bit taller than me, and I had to kinda hold my head back to look at him. ... Lightish brown eyes. They was saying much more than he has said."
	Page 34	"Matthew Lincoln Brown aka Mat"
	Page 42	"Jacob and Mat was in front, Chimley right behind them. ...Mat had his tucked under his arm, barrel pointed toward the ground like a hunter. ...didn't walk nearly as straight as Mat or Jacob."
<b>Chimley</b>	Page 27	"Robert Lewis Stevenson Banks aka Chimley"
	Page 30	"'I'm seventy-two,' I said."
	Page 39 - 40	"[Chimley] was smaller than me and Cherry Bello. Blacker than me and Cherry, too, that's why we all called him Chimley. He didn't mind his friends calling him Chimley, 'cause he knowed we didn't mean nothing. But he sure didn't like them white folks calling him Chimley. He was always telling them that his daddy had named him Rober Lewis Stevenson Banks, not Chimley. ... He had on that old Dodger's baseball cap that he had had since the Dodgers was in Brooklyn. It had faded to a light light blue, and it was too big for this head. But old Chimley was a Dodger's fan down to his heart."
	Page 42	"Chimley had his under his arm, too, but he didn't walk nearly as straight as Matt or Jacob. Just shuffling along, head down, like he was following bear tracks in the dust. If they had made a quick stop, Chimley woulda butt into them, I'm sure."
	Page 49	"Jean Pierre, Billy Washington, and Chimley was doing all they could to walk with their heads up and backs straight."
<b>Jacob</b>	Page 35	"She said she believed they was headed toward the old Mulatto Place, because she heard them saying something about Jacob Aguillard."
	Page 38-39	"... Jacob from the old Mulatto Place. Jacob and his kind didn't have too much to do with darker people, but he was here today."
	Page 42	"Jacob had his gun over his shoulder, carrying it like a soldier. ...didn't walk nearly as straight as Mat or Jacob."
<b>Cherry Bello</b>	Page 39-40	"Cherry was between red and yellow, with a lot of brown curly hair. ... Cherry Bello owned a liquor-and-grocery store on the highway in Silo and Baton Rouge. ... [Chimley] was smaller than me and Cherry Bello. Blacker than me and Cherry, too, that's why we all called him Chimley."
	Page 41	"Grant Bello aka Cherry"
	Page 44	"I was seventy-four, and I had grandparents in there."
	Page 51	"I was brown-skinned -- my grandpaw white, my grandma indian and black, and both my parents black; so he didn't look down on me quite as much as he did some others, like Jacob or Cherry or the Lejeune brothers."
<b>Dirty Red</b>	Page 41-42	"A mile or so after we picked up Yank, we picked up Dirty Red at Talbot. Clatoo had to blow the horn twice before we saw Dirty Red shuffling from behind the house. He carried the old shotgun by the barrel, the stock almost touching the ground. He had a self-rolled cigarette hanging from the corner of his mouth. He had as much ashes hanging on the cigarette as the cigarette was long. Ashes fell off when it couldn't hang on any longer. Dirty Red got in the truck and spoke to everybody."
	Page 43	"Next to him, Dirty Red was nearly dragging his gun in the dust. I don't know who looked worse, Dirty Red, Billy Washington, or Chimley. Neither one of them looked like he was ready for battle, that is for sure."
	Page 46	"We had never mixed too well with [Dirty Red's] people. We thought they was too trifling, never doing anything for themself. Dirty Red was the last one."
	Page 198	"I could tell Rooster's high-pitched voice, Dirty Red's dry, hoarse voice -- and Yank's voice."
	Page 207	"Antoine Christophe aka Dirty Red"