

you know. Cook things. You're down, they feed you and they pray, and they get you up. That's the only way they went, you know. They didn't have no white doctors or nothing. They always try to have faith in God, you know. And that's the way they raise they're children. They go in hard ways. They get up in the morning, spring of the year. They face the sun and they cry and they put mud on their heads, you know. Little mud on their head. Pray to the Almighty, you know. Thankful that they come along that far. And these little childrens laying on the bed they want them to grow up. They asking God to let'em grow. Let'em stay on this earth long time. They really fond of children. They didn't care nothing about money for it. What they had, they'd rather give to have good luck. That was their belief. The more they done the more they satisfied. But now it's different, you know.

(They believe their children were worth more than anything else they had?)

Oh my, yes. They used to carry'em on their back all day long, you know. Wherever they go they carry'em on their back.

(Never wanted to be seperated from them)

Yeah. They had a hard way, but it was a good way.

(End of Side A)