

I had on a light pair of trousers enough to -- there you couldn't, why you couldn't put your finger -- just crawling like ants up my feet.

(Laughter)

(Well.)

Oh, boy, I got out of there and aint been to the brush since. Gee whiz.

I quieted down and walked in. They'd cleaned it off around there, but right along where they raked all these leaves back. There was an old dead log and I just stepped over in there by that old log. (Laughter) And I want you to know I got out of there and went to rubbing ticks off.

Woman: Oh that was -- I couldn't keep from laughing. And it wasn't a bit funny either to see those ticks on that man. He just kept a moving and doing this way. All that time that preacher was a praying. I was so embarassed. I -- (words not clear) .

HUCKLEBERRY COUNTRY

Around Salina, somewhere in there, Good huckleberry country.

(Yeah.)

Yeah, they're going to be (word not clear) .

(Up on Butler Prairie country, there should be some up in there.)

Woman: Where?

(Up in, oh around the old Butler school. Looks like awful good huckleberry country there.)

Woman: There was.

Used to long years ago used to get some over in what we call Court House Holler.

(Yeah.)

And Woody Holler, but there was too much stock now. Used to run through awful bad.