

was within miles and miles. I would like to share with you some of these stories that were told to us by these different story tellers.. Way out in these hills even today you'll find people that know these stories, but they're not about to tell you unless you get very close to them. You're not going to get close to them by just asking them if they know stories to tell. You have to stay around awhile and talk with them and let them know that you're real sincere and you are not just looking for something just to find out without having a real sincere thought about their beliefs. I remember one of the men that we saw around Barber. He was carrying a little bag, a little sack, over his shoulder and going up the road. I said to my husband, "Jack, I know that fellow. He may know some stories." He was going on a very hot day, and I imagine July and August, real hot. He had been to the store about a mile back he said. I said, "Well, what did you buy?" He said, "Well, I went down there and had a bottle of pop." Then, when he got through, he started walking back about four or five miles back home. Then, I said, "We would like to come and visit you." He said, "Well, who are you?" At first he didn't recognize me. Of course, I was just a child when I knew him. He said, "Well, I have some other work to do when I get home." I said, "Well, we'll give you a ride." "All right, I'll ride," he said. Then, when we got near his house, he said, "You can let me off here. I live over there, and this road goes on. I don't have a road to my house." I said, "Maybe you don't remember me." Then, I began to tell him about my grandmother and mother. After awhile, he said, "I used to know them. How is your mother now?" I began to tell him about her, and after awhile he began to tell us a few things from