

way back. Before we knew it, he was chuckling and having a time telling us those stories. That was just one. Then, once we went to visit a brother and sister. They were very old. While they were telling us the stories, one would say, "Now, that's not the way it was. That's not the way grandmother told us." Then, she'd say, "Oh, yes, it was. You can have your say after awhile." That went on for quite awhile. We finally got some stories from them also. We had stayed a long time. They found that we were real sincere. And, maybe, way back there, we were kin. They invited us to stay for supper. After awhile, we began to be part of them again. But let me read you a story that I think--this collection is our first one. It contains the stories of the birds and animals who came, and other things. Here is one story about the hummingbird and the crane who have a race. In those days that the story took place, in the ancient Cherokee times, these birds could talk. They could walk like people. Right now, they had a race. It wasn't to see how fast one could go; but maybe at the end of the line, was a beautiful lady waiting for them. They had a reason for racing to see the beautiful lady. The Hummingbird said to the Crane, "I can out fly you." "No, you cannot out fly me." Then, they had a race. All day long they raced. That night, the Hummingbird slept somewhere, but the Crane just kept going. He traveled all night, and the next day, the Hummingbird would pass him. Then, when it became dark, the Hummingbird found another place to sleep, but the Crane just kept going all night. The Hummingbird rested again and the Crane kept going. The Crane arrived in the water. That's where they were going. At dawn, the Hummingbird arrived. The Hummingbird lost the race. The