

telling you, you know, that kind of a story. Got good ones. Old peoples always tell us--

Daisy: Let see, what was her name? When she was in (--) she cover her head with a black handkerchief. And when she come out of it--

Chas: I've heard about it, but I can't--

Jack: Ain't got no education, don't know how to read, but I don't know how. They could look to the future. Like the can tell what--

Daisy: I used to be that way. I look at a person and I knew where they been, read their mind--but it's gone now.

Chas: What they up to,

Daisy: What they up to--I always know, and everybody was afraid of me because I used to know. I guess I was just gifted. I don't know. My brother wanted me to go on to school. He said that's a scientific mind. But of course we didn't understand that.

(END).