

nobody to tell it.

Bert: That's right.

Trina: See, it's all going and it's all dying out.

Bert: Dying fast, too.

Trina: It dying fast, yes. So tell her one story, grandpa. You used to tell me lots of stories when I was a little girl. Tell her one of your good stories.

Bert: Well, there's one story that I just barely remember. About the horse. We down to the river and the river was up, high. And everything was floating. And I saw a colt--a horse, and it's got a colt on the bank. And it (unintelligible word) and that colt was lying right on top of that horse and he was swimming. That's pretty good, ain't it? And I thought that was wonderful how that horse could have sense. Yeah.

(Is that all of it? Do you know another one?)

Trina: How about a Sainday story?

Bert: Sainday is a man that's always traveling. He likes to travel all the time. And one time he was traveling and he came to the village. He found people down there. He went in there and try to join with them. And he told them; "I'm tired. I want something to eat. There's certain things I want to eat. I want to eat the liver. Raw liver." And then they go to work, you know, and they cut it up and they give him raw liver. and he just sit there and help himself'.

(long pause--Bert was getting tired, so we terminated the conversation.)