

made a fire and was fixin' breakfast. Bill, he got up and went out to the front porch. That was the old house used to be down here. He walked out there on the porch and said "Come here right quick." Went to the door and there it was. Sure enough there goin' on right along down there them two men that I saw on that horse. And sure enough, his half brother was hangin' on and he was so drunk he couldn't hardly stay on. And he said "If that don't beat ever thing." He said "It is just exactly like you told it. And said, "I know you didn't see 'em because it was dark." He said people would swear you know that I'd saw 'em you know. But just exactly like I'd dreamed it. They was ridin' black horse with blaze face and he was hangin on behind. (Laughter)

NEGRO JOHN SMITH - WIFE WAS A WHITE WOMAN

I have heard them say that there was lots of Indians lived down there, that had plantations and they had these negroes, you know, slaves--workin' for 'em and they had plenty. But do you know they drove them out of there and they took all their cattle and horses and ever thing they had. They had nice houses, you know built--most of 'em built. He was about 6 foot tall and he was big old negro man and when my father was sick, his wife was a white woman, just as white as she could be and he had a white step-daughter. And she was a fine cook, that woman was. Boy, she could make the finest bread and jellies and she'd fix hams, well, they just out of this world. And you know, ever so often here would come old nigger Jake--ever body called him old nigger Jake--with a basket on his arm. He made baskets, you know, out