

of hickory.

(Well they had two daughters didn't they? Jake and his wife?)

Yeah. But they died.

Third Voice: I think--

Down yonder at Cookson, you know Aunt Jenny Blair and John Blair lived down there. Well we'd go down there in wagon. We'd always stop. Well if he didn't have an apple to give you, he had a lot of fruit. If he had a turnip he'd give you a turnip, a fresh turnip. He eat 'em. Law, he eat 'em like they was fruit. He was really a good neighbor. And you know what--finally his wife died and that step-daughter, Jenny--she died and his wife died and left him alone and he was gettin' old and he wanted to go back to Tennessee. And he said he wanted to go back to Tennessee to die. Well there some people, merchants at Stilwell and they got the money for train fare. And you know that old man didn't get there. He died on the train. Died before he got there.

(What was his real name? Did you ever know?)

Jake was all I know. Jake Smith.

(Old Negro Jake?)

Yeah. Just called him old man Jake.

Third Voice: He was a big tall man.

Big tall man. And there was two other negroes used to live there.

One of them was named Hill and I used to be when I was a kid about that high--one time they had a workin' up there at my great grandmother's and mama went up to help 'em cook. And this woman's name was Julia. I can remember just as well--and they lived