

oh, no telling when, but way back. Well, now plum around that field was these summer grapes. Well, now, there's where us kids spent our Sundays when grapes was ripe. We'd go up there and clumb them grape trees to find the grapes. The summer grapes was plum around that field. I remember one time, we's hoeing corn, us kids wuz, and my Dad was plowing and we heard a baby crying out in the edge of the field. And we had a little dog with us and ohhh that little baby was just raising old Cain. And us kids wanted to go out and see about that baby. But Dad told us, said, "You are not going out there." Said, "That's a baby bear crying."  
(Well.)

#### CONJECTURE CONCERNING CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS CAVE

And he said, "You go out there and go to disturbing that baby bear, that old bear'll come just a yipping." Well, now there was a big cave right close and you could tell it had been dug there, years and years ago, no telling when. And front of that cave was big locust trees and some kind of language cut on them trees and growed up in the bark. Nobody never could tell what it was. And the bears would go in that cave in the winter. It was some kind of a mine. I've thought about it since been away from there. And the younger boys, they talk about goin' back and goin' in there and see how--how they would go in. Different bunches of 'em go in and take a lantern and they'd go back just so far. And they said there used to be slab rock just solid. And must a sealed over some way. It was a mine of some kind. I imagine a gold mine. They talked about goin' back in there and investigate. There was a bunch of some kind of people, I don't know what they was but they'd some kind of nationality would come in--well, now, they'd stay across the mountain from there. But there was a minin' over there. They'd come in every year or two and mine for something--gold or something and this old man, he'd try to watch 'em. And he never could watch 'em where they'd go. They sneak in