

was standing in the yard talking. Clyde told Joe to take us to the back and tell the women in the kitchen to give us a good feeding. I could smell that good hog meat from way cross the yard. The women was making hoghead cheeze and blood pudding. They handed us a big pan of food and we found a clean spot on the ground to sit down. When we got through, almost too full to move, we went back round the house. Mr. Clyde told Joe he wouldn't need him till Monday, so Joe could take us on home. The cabin wasn't much bigger than the one we had left, but we had made a new start and everything looked right smart better. After the children went to bed me and Joe sat at the firehalf talking. We was so proud we had moved, so happy for the good meal we got soon as we got here, every time we looked at each other we had to grin. Feet sore, back still hurting, but grinning there like two children courting for the first time. We tried to keep from looking at each other. I looked at the firehalf, Joe looked at the door; then I looked at the door, Joe looked at the firehalf. When we couldn't find nowhere else to look we looked at each other and grinned. No touching, no patting each other on the knee, just grinning.