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(Where were you to see it?) I was walking down from Poulamon to Poirierville. I was just walking in this area here. I've mentioned it to several people, nobody had seemed to have seen it. But I often wonder somewhere some people must have seen it. (But as far as actually seeing what some people would call a ghost, you have not seen anything like that.) No. The only thing that I saw was--and this is as true as I'm sitting here, and I've told a lot of people about it--there was an old lady down the road that we used to tease an awful lot. And she died while I was overseas. I was laying in my bunk this night smoking a cigarette, and all of a sudden at the foot of the bed this person appeared. And as soon as I saw her I said to myself--nobody else knew her--I said to myself, "What in the name of God is (she) doing here?" But I never thought any more about it. It was just I saw her, and I figure that I'm thinking about the folks back home and that, you know, and all kinds of thing comes in your mind. So anyway, by God, about a week and half after, I got a letter from my mother and she said, "Did you know that old Mrs. died?" I said, "Oh my God Almighty." And I started thinking. So I wrote her back and I said, "Could you find out for me exactly the date that she died and about the hour, about what time?" So, of course, it used to take a long time. Two weeks after, I got another letter from her and she told me the exact date, and figuring that we were on double daylight savings time here during the war, and four hours difference from here to England, and figuring the date--the exact moment I saw that woman at the foot of the bunk was the time she died! Now that's a coincidence. And I'll never forget that, because it actually happened, you know. I don't know why, we weren't related. I don't know why that woman would show herself to me at the date that she died. (She's never come back?) No, she's never come back. That's the only time I ever saw her. (It's difficult to explain. Father Rankin's father in that story that you mentioned, he wanted something done--he wanted a bill paid.) He wanted something done, yes. But, you know, I often thought, we made her suffer so much just teasing her. She was a hard-working old lady, a poor old lady. And we were kids, of course. But I often wonder if there was something somewhere along the line that I had promised her that she never got or what it was. But anyway, I actually saw it. Other times: I was going to see (my wife.) She lived in Poulamon. We weren't married then. And I was coming back, and it was a night that was kind of foggy and misty. And it was four miles from her place to my place, and I used to walk it back and forth. And this night I was coming and it started getting kind of wet and I was scared, I was dressed up and I was scared to get wet. So there was a taxi driver in D'Escousse and I decided, well, I'll stop the taxi driver and get him to drive me home to keep dry. So as I walked in to go to the taxi driver

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