

Baro had a brother, who was a skilled bear hunter. In the autumn he shot a bear. When he skinned and opened it, 4 ribs were broken. Then Baro laughed and insisted that it was the same bear that had fought the goats.

However severe old Baro looked, it was the strange thing about her that small children were never afraid of her; but when they saw her in the eyes, they smiled and laughed. She was probably a little rough in her words when she was angry; but she never tied. Maria Baro was also a good sailor for a time. One autumn she bought an old draft horse from old Gjæver in Tromsø. The horse was big and fat, she paid it with a weight of butter and then put it in the back bulkhead of her boat, a small otter ring. The people laughed at her, when she put everything in the stern bulkhead; but she steered well through the whole of the Balsfjord, where people wondered if it was not a ghost, as the boat almost only stood at the stern. When the people at home asked her why she put everything in the back bulkhead, she replied: "Don't you know that the boat can withstand the most wind when it is able to load?"

Once my father had come from town, she came to him and asked for brandy. As he was no lover of drink (ø: drunk), he had only suffered with her home; but he still had to give her a couple of drams to get rid of her. Baro then went home and came back immediately afterwards with a pot of butter and wanted two more drams for it. When he in no way wanted to keep the bargain, she became angry and promised to hit him with her staff. He had to accept the pot and give her two more drams. Gamle-Baro then got drunk, and sleep overpowered her. Then my father took the pot and carried it home to her son, there was the owner. When she woke up from her sleep, she went home and saw that the pot was there again. Now she got angry and came back, argued and called him names, and it was then very much at stake that my father would get a beating. When old Baro was angry, she always walked quickly with both hands on her long staff; but when she was happy, she went softly and put only one hand on the staff.

Her son had a maid from Finland. One day while she was out, Baro stole the something. The maid was very cunning. She acted like she didn't notice anything until the day wore on, and Baro was in a good mood. Then she said to her: "Know you mother, this was stolen, and there is no one else but you who can bring the thief back with it". "Yes, I can try", said Baro, she then went out and returned after a while with the stolen item.

Among her vices, Baro also had his good sides. One spring, when the field was so bare that the cattle could find their food, the snow came very inconveniently and settled a foot thick on the field. A poor man in the neighborhood had no hay. Gamle-Baro knew that and wanted to relieve him of his distress. She took as much