

A .410. Oh, then I've got one of them little popping kind.

(Oh, really. One of them little pistols?)

Yeah, pistol. It holds six or seven. I forget which. Seven, I think though, shells.

(And you use both of them though, huh?)

I haven't used the little one in a long time but I've got it there. Bull Squares said to me, said, "Gertie, you ought to buy a little gun like I just got some of my own up here." And I went back with him and I bought one of them pistols. He said, "That'll be handy." You see, a .410 just has one shell in it; and you have to take one out; and if you need another shot, see, things could happen between times.

(Yeah. Like a shot gun.)

Now this one, all you have to do, you just have to keep popping on it till you get plumb around; and that's a lot of them shells, I think.

(You could shoot a lot of snakes with that. So you've been right here by yourself for twenty years.)

Uh-hum. Yeah, it was nineteen this last May.

(Going on twenty.)

Uh-hum.

HUSBAND DIED OF HEART ATTACK

(What did your husband die of, Gertie?)

Heart attack.

(Heart attack.)

He had a third attack, and the doctor thought he would be all right.

But then he had another spell. Of course he--

(Why he died pretty young, too, didn't he?)

Sixty. I can't tell you what now.

(He was a little bit older than you.)