

sitting there was crap shooter or poker player. And they used to meet there. Now, if they'd have a slow day or it would rain or something, they'd be in that boxcar out there playing poker or shooting craps. All I done was stand in the door and watch for the law. Used to be a fella worked on the section. He was section foreman from Catale, Chelsea up through there. His end was right south of White Oak just till about a quarter. And this boss would get up in that end and then he'd come up there and play with them fellas. Then he got to be U.S. Marshall. And he got a hold of old Cap White and they kinda got to buddying. He was U.S. Marshall, too. And I can't remember this fella's name that was section foreman. He was U.S. Marshall. Them Wycliffs, I think, killed him. They say he did. They told him if he come in them hills, he'd get it. He wasn't scared. He went and he didn't come back. They had to hunt him up and haul him back. They don't know who done it. They come in there, him and Cap White one evening, and arrested thirty-five.

(Gee whiz.)

Of course, he snitched on 'em, you see.

(Yeah.)

He knowed 'em all,

(Oh, yeah.)

There wasn't no excuse. He looked over at me and kinda laughed. He said, you ain't a poker player, are you? He knowed I didn't, you know. So--I said, you know, I never did play and I never did try to learn. I never tried--they would shoot craps. He said, you're a good watchdog, though. I told 'em they's a coming. I could see 'em for half a mile. And I knowed that old team of Cap White's. And them Wycliff boys, one of them played poker and one didn't. And this oldest one, he said, they ain't got no right for me. Popped off, you know. And he said, that's just what you think. Said, you