

SON IN ALASKA

I remember Christmas, two or three days before Christmas, that old boy of mine--he lives up there in Alaska. And I was around here one day and the phone rang. It was about this time of day, two or three o'clock. I introduced myself to him. He said, "Is this Henry Clay?" I said, "Yeah." He said, "You got a long distance call from Alaska." 'Course, I knew it would be him. Up to then sometimes he said they had just had it in two or three days. You could call him just certain times of the day, but you had to go through a radio station at Anchorage. But now they've got those lines out there where he's at. He's 800 miles west of Anchorage. It was him. So, I tried to call all day Christmas. By gum, the lines was just jammed. I sit up till twelve-thirty. The last time I tried, the lines was still jammed. Well, the next day, I called him back. We've had two or three calls since then. Boy, I tell you, they wanted me to come up there. I didn't want to go. I don't have much, but I told them, "I think I'll just stay put." (Well, it's all you want to take care of. If you had anymore, you'd just have that much more to worry about.)

I've got enough. Nobody can't just crowd me out.

(You know that they can't build in front of you.)

I told them, I had a three acre strip across ten acres over there on the east side and seven acres out here. (Words not clear--static on tape)

ANIMALS AND WILD GAME IN EARLY DAYS

We just went over the top of that hill there, and there stood a big old bob cat right in the road down there. When the lights hit him, boy, he took off back down there as fast as he could.