

he'd be nice to him and he said, "Uncle Pat, like to have a little shot?" "Don't care if I do", he said. He told him said, "There's some right around behind that rock there by my lunch bucket." He just went around there and just picked up the pint cup and just downed it. Kinda cleared his throat a little bit and he said, "That's pretty good stuff." Yeah, the whole she-bang. Pat was head of the community election board but he wouldn't count the votes. After the election, well, by golly, when they wanted to tally up; he would just pick up everything there was there. Just shove it in a flour sack and take it in to the county election board, everything, scrap paper and all. (Laughter) Just go down you know pick it up and haul it in again. (Sentence not clear.) I saw my wife watering flowers out there about 6 or 7 of 'em. All had--

(End of Side A)