

Think that's what it is?

(Yes sir.)

We did have a 44. I don't know whatever become of it. But we used to run bullets in it, you know, (not clear.)

BOLEN WAS A MULATTO - KILLED PRAIRIE CHICKEN FOR COMMERCIAL USE

Frank: I remember when I was a kid, all the prairie was just covered with prairie chicken, lots of quail. The prairie chickens, you know of a mornings, you know how they'll strut and --

(Yeah.)

Holler around the spring. And this Bolen, you remember that Bolen boy died here a short time ago? Well, maybe I told you about it, seems to me like I did, did I?

(No.)

His daddy used to be a hunter. Old man Bolen. They were mulatto, they was just half dark. I've eat there. They used to thrash, you know, thrashing down there. Come dinner time they had dinner for us and I just as soon eat at their place as anybody's. They was clean colored folks, you know, they wasn't real, you know, real dark. They were, weren't "niggers" you know. Just mulattos. Every spring, every fall of the year, you know, we lived over on close to Pryor creek and we could hear old man Bolen shooting down there. Everybody would say old Bolen's starting out. And he's kill those chickens, you know, and quail and ship 'em to Kansas City.

(Well.)

He was quite a hunter.

(Well people made part of their living hunting in those days.)

Well, he did, you know. Oh there was others around that did, but he made a business at it, you know.