in eastern Oklahoma, one time, where he'd never been or seen nobody, stopped at a little town of one or two stores. So, my daughter - granddaughter, was going to school down there, so I went down there for her and he went with me. And I got to this little town and stopped, why he just crawled out. He'd taken off whenever you'd see him, anymore, for about an hour. After while here he come back with a little paper sack. He had half-a-gallon of whiskey with him. He could find whiskey where there wasn't no whiskey.

(Was it bottleg?)

Yeah, bootleg whiskey. I said, "What do you got, Swinney." He said, "Well, I just got me a little drink over here." I said, How'd you find it?" He said, "Oh, I went down to the railroad station there and saw a big old' black nigger down there and I asked him. He went and got me a half a gallon." So I knew he was pretty full when he come back. And all such as that. You could take him anywhere, I don't care where you'd take him, he could always find some. It wouldn't take him long, either. Well, he drank this vanilla extract and bay rum, shaving lotion - anything like that. He got to be awful bad there. We tried to get the law to watch him where he wouldn't go to town, or try to keep him outta town where he couldn't get nothin' to drink. He'd even take this rubbin' alcohol and drink it. He could take a glass of rubbin' alcohol and drink it down just like water. I told him, I said, "Swinney," I said, "why don't you quit drinkin' all this crap?" I said, "If you want to drink, why don't you drink beer or straight whiskey." He said, "I wouldn't give a damn for five quarts of whiskey of five gallons of beer for one quart - one bottle of rubbin' alcohol." (laughter) Well, they - you know they have these package liquor stores. He'd go down there and they woudn't sell him nothin', why he'd go out there somewhere and