

buy it, take it home. Used to - he lived down in Bryan County - and whenever he'd get a check, well, he'd go to the store and buy - a lot of it - about half of his check in groceries and then take it home and put it up somewhere where his family couldn't get to it. He wouldn't let them have it.

(The groceries?)

Groceries.

(Huh - what did they eat?)

Well, her kids would get out and work and she would too, get out and work. Cut wood or anything like that. Managed to get a little something to eat. And he watched all those groceries he laid up there.

(And he would eat them himself?)

Well, sometimes whenever company come in, why he would let them cook what few things he had up there. So, whenever we'd go down there visitin', they wouldn't have nothin' to eat down there. So my wife and her sister was there one day. His wife kept complainin' about not havin' nothin' to eat. And my wife said, "Has Swinney got some stuff hid somewhere?" And she said, "Yeah, up there on the loft." And the wife and her sister said, "Tell us where it is and we'll get it." So she told 'em where it was. She had one of the boys to climb up there and bring down a load of stuff. Oh he'd, he'd just get fightin' mad whenever he'd come in and find Abby there. He come in drunk - he was always out huntin' somethin' to drink. Well, he kept goin' on that way and finally he'd been on a drunk about two or three weeks. On day the telephone rang and I answered it. His wife said, "Abe, Swinney is really bad sick. I believe he'd dyin'." I said, "You don't mean it?" Said, "Yes," said, "You and your wife come over quick as you can. I believe he'd dyin'." So we jumped in the car and went down there and found him laying on the devan. Oh, he was fightin' for all there was for breath.