

He just had a rattle in his throat and his chest and everywhere else. I thought he was dyin' when I first went in. So, my wife says, "Well, he'd dyin'. He ain't gonna live but just a little bit longer." Says, "That's that death rattle he'd got." I said, "Well, I don't know what it is." And he kinda come to himself. He looked up at me and said, "Will you take me to town to get some wine?" I said, "No, you're not able to go to town to get some wine." He said, "Yes I am. I'll be better if I had some wine." He kept on beggin' me and I wouldn't take him. Finally, I got him up. He was still - his lungs was just a rattlin'. After awhile there was just foam comin' out of his mouth, out of his nose and everywhere else.

(Did you think he was really a gonner then?)

Yes, I did. I didn't know what it was. I thought it was - well, maybe that comes from his stomach or lungs or something of the kind. But I never saw anything like soapsuds coming out of a person's mouth - so much of it at one time. I, finally, got him up, take him in the front room and set him down. He set there a while and finally he got so sick he had to vomit. Oh I guess he throwed up a gallon of it right in the middle of the floor. So his wife come in there, picked him up and throwed him on the bed, started to clean up his mess on the floor. What he'd throwed up just foamed like soap suds. He laid there a little while and kept on asking me to take him to town and I wouldn't do it. Directly he got up outta bed and set back down where he was. His wife went ahead and cleaned up all that mess on the floor. When she got that cleaned up, why she went and got a broom - she was gonna sweep there. She got ot sweepin' round there and way up under the chair, and there was two bottles of this bubble bath. Two small bottles he had drank. That was what was comin' up, chokin' him to death. (much laughter)