

(He was the one wearing the bullet proof vest.)

No, Bub Trainer was the one wearing that.

(Trainer was the one.)

Yes that's right. And he said. So he'd been out Sunday evening and he'd been out in the country, put these little cartridges in the pistol, short ones. They'd kill a squirrel and would have killed a man in some cases but that bullet hit him there and went right around and lodges right in the back of this head.

(Well I'll be darn.)

But he forgot about them, he aimed, he was shooting to kill. Forgot about having them little cartridges in that--them little bulldog cartridges, just little bitty short cartridges.

(Didn't kill him?)

No sir. Old Indian doctor, they drug him down in Ballard's old store place, put him in there. Boy, them Indians come in let out the squawh. So then they, we rubbed the blood out of his face, me and my brother did. So they got an old Indian doctor from over there somewhere, over there close to Tahlequah. And he drawed that bullet and worked it back out the same place it went in.

(Really?)

Really.

(He worked that bullet from the back of that fellow --)

Back of the head, right around there under the skin. Worked it out that way.

Mother: Without any ether too.

(Without anything. I guess.)

(Laughter)

(Bub probably had a bottle of whiskey to help him I imagine.)

He was pretty well whiskied out.