

they run 'im about 30 miles and he said he seen the test had come. He fell off of his horse and killed about two of 'em and said they went the other way. And he said he never had no more trouble with 'em. (Laughter) That's what he told. And I guess it was so. Because he didn't want no chance for foolishness. Everybody liked 'im, but he tended his own business. He came to mill on his horse. He'd ride his horse up there and bring his corn to the mill at Nelson. And I don't care how many sacks was there they knew him and they'd pick his'n up and grind it. He'd set there--he didn't go up to the store and foot around. Set there till his corn was ground and he'd put it on his horse and go on home. And had a little bottom farm there. He cleared that up and he made rails and fenced it. Split rails out--and carried 'em around there and made his fence around there himself. He was a very determined old fellow. That old place is all gone now and they got a family cemetery there. They had to bury one of the off spring it had growed, the timber had growed up so that they had to get a bulldozer to clear out the road to get in there with the corpse, you know.

(Wonder if--did he speak English at all?)

Oh, yes. Yeah, he talked English.

(He talked/^{good}English. He just wasn't much for talking was he?)

(End of Side A)