

saw old Sapsucker--

Joe: Sapsucker, John Sapsucker. Had that long hair growing over his shoulder.

Welch: Yeah. And somebody come down on a little old mule, and his legs were way down there, and he kickin' that old mule in the side with his legs, that away, you know that old mule just pokin' along. Dad says, "That's old John Sapsucker, I bet a dollar." We went on down the road, sure enough when we got up there, it was him on that little ole mule.

Yeah. John Sapsucker he was--I'm the oldest one living. The rest of 'em all gone.

(How old are you, Mr. Chopper?)

Eighty-four. That's been a long time when we went to school. I didn't learn nothing. I learned meanness all I ever learned. Steal apples. We go to, somebody had an orchard we go down there.

Welch: Down there on the old Stick Hill--

Joe: Well, everybody done that. Steal chickens and roast them. Roast, and that's one thing I didn't do. Used to hunt rabbit though and roast them.

Welch: Used to-be an old boy down there in school with us he didn't hunt very much but he made bows you know, for the rest of them, and arrows. They give him fifty cents or half dollar for those bows. He liked to tore up all those fences up there to get the post you know to make bows out of because they're cedar, you know. They's made out of, didn't make 'em out of oak, they made out of--

(Bois'd'arc?)

Welch: No. They made 'em out of--

(Locust?)