

Well, just as well burn him up, he never did live over it.

LEARNS TO "CALL" AT SQUARE DANCES

We was havin' a dance over at Charlie Chewey's. And I listened at a man callin' at a dance and I learned--in a way I was pretty quick on the trigger. Anything I wanted to learn, I'd learn it. And it cost you 25 cents a set to dance. And I made up my mind right then I'd follow--

(Who got the money?)

The man that owned the house.

(The man that owned the house? They usually feed the people too?)

Well, they'd have pies, and cakes, and chili--

(They'd have to pay the fiddlers and etc., wouldn't they?)

Oh, the fiddlers never did get nothin'. It was just usually the man's house 'cause he had the dance, you know. They'd have pies and cakes and things like that and they'd sell them. And I made up my mind then, if I could learn to call, I'd get things free. So, I learned. I remember the first time I learned to call one set. Nobody else could call but me down there and we danced all night to one set. (Laughter)

(To the one set?)

It was the only one I know. (Laughter). But we went at it.

MORE ABOUT THE MAN WHO WAS BURNED

(What about this fellow that almost got burnt?)

Well, his name was Fixon.

(Fixit?)

Fixon. Fixon. And he was drunk. He was down drunk. And he was a little ways up the Hollow from where the dance was and somebody had run up there. They claimed that he had stole whiskey off somebody and nobody never did get arrested for it, didn't even get the (not clear). But the way things looked, they had crammed his clothes full of leaves