

(I like a wood stove.)

I do too. You need a reading lamp.

(Yeah. I do too.)

You need a good reading lamp.

(Don't use coal, do you? Coal digging--mining coal?)

No. There's no coal here. It's all around Vinita.

(It's all over back west of here?)

Yes. Over toward Vinita and down that way. I think maybe Chelsea too.
I never did see any.

INCIDENT OF THE COLORED BOY AND THE CRAWFISH

I'd go squirrel hunting over on Quail Creek. Killed lots of squirrels in there. I'd go fishing in them holes of water, you know. I'd catch lots of crawfish, some of them about that long, you know, and catfish, big ones. And nobody ever bother me squirrel hunting.

(Well.)

We had a big farm up there. My brother was there. (Words not clear).

(You could tell him he couldn't read, couldn't you?) (laughter).

(Words not clear). I went back down there about two miles. There was a boy coming along there, and he was black. I asked where he lived. He said down by Chelsea. I asked him if he liked crawfish. (Words not clear). He said, "No, it might stick in my craw." (much laughter).

He was afraid of 'em. He said, "See them crawfish crawling backward."
(more laughter). I was hungry for 'em. I like 'em.