

holler and come around. But they's a cut-off up there about where the town is now and they'd drive across there to the mill you know. And those Wickliff boys, "dad-blame" they had a time. They would -- you know they kept me in jail up there for two hours trying to make me to come down to help catch them Wickliff boys. I told'em I said, "You send me down there, I'll help them Wickliff boys." And I told'em how it started. Now John Day and I was there when that started. Old Cap White and his Deputy was down there. They'us camped down at the bottom of the old Wickliff home up there, you know, by that spring. John and I started, turkey hunting and deer hunting. And we went down by there and they had two nigger gals with 'em to do their cookin. And I said "and everything". (Laughter.) I knew old Cap well you know. I knew why they had 'em down there, yellow niggers they was fine lookin gals too. And they told old Charley Wickliff, if he'd furnish them "likker" while they was down on their vacation, why they wouldn't arrest him. So they was down there and they'd stayed about three weeks. And Charley run out'a money I guess. He'us sellin whiskey, Charley was up there. But he run out and they had a two gallon jug about half full of whiskey when we went by. I took a drink with him, but John wouldn't drink and they. But comin back that evenin, well, it happened about four o'clock. We was might near down to where they was camped, you know, and we heard a shot. I told John, I said, I guess they shot old Charley because he wouldn't furnish 'em no more whiskey. (laughter) And when we got down there, I found out old Charley had shot the deputy. And we went up to the house to see him. And old Cap Ryan he was drunk and he'd lost one of his guns and it rolled