

the chores out in the barn. Said, "I understand you're from Texas." Ben said, "I am." He said, "I am, too." So Ben just kinda stepped back around behind the buggy where he could see the workhand down there hollered, "Hey! Run those calves in the barn," he said, "and lock the door." He knew those calves were in danger. They just laughed it off, you know, and had a great visit. "Run them doggone calves in the barn and lock the door." (Laughter) There was a man named Whitlow staying over there at the 101 ranch. There was some guy from New York who wanted to see the ranch and Whitlow was afrying hamburgers you know. He had ham, lamb, sheep and mutton, buffalo, bull, wild hog and game. He squalled and yelled at 'em like that you know and this old boy had started to the taxi to go back to town. He stopped. "Say," he said, "what do you reckon one of those buffalo sandwiches would cost?" "Oh," he said, "I don't know; I have no idea." He said, "Here's five dollars; you go and get one." He went up there and told that old boy. He said, "I want you to make him a big, big biggest sandwich as you got." He put it on a big bun and took it back. I think it cost two dollars. He got a dollar and the concession man got a dollar. Now he went back to New York thinking he ate a buffalo sandwich. (laughter) Nothing in the world, but a hamburger. (laughter) Well, we were coming back from somewhere on the train. The news butch had a whole basket of stuff you know he'd go up to some old guy and he'd set the basket down then he'd pile his stuff out and show 'em to this guy. Some Indian boy sitting right back that way from me and I know he was--that Indian boy just bought some stuff to get rid of that blamed fella and he looked over at me and I just kinda hung my head like that. I guess he thought now there's another one. So he come over and started piling that stuff out on me and on my seat and