

I told him I said, "Now Butch," I said, "I think you've egged that old boy; he bought stuff he didn't want just to get shed of you. If I want anything from you I'll come up and tell you. You don't have to come back here." And he grabbed his stuff away he went. (Laughter) I kidded him a long time. Every time I was on that train I--that butch was on there. I'd say-- what you got to sell today Butch? He shook his head. And then that poor Louis Woodall. He used to sell papers there in Vinita by Gomer Finney's. Then he'd go down to that morning train north bound train, you know. Walking up and down hollerin, let's go get Daly Phoenix. He stuttered a lot. So the butch come out and go all over him. Come to the door and told him to get the heck out of there. Said, "This is my train." Louis said, "By golly," said, "if this is your train, this is my town get the darn train out of my town." (Laughter) And he just sounded reasonable, too. He could really put some good ones. Well, that was just about as much sense as when that butch said, "This is my train." Oh, boy.

BLACK POWDER IN GUN SHELLS

In the days before smokeless shot gun shells, we had black powder shells. We would fire the shell and then try to find what we had shot.

(Was it a big black smoke or white smoke?)

(Words not clear.) Oh, it was clear.

(Yeah)

They usually just shoot you know and that black smoke and they'd used first on the one side and then the other, you know. Till you stoop down and look under to see if you had killed it, unless you could see 'em fall.

(Yeah. Yeah, it would be all right. You could usually tell if you'd killed a duck, he's bigger--)

OH, yeah.

(But even he'd be hard to see.)