

COAL DIGGING AND RED COAL

(Sentence not clear.) I don't know how many he had, but he just had one leg. It was about that big. And I heard the kids down there on the creek and I told 'em to go up to the house and tell their mother that I found that old hen turkey.. So she came down there just about time she got down there she decided she'd cross the creek and she just squatted down and made kind of a funny noise and that little dickens jumped up on her back, but he fell off and she flew across the creek. He fell off in the creek. Yes, sir

(Static--words not clear) (Laughter)

(Yeah. Must have been an old diggings in there.)

Well, there's an old diggings in there and you know old Sam Bloom dug a lot of coal up there...(Not clear.)

(Yeah, well, was that coal pit there when you folks came up here?)

I imagine it was.

(Yeah. That was that red looking coal wasn't it?)

Yeah.

(Yeah.)

I know when we was digging up there we just took a plow and a slip you know. It wasn't very deep. You didn't have to go down very far. It was good red coal too. So Henry come along one day with a quart of whiskey of some kind. I told him said, "Henry I wished you leave me a little of that." So we could have a drink before dinner; we took a lunch with us. Well, he said, "Got anything to put it in?" "No", I said, "my lunch box is right around behind that rock there." I had a pint cup so he just went around there and just poured out a pint and set it down and off he went. So way after while we was digging over on that come Pat Coyne came up there. Well, Frank thought