Interview with Fred Henderson, life-long resident of Madison County, NC by William Klipp on August 27th, 2008.

Henderson (FH): I was raised right below my Grandpa’s house. His name was, uh, let’s see I forget it, uh... Columbus Henderson, Columbus and Nora Henderson. We lived in a little house as you go up on Spring Mountain on your left, up on the bank. He had a junk yard below the house; the whole field was full of old antique cars. Well, he sold old cars and stuff to poor people and he swapped. He might of even swapped a car part for a pair of shoes, just anything that could keep a going. And he got this job and he took a little wagon and he was the one to make the first Rich Mountain Tower on top of Hot Springs Mountain. That was my Grandpa Columbus Henderson. He made it all by his self.


FH: Rich Mountain Tower.

WK: Rich Mountain.

FH: He made that tower, the whole shebang! He pulled the logs and lumber up. The first one was made out of logs and lumber.

WK: And that was the tower that they built up there?

FH: Yeah, he made the first one, my Grandpa did.

WK: Uh-huh.

FH: Alright. He lived here and they done all that logging, at that time. I think it was about in 1923 when they quit logging and sawing. I believe I’m right.

WK: Was the train going through here at that time?

FH: Yeah, that’s when it quit.

WK: The train quit?

FH: Yeah, about 1922 I think. Before then, the biggest thing they cut was chestnut trees. The trees were so big they could only put one log in a carrier on the back of the train. I think I’ve got some pictures of that. You could only get one log on a carrier behind the train. It was so big.
WK: Wow.

FH: They had these two splash dams. One was in the curve, of what you would call the Bonnie Gahagan house. That was my aunt. They’d get a big puddle of water and turn all of the logs loose or throw them in the Big Laurel and let them wash down in a big pile. And then they’d get ‘em all out. They had a thing with hooks on it with a cable to lift them up out of the dam, the splash dam where they had gathered them all up. And then they’d load them on the train and they’d turn right. They had a big handle in the Bonnie Gahagan curve. They had a big handle they could turn left or right to go across the bridge. The cement in the middle of the creek is right there right now where the bridge was for the train. If they was coming from Big Laurel, they’d twist on the big handle and go up to the right and go up to the Big Hurricane and unload the logs or whatever they had. There was somebody sawing twenty four hours a day. There was a man named Bill that was a colored man and he sawed all night long, up there: keep the fire going, keep putting wood in the steam engine saw mill. He’d saw all night long by himself. When they got a big load sawed, they’d load em in a train and they’d go down to the railroad track on Laurel River. They’d go down by the “negro hole” is what they called it. And then they’d go by the “sutty hole” and then they’d go right on down to the trestle, down to the Stackhouse and they’d take all the logs off of the little train and put them on the big train. Then they’d go to Asheville, Knoxville and all different places, to be sold for lumber.

WK: Now, the train that you are talking about taking down to the big train...

FH: Anderson G Betts.

WK: That was the name of the train?

FH: Yeah, that was the man that ran all of the trains with the steam engines. They called it the Anderson G Bett trains.

WK: Ok.

FH: Now, going down the Laurel River next to Stackhouse when I was a kid, one of them had run off the track. It stayed for... well, I got up into the third or fourth grade. My Grandpa was the junk man, him and my other grandpa, lives in the house, Grady Gahagan. They went down there and jumped that train
and hauled it off for junk, took it apart. It sat there for years just all by itself on the left of the track, all turned over. My dad tells me all about it. It was marvelous the way they done things. They had a cable with a big winch on top of a mountain and they’d run cable plumb from one mountain to the other one and they had a tackle block that they lift up and swing the logs. They’d keep their cable up high. There was a man named Millard Beck. He lives on your left as you go towards Hot Springs Mountain in a little, small, white house. He made all the cables and equipment at that time, back in the early 1900s. He made thongs or at what you call it to hook the logs and all. He knewed how to run the winches and everything from one mountain to another one. He was the main man on pulling the logs and getting them loaded, on the train. You didn’t have to roll them on the ground or anything, like how they started doing with the truck. You got these big hooks on the end of a cable and they maybe took a big hammer and sunk them in a little bit at the bottom of the log or ever where they wanted it to get everything right, maybe on the left end or right end, and they’d raise the whole thing up. Then, they could just take their hands and swing it and put it on the carrier, ( is that what you call it?), behind the train and you didn’t have to lift and worry and worry with it. All the weight was already lifted. All you had to do was swing it and put it on there.

WK: Do you know what kind of wood they were cutting? What kind of trees?

FH: They cut curly maple, the prettiest wood you ever seen in your life, and white oak and, uh, regular cherry trees and red oak and lets see…

WK: You mentioned the big logs before, those were the...

FH: Chestnut logs. Chestnut lumber for lot of barns, houses and a lot of places was made at that time with chestnut lumber, a lot of it.

WK: Where did the big train go with that lumber after it was picked up down there at the French Broad and the Laurel? Did it go towards Asheville or did it…

FH: It went both places. There would be different trains that would pick it up. I’ve got all the books where they bought it. Bought the lumber: how many feet and how much it weighed and all that. I’ve got the books on that. There was several different places the lumber was sold, at another place that sold lumber. I’ll show you the pictures there. I’ve even still got envelopes and stuff where they mailed it.
WK: Did that lumber, then, come back to this area or did it get shipped around the country?

FH: It shipped most of it at that time. Sears Roebuck bought a lot of lumber.

WK: Really?

FH: Yeah, they sure did.

WK: Wow. My goodness. Now you’ve mentioned the Gahagans and the Hendersons. What is your relationship with the Gahagans?

FH: My grandma married… the man that ran the saw mill was Ben Wade. That was Bonnie Gahagan’s father. Well, my grandpa was Grady Gahagan. That was Ben Wade’s boy and he married a lady named Bessie which was a Cherokee Indian that lived in this house. That’s where they lived at the time in the early 1900s. She was Cherokee Indian and he was Irish.

WK: Quite a combination!

FH: He was a Gahagan, he was Irish. Do you wanna hear my father’s side?

WK: You bet!

FH: On my father’s side, my grandpa Columbus was… he was part Irish he was sorta mixed up, but his wife, Nora, she was from Holland. She was Dutch. Her family came from across the sea from Holland and she was one of the young ones years ago. And my grandpa, my dad Fred Henderson, was Columbus’s boy. Columbus raised six boys and all of them was mechanics and my dad worked in Detroit Michigan on taxis. Arthur was in Asheville, the automatic transmission man. And they all the rest of them was mechanics, every one of them, and musicians. My dad could play the autoharp, and the fiddle and the guitar. Every one of them could play real well and sing. They was good musicians, all six of them.

WK: Did they …

FH: And one of them died real young at six years old. He’s up on the hill. C.J. was him name.

WK: Now, is there a name for this cemetery up here? Is it the Gahagan cemetery?

FH: It’s just the plain Gahagan cemetery. If you wanna go to a real old cemetery where they buried people, go to Felby. That is the old cemetery. The oldest one around here that I know. You go to what you call the “old bottom” right at Belva. You go like you’re going to Greenville TN. Cross your little bridge
on the left. It’s just around the curve, and then you go right up above the “old bottom” and you come
down just a little bit and you go to the old Gahagan cemetery. There were people buried in there. I’ve got
on my grandma’s side, named Richard Gahagan. Towards the TN state line, the big flat place up through
there where a lot of peoples lived he raised ginseng. He raised all of his own. And then a lady came in
there later on and made of them buildings and stuff in that same place at the lower end. Now I’ve got her
picture and name and so on. She was from out of state.
WK:    You mentioned this bend in the river up here. Is that, did you say the Bonnie Gahagan…
FH:    Everybody called that the Bonnie Gahagan curve, back in…
WK:    Is that where the concrete bridge is now?
FH:    Yes, that’s where the bridge was. Straight, just barely little past the house and make a left. Course,
it would have been a little bit of a longer swing with the train. The train, it would either go straight on up
ahead to Big Laurel or Shelton Laurel or both. It would go across the creek to what you call the Big
Hurricane across the creek, where the steam engine saw mill was.
WK:    And you mentioned the Big Hurricane, I’ve seen that on a map, how did it get that name? Any
idea?
FH:    No sir, that’s one thing I don’t know. There are Little Hurricane. It’s down here. It was the one
that my Grandpa’s house, where the junk yard was, going up to Hot Springs Mountain. That is the Little
Hurricane. The one in front of Bonnie Gahagan’s house is the Big Hurricane, across the creek, across
Laurel River where the bridge was.
WK:    Ok, so that bridge is no longer there, that’s where the train crossed the river, or I should say the
creek…
FH:    It went across the bridge right in front of, just a little past the house.
WK:    And then, after it got across, how far in did it go?
FH:    It wasn’t very far at all. Let’s see. You went around the curve. There is still some of the pieces of
old lumber from where it used to be, two tenths of a mile.
WK: Ok, alright. So, it didn’t get up. Did it get as far as where is now the concrete bridge, there to our development and such, the Bear River Development, where the Big Laurel comes into the Shelton and the Little? Did it go beyond the junction in the river?

FH: No, huh-huh, it just went straight up to Big Hurricane, right on to Big Hurricane and the train was on your right and the saw mill was on your left.

WK: Ok, alright, great, great. And what was Bonnie Gahagan’s relationship to you?

FH: Well, it was my grandpa’s sister.

WK: Your grandpa’s sister, ok.

FH: I don’t know exactly what that is, but…

WK: And then, you mentioned to me before about how you came to take care of the cemetery.

FH: That’s right, I took the cemetery. Cozy Akins, he took care of the cemetery about every day. He was up there cleaning or doing something. He rode a bicycle. He was an old man. He just had got out of the war. He was a guard on the bridge wherever he was at. I’d have to read but he was a guard for the army. He’d stand there to let anybody go across the bridge. That was his job. Well, when he got out of the army, he come in here and he stayed with my Aunt Bonnie and he took, well, her mother, which was still alive, she lived way up where I was going to school. Her name was Millie Gahagan.

WK: Now, was she the one that…

FH: Run the store.

WK: Ran the store which is now on the inside bend of the Bonnie Gahagan turn here.

FH: That’s right. It was right before you get to the house.

WK: And that’s where your corn is, where your garden is now.

FH: Yeah, that’s where it was at, right where I’ve got a garden, my great-grandma Millie run a store. She sold lard and flour and corn meal and they’d get the meat off the train, the bacon and all kinds of meat. It come in a package on the little steam train. All it would have to come was maybe two or three hundred feet or more, maybe five hundred feet, and get it off ‘for it came in on the train and take it back to the store. They got big barrels, the flour and stuff would come in wooden barrels.
WK: So, this was the train that actually took the lumber down to the French Broad and they used that to bring supplies back up.

FH: That’s exactly what they’d do. They’d go down with logs and they’d come back with a load of…

WK: And this was Millie Gahagan’s store here.

FH: Yes, Millie Gahagan’s

WK: And so she kinda supplied

FH: All the people with something to eat - the loggers and anybody that wanted something. They was very good people. If there was poor people that didn’t have a penny to their name and needed something to eat, they was always welcome. I know that to be a fact. They was welcome for a meal.

WK: And how long was that store there? Approximately

FH: Twenty years.

WK: Twenty years and so when did it cease to exist? Do you know what year that was?

FH: I’d have to look back in some, I’d have to read some letter and stuff. The store started when the train started and they give it up when the train quit in 1922 or 1923.

WK: When they stopped using the train, that shuttle train from the French Broad up to here.

FH: That’s right.

WK: And that shuttle train pretty much ran along the Laurel all the way down to the French Broad, right?

FH: It run everywhere. You can ask people. They even, the same train even went to Hot Springs to Paint Rock. That’s way down in below Hot Springs.

WK: Now was that train smaller than a usual size train? Was it a different gauge of railroad track?

FH: No, I’ve got the picture of it right there. It was a small thin rails run it but it hauled big logs, great big logs. I mean big logs.

WK: So they were able to

FH: Probably, it probably run slow not like an ordinary train does now days. It probably run slow but they hauled many logs and lumber and all kinds of stuff. It’d pull a heavy load.
WK: That’s great. So it served the area for about twenty years and what was the reason that they stopped using the train? Did they just run out of lumber? Was the market not good for it …

FH: Well, down at Stackhouse, they started mining or something down there. Trains would pick up some kind of stuff that came from in under a cave. And they got into that kind of business and I don’t know something might have happened to the old man Betts. His health give away or something. I don’t know exactly what happened but…

WK: But you said he had like other small spurs like these tracks elsewhere in the mountains.

FH: Yeah, it went Shelton Laurel, Big Laurel, Little Laurel. It went the whole way. It’d make big circles around in the mountains, the train did. They was one track coming down Hot Springs Mountain that I’ve read… and I’ve read… and I’ve read that if you do into the Little Hurricane when you go up Little Hurricane Branch so far to right down where it’s level and you walk in the branch, if you’ll look on the left, there is a rail bent and a big hooks almost like a fish hook sticking up about four foot high and in some time or another a train went up that holler.

WK: Huh, wow.

FH: And it looks impossible.

WK: Yeah, that sounds like quite a climb.

FH: But it went up that holler. I’ve been thinking about seeing somebody and digging some of that rail out. Yep, just for … it’s crooked. I don’t know what happened if a train wrecked or what happened. It’s crooked, sticking there straight up in the air.

WK: Wow, wow, yep. Now, what is your official address here, the location of your house?

FH: Highway 208, Marshall, NC. Box 521.

WK: So, you don’t have a house number or anything?

FH: Well, yeah, they give me a house number. I believe it was 521. That’s what it is.

WK: 521, ok, so that’s how people find you up here. That you’re number 521 Highway 208, Marshall.

FH: That’s right
WK: And one question that I’ve always been intrigued about in this area - that you’re talking about - is these days we have Ingles grocery stores and such. How did people keep their supplies and such. I mean, without refrigeration, without... where did they do their shopping other than Millie’s store here? How would they obtain their supplies and such?

FH: Most of them raised their own hogs and cows and chickens and everything that could be thought of and raised gardens and they had, when they first come out with cars, they had a peddler man that would come through the mountains. They had a little vehicle made on the back of it like a truck. You’d open two doors and you could get your salt and flour and lard and just about anything for groceries, if you had the money. It come a hard time, at one time even when I was little, that you had to have stamps to buy anything you had to get and use them stamps. If you didn’t have no stamps, you couldn’t get no gas. You couldn’t get no groceries. You couldn’t get nothing. You had to have some of those stamps before you could buy anything. If you didn’t have no stamps, you’d just have to make it on your own.

WK: And these were, this was like something out of the depression era?

FH: Yes, it was.

WK: Basically people were raising their food and their animals and such and they tended to stay down near the river, is that right?

FH: Yeah, well, most people, if they had a spring, they’d make them a concrete block full of good cold water and they’d get them some big jars and anything that needed to stay cold. They’d keep it sunk in the water, like their milk. They called it a spring house. I have Bonnie’s spring house behind my house. That’s what that is. She give it to me. That was a spring house and on the inside they made a little come-in with a house or ever what they could use and let the water come in a little square, or it didn’t make no difference whether it was square or round and raise the water a foot or something or other and they’d keep everything cold in their spring house.

WK: So they’d set it in, put their food in containers or something that were sealed to keep them from getting wet and then they’d put that in that basin with the cold spring water which always has that
constant cool temperature and that would keep their food preserved, well relatively cool, and help it stay...

FH: And anybody that raised taters, most of the people in houses would dig in under their house and make them some little steps and they’d go down in there and they’d dig a square spot in the ground pretty deep and put their taters in under the house in a tater hole.

WK: Did they cover that with straw and such?

FH: Oh yes,

WK: To kinda keep it from sprouting and stuff...

FH: Yes, that’s just like your spring house we was talking about they’d put their milk and everything they wanted to keep cold. Well, they’d cover that with moss, anything. Any crack you could see up to the top, they’d keep it covered during the summer time. They’d keep hot air from getting in there where it was cool. They’d keep everything like it was insulation. And keep the door the same way. You’d have to move some stuff to get the door open.

WK: Yeah, well, I’m sure space was very limited in that. Was there a time that you could remember when electricity first got here?

FH: Oh, oh, I’m glad you mentioned that. I lived with my grandpa Columbus Henderson. Him and my grandma Nora, and I, well, we always had lamps, coal oil lamps, they called it. I called it kerosene, a little old thing with a strap you’d turn a knob on and raise it up and strike match on it and you had to get it just right or it’d smoke out the top of the globe. You had to let it burn just exactly right to have a good fire with no smoke in a lamp they called it. Well, while that was all a going on right here in Laurel River, one day it come a day the whole holler in here lit up just like a Christmas tree. You could see it from everywhere. There was a man named Donald Haney come in here and he had built a store and he put a fish pond above it with a water wheel. Well, he got a thing with a motor on it that made electricity and he put in cabins around his store and his store and I don’t know what all but there was lights everywhere and the water wheel turned the motor and he had electricity. It’d light up this whole place in here. You could
just see like it was like moonlight all the time. He had electricity and hardly nobody else didn’t have it at all.

WK: Now where was this store located at?

FH: The old mill? Well, it’s a coffee store now.

WK: Oh, Steady Eddy’s!

FH: That’s Donald Haney’s store. It was made in block when he made it. And he used electricity with a water wheel.

WK: So, the water generated the electricity.

FH: Oh, it’d drive big old bulbs and I mean as big as your head and it’d line them up, I was there when it was being put together I was a small kid. I’d never seen nothing like that before. Some man out of an old truck come carrying a box and it was a big light bulb and he was gonna put a big old light bulb on his fish pond so every body could see the rainbow trout on a pole and get it all hooked up and some man came with some wire and a pole and they dug a hole for the pole in the water. Two old men went out there and took something to dig with and they dug a hole down in the center of the pond. It was a little bit towards your back and the cement on his back and they dug a big hole and put the pole in there and they just waded the water up to under their arms or maybe more just about had to swim, took wires over there. One climbed the pole and put that big bulb up and they hooked it all up. They hooked it up to the light bulb first and then they come back over to where the water wheel was. The man hooked the wires and put them in under two screws and had a little switch a flip switch of some kind and he said “Come out here, Donald. We’re gonna see if anybody can see your rainbow trout”. He flipped that switch. It was a day just about dark when they got done flipped that switch and it lit that pond up you could see every fish in there swimming.

WK: Wow, so that was how they brought electricity to this area, with a water wheel. My goodness. That’s just, that’s a lot of effort for lighting up a fish pond it seems. Did he let anybody else use his electricity in the area or…
FH: No, he was the only one. I think the Stackhouse man down at the end of the Stackhouse was the first one to really get electricity from Marshall and then later on it come up Laurel. I believe Amos [Stackhouse] was the old man. I was trying to think of his name. H’it just had one eye. When I was alive, just barely was a little kid. One eyed and he was a great, big man that owns a house and everything down there and Amos had passed away, his dad, and he took over the whole situation and

WK: This was at Stackhouse?

FH: Yeah, down they called it the Stackhouse. It was up on the bank way up high. I’ve been in it all through it. It’s round, a round house. I’ve never seen nothing like it in all my life, it’s beautiful.

WK: It’s really something.

FH: I think he was the first one to get electricity from Marshall. I believe I’m about right. Now, somebody else might have but I think he was the first one.

WK: Now, the road that goes, 25-70 from up here, has it always been in the same place as it is now or did it go down to Stackhouse and follow the river down? I was just wondering if 25, this paved road here that you see if that’s always been there or if people followed the river more? The train up along the river so I was just wondering if the road from Marshall went that way or if it followed what’s now 25-70.

FH: I think really the road from Marshall come up this creek years and years ago they had a road that people brought all their hogs and cow and they...

WK: Oh that’s right, the drover’s road, where they would bring and they had different stations along that road.

FH: Yeah

WK: They called it the Greenville Turnpike or something because it went all the way from Greenville SC to Greenville TN.

FH: There at Hot Springs, it turned to your right and went down to Paint Rock and then turned another right and come up what you call the Houston Valley in the Tennessee.
WK: And didn’t you r, Millie, kind of provide supplies and things to the people that were driving and they had all kinds of things, right, that they were using or that they were herding up this road. There were ducks and geese and cows and pigs and other things right that were on that road.

FH: Now there’s a older house than Bonnie House. You go on up the road just a little piece and you’ll come to a house on top of a hill the Gahagans owned it. Now, it was built in 1845 and it’s still there just as good as it was the day it was built. They had another house behind it they called it the cook house. These Gahagan’s had colored people live with them at the time and they always went out of the big house into the cook house and everybody ate, including the loggers and anybody that wanted to eat. The house is still there.

WK: What’s the name of that house?

FH: The Gahagan House.

WK: That’s the one that’s up at the corner of 212 and 208?

FH: It’s on, right up here at this bridge. You go on up like you’re gonna go up to Shelton Laurel and then you’ll come to a barn right beside the highway and there is a little road right beside the barn and that goes up to that house. I heard tell of all the Gahagan’s talking about George Washington Gahagan. Don’t know exactly if that was his house or if some of his kids but it was Gahagan’s that owned it.

WK: Didn’t the Gahagan’s own a lot of land?

FH: Oh yeah, they owned, well, there ain’t no telling how many thousands of acres. It even went from Madison county to the Buncombe county line, some of it did.

WK: And then north to the TN line.

FH: That’s right. It’d be, if it went north from here to TN it’d be on the right hand side, most of it.

WK: Great, great. Well can you show me some of these pictures?

FH: Yeah.

WK: Now you were showing me this one here about the logs.

FH: That’s, they got the crooked bridge up there now, so you’re turning off right here. That crooked bridge is right there there wasn’t no bridge.
WK: So this is where the Laurel comes into the Little and the Shelton. The Big Laurel comes into the Little and the Shelton here and it's hard to imagine them putting a bridge in there now, but they did it somehow. This picture here...

FH: I can't tell you nothing about that cause it's a gold mine, from years and years ago and I don't know where it was at.

WK: They probably didn't want anybody to know.

FH: That's right, it's probably buried. Alright well, here we are right straight in front of us.

WK: This is the church right up, what is now the church...

FH: There we are.

WK: And what was that before? You said that was a school?

FH: Yes, I've got a letter that the Cherokee Indians had a school house in this little holler right where I live. That only twelve kids went there and they had one teacher. There was only twelve Cherokee. I don't know how many years they went there but there was only twelve, twelve Cherokee Indians.

WK: And who owned the house at that time? Was this something that the Gahagans had?

FH: Oh, I've got the record on that. I'd have to look it up. The Gahagans didn't own it. They was people. I've got their names. I could tell you but I'd have to look it up. There's no Gahagans or Hendersons or no kind of name that I ever heared of, that owned the holler.

WK: So, after it was used as a, do you know when they stopped using it as a Cherokee Indian school?

FH: Well, they, it'd a been before, somewhere before in the teens in the early nineteen hundreds. Cause later on, they put new tin on the top of it when they built Bonnie Gahagan's house. And they turned it into a Presbyterian Church.

WK: That's right. You said they added this up here and ...

FH: They put a bell, a place on it, for a bell. A little house and made their own equipment. I don't know who done it. They made all the benches and everything to put in it. And the pyramid, I guess is what you call it. Somebody made it. I heared that it was, his name was Theodore Thomas. He's been dead
years ago and he lived way up into age. I think Theodore, Theodore Thomas, was the one that made the inside of it, for a church house.

WK: And you mentioned those round windows in there, they came from a ship?

FH: I heard a lot of people say that they probably come out of a ship. They are round, thick glass. And they are completely round.

WK: Like a porthole kind of.

FH: Yeah, on each end, north and south.

WK: Well, that’s quite a picture you have there, where’s the highway? And who is this here?

FH: He used to come down to church here. They road horses. That is, I got it wrote down on one, I thought. Them’s was Cooks.

WK: They are Cooks?

FH: Um-hum, Winston right there it is, Will Cook.

WK: Will Cook and…I’m trying to make out her name here.

FH: That’s her name C…

WK: Caldy or Caldesia or…Candace, that may be.

FH: Claudience.

WK: Claudience

FH: Yeah, that’s about the way I can spell it.

WK: Look at her all dressed up and he’s got the hat on, the brim hat.

FH: They’d bring a buggy with horses and come down here to church. And Louie Zimmerman’s dad…he, Louie Zimmerman, was a big … he raised all kinds of crops and he was a principal of Walnut School where I went to school. He’s been principal at, I guess, Laurel School. He’s been a principal a long time. His dad was the pastor .. in front of my house… for a while, I don’t know how long.

WK: Huh, up here at this church?

FH: Presbyterian. There’s another one of them [picture] same kind. I’ve got some more.

WK: You’ve got a paper there that …
FH: There she is, there's your bridge.

WK: Now, this is the one that went across the river.

FH: Yep, that's exactly right, with your railroad track on it. You can see the whole works. Now, right there, was another little road. See right above there. The train went down sort of level and another road went above it. And at that time they had elect...no, that ain't electricity, that's that telegraph wire.

WK: And, they've got this fenced in here.

FH: And there's your cement that you can see in the creek.

WK: Wow, that's a lot of work putting that in, that train in there.

FH: Well, they tore all that down and they put it in square logs before it was all over with. I've got a picture of it made in square, real beautiful. They made it out of round logs first, and then they used square logs and rebuild it. And there's your rail, that's right here on the curve.

WK: And this is the Saturday Blade, January 31, 1914. "Leave Mexico or You Die: Villa's Message to the Foe." And then there's...

FH: That was General Pancho Villa. I got a picture of him and I wouldn't take nothing for that. Now, there was such a man as that.

WK: Was there a particular reason you had that issue of the paper.

FH: One of my great grandma's give it to me. She got it... [SIDE A OF TAPE ENDS ]

SIDE B OF TAPE

WK: Currency, silver, gold, Citizen's Bank, checks. That's something you don't see: deposit slips allowing for a deposit of silver and gold anymore.

FH: There's the kind of cable they used, for them logs.

WK: Grip tight.

FH: Here's all about the train.

WK: Specification for cross ties.
FH: That’s the place they sent them to. They went to ever where. J.H. Miner, saw miner manufacturing. Where’s that at?

WK: Uh, let’s see it must be down below that. Oh, is that Mississippi perhaps? It looks like maybe Meridian, Mississippi.

FH: Here, look this ones from 1909. 20 sacks of cement 19 dollars. Now, this was my grandpa, right here. They made a mistake on this and Dad’s laughed ever since. He’s 89. This is his sister, “Dear Uncle Wade, I saw Henderson in a Ford with the it’s chasse of a Ford with the, of three wheels, a few rear parts, he says the engine is in good shape, except one stud, stud pin that he had McCoy to make for it he got it too small, he says he will take sixty dollars for it like it is or he will rig it up with new parts and take a total of fifty dollars. Somebody made a mistake. Dad laughs about that. They started with 60 and come out with 50. There’s another place.

WK: Old Fort Extract Works, February 26, 1916.

FH: I’ve wrote down. I never did go all through ever bit of it but some of it I’ve got down I didn’t know.

WK: Canning extract hauled to Newport, TN in train cars 1916.

FH: I worked on that awhile but, here you go. That’s 1921, that’s up here at Belva. “Dear Uncle Wade, I understand that you have given Starlin Cook and his wife permission to move into Cook’s farm school building.” The Cook farm school building, it got burned down. It was up at like you turn up above the clinic and go up on top of the hill. You had to make another right and they called it the Cook Farm School House. There was school up there. A lot of the people around here went, the old people.

WK: Was that like first grade through high school?

FH: No, they only went to 10th grade, I believe. They didn’t go12 years. Let’s see what else I’ve got here. That’s the same bridge, but tell you what, I’m gonna fold all this up. Do you want me to look for them people’s names that owned this holler?

WK: Sure, sure.
FH: This right here was the old man that lived to be 98, I knowed him. Neil Chandler over at Marshall and him 98 years old and he walked up and down the street every day just like a teenager. And I don’t know how old he was, 101, I believe, he was when he passed away. But I went to his birthday party, his 98th. I went over there to see him, I had to catch a ride but I went. I’ll take that one now.

WK: Those are great pictures.

FH: Now, this man and woman right here, the first ones to come to church. They was the two first ones, I think, and they didn’t ride two horses. They rode a buggy, a sitting in there. I’ve got a picture of them in a buggy. ‘Course, there was other people come. I don’t know exactly, but Cook was one of the first, I’ve heard. He come all the way from Belva. Well, right here see, there’s the old church house. There ain’t no road whatsoever. We’re standing here in this little old house and the train was behind the house.

WK: So, right here, where we are standing, the train went behind here.

FH: Some time or another I’d like to have that picture developed great big and have it come out so I could see it real good. That’s the mouth of the Big Hurricane right behind, like if you was standing in the yard above my house right there’s the train.

WK: Wow, that is something.

FH: I don’t know of anybody else that’s got a picture like that. Old days, people come. One man tried to buy it off of me years ago, but I wouldn’t sell it. I told him no, I told him that’s the only picture of the train that I know of. I’ve never, well I’ve looked at the Marshall newspapers and all that and I’ve never heard them tell a tale about the logging and the people that live right up through here. I was raised up with these old timers and they’d tell me the stories of what had happened years and years before they was even born. My Grandpa Gahagan...there is an old man named Duck Shelton and he started making his own silver, silver dollars. He had a caste iron machine that you pour the silver clear and make your own silver dollars. Well, he started making his and the law got him, years and years ago. Well, when they got him to jail and the court house or ever where they had to go they investigated his silver dollars. One of his dollars was worth twenty dollars.
WK: So, it had more silver in it than the government’s money.

FH: But, they never did find out where he got his silver. The old timers just talked for years and years and years and they never did find out where he got it at. He had plenty of it you know. His name was Duck Shelton. Let’s see. Let me take this little thing out. Ain’t got nothing else in there. I’ll go up and look in this other one and get these little things out of here. You ain’t got no use for them. That’s a birthday card there. Let me get in and move this chair a little .

WK: Well, I’ll bet that will keep you dry. It’s awfully big. It’s a good sized Mexican hat that you’ve got there.

FH: Oh, that’s back when I went to school there. I went to Walnut School. I’ve got that old store book somewhere. That’s just ghost stories of Madison County.

WK: Climax Lumber Tally Book.

FH: I was looking at the date - 1907.

WK: Oh, my.

FH: I had a whole box of these somewhere.

WK: This is the Paint Rock Gahagan Lumber Company, Robert, Belva, NC. This is leather bound. That’s King stock.

FH: 1906, right on the back of this.

WK: Wow, and these were, what would they use these for?

FH: To catalogue the train with that was how much they was a putting on. They used this book to see how much it was and then they’d load it on the train. Look how their writing was.

WK: Yeah, they were just keeping track, hash marks, is that what they call it?

FH: Yeah, you wanna take those books, too?

WK: Well, my gosh, that would be wonderful.

FH: Ain’t nobody else got nothing like that.

WK: Oh, I don’t think so. This is a treasure. The Climax Lumber Company Tally Book. Special publications of value to lumbermen. 1906. Oh, so you got the whole…
FH: The whole shebang for four dollars and ninety-five cents.

WK: Deluxe assortment of firecrackers and rockets and …

FH: Now, these are some old pictures. There’s the Bonnie House. Right here’s Bonnie Gahagan when she was a kid. This is some of the old pictures. I don’t know who them is. That’s Millie when she is young, the one that I stayed with.

WK: That’s quite a, you don’t see pictures like that anymore. They are playing football.

FH: Yeah, that’s one of my uncles playing out at Walnut, Cesar Gahagan.

WK: The old leather helmets.

FH: St. Patrick’s. Here we go, 1912.

WK: 1912 postmarked. Knoxville, November 1912 out of TN. Christmas toys and dolls.

FH: This is 1963.

WK: Here’s a…

FH: This is Alaska.

WK: And there is the Confederate Park Post Office, Mississippi River by moonlight, Memphis TN.

FH: There’s my grandma.

WK: Mrs. Millie Gahagan, July 22, 1925.

FH: That’s the one that owned the steam engine saw mill. That is Ben Wade Gahagan. And there he is, and that’s Lesley when he got old there. Ramsey with a fiddle. There’s where I went to school once. And there’s the old cemetery up on the hill. That’s the way it looked when Cozy run it. There was roses all around the old cemetery with a fence and then they tore that down and put that chain thing up. That right there is Bonnie Gahagan’s sister. She had a sister that died up there. She got burnt up in her own clothes.

WK: Really?

FH: She’s buried at the old Gahagan cemetery, some where, I went for years trying to figure out where and he wouldn’t let me know nothing and I finally found where she was buried at, at the old one.

WK: The old leather football helmet.
FH: Yeah that's Jeeters my uncle. Jeeters Gahagan. Now, I don't know they look like Indians to me but I don't know. There ain't nothing else.

WK: May I take a look at that one too? Would it be possible to take that one with me?

FH: These pictures?

WK: Yeah, those would be...She'd love to see those.

FH: *October 1926.* That's just a book that I bought at a yard sale. I don't know nothing about that. It was gone before I could remember. I'll look up some more stuff for you. The names, the names of those people started with a P their last name.

WK: These were the people that owned the land that the church is on now?

FH: And the Indian school house. And this place too. It went from the creek up, this whole holler here. Then, the Gahagans bought it off of them.

WK: Boy, I'd be fascinated. Would you mind sharing with me some of those papers that you said that you had, the old ones, the 1700s ones. That just sounds fascinating.

FH: I've got to go up there and open that little door up under that church and find them.

WK: Well, only if you have time to do it, but...

FH: It'd take me some time, I've got a bunch of stuff I made and I'd have to move it to get back to it. It's back in the back. I've made some stuff I've got it sitting right there. It don't look like it's worth a nickel. I made a grinder with a clutch in it. And you can just barely let it turn or you can let it go as fast as you want and it works, I've had it for years and it works. I thought maybe somebody might want to come along and make something like that and sell it.

WK: You'd have to have a patent on it.

FH: And it works, gorgeous. It just hums and works so smooth that when you turn it off you can't hear nothing. It just turns. Let me show you how that works, I made it. I'm always making toys and stuff.

WK: Well, that's something.

FH: I'd never seen one before in my life and probably never will see another one. A pedal grinder.
WK: A pedal grinder. So you activate this by foot-power and then you’ve got a clutch on it that allows you to vary the speed.

HF: I never seen nothing like it in my life and it works perfect. I couldn’t understand why somebody wouldn’t have been interested. Stuck up there with a stick, you don’t need nothing much. It don’t take much to run it. You don’t need no heavy duty nothing.

WK: What kind of tools do you work on this?

FH: You can use it on wood, and like a spring on a car. You can cut it in half with just the click of your finger.

WK: Really?

FH: Or the frame, I can take that and go through a frame.

WK: Wow, wow. So the peddle activates the clutch?

FH: Right, you can just barely go. Just crawl around real slow or if you get into heavy metal, you can go real fast. I made the whole work.

WK: I’m surprised they haven’t come up with something like that.

FH: It works, a lawn mower blade or something, no problem.

WK: Sharpen it right up.

FH: Chisels, anything, look there now. Now, that is hard steel and it took it right down. I found me an old clock for two dollars and I got to thinking and there was a little old clown on the shelf for a quarter that had a ball in his hands and had a clock but the clock was gone in his belly and I went to the dollar store and got me a little old cheap clock and I rigged it all up to where it fit and put a floor on it and a box to hold it all. Then, I put a wood pecker above it and took a knot out of a log and made a wood pecker hole and put a bulls eye mark around it and then I wrote on the clock “watch the clock win a silver dollar, hit the wood pecker hole in three minutes”.

WK: Now, that is original, I’ve never seen anything like that. Now as my dad would say, I’ve been to three county fairs, four hog callings and two threshers reunions and I’ve never seen anything like that.
FH: I can make a top. It’s got a hole in that little thing there and just take and twist it till you get everything right fixed right. Get you a little loop in for your finger. Then, set the whole thing down on your piece of metal. I get that middle to stay there for on and on. Here’s what you do. Put that down in there, drill it all out with drills and grinders. ‘Course I’ve got good equipment. I made that when I made that picture frame, 1961, and I’ve had it ever since.

WK: And it’s still spinning.

FH: I ain’t never seen another one. There was an old man when I was going to school, he was making them like you could buy. He was trying to make it in there to where you push down on the handle and get the speed up. Have you seen them like that?

WK: Yeah.

FH: Well, he come along and he said “Son, you’re doing it wrong to make a top”. Real old, I said “Well, what do you do?” and he said “Take you a little spare piece of wood and drill you a big round hole in it and I’ll show you.” I got me a little old piece of wood and I drilled a hole in it. He said you want it to go about that deep, he just point on his finger, and drill it out square. He says “Now, when you get that done just turn it up and drill you another hole straight down the middle.” I said, “What in the world am I doing?” He said, “You’ll find out. Now get you a little short round thing fit to hold not real tight and let it stick out enough to stick your top on. Drill a hole in the center of your top, stick your little piece of round wood in there, when you do that plug it all in there.” Well I done that. He says, “Well, when you get it in the hole drill you a little small hole in the middle of that round stick.” I said, “Alright. What in the world am I doing? Making a hornet’s nest?” He said, “No. You’re making a top.” I said, “Now, what do I do?” He said, “Get you a piece of string, probably nylon if you can find it, and put your piece of string down the hole in the middle of the hole.” He was making fun of me like that. I said “I’m just trying to figure out what you’re doing.” He said, “Now, when you get the thread in there, take your top and spin it around and roll the thread up.” And I said, “Now I got that done.” And he said, “Now, make you a loop to put it on your finger.” I said “Alright” He says, “Now, turn the whole works up and hold your top with your fingers and hold it right down to where you’re gonna and then pull your cord like you’re gonna crank a
lawn mower.” I never seen nothing like that before in my life”, I told him. And he says, “You’re gonna see it.” There was a little old table there and I give it a zip and it spin on and on and on and on and on and on and on. My God golly bunch.

WK: Fantastic. So, that was the beginning of your top making.

FH: Yeah and it’s been the end. I ain’t never seen nary another one made. Not like that. I got to get it down in the hole. My glasses ain’t too good.

WK: That would keep kids busy for quite awhile I would think.

FH: Aahh. I know another something I could show you. You ain’t never seen nothing, in other words it’s out of this world. Do you believe that I can take a drink bottle of any kind made out of glass and I can take three wooden matches and dead center in the water all it does is float, you know. There ain’t no way it’s gonna sink. Do you believe that I can put three matches in a drink bottle of water and put one dead center, one on the bottom and one on top? I can do it.

WK: Really?

FH: I can do it. I’ll show you that. That’s the main thing. That I ain’t never seen nobody do. Let me just roll that up. Use that chainsaw weed slinger. I’m a little bit nervous.

WK: You sound like me.

FH: I says, well, what if I do it. Do I get that money off that table, all them twenty dollar bills? They said yes, you do. I said get your eyes ready. I done that and they all got mad and walked out the door and all that was left was me and the money.

WK: You got your money.

FH: Yeah, I got the money. When I was little, she was getting old about raising a garden. Two old farmers in a truck come from Greenville, TN out in there, said they lived about Mossimo, TN. They said they wanted to rent that spot that my Grandma had for a garden ‘cause they wanted to raise some corn, sweet corn: Golden Queen and Silver Queen. They wanted two kinds. Well, they got their corn up and it grewed perfect. It caught up to where it was about ready to tassle. Here come crows, caw caw caw caw caw, tearing their corn all to pieces. Well, one of the men walked up there. My grandma was on a rocking
chair and I was sitting on the porch right beside of her. And they come up there and they said “Lady, that
corns a doing perfect but what are we gonna do? The crows are tearing our corn all up! We put
scarecrows and aluminum pie pans and plastic milk jugs and everything and we can’t do a thing with
them. They’re just eating it up. What are we gonna do?” My grandma laughed said, “Don’t you know
how to get rid of them? That’s an easy thing, I don’t want no scarecrow, wouldn’t have one if you give it
to me.” That one man said, “What in the world are you talking about, no scarecrow?” She said “Now I’ll
tell you what to do. I’ve got a horse down there. Columbus has got a horse. You go down there to that
barn right below us here where I got my horse. You go to his tail and you cut me off horsehair out of his
tail about as thick as a pencil. Just whack it off with a knife. And get me the hair.”

WK: So, just a big clump of horsehair out of his tail?

FH: Yeah, out of his tail. “And you go there and there is a little door there that is full of corn, just
regular old field corn. It’s hard as a rock. Bring me one ear of corn, take the tassels off of it and bring me
one ear of corn.” I was right there watching it. It had big old grains in it. Field corn, just old ordinary corn.
It had a red cob, I remember that. And they went down there and they said “We got the hair and we got
the corn. What in the world are you doing, old lady?” She said “Well now, you just go on back down
there. I know you are a working in your garden, hoeing, down there. It’s gonna take me a while”, she
says, “I’m gonna have to put this corn in a pot of water and I’ve got me a wood cook stove, so I’ll build
just a little fire and soften that corn up.” That one feller he looked and he said, “What in the world do you
want that hair for?” She said “Well, I’ll let you know later. Just go on back down there and hoe your
garden. And when you come back, there is a big old piece of plywood down there that Columbus had, it
looked like the top of a table. While you ones are down there, dig a hole in the middle of your garden and
put a post in it and put that plywood on it like a table, and then you come back and get your corn.” Them
fellers says “We’ll do it, we don’t know what you’re doing but we’ll do it.” Well, way up in the evening,
sun went down, shade come over, crows started crowing everywhere, caw caw caw caw caw. And I was
sitting there listening. They’d come into those big white pine trees, just a gathering up. They was ready to
go into the corn. My grandma said, “They’re here.” She said “Now Freddie, you watch this. I’m gonna
give these men this corn.” While they was gone, she took a sewing needle and run that one hair through the middle of every grain of that corn and tied a knot on each end. She had it all in a little old paper poke with the hair sticking out. They come up there, they says, “You got it ready?” and my grandma Nora said, “Yep. Take it down there to that table and you spread it out and let the hair stick out all around the table and leave the corn on the table and the hair sticking out over the edge.” She says, “That’s long hair. You’ll have enough room to go around and around and around in the table, just like you was making a bull’s eye.” And she said, “Old feller, you know what a bull’s eye is, don’t you?” and he said “Yeah, I know what it is.” Well, they went down there, said “We’ll do it.”. They went down there and scattered that corn around and around and around and I was still there on the porch. I seen a crow come up and then three. Here come one that got on the table, caw caw caw He started crowing on the table. Well, here come about a dozen, time or two. Well, I didn’t know what was going on. I was looking across the old road that goes up Hot Springs Mountain. I seen a crow fall out of a pine tree. My grandma says “Well, that’s number one.” I said “Ma, what are you talking about?” She said, “I’m gonna give you a toe sack here in a minute. It won’t be long.” It was getting about dusk but you could still see, about dusk dark. Them men was a watching. Them crows, I finally got to see one right in front of the house. One was in a white pine tree at the top. He’d take his claws and he’d scratch left and right across his neck and the blood started squirting and out he fell. My grandma says “Now, you take this toe sack and go down there and I want you to walk up that road and pick those crows up. You can take the feathers and make feathers like you’re an Indian tomorrow with them. Bring them all back, all you can carry.” Them men’s eyes was bigger and bigger and bigger. When I come back I had nineteen. I was just a little tiny feller. Well, the next day people come by from Marshall and Hot Springs and they said, “We ain’t never seen nothing like this in our life.” All up and down the road towards Hot Springs and Marshall there was crows lying in the middle of the highway. They killed their own selves.”

WK: Trying to get the string out of their…

FH: Yep. Get that hair outa their..

WK: Get that hair out of their throat. They were scratching it with their…
FH: Never heard another one at all, till they got their corn, never heard one, never seen one. Killed every one of them.

WK: Wow. So, there’s a home remedy for crows right there.

FH: That is the truth. I carried them in a sack; I had to make two or three trips. I was just a little small kid; I had to make two or three trips to the highway to get them up to her house. And she gave me a whole bundle of them black feathers and I thought I was an Indian. That is a true story. I ain’t never seen it, they’d claw, stay just right at the same spot and just sh sh sh sh and the blood would just squirt, *POW* right in the middle of the highway. All these tricks round in these mountains. When you was little, you don’t want nobody to make you go snipe hunting. What they’d do these old fellers, they got me in on that when I was going into the first grade. Bunch of old men was down there at the old Mill Wheel Café, that’s where they made the electricity. They said, “Late this evening, we’re gonna eat dinner, shade the sun goes down, we want you to go right up that holler yonder with this toe sack to the top of the holler.” They said, “Now, I want you to stand up there ‘cause all us mens gonna run you a sniper, right up the middle of that holler and you catch him in that sack.” There was two or three more boys besides me; they give us all a sack. We stood there till it was dark black, never seen a thing in the world. They went home and just left us up there.

WK: Snipe hunt, huh?

FH: Yeah, they didn’t even walk one step up the holler. They just went to eat supper and went to the house laughing. I said son-of-a-gun. Oh, down here at the bridge, there used to be a saw mill below this bridge. I don’t know who owned it but there used to be part of the lumber and sawdust there, a pile.

WK: Was it below where the water wheel was? Is that right?

FH: Right down here below this bridge. Where they had the first electricity. Well, some fellers come from South Carolina and they all had a big bundle of long poles all shined up with varnish on them, just like walking sticks only they was about three times as high. Straight, just like a hoe handle or something only about twice as big. They come down there and they’d get around the edge of the creek and they’d job up and down, job up and down. I was a kid and Dad come along and he had an old, I believe it was a ‘49
Chevrolet car and he stopped, I was standing there watching. I didn’t know what they was doing, but he’d seen them before. I said “Dad, what in the world is them fellers doing with them little old sticks a jobbing in the ground?” He said, “They’re mud turtle hunting.” Well, one of them went down there. “I found one!” He come crawling out with one about big around as that bucket. And another old guy had glasses on, he was big and heavy and bald headed. He went down to where that saw mill was. And the saw dust and the creek was up muddy like it is today, and there was a lot of mud in there and sand and sawdust and his stick would go way down. He said, “Lawd, I’ve hit a whale! I ‘m gonna have to have some help.” All of them run down there. It was a mud turtle. It had a head, honest to gosh that big around. Well, one of them hooked a chain to it’s tail and he tried to bite them, tried to turn around, and swat and bite them. Well, another man finally got a wire and tied it around it’s neck and went behind it and pulled it’s neck and lifted it’s mouth and everything back up into the hole a little bit. Well, they got it up here at this bridge, was gonna load it. It was about twice as big as a wash tub, an ordinary wash tub. And two men, the thing was scratching around. It was old, had worn all his fingernails out, the turtle had. It had real orange scales on it’s… Well, when they tried to load it in the truck, from South Carolina, a pickup truck with a lumber bed on it, they turned it over. And somebody had took one of those tools like you put names in a horse, into their hide.

WK: Oh, yeah, a branding iron.

FH: And somebody took a branding iron and the date on it was 1854, just as plain as day. Great big, right in under it’s breast.

WK: Really, so on the bottom of the turtle they used a branding iron and put 1854 in the bottom of the. And this was in what?

FH: Oh, it was in the late ‘40s.

WK: Late 1940s. And mud turtles are like snapping turtles?

FH: Yeah, it was mean. Dad seen it.

WK: They could take your hand clean off.
FH: They got it in the truck and they had chains around the truck and everything, so keep to him in.

But Dad went and cut a poplar tree, and took the bark off about that big around. He stuck that in there, in the bed of the truck to that things mouth. It broke that off like it wasn’t nothing. And held it.

WK: Like a four or five inch thick…

FH: One of them took a tire to it, tried to open his mouth to get the stick out and he wouldn’t turn loose. Gosh, he was a monster. Old, 1854. How old does one of them things live to be?

WK: Well, obviously, about a hundred years old, at least.

FH: 1854 to about ’48 or ’49, that’s when that was. It had been old.

WK: That would make you think twice about going in the creek.

FH: Um-hum. Take a stick or something and he’d just snap that. Could probably take a hoe handle and pop that like it wasn’t nothing. Boy, you think about your wrist or your ankle.

WK: Yeah, yeah. Oh my.

FH: Well, I got you, this is beyond belief. See that tree right there?

WK: Yep.

FH: That walnut tree. Alright, on the other side where that stove is, just a little below it. I had a walnut tree that was three times that big. Three times that big and taller. And it had real good walnuts that would get that big around. Well, some cloudy day, a day just about like today, I kept on a hearing something. I looked to the north. Here come something that looked like a big funnel right down the middle of the creek. I could see limbs, milk jugs, even seen a tractor wheel in the air gong around and around and around and around. About that time, a man with a big white Transfer, brand new, that had red stripes and everything on it, turned on all them blinking lights and he stopped right there. Here come that funnel. It come right down there, right down the center of the creek, but when it got to that walnut tree, it made a left. It cut that walnut tree. The funnel left about twenty-five foot up in the air. It cut that tree off and it went right through that holler yonder and tore part of that hemlock, the limbs, as it went. And the next morning, I sold it for lumber to make rifle handles out of to a man to log. The next morning, I never found another walnut or another leaf. The tree disappeared. Nothing. That funnel thing took it with it.
WK: Just picked it up and …

FH: Me and my daddy run up towards that mountain and we run everywhere looking to see if we could see a walnut limb. Nothing, never did find nothing, and it that big around. It took it with it.

WK: Three four feet in diameter, and just…

FH: I sold the log to a Thomas man up here to take to a gunsmith to make rifle stocks out of. It was a real good walnut log. It broke that tree and left enough for a log and it took the rest.

WK: Just snapped it off

FH: Took leaves, walnut limbs, the whole works, gone. Boy, that Transfer driver, he seen it happen just like me. We was standing right there, right in the road, right about where that Chevrolet is. We seen it go through yonder like a bullet. He says, “Do you think I’m crazy?” and I says, “If you are, I am too.”

[TAPE ENDS HERE ]