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### Clarence Anderson telling Ole Oleson stories

Samuel John Sackett 1928-2018

*Fort Hays Kansas State College*

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CLARENCE ANDERSON (Interviewed by S.J. Sackett)

RT  
~~398.21~~  
~~ACLF~~  
1957  
v.1

RT  
398  
F666m  
1957  
no. 2

- 1- 8 Introduction
- 9- 72 Ole Oleson's Straw Hat
- 73-103 A Fishing story
- 104-140 Oley's Dirty Story
- 141-159 Grasshoppers
- 160-237 Swede's Stone
- 238-286 Walking to Dodge
- 287-344 Celebrating the end of the Drouth
- 345-366 Speaking of Languages
- 367-481 A Fishing Story (and its implications)
- 482-532 A Baker's Dozen of Geese
- 533-568 Oley and Paul Bunyan Compare Chewing Tobacco
- 569-586 Coffee Break
- 587-606 Conversation
- 607-654 Oley's Wisdom Tooth
- 655-740 The Start of the Dust Storms
- 741-776 A Fishing Story
- 777-796 Another Fishing Story
- 797-855 The "Corn" Fence
- 856-903 "Yale"
- 904-947 Concluding Remarks

Tape #  
Original  
F 1957  
no 2  
r. 1  
(Tape 1)

Time  
A - 16 min

Break between side A and B

Interview with Clarence Anderson  
Story teller with lots of tales - fishing -  
tells how father helped build Union  
Pacific railroad - grasshopper stories.

B - 27 min

Stories how he tricked his friend Oli  
Clarence Anderson continues with his stories  
tells of his stories at Texas and Oklahoma.  
Went fishing there also - Worked different  
places - Ness City was next place - sold  
John Deere combines - etc - lived high  
for a while - also lived at Hill City -

Original  
F 1957  
no. 2  
r. 1  
(Tape 2)

A - 1/2 min.

Interview with Clarence Anderson continues -  
tape started with a few sentences - then no more  
sound.

F 1957  
no 2  
r 2

#3 tape  
10 min

Continuing with Clarence Anderson - his story  
telling continues about friend - talks fast

Interview with Clarence Anderson. Story teller with lots of tales. Tells how father helped build Union Pacific railroad and grasshopper stories. Stories how he tricked his friend Oli.

Clarence Anderson continues with his stories. Tells of his stories at Texas and Oklahoma. Went fishing there also. Worked different places. He sold John Deere in Ness City and lived high for a while and also lived at Hill City.

Interview continues- tape started, a few sentences, but no more sound.

He continues with his story telling about his friend.

My loved man  
Ole Olson

the original © L.G.  
drawn free hand by  
Lda Gillian Anderson

RC  
398  
F666m  
1957  
no. 2

Song or Story Information Form

1. Informant's name: <i>Clarence Anderson</i>	2. Date <i>8 November 1957</i>
3. Informant's name of song or story:	4. Record or tape Number
5. Standard name of song or story:	
6. Where and how did informant learn the song or story?	
7. Approximate date of learning:	
8. Has the informant seen the story or song in print? Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> (Where and when)	
9. Was song accompanied by a game or dance? Yes <input type="checkbox"/> No <input type="checkbox"/> Describe:	
10. Instrument used (if played in a special manner indicate):	
11. Special explanations of the song or story by informant:	
12. Remarks: <i>Anderson invents these stories and is widely known for them in Lane County.</i>	
Collector's name: <i>S. J. Sacramento</i> Address: <i>Pat Hays Kansas State College</i>	

1. Name of author or editor  
 2. Title of book or article  
 3. Date of publication

1. Name of author or editor  
 2. Title of book or article  
 3. Date of publication

4. Name of publisher or printer  
 5. Place of publication  
 6. Number of pages

7. Price of book or article  
 8. Date of purchase

9. Name of library or institution  
 10. Date of accession

11. Name of reviewer or critic  
 12. Date of review

13. Name of reviewer or critic  
 14. Date of review

15. Name of reviewer or critic  
 16. Date of review

17. Name of reviewer or critic  
 18. Date of review

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19. Name of reviewer or critic  
 20. Date of review

INFORMANT BIOGRAPHY FORM

1. Name: <i>Clarence Anderson</i>		2. Date: <i>8 November 1957</i>	
3. Address: <i>Utica, Kansas</i>		4. County: <i>Lane</i>	5. Age: <i>70</i>
6. Place of Birth: <i>Lindsburg, Kansas</i>			
7. Ancestry: <i>Swedish</i>		9. Education (Circle highest)	
8. Languages spoken: <i>Swedish, English</i>		Grade school 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8	
		High School 1 2 3 4	
		College 1 2 3 4	
10. Places of residence:		Dates:	
_____		_____	
_____		_____	
_____		_____	
11. Present occupation: <i>Farmer</i>		12. Former occupations:	
13. Father's name:		17. Mother's name:	
14. Father's place of birth:		18. Mother's place of birth:	
15. Grandfather's place of birth:		19. Grandfather's place of birth:	
16. Grandmother's place of birth:		20. Grandmother's place of birth:	
21. Place and condition of interview: <i>Room 308, Fort Hays Kansas State College</i>			
22. Remarks: Call no. for tape <del>RT</del> <i>RT</i> <del>398.21</del> <i>398</i> <del>A545</del> <i>F666m</i> <del>1957</del> <i>1957</i> <i>no.2</i>			
		Collector's name: <i>J. J. Jacumina</i>	
		Address: <i>Fort Hays Kansas State College</i>	



INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHY FORM

1. Name: <i>William Anderson</i>	
2. Address: <i>1000 N. 10th St., Kansas</i>	
3. Place of Birth: <i>Lawrence, Kansas</i>	
4. Nationality: <i>American</i>	
5. Languages spoken: <i>English</i>	
6. Places of residence: <i>Lawrence, Kansas</i>	
7. Education (Grade, High School, College): <i>Grade School 1-8, High School 1-12, College 1-3</i>	
8. Present occupation: <i>Teacher</i>	
9. Former occupation: <i>None</i>	
10. Father's name: <i>William Anderson</i>	
11. Mother's name: <i>Elizabeth Anderson</i>	
12. Father's place of birth: <i>Lawrence, Kansas</i>	
13. Mother's place of birth: <i>Lawrence, Kansas</i>	
14. Grandfather's place of birth: <i>Lawrence, Kansas</i>	
15. Grandmother's place of birth: <i>Lawrence, Kansas</i>	
16. Place and condition of interview: <i>Lawrence, Kansas, at home</i>	
17. Collector's name: <i>William Anderson</i>	
18. Address: <i>1000 N. 10th St., Lawrence, Kansas</i>	

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1958  
NO. 2

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Well, I'll tell you about my Ollie when he went to St. Louis. You see, Ollie is an awful nice fellow. He's a most wonderful hired man, but he's got one fault; he's a democrat. He thinks I'm an awful nice fellow, but I've got one fault; I'm a republican. That's worse.

Well, I tried to reform him last time Truman Orlander ran for election. I tried, but you know what happened. But you oughta seen Ollie strut. I asked Ollie. "What's the matter with you, Ollie?"

"The usual good," he said. "Everyone feels good since Truman got elected. I think that Yackson feels good he could yump over the Mississippi River in one yump."

"Well," I said, "who's this Mr. Yackson anyway?"

"Oh, he's my old mule, w1 years old."

"Well," he said, "why don't you and Ollie yump. I hope he yumps far enough out to drown both of you."

Well, I went away to St. Louis. It tickled me though, the mule didn't even try to yump. Oh no, he didn't even try.

Ollie said, "Oh, I got to have a running head start."

So I went back a little ways, give the signal--nothin doin--he kept going back and he got clear back to Independence, Missouri. Before that mule--and still that mule didn't show his inclination to yump the Mississippi River, but Harry Truman saw that mule and Ollie. He went out and he whispered in that mules ear, I would like to tell you what it was but it's a military secret. But it must have been pretty potent, because that muley flopped his ears a little bit and

away he went. Next time when he hit Muddy, Ollie and he yumped over the Mississippi River.

Now what did Harry tell that mule? That's what I like to know. I don't--you think you could make a guess at that? I've a lot of the guess and only one boy ever made the right answer. A little boy in McPherson. What did Harry tell that mule? Well, time's still up. Well, the little boy said he must have told him to go where the river wasn't so wide. He went up the Mississippi--he told him to go to Minnesota where the river comes out of--where it is just a spring coming out of Lake Itasca. And there the mule could actually yump over the Mississippe River.

You see, Ollie, you sayin he come from the old country and one day he said to me; "I sure like Western Kansas, because everything so big out here. I feel kind of big myself."

I been noticin that, Ollie. You know, Ollie, I think you got a touch of the big head. That ain't so good.

"Oh, no, I only wanted to do something, the biggest in the world. You know."

"Yea." Well, now I know you got it.

You know, last year I tried--and I planted a thousand acres of wheat. Do you know what I got? Nothin but straw. It's risky Ollie.

"Well, let's make the biggest straw pile in the world," he says.

Don't call it a pile, but I'll tell you what we'll do if you'll stack it. We'll make the biggest straw stack in the world. But you got to stay up there. Don't you come down till you're finished.

We started to thrash out west of the house there. We thrashed and we thrashed while Ollie stayed up there. One day he come down. I says, "Ollie, don't you like it up there?"

"Oh," he said, "I've got to come down and get some air."

Well, I knew it was pretty high, but I didn't hardly think the air was getting thin up there. But you know, I noticed there was frost on his shoulder. It was cold up there too, you know. Air on his shoulders, you know. That--well, we was famous. Everybody could come to see the biggest straw stack in the world. They tromping on my garden, my fences and oh my goodness, and besides I did.

He said, "Ollie, I told you I would get us in trouble."

"Now," I said, "haven't got no place to farm. That bloomin stack takes up the whole farm. People are just trompin over my garden and my fences. What'll we do?"

"Well, I think of something. We was aim to have the biggest straw stack in the world."

Well, he come home from town one day and he said, "Andy, I want to buy me a hat and they don't have one to fit me."

"Oh I know--I know that."

"Why, my head wasn't too big," he said, "the hat was too small."

He said, "Can I make my own hat?"

"Sure, what do you want to use?"

"Oh, can I make it out of that straw?" he says.

"Yea."

"Can I use all I want?"

"Sure Ollie, plenty straw. Take what you want."

Well, he went out there that morning, you know toward evening. You know how a cloud comes up.

Oh boy! Oh boy! I thought. We'd have one of those gully washers, torrents, dark clouds. But you know, when I looked closer, it wasn't cloudy. It was Ollie and his big hat comin in from the west. Oh my, he had a hat!

I said, "Ollie, well--how much straw did you use?"

"Well," he said, "You said I could use all of it, all I wanted--I used all of it."

Oh, what a hat!

Well, now we got rid of the straw stack, but now what will we do with the hat? We not no better off, Ollie.

But then I happened to think. 'Ollie," I says, "quick, you go down that ravine you see over north of the track and I got a big long draw that goes out in the pasture. There, I says, when you hear me whistle real loud, you set down right quick and then come to the house." You know, Ollie went down there and I gave "whist." I can't whistle where I got my falsies.

The Missouri Pacific even took off their steamers, you know, and put on them other ones. Cause I used whistle so bad. But anyway, I could whistle in those days and he stopped. He set down and come to the house. Ollie never knew what become of that hat. Cause one rim of the hat caught on hill way over there and the other one way over this way.

Well, for several years, you know the drought in the 30's. Why the cattle roamed under the shade of that hat and it was nice grazing and cool there. Finally, you know, even the grass got scarce there and then the cattle began to nibble on that hat. Well he--and it took them three more years to eat that hat up. So I'm sorry I can't show you the hat.

You see Ollie come always. He was a wonderful fisherman, and he sure could bring home the whopper of a big fish. He said, "Ollie, how do you do it?"

I says, "I can't get a big one."

"Well," he says, "you get the little fish first and use it for the bait. You catch a bigger one, then you use that one for a bait and catch a bigger one. You do that plenty times you bring home the big fish."

"Yea." That's theory Ollie," I says, "but will it work?"

"Why sure." So he went--you know he took a telescope, or a big magnifying glass with him.

"What you have that for?"

"I told you we got to start with the big fish. That's the main thing."

Well, you know he used that magnifying glass. He said "I want a mosquito liver. That what I start with." And he got a mosquito liver. And he had that magnifying glass in the grass there and he finally found him one. And sure enough he caught a fish; but it was so small he couldn't see it with a naked eye. He had to use that magnifying gladd to see it with. But from then on they got bigger and bigger, and bigger and bigger.

Well, I'll admit there's just one trouble when I tell a fish story. I'm liable to exaggerate. So in order to forestall that, I'm not going to tell you how big that last fish was. Oh no! But I can give you a tip. When he pulled that last fish out of the pond, the

water receded something terrible. But he got that fish, not me. So the next day without--it wasn't very nice of me, but without getting permission from Ollie I--what do you call it, purloined his fishing tackle and so on. And even that magnifying glass, that powerful one. Oh boy! Now I went down to look for mosquito livers. But you know, I not so smart, I looked in the wrong window of the bloomin old thing. Made things smaller instead of bigger. I couldn't see no mosquitoes or nothin. But finally I saw an Angus bull with my brand on it. Oh boy it made me mad. I said, "Ollie," I told afterwards, "Ollie," I says, "that bull I paid \$750 for it, he had shrunk till he wasn't any bigger than a grasshopper." I could see it. That's all he was good for. And you know, it made me so mad I throwed a hook into him and I throwed him into that pond. You know, when he landed; you only got one fish; but when he landed he splashed out so much water there were seventeen bullheads on the bank. Now Ollie, don't you think that was a <sup>lot of</sup> fish.

Ollie shook his head and said, "No, I think that been a lot of bull."



You see Ollie--I like Ollie. Having him around. It's good for me. He has such a jovial laughter. - It makes you feel good. You know, you're a little blue sometimes. You hear Ollie's jovial laughter and it just makes you feel good. But one day he was out at the barn and he was laughing. I call it Ribald laughter. I never saw or heard anythink like that so he said "Ollie," what's the matter, you sick?" Oh no; I told him a funny story; lots funnier than your story, and he really laughed.

"Oh," he said, "Ollie, tell it to me."

"Well, you know," he said, "this story's a little dirty."

Well he laughed and laughed. "Ollie," I says, "tell it to me anyway."

"Oh no," he says, "you never told a dirty story. I won't do that." And he didn't tell it.

"Well, Ollie," I says, "can't you clean it up a little bit and then tell it to me?"

"What you mean; clean it up?"

"Well use a little lye soap on it like my wife does on my dirty clothes and then tell it."

"Oh," he says, "you don't understand. This story is awfully delicate. It won't even stand lux."

"Well," I says, "Ollie, as it won't stand lux there's only one thing we can do. We'll have to send itto the dry cleaners." So I told him to go to the house and box it up. And he comes to the house and he comes out with a long narrow box.

I says, "Ollie, I can see right away there's some mistake. You told me that story's funny. Oh, it sure is. I can see right away it's too long. It should be short. It's lots wider than it's long.

Well, if its wide and long, how thick is it?

"Damn near as thick as your head," he says.

Well, we sent it off, you know, and we got it back a few days later. You know, to be real careful, we went in on the dining room table and uncovered it and unfolded it. Now, you know what we found in that story when we had it back? Guess! Well, when they dry cleaners had taken out the smut and dirt out of Ollie's story, there wasn't a thing left. Not even "Once upon a time."

You see, Ollie, he is from the old country. He don't quite understand things in Western Kansas. I think he played a pretty dirty trick on the grasshoppers. After all, the grasshoppers was here long before he was here. Even before my grandpa was here; and my grandpa was here he was--my grandad--they helped build the Union Pacific out here at Ellis and--Oh I can tell you some stories about that. But, anyway, he played a dirty trick on them.

You see, you know how the grasshoppers are, they awful bad about taking the wheat--the young wheat coming up. And they do like that young wheat coming up, and so he filled up the drill boxes and the drill and he went out. Well, it looked like he was drilling wheat to beat the band all over the field and the edges you know. But listen, he shut the mechanism so he wasn't putting wheat in the ground. Oh no! But he made the furrows and everything and wouldn't you know, the grasshoppers came from everywhere, the neighbors and everywhere. They sat there waitin for that wheat to come up until they starved to death.

I told a story when I was in Oklahoma--Texas one time and that's the only time I ever done any good with my stories, I believe. Anyway her mother said I saved her daughters life. I tell you how it happened. You see I was--might say I was a soldier of fortune, about nineteen years old. And it was during the dirty--oh not the dirty 30's, the Uncle Sam didn't help us out in those days. And if you had money in the bank you couldn't get it out. But I wasn't embarrassed with that because I didn't have any. There I was in Texas and Oklahoma. I was--I sold spark plugs and one thing or another for a factory we had in Lindsborg.

One day I was down in Texas and I run out of money. I got a job, but I had to wait a week before it to come up and so I--it was the first time in my life I had weeks time for nothin but play. First time and the last time. In other words, I was a gentleman of leisure. A farmer--I--the hotel was a dollar and a half and I just had one dollar and a half left, so I went to this farmer and I made a deal with him. And I stayed there a week, until this time come up. Well, he happened to have a daughter and of course, I-I had to amuse her a little bit; but I was really bashful in those days. You wouldn't believe that but I was. Very much so. So I got a neighbor--he was another boy by the name of Gene Beeson to comeover and we played cards together and we--and various things and had a lot of fun, and we went out and towed for oysters in the bay and then we had oyster frys. And this girl, could she fry oysters, and her mother, oh my, they was the best oysters I ever ate in my life. You see, they had been seven years of drought and therefore they oysters was fat. And this year it rained a lot so the fresh water came in to fatten them. Just couldn't be better and they was just about the right size. We got a

boat load and we buried them in the sand. Well, one night, of course, they goes to show me a good time so they took me out fishing and wouldn't you know, the fish jumped into the boat. They did. Of course it was a real dark night and this young lady was very good looking. She sat by side of of me and this other Gene Beeson, he was very quiet sort of fellow. He guided the boat. Well, I'll tell you how simple it was. It--actually it wasn't because the lady was so good looking, it was because we frightened the fish with a lantern. If we had a flashlight I think we got a boat load of fish. Yousee, we could control the beam. But our boat was a little too high. Sometimes eight or ten fish would hit that boat at one time and we wouldn't get one of them. Then one or two would get over the boat and then we would catch one or two. Oh, it was fun. But they're nothing but mollet, so bony that we didn't even eat them. Just fun to catch them. So that was true. I told that story, how it happened and they thinks it just a fish story, but that was true. Ask anybody in Texas if mollet won't go jumping away from the bank on a dark night. If your boat happens to be there they land into the boat. That's the idea. I saw that story in Texas. One day it happened in Australia. They didn't believe it; mollet will do that the world over. Well, anyway, after about the third day there, the Moses, they were English people see, saying, "Clarence, I'm sure glad you come here. You know you saved our daughters life."

"Well," I said, "What do you mean? You mean from drowning?"

"Oh, worse than drowning." She said, "Goodness, I didn't know she was in danger." "What do you mean?"

"Well, didn't you see something strange about our daughter when you first come?"

"Well, " I said, "thought she was kind of quiet, didn't say much; but that didn't bother me, I was doing most of the talking and she--but I

noticed now, she just talks to beat the band.

"Yes, that's it," she said. A year ago she was normal. Gonna get married. Just talked and visited, but her fiance dropped dead. And she took it so hard she couldn't cry. She just kind of--her nerves; for a year she's never spoke hardly a word and never laughed. For a year. And we sent her--we spent money on the psychiatrists, we sent her to Galveston. We tried to send her to school and we gave up. We just gave up; she come home. And she said you have cured her in three days by just your funny stories. Said you'd make any fool--anyone laugh. She said keep up the good work. But funny part, that's only part of the story. Now listen, that was in the fall of the year.

Now I got my job and I lived over there. In the spring of the year I went to Galveston. This was 1909 about; I guess, it was during the Roosevelt--it was apparent they had a bank shut-down. Nobody could get a job, but I managed to land a job at the Galveston Water Company. Well, at night I walked the streets. I put on my good clothes and walked the streets, just up and down, just to see something. It was fun and you know it was in tough times. You know, even Jews went bankrupt. Yes, and they was sell out of Jew Miller--jewelry store. Well, I stood there and watched them things sell awful cheap and finally I couldn't keep my mouth shut. I bid 75¢ on a set of soup spoons. I thought I would send them home to my mother just for fun. Seventy-five cents. When I called out 75¢, somebody hollered my name in that audience and, Anderson, don't go away, don't go away. I stood there and looked and looked and looked and I said--and finally it come through that crowd was Gene Beeson.

I said, "Gene, how you see me in this crowd?"

See you? I didn't see you. I just heard you say 75¢ and I know

that was you. But, you know, strange as that was, I recognized him on two words too. Right down at Ness City. He was farming out here then and I had--I bought the first International sold out at Ness City. You will not believe or think--it was nineteen-er--about sixteen and I had trouble with the thing. It got hot and I had the radiator down there cleaned out. And the fellow named Niles when John Deere people have their implement business. We was in there working on that thing and somebody called him Gene. And without even looking at him, I said, "I used to know a guy by that name in Texas." I said "Gene What." Now that "what" was just exactly what I recognized. He had a southern kinda Gene What.

I said Gene Beeson. He jumped up, laughed to me and shook hands and Anderson, he said, my I'm glad to meet you, he says, You know, he says, I married that girl. I says--I says, how is she?

Oh, fine, fine, wonderful. We just think a lot of you. Says, well you take dinner with us some day. I just--I'm living in a, you know, little house. I'M rooming in one of these empty buildings you know. Ain't very good, but--oh yea I said, I'm a hungry old bastard. I'm always wanting something to eat. When I said "bastard," I thought he looked at me kind of funny, but we went out and put the radiator on. This was Saturday afternoon and I hired him to help me Monday, then I was goin to give him \$8 a day. That was big money. I had trouble with that trucker and I wanted a few days to get it going. He was kind of an electrician, you know. Well, we worked on it there Saturday afternoon; then Sunday I paid him off and Sunday--Monday morning I was coming down to get him, you know, I went down to get him, Monday morning. Him and his wife had left town. Yes sir, I just--you see, I was living like, you might say a

tin horn millionaire. I had a nice car and I had--I had what you call a number, well, it's a first--it was even the first combine that sold out at Ness City, too, a No. two. I had a combine, trucker, another truck; I had two trucks, a car and everything else and I guess he didn't have much. He just figured--being a bachelor--I guess he figured I would swipe his wife. That's the only thing that I can figure out. I never got to meet her.



You see, during the dirty 30's, you know, I was boss, but you know, my hired man was a funny--pretty soon had no money. So we reversed things; he was boss and I was the hired man without any worry at all. And all I had to do was get my money Saturday night and go to town and have a good time.

Well, when this story starts, Ole had gone broke and I had to be boss. Well, of course, I had certain authorities and I told Ole, "you paint that barn. It needs it bad, it's in awful bad shape."

So I got the paint and the ladders ready. He was reluctant to go to work. You know, he--he wanted to go duck hunting. It was in the fall of the year and you could hear the geese honking their way southward, and my wife say he wanted to go duck hunting and I didn't want him to go. She said, "why don't you let Ole go; maybe he can get me a goose or two instead of those little ducks you bring me."

"Well," Ole said, "how many geese do you want?"

"Oh," Ellen said, "give me a baker's dozen."

"That been a lot of geese," he said. He didn't say he could do that.

"Well," I said, "Ole, you just as well go. You ain't doing no good here; but for heavens sake take my good shotgun. That old blunder--bus--and he had a muzzle loader. You can't even hit the broadside of that barn." Oh, the broadside of the barn.

"Now, we get plenty of geese," he said. He ran to the house, actually ran, and he come back loading that thing on the go, that muzzle he put in some powder and he put in Copenhagen for extra kick. But you know, we was so fool, we didn't have any bullets. So I went to the kind of scrap pile there, and I picked out a nice big ball bearing to

put in. You see, a flock of geese was coming. We heard them honking away.

"Hurry up, Ole," I said. But you know, he didn't have that ball bearing, he put in a hacksaw blade. Oh, all times. Yup, by this time that flock of geese was right over ahead and he fired away.

"Ole," I says, "you hit some feathers of that front goose. The lead goose."

"Yup, on the starboard side," he said. You see, he used to be an old sailor.

Well, I said--Ole, I said, the geese is flying in a circle, maybe they will be back. Yes, they will be back pretty soon.

Well, the, put that ball bearing. No sir, in with the hacksaw blade. Ole fired away again. Ole, all you got is some more feathers on that lead goose.

"Yea. On the rudder this time," he says.

"Well Ole, "I said, "they losing altitude. Maybe now, he says, now we get them when they come around.

You know, it made me mad. Ole lost all interest in hunting geese. He wanted--he started to paint the barn. Oh, it made me so mad. I didn't dare shoot that shotgun, it kicked like the dickens. Well, pretty soon he said, "Ole how it look," And I looked up, and you know, he had painted a lake on that barn. Yes a regular Minnesota landscape. "And here they come," he says, "Ole." Thirteen geese broke their necks on that barn. But you know my barn--I'll admit that my barn did have a few missing boards. You know, I noticed Ole hung up some gunny sacks there, and I got three or four live geese. See, he didn't want more than thirteen you know. Yes, that actually happened didn't it?

Well, I'll tell you this one happened quite a while ago. Paul Bunyan and Ollie was pretty good friends. But you know how friends are, they will get in arguments. It seemed like they argued about who had the best brand of snuff or whatever it was.

Ollie says, I believe it was that Sims stuff or was it Copenhagen? And I haven't quite got the brand that Paul Bunyan had, but it was different. But he claimed it was the best and they couldn't agree. Finally I said, "tell you what we'll do." You know this was a long time ago. But they was a town out there and this town was 199 miles long, but only about one-quarter of a mile wide. It was out west and it was a prairie dog town. A prairie dog town you know.

He said, "we'll put this tobacco out in the prairie dog town, and if the prairie dogs like your tobacco or the snuff better than mine, of course you win, and vice versa. In the morning they came out to look and to their consternation, the prairie dogs had carried away all of it. Wasn't a thing left. After they didn't have any of it, they were in a predicament. Well, they got a shovel and spade and got right to work. By the time they had retrieved the rest of that tobacco, they was at making with the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. That's how it got started. Conservation. It had to start sometime. You know, just a little ditch and I didn't say they dug all of it you understand. No, it just the danger of erosion you know.

You see, Ollie down at Lindsborg, he drank so much coffee--they all drink a lot of coffee down there--they the ones who started this coffee break. Oh, long time ago everybody drank coffee--they drank it. In fact, this--that really brought home them Missouri or Union Pacific there and the train would come along about 3:30 in the afternoon all the time. And my mother always calls that the afternoon coffee train. So I thought, of course, they drank afternoon coffee there and I always watched to see them drink--sip that cup and I-- finally I told mother--"Mother," I says, "how--when do they drink coffee on that afternoons coffee train? I never can see them." And she said, "We just call it because it comes to town when we drink afternoons coffee." But Ole drank so much coffee down there that it surprised even them Swedes.

So they says, "Ole, didn't that coffee keep you awake?"

"Oh," he said, "it helps."

I didn't think of that story. I wish I had--it's good.

You see Ole, if I do say so, he's played a lot of jokes on me. Practical jokes. And I just raked my brains on how to retaliate and play one on him. And I tried to think of something to do to him, some place, you know, where he was off side. Somehow or other he-- I couldn't think of nothing. He never told a lie, he never exaggerated, he never did anything but just work. So I had to make up something. It wasn't very nice of me, but I says, "I'm going to tell him that he got the big head, yes." So I tell you what it was--it was New Years Eve. So Ole, I says, you know it's New Years Day tomorrow. You want to be in good shape for New Years.

Oh, yes he said, I have already made a lot of revolutions.

Yes, you and your revolutions; but you forgot one thing Ole. You got the big head. You should correct that.

Me, got the big head?

Yes, I'm sure you have. Of course, I don't think it's your fault-- open your mouth and I'll see. He opened his mouth. Oh, just as I thought. You got a wisdom tooth in there. That's what's causing it. Oh, yes, that's what they'll do. But if you'll remove that wisdom tooth you'll be all right. You'll be ready for New Year and I said I had a screw driver and a hammer and a chisel over there and he says-- I pushed him down in the chair and I--now you set down and I'll just get that thing out right now. And you know, Ole, he--I had him pretty scared. I was really enjoying it. And know he says that tooth's too fast and tight. It's--that tooth's too fast and tight. It's--well-- I know it but I'll get it out. I may have to hammer and yank on it a little, but I'll get it out. That's a wisdom tooth, I know.

"Oh," I said, "don't you know, Ole, tonight at 12 o'clock right sharp, the old year goes out just like that and the new year comes in and you should be ready."

"Oh," he says, "that's right. I'll be ready."

But listen, I got a better plan than that. You know, I sleep awful--what they call tight--awful good, you know. You give me this stout string and I'll tie it to my tooth and I'll tie the other end to the old year. When the old year goes out, it yank it out while I'm sleeping and I won't know nothing about it.

"Well," I says, "I'll figure out how you can tie it to that tooth, but how in the dickens are you going to tie it to the old year?"

Oh, I figured that out, I figured that out. That's easy, I figured that out.

So I thought it out. I'll give him a good stout string and he went up to bed. It was getting dark--late. Next morning I went up to have a lot of fun on Ole. But you know, to my surprise that tooth was out. Absolutely. That tooth was out. But so was Ole. I haven't seen him since.

I asked Ollie, how--he's a pretty good fisherman. Always bring a load of fish. I says, "Ollie, how do--how do you catch all them fish?" Well, I went with him and we went to fishing. But this time we didn't have to good luck. It seemed like they just nibbled you know. Didn't quite take to--"Oh," he says, "they's nervous." He says, I give them something soothing for their nerves and they do both. So he brought out some Copenhagen and--but he overdid it. Like he does sometimes you know. It was so soothing that they, not only quit nibbling, but they went to sleep. Yes, I could hear them snore. I heard them just snore. So I says, "Ollie, now is the time." And I climbed in the boat there to catch those fish, and I almost got a load, you know, but they moved over, you know how they are when they sleeping. They--world--just slick and they moved over. First thing I notice, they had moved over on the bank and Ollie was putting them in the basket. He was getting all the fish.

You see, during--we have a lot of dust and wind storms down there. That's one thing I don't like--to work out in the wind. But Ole, he's an awful good worker. He doesn't seem to mind a bit. He work and do a lot of--but one day I thought he kind of played hookey on me. You know it was awful dusty and that being--. You know, I should have never sent him out. I told him to build a fence. Build a long--build a--now make a good one. And I came out there and it was awful windy, but I kind of got the dust out of my eyes and I looked and I couldn't see--wind had stopped. It went down and I said, "Ole, you been here all day and only got that one post up. A great big corner post."

"Well," Ole said, "there's another one behind there and another one behind there." And I looked off to one side and sure enough there was a mile of them. They was so straight that I couldn't see but the one post, see. They was so straight I couldn't see but one, but when I looked one side they was there, then I got excited. Oh, yes. That's remarkable. I never saw a fence like that in my life. That's so straight that they leaning--well, they're almost leaning backwards. But they're straight. And I said, "now I want you to paint that fence tomorrow. And don't just merely dob paint on it, make it represent something. That fence deserves better things than just a little dob of paint."

I think of something alright. But as a rule, Ole over does it. You know what he did the next day. He painted each one of them posts. It was in the winter time, you understand, wouldn't been so bad been in the summer time; but he painted every one of them posts to represent a stalk of corn with a little ear on it. Just looked like it. And the wire there--well the birds, you know the birds, anyway that's the way



Ole explains it. The birds came down to see that fence and that corn, and they sat there and chirped and talked about that wonderful corn growing there until their feet froze to the line--wire, because they didn't realize it was winter time.

Well, anyway, that entire fence disappeared and Ole says the Yale birds got it. The Yale birds. So I think they just must have; when they left their feet froze to the wire and they took the fence right with them.

Well, it happened right over here in Graham County on the Saline. When I was a kid I had awful poor health. I had a--barely--all I could--keep alive. You know the earth's pretty big, but I had all I could do to stay on it. And they thought maybe it would do me good to come out to Western Kansas with my cousin, She was just got married. We raised her. She was just like a sister to me and I had a lot of fun. Oh I went fishing every day on the Saline. I could catch Channel Cats and all kinds of fish. We had some awful nice neighbors. And they're going to be school teachers. They're very fine people and they come over visiting. Oh you know how they had--my cousin would show them the pictures and among other things we had a lot of pictures you know. Well, there was a picture of my brother, the one I was telling you about. And she said he's in Yale. That's all she said and went on to another one.

The next day, they as a rule don't come back but about once every three or four days. But they come back the very next day in the height of the day and they wanted to see those pictures. All right, she showed them to them. When they got to that picture again, they held it and that's--well, what did he do?

I didn't say he did anything, she said.

Well you said he was in jail.

I said he was at Yale.

Well, isn't that the way you Swedes say jail?

Well we sometimes, do, but this happened to be Yale, the university.

They never heard of it. And they was going to go to Hays, no not Hays, Hill City normal. I reckon when they found out their error, I bet they had a lot--good laugh but they named the boys Jeff and Homer too. He was a good fellow. But I bet they had a lot of fun with him about that. Yes, that actually happened.

One time I was out in Colorado with friends, and you know how beautiful it is in the morning there. I been out picking watermelons and cantaloupes. It was a dry year, 1911, the year you--that building was built in 1911. And I finally--I was watering his yard and he was watching me a little bit. Finally he said, "Say," he says, "I can tell your name."

Well, let's see--let's see you try it. What are you anyway, Clairvoyant?

"Oh," he says, "I can tell your brothers name."

"Well, let's hear it," I said.

Said is your brother--your name is Anderson? Your brother's name is--.

Gosh, right on the nose. But tell me how you did it.

Simple. I went to school with your brother. He was like--he said you were just as like as two peas in a pod.

Then I could see the similarity. Cause my brother, he developed into a big heavy man; I'm a little skinny fellow. You know, I've had poor health. But I had good health since I came to Western Kansas. I'm 70 the 14th of this month.

Many year ago in the dirty thirties my wife wanted a fur coat. I promised to get her one next year and so I postponed the inevitable for several years. Then one day Ole said to me,

"Vi don't you go and shoot an animal that's got fur. That's cheaper than buying one all ready made."

"Lookie here Ole, I can't afford to go to Alaska."

"Vel vi don't you go to Colorado, there is lots of fur there and besides fishing is good too."

"Why did you not think of that sooner. Let's go to Colorado and get my wife a fur coat and say Ole don't forget the fishing tackle."

We went to Colorado, took our fishing equipment and a rifle. Ole was right, fishing was good, but one day I discovered tracks, huge bear tracks.

"Ole," I said, "you know what we are here for. You follow his track and see where he is going and I'll back track and see where he come from."

Ole set out at a brisk run following the trail of the bear and suddenly I heard the crack of Ole's rifle. Next the bear was chasing Ole. There was a large mound of earth and rock and around this mound the chase was on and the bear was gaining fast, but when I thought the bear would catch Ole he would discard some of his clothing. You see Ole used to be an athlete back in the old country and he must have remembered that a runner should not be incumbered with a lot of clothing.

Well the race was close and each time Ole discarded some

clothing he could run faster and before he noticed it he gained so much he was actually chasing the bear, bare. It was time for the bear to be scared, so the bear shed his fur coat and got away and that's how I got my wife a real fur coat.

Ole set out at a brisk run following the ~~be~~ trail of the bear and suddenly ~~he~~ ~~heard~~ ~~a~~ ~~great~~ ~~commotion~~ the crash of Ole's rifle. ~~the bear~~ next the bear was chasing Ole. ~~and~~ ~~was~~ ~~gaining~~ ~~fast~~. There was a large ~~mass~~ mound of earth & rock and around this mound the chase was on and the bear was gaining fast. but just when I thought the bear would catch Ole - he would discard some of his clothing. You see Ole used to be an athlete back in the Old Country and he ~~he~~ must have remembered that a runner should not be incumbered with a lot of clothing. Well the race was close but as long as Ole discarded some clothing he could ~~run~~ run faster and before he noticed it he gained so much he was actually chasing the bear - Bare - it was time for the bear to be scared. so the bear shed his fur coat and ~~the~~ ~~got~~ away and that how I got my wife a real fur coat.

Ole's

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Why did you not think of that sooner  
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a fur coat and say Ole don't forget the  
fishing tackle. We went to Colorado  
took our fishing equipment and a rifle  
Ole was right fishing was good <sup>but</sup> one  
day I discovered ~~the~~ tracks <sup>had</sup> been tracks  
Ole said, ~~said~~ you know what we are here  
for! you follow his track and <sup>see</sup> where  
is going and I'll back track and see where  
he come from (over

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That's what he was laughing at.

Oh, you did. You told him a brand new one.

Yes, a brand new story he had never heard before. Well, tell it to me I says. But you know he forgot it and to this day he can't think of that story. But it made a big hit anyway. Once you know everybody seen Ole's--you know Ikes picture laughing, smiling way up to his ears. You never saw him cry have you? But you see, in that story, when Ole told him that story he laughed until he cried. Oh yes it was so funny. And the photographers was right there to take his picture. They got it out in the papers, and the magazine got hold of that. But they have seen Ole smile but they never saw him cry. So they got nervous and they got on the--told their ambassador to relay it **fight** away. After all Ike has just been bluffing. We haven't got this or that we're--when Ole--when Ike goes to smiling and laughing we know he was safe, but when he is crying he really means business and we'll go. So we went to Denver and that made quite a hit. But Ole can't think of that story.



You know, something sometimes makes him--. When he gets that way I generally let him--. You know when he comes with a lot of zip and zing, you know, and zest, and this particular time I thought Ole wasn't--he wasn't up to par. When he suggested he take a vacation, I said of course, of course. And he came back a few days later, but this time it didn't seem to help him. You know, he just wasn't quite up to par. I said oh yes this vacation didn't help you. You seem kind of dragging feet a little bit. You don't have that zest you used to have.

Well, he said, I was worried. I was awful worried.

You worried, you shouldn't have anything to worry about. It's me that worries. Look at all the cattle, prices of cattle going down and prices of all the things I buy going up and I've got to meet that difference and Oh boy, oh boy, oh boy. You don't have anything to worry about. But you see I'm what they call a--I'm a Communist.

What?

Well, I'm not a real communist. I'm just what they call an honorary member. Oh an honorary member. Oh well tell how that happened Ole.

Well, you see, I went to Washington.

What you go to Washington for?

Well, Truman and--I did--I have been a good democrat and Truman went to Washington and he didn't do to bad. And I have heard there was a lot of people in lobbies in--lobbying in Washington; and there was a lot of money in the lobbies so I went to Washington to lobby. And I was sitting in the lobby lobbying and tending to my own business when I saw a nice lady with a lot of curls and curves. She looked exactly like my Olga Nelson. You know, in the old country my sweet-heart. And she went

by I stoled a glance. You know, but as she come closer I noted that it wasn't Olga Nelson, it was Olga Vishinsky, the Russian you know. But you know somehow or other Olga seemed to recognize me. She stopped and looked at me and she said Ole, What are you doing here?

Oh, I said, nothing, nothing at all. I just stoled a glance when you went by.

You stoled a glance. Did the FBI catch you?

No, no, nobody caught me.

Oh, she says, if you can steel anything in Washington you should be a member of the communist party, we need you. And I hereby make you an honorary member. And she slapped me on the back. And I'm an honorary member.

I kind of think I'm related to my dad, because he was kind of talkative and so am I. And he was a little fellow too.

But the Swedes was building the railroad, you know, out of Ellis. That was the terminal point; and they some how or other wanted to make better time to go on west and they said, "You Swedes have got to work on Sunday." And they timed it just about--my dad and all the rest of them pretty near all sent their money home just as soon as they got it. And they didn't smoke or chew or drink so they didn't need it and they was pretty pious people. They even went to church.

Well, Dad say it sin to work on Sunday. We'll work overtime, we don't care how long; we'll work till midnight, but not a minute on Sunday.

Oh, yes, you will; we'll fire you if you don't.

Well, we're fired. So they fired my dad and his two comrades, another fellow named Anderson and another fellow named John Larsen.

Well, they was kind of proud. They only had 25 cents in money, but they had a little food. They bached, you know. So they said we're going to Dodge, we'll walk down there. It was in the fall of the year, nice and cool. They walked all the way to Dodge, and there wasn't a souldon the way; and the funny part of it was, when we would see a little cabin nobody was home. When we got near Dodge, we found out why.

"Oh," they says. "don't you know it's an indian scare. We round up all the settlers fifty or sixty miles around. Don't you leave town tonight."

Well, they only had 25 cents in money. They didn't wanna let on they didn't know no one would let them borrow no money. So they bought 10 cents worth of buffalo meat; and we had a chunk so big we pretty near had to carry it on our shoulders. And 15 cents worth of crackers in a big

sack. And we says, "Well," we said, we're not afraid of those indians. Oh no! And just give them a little--we've matches and indian tobacco. We don't use it ourselves but we're--they do and they love a little tobacco. And they often stop when we're building the railroad, a bunch of them will stop there, and we'll give them some matches. They'll go away. So we--we started out.

We said, "Deliver us from these cowboys; or would be cowboys."

He said, "It sounds like a battle! They're shootin and they're so drunk and in the afternoon lot of them lay down and can't get up, and still shootin away at beer bottles and shootin, shootin, bang, bang.

Well, we know they just playing, but still isn't somebody apt to get hurt tonight before morning. Well, there's all this fixing going on and we're dressed as--we're not cowboys. We're not dressed as cowboys; we're dressed as railroad people and there wasn't no work. We heard there's going to be a railroad built in Dodge, but--oh, there wasn't any talk about a railroad. They was a cowtown and it was wide open. So we went on out and we went back as far as we could go that night. And we got bout six or seven miles out and we camped and we had our buffalo meat, and it was mighty good, and our crackers and we told as many gruesome indian stories as we could think of.

"And that night," he said, "we didn't sleep too good. We woke up about 10 o'clock and it was pitch dard and, oh, dark and cloudy. And Olson punched me in the ribs and Andy said, "Are you as brave as you was this afternoon?"

"No," I said, "I think we should have stayed." We only got one revolver and three cartridges. That's what we got so we better keep still. And they did. But in the morning there was a few--a little herd of buffalo in the neighborhood. They was grazing close by and that's what they heard. That's actually a true story.

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you know on the way and that clock was still on. So I got my a stick and was going to kill it.

Ole says "Wait a bit, wait a bit. Don't you hear what he says?"

No, what does he say?

Well, he's trying to tell you if you spare his life he'll show you how he gets out of this kitchen every night.

Oh, that what he say? Well, you turn him loose, I'm afraid of him. Well, I wasn't a bit surprised when Ole reached for his favorite-- he called it pain killer you know, it was 85% alcohol. But he took a big swig of that, then he put it on the table; but when the snake crawled up there, curled his tail around that bottle, then took out one swig of that bitter stuff I was surprised. But it said guaranteed to take the pain away. Right on the bottle "GUARANTEED."

So he crawled over to the window pane there with no pain any more he crawled right out.

You see, us farmers--we farmers sometimes complain about Benson not doing quite what he should do on a farm. And we get pretty loud about it and say how we would do if we were in Benson's--Ike's position. How we would solve all these problems of over--production and under--consumption. And I---well I guess I been shooting off my mouth pretty lively, but I didn't know it could get so far away that you know Ike seemed to have heard of it, so he sent for me to Washington. But I took Ole with me. You know he's kind of nice to have around. But after I got into Washington up there, they were about to introduce me. I was standing right there at the door to be introduced to go in to see the president when I got a little nervous. I got to thinking, now what--what would I have to offer. What would I tell Benson; what's he done and what could you do? You know, the more I thought of it the more I realized that I didn't know much about it. And after all Benson had done his job. So I got kind of nervous and I--when they come to introduce me I pushed Ole in and they took Ole. They didn't know the difference you know. So Ole went in there and I heaved a sigh of relief. I said my I couldn't think of a thing. I--Ike and Ole--Benson did pretty good. I don't know. But after a while I heard Ike a laughin in there. Goodness, a laughin to beat the band. Wonder if--if he was--Ole pulled a boner you know, and he was laughin at that; but when he comes out old Ole was smilin and they was so nice to Ole, and they called him Mr. Anderson you know. We hadn't told them the difference. So I says Ole what did you do in there? Oh I--I was pretty scared he says. I--I told him that I thought Benson was a first-rate fellow. I--that the brains I had up my sleeve were--looked pretty good, but when I looked closer they wasn't no good at all. I think Benson is doing fine and then I thought of a funny story and I told him a funny story.

That's what he was laughing at.

Oh, you did. You told him a brand new one.

Yes, a brand new story he had never heard before. Well, tell it to me I says. But you know he forgot it and to this day he can't think of that story. But it made a big hit anyway. Once you know everybody seen Ole's--you know Ikes picture laughing, smiling way up to his ears. You never saw him cry have you? But you see, in that story, when Ole told him that story he laughed until he cried. Oh yes it was so funny. And the photographers was right there to take his picture. They got it out in the papers, and the magazine got hold of that. But they have seen Ole smile but they never saw him cry. So they got nervous and they got on the--told their ambassador to relay it right away. After all Ike has just been bluffing. We haven't got this or that we're--when Ole--when Ike goes to smiling and laughing we know he was safe, but when he is crying he really means business and we'll go. So we went to Denver and that made quite a hit. But Ole can't think of that story.

Well, as I told you, Ole is a remarkable fellow. He is a very good hired man. I haven't got a thing against him; but he's a little bit proud in a way sometimes, almost overly so. He thinks a menial job--he's getting kind of--as a--but he didn't have to get up in the morning. We bached and we would oversleep. So I bought an alarm clock. And you know, he refused to wind that alarm clock. He says, Oh a menial job like that, that's for the hired work. He says I didn't wind the alarm clock. And I being the boss, I kind of refused; so we didn't wind it. We overslept.

But then I happened to think about it. I bought him an alarm clock that he could put on his wrist and the movement of his hand would wind it. But you know he was so slow that he didn't stir enough to keep that think wound. So we left it on the table and you know Ole, for breakfast he always wanted some nice eggs. And Copenhagen and coffee. Well, the Copenhagen and coffee we always had that but some one stole our eggs in that pan every night. Even though he was pretty near air tight. Nice little room. I locked the door and everything. But the eggs disappeared. So one day I happened to think oh yes, I said, I have got an idea. You know this alarm clock was round and oval and white; it kind of resembled an egg in shape and size. So I said I'm going to put that thing by the eggs there and hoped it would keep that thief away. It's--clicked you know and I wound it up you know and click, click, click. But when I got up I said Ole, he stoled the eggs and even the alarm clock, but just about then I heard the alarm clock go off, I looked in my wood box below there, had a trap set in there to catch a rat or something. And a big fat rattlesnake was caught in there. Well, now, he didn't have no egg on his chin like Ole does after having an egg for breakfast, but he did have a lot of bumps



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