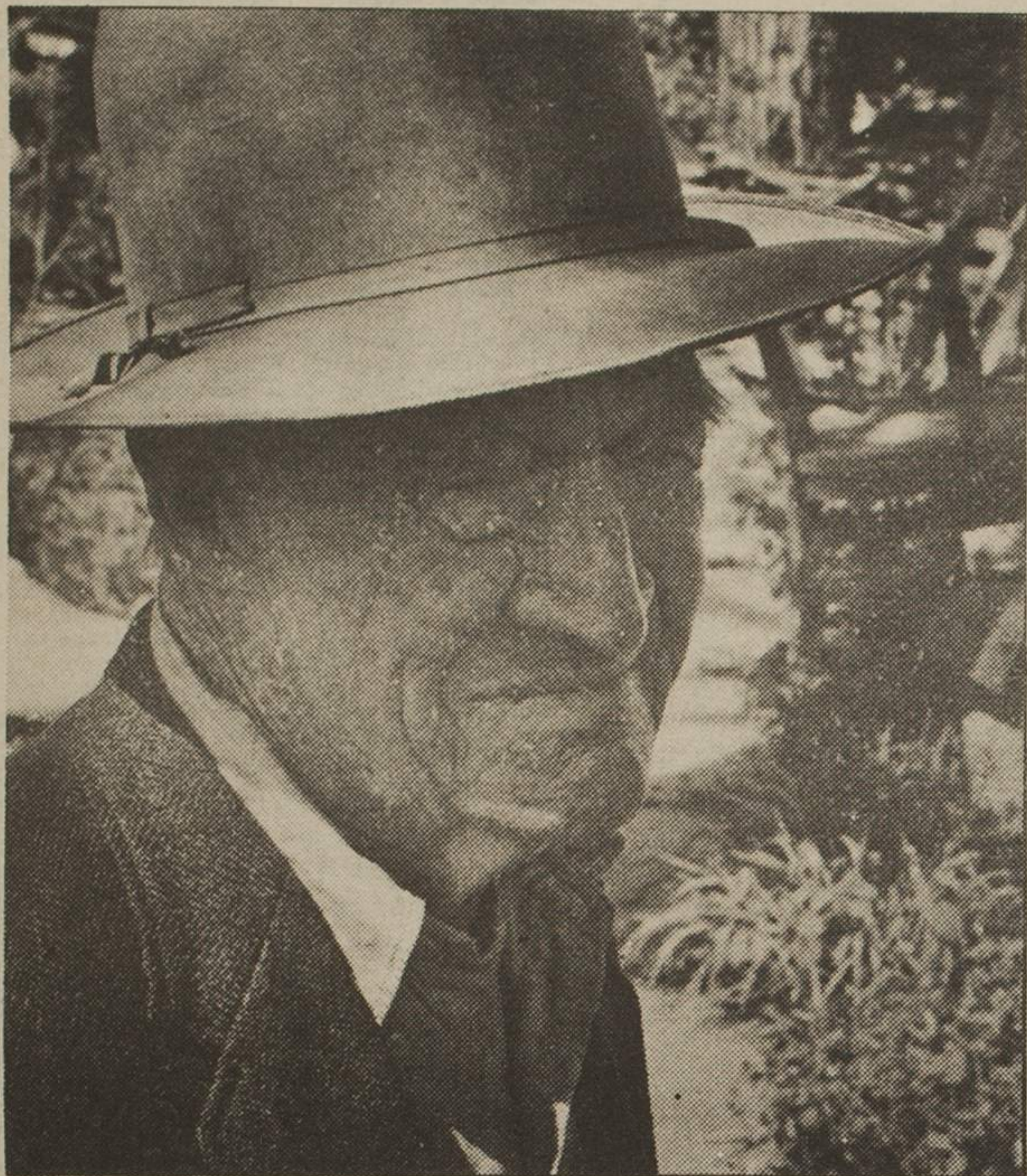


# THIS OLD MAN, HE

can out-talk you, churn out legends in nonstop spools of thought, outsit you in the easy chair in his side yard, and inspire you to try to rob him. He's 87, his name is Harry Puckett. Three history hungry reporters from Public Notice pumped Harry--until they realized, after 4 and 1/2 hours of questions and answers that the well was, indeed, a deep one, and wouldn't go dry after a single session. Harry said all the things we're printing. He didn't need much prompting. He told us about Quantrill, he told us about Simons, he told us about twisters, he told us about hogs. He unfolded his life like a well-worn map, in stories. Just listen.



## HOLY ONES

I went to church some in the early days. I started out, I read when I wasn't able to work because of nerves. I read the Bible clear through, and some of the things they preach today, according to what I get, they aren't preaching the Bible. They are preaching to suit the people that go to church, that pay in the money. I consider going there just mixing up with a bunch of convicts and so on. As far as I'm concerned, they run things and make wars according to their own needs, and not to the needs of the general public. I don't really think they are something to go by. My own operations as I do, I think, are superior to most of these people who go to church. I treat people fair and so. That's what they say in one of the commandments in the Bible. It says, "Be fair in all your deeds." But these other people, just so long as they stay within the word of the law, why they're all right. Even those Jews, they can make 100% on it and it's allright with them. But I don't consider it going by the Bible. It says, "Be fair in all your deeds."



I know that when we lived over on New Jersey Street, I didn't even know that we'd had a tornado til the next day. We had wind but we didn't witness any injuries, and then after that we had heavy rain. I heard the rain and I heard the commotion. Outside, people were running down the street. I had went to bed. It was up on Massachusetts Street. It just ripped up just north of the Lawrence National Bank. It ripped off the greatest part of a half a dozen tin roofs up there. It didn't hurt the Lawrence National Bank. At the time, the light poles and the telephone poles were right down along the sidewalks, right in front of the buildings, not back in the alleys. There was a lot of lines that ran through there and when I came up there the next morning, I looked out there, it looked like some woman was hanging out their, airing out their bedclothes out on the clotheslines on tin roofs.



## Management calls a meeting

I was there a while back to talk to them about fixing up my house like they asked.

Who do you talk to when you go down to City Hall?

To the City Manager.

Has he been giving you any lip lately?

No No he hasn't been giving me any trouble. It's his stooges.

## He speaks with confidence

He had a dairy out there. They made butter. He brought it to town and sold it to people here. He raised a bunch of hogs, 40 or 50 hogs. I helped butcher out there, a couple of seasons. I was raised on a farm, so I knew about where I could butcher hogs. We butchered 14 hogs. And this here Seizer was happy to have me help, because some people can help scrape a hog and all but they don't know how to do it in the right way, to open up a hog, to take the entrails out and all. I bought a hog. He weighed about 280 pounds. We loaded this hog that I had in his, he had one of these old fashioned touring cars with the sideboards.

## SOLDIER

## MARCHING?

Mother said they was living at 19th and Haskell the first year the Indians came to Haskell (Institute).

That was in '86, and my folks lived there, in that little four room house. That was the first year that the Indian School opened up. To start off with, the Government made a crushed rock road. That was 'fore they had rock crushers and they had to crush up this rock by hand. It was started down near 15th and went to Barker down to Haskell.

I think the townspeople thought it was all right, it helped the town. They bought lots of stuff uptown there. At times, some of the Indian youngsters had their parents, their parents had money and they give it to the children. And their children used to be out there every Saturday, they'd walk up here. They'd line up and march up here like a bunch of soldiers and spend their money at the stores, you know.

