

On a Train

By Leonard Thompson

A long time ago there weren't many cars. If you had business to do in another town or state you'd ride the train. You couldn't get over there too well with horses. An old Indian fellow and his wife heard of an uncle in another part of the state, way off, who had passed away. If he didn't get over there he wouldn't come in on the will. He had to get over there. He told his wife the only way we can do this is ride the train. We never did ride in a train. They were going to have to so they rode the train.

It was hot summertime when they went home. He had his wife do all of the work for him – he was lazy. He said, "Old Lady, I sure would like a drink of water, I'm thirsty." They asked a conductor where they could get a drink of water and he told them it was down at the end of the coach there was a place where they could get a drink. So the Indian man gave his wife his cup and told her to go get him a drink of water. She went down there and got the water and brought it back. He said, "That sure is good water, about the best I ever drank."

On the way home from their trip he was looking out the window and he began to recognize this country. He said, "Old Lady, we're getting close to home, I recognize things so go down there and get me another drink of that good water before we get home."

She went down there to the end of the coach. She came back pretty soon with no water. "What's the matter, Old Lady, couldn't you get no water?" She said, "No, a white man was sitting on the well."