

He was just a good friend of my dad. My dad was one of these kinda people that had the gift of love and one--

(Yeah.)

If we meet a person like that everything goes well.

(It sure does)

Even with stock or anything. He could get along with the wild stock. And Tom Mix was really a fine fellow. He always called my dad Uncle Will.

(Yeah.)

Of course, he went out to California and made a few pictures. I guess he got homesick.

(Sure.)

And pulled up stakes and came back. They said what become of that guy. You know, they seemed he had talent. Well he directly went back and made 'em again.

(Well.)

Stayed there until ---

(Boy, he was wealthy though when he died.)

Oh yeah.

(I used to hear.)

Well that \$20,000 a week is pretty good little bread.

(That's pretty good --)

For all pictures he made.

(That's good wages.)

After he went out of the pictures, he went into the circus, had big circus. He come to Dewey there one day. And my neice, my oldest brother's daughter, she was about fifteen or sixteen year old. Walking down there going down home. Tom Mix come along in this big Rolls Royce with a \$10,000 gold-studded motor made on it. Pulled up there and stopped, you know. And he said, little