

broke down. Her sister's gone. So I said, "Since I been back home I've slept two or three hours and the arrangement's made so that the funeral will be Saturday morning at the Baptist Church—" That's my church. So she said, "Listen, this is Tuesday. We'll be there Thursday night so we'll have a good rest. We're going on the train to the City. As you know, we got two cars, but we're going on the train so that we can be— But we can get a Hertz car in Oklahoma City and drive out from there." I said, "You get directions from Huckins Hotel, and you get the map—Oklahoma map—and call El Reno Police Department and they'll direct you out of El Reno into the road that comes to Geary. And from here you'll know the marker." And she said, "I will." Finally she said, "Well, make it the best you can, Jesse. You need any money, just call me." "No," I said, "We got an account here." Which we did have. We had \$900, in the Liberty Bank in Oklahoma City. So the next day I sent my two daughters and one of the girls to get her size of clothes and go to El Reno or Oklahoma City and get her clothes. And she had a diamond ring that I gave her and a Navajo ring that she loved—and a Navajo bracelet. And they asked me, when her sister got here, she was all dressed up, and her hair combed, and Indian style earrings—she always had (unintelligible word) that doing beadwork, and she loved it. My granddaughter made that. And her sister asked me what I was going to do about her ring. "Well," I said, "She loved it and I give it to her—to nobody else but her." "Well, what about her ring and bracelet?" I said, "She liked them. She even slept in them. Let's let her keep on." "Well," she said, "All right." So we just buried her with her diamond ring and her bracelet. Then my sister-in-law said, "Jess, daddy and momma is all buried at the Colorado Springs cemetery. It's a beautiful place. And there's a reserved lot near Dad. She's always cared—and always fond of her father. Her father in turn always favored her above me. She's devoted to her father." "Well," I said, "I knew that—she always told me." She says, "Well, could we ship the body out?" I said, "Yeah, we can ship it." She said, "I'll be up there when they bury her." I said, "All right. We'll arrange it so this Rock Island going to Amarillo, and then on over to Denver, carry the body up." And she said, "As soon as we know the date we gonna get all the church people up here, our church, Episcopalians—all the friends that she has—noified, and we'll call you a day ahead. So you'll have plenty of time to get there." I said, "All right." So that next night my two