

Well, he came there--what happened that summer was, my father was digging a storm cave--dugout--and there was a man from Missouri--his name was Harry Hampton. He stayed with Chief Left Hand's family. He came down and visited with this Mexican quite often. And so my father hired this Missouri fellow, Harry Hampton, to dig the storm cave. And this Mexican offered to help him. So evidently this white man's good at building log houses. So they went out in the woods and got a lot of logs in the winter. Season them out. Early that spring about March or somewhere along in there--I was in school then and don't know for sure when that happened--but they laid this log formation, like they would for a log house, in the storm cave. Build it up, you know, board and log walls and the door.

(That was down in the ground?).

Yeah, down in the ground. They made the roof of the same. Got lot of timber--I mean--metal--around Darlington. From a trash pile. Lot of tins. They use that tin for roof and cover it up with dirt. And that Mexican started to stay with us.

(Did he pay anything when he was staying with you?)

Oh, my father gave him money every time my father had money.

(Did the Mexican ever pay your father anything?)

No, no. He was just a handy man.

(Did he work for your father?)

Yeah.

(What kind of things did he do?)

Oh, took care of horses, fences, and the garden.

(I'm curious about this Harry Hampton. What would your father have to pay