

anything in the room--just bare floor. And I feel that wind and I felt kinda numb all over. "Well," I said, "There ain't nothing in there. Well, I said "You boys go back to bed and I'll light a light for you and you can keep the light burning." So I light a lamp for them on the table and the lamp was burning. "No, we don't want to sleep in here. We don't want to sleep in here." It must be about one o'clock in the night, or two--summertine. I kept the light burning. After while I went back to bed and laid down. In the morning to start the fire about six o'clock in the kitchen, making fire. I felt numb and I kept feeling some way. So they say if your face twisted up, you can't spit straight. Well, I went over there and I start to drink and I couldn't drink. I had to twist my head like that to make the water go down. And I knew something was wrong with me, so I spit and I thought I'd spit out straight, and my mouth was twisted and the spit went north instead of straight forward. It went the other way. I went in and told my wife, "I think something's wrong with my face." "No," she looked at me. "You're all right. Oh, you're all right." Well, anyway, she cooked breakfast, and I guess she didn't want to tell me that I had a disfigured face. But it was Saturday, Saturday morning. So I went to Lawton that morning. Saturday morning I went down town, and walking down from Kress' Street going east I met a boy. John Padaponi. He looked at me and stopped me and said, "Hey, what's the matter with you? What's the matter with you?" "Nothing's the wrong with me. Why?" "Look at your face! Night man got you ain't it?" he said. "Your face all twisted up, you know it?" Then I went to Kress' to look in a mirror, and