

we first got married. He was just a little fellow. I carried him and done for him more than I did my own cause he was sick a lot when--

(You were telling me one day when we were driving around that dad, right after you got married left you there with Bert one time.)

Yeah. We lived in that little old log house and we had an old homemade bed and little old monkey stove. And I taken--

(Monkey stove?)

Yeah.

(What's that?)

It's just a little four burner cookstove.

(Oh, uh-huh.)

And a oven. And I made me some dressers, a standtable out of an orange box and made my some cabinets out of orange boxes to put my dishes in. And we had an old homemade bed, homemade table. So one day dad he went off like he was going to town. Said he was going to town. And I was rocking Bert to sleep. I rocked him to sleep as much as I ever did you.

(You never did rock me to sleep. Doctor said not to rock me.)

I rocked you till you was five years old. Had to sing to you. So he said, he went off to town. I thought he was gone and I'd rock Bert a little while and lay him down. Just as quick as he'd hit the bed he'd wake up. I'd have to pick him up.

(Start crying.)

Yeah. I'd pick him up and rock him again. I done that two or three times before he ever went to sleep. And finally I put him down and he went to sleep. And about that time your dad walked in. I guess he was looking around to see how I was going to treat that baby.

(Before he'd go off and leave you with him.)