

I was, but not too much older. We went over one Sunday and a bunch of us visited him over there--several boys. A boy lived down south of here 'bout four or five miles. He had him a buggy. He was about 18 I guess, 18 or 19. Some of us--I don't know if they were down swimming down the creek there swimming. I don't know what the deal was, I don't remember. Anyway, some of them wanted (inaudible). We took his buggy wheels off, the back one on the front, and the smaller one on the back--switch those buggy wheels. That throw your--what you call them there you hook the traces too, and all that stuff you know, on the buggy.

(Yeah.)

The shafts--throws the shafts up high. High--high wheels up there. He never did notice them. He just drove off and drove on home. His dad said "Russ, something wrong with that buggy", when he got home. He never did notice it until his dad call his attention to it.

(How big was Cyril when you first came here?)

Oh, I imagine it was probably hundred and fifty people, be my guess. Not over that. House was right in this area here, right back in there. Most of them between here and town. That looks like the old house. Well, it is. Someone has moved it on. They build that before 1908, that there house there, dad did. He had some property up a little farther up there about two or three blocks. Somebody bought that and moved that. I didn't know it was down there. That little square four room house. We lived in a tent down here--well, just two weeks, until him and my two older brothers or three of them they got that house. A little over two weeks and we moved in it anyway.

(Yeah that was pretty good--pretty fast for them.)

I think maybe somebody else then, maybe another buy or two, you know, some of his friends. We got to find a road to go west here someplace. (inaudible) years and years, guess kids still swim in them.