

You know in them days we didn't have no electric, no propane. Oh, we had propane, but we traded off, well we just sold it. I didn't like it. I was afraid of it all the time...When my grandson was a baby...his name is Jerry...his grandfather, you know his mother's dad, his name is Jerry Sawbitty...we name him after his grandfather and the little girl was named after me, Mary. The other name is Ruth, after my cousin. When he was born, just four days old, his mother was hurt so bad down there that they just had to dig him out. After he got alright, she couldn't walk she was hurt so bad down there. She just lay in bed all the time. She said, "Mama, how about you all take him and raise him because it don't look like I never will walk again."

(Was he a big baby?)

No, he was a wee tiny baby. Real tiny.

(How did she get torn so bad?)

I don't know.

• (Did she have him at home?)

No. Up here at the hospital at Cyril. She had...they had to cut her and tear it out and it just really kill her legs. We took him. I said, "Yeah, we raise him for you." So we raised that little boy. That year, about ten years ago, we didn't have no electric lights of nothing. If we had an electric light we could have had a pot, you know biol water. We didn't have that and we had to have wood and like that and I would put a big log on there through the night. We had great big iron stove, about that long and he would fill it up with big logs and set that water on there and it would be warm all night. Be hot when he wakes up. It was so cold you know that we...Then we would warm his milk in that warm water and it be warm. He was a healthy little baby