

Mrs.: 'Twas the same one I loved one of here the alfalfa in '28 was one down south of us and I told him on time and I said next time, split the middle and sure nuff it did the next year. \_\_\_\_\_ where we live.

Mr.: 29.

Mrs.: Lived in the country.

Mr.: An' I seen it in the cloud and it'd look bad and so we got to the dugout \_\_\_\_\_ the storm got there and us. Fella there with us and he'd seen it in' and prain' for us. Stayin' there. He wasn't afraid of storms but he didn't want a stay in the house plumb up. And when that thing hit, straws come through my dugout door just like straw comin' out of a resin' machine. Flourin' through.

Mrs.: Flourin' through the cracks (cracks where the door didn't fit down.

Mr.: And oh it was a sight to come out. The moon, fifteen minutes, the moon shinin' just so pretty and bright.

Mrs.: Goodness, it couldn't lasted over five minutes. If it, ada...

Mr.: And I he r'd my horses nickered and I pulled out over there and one of 'em wrapped up in the fire and I got in out.

Mrs.: One was killed.

Mr.: One was killed. And a (Mrs. breaks in) we had a oil stove and that was the finest thing in the world.

Mr.: And he had a rock door step. And it kicked that coal oil 'er up, set it down, my wife had just filled it up with coal oil. Set it on the rock.

Mrs.: Oh, he did it with a rock door step. It set it out on the north side of the house. He turned over...

Mr.: Set it up. And the Bible and my six-shooter was layin' on the floor and the Bible was open.

Mrs.: I believe I'd be honest to say that that oil stove had six burners, but now, it had four, it had eight burners. It had four burners. And then it connected back with the four furthest burners and I believe that I'd be honest to say, there was. That oil stove was blown into 50 pieces. Everwhere I went I found a piece of it and that jus was sittin' right down from the north end of the house. It was turned over.