

up in smoke, and that's when I had my girl friend, her name was Mable, I haven't seen her to this day. Since 1926 or '27 something like that. I haven't seen her. She lives in Oklahoma City. Ever since I never seen her. We used to play Christmas. We'd have one of those broom weeds, you know tall ones, and we'd have it and tie presents and put it on the tree and put ribbons and everything on that tree, and we'd just play Christmas. Oh, we used to have a good time. And when I live at Yellow Mission, every Friday, no every Monday, her folks would take us to the country. He was a farmer, her step father. They'd take us to the country and we'd have a dog, his name was Shepherd and we'd put shoes on him and he'd follow behind you know,. The ground was hot so we put shoes on him made out of this asbestos, you no, what they make ballons with, we'd make little mocassins for him and put them on him and he'd wear them and when we'd cross the creek we'd put him in the wagon and then when we get to the other side we'd let him off. And we'd go to there farm and we'd--her step-father would farm the cotton, you know, put cotton in there and cop it and all that and w 'd go every Monday and come back Friday, and she had a Kodak and she'd take pickures, Ellsie. We'd take pictures and just have a lot of fun on the farm. And one night it was going to storm, her mother told us, "Get up, you all, we're going to the cellar." Boy we ran out. She had her shoes on and she stepped in a tub of water, and she finally got out of it and we ran in the cellar. We just have a lot of fun. In the fall we go pick cotton and that cotton was taller then our heads. We'd come back on Fridays and that's when we had the social at the church. lThey had them--it's a table likè this with pockets in the corners and they go round, look like rings and they hit them like that and duck one in teh holes, you know. I don't know what you call it. Anyway, they had that kind of tables, we'd have that social and we'd play and we'd play beans, you know, we'd throw it at a hole or something, we have all kinds of games. Every Friday night