

take care of myself. Remember, we just got sixty dollars worth of groceries two or three days ago. Steak, pork chops, milk, butter, eggs, everything. We got gas heat right there and refrigerator. Sure, I ain't gonna go hundry. I ain't gonna worry you. I can just call the University Hospital and ask how you're doing. That's all." "No," she says, "I better go with you." All right, we came home. That night she got sick. Well, I got a local boy that work around Concho to take me and her in a car and we took her to the Lawton Hospital. They examine her. I wait there till they were through. They told me right then. They said, "Jesse, you leave your address here, and your phone number. Something may develop. We may have to call you." So they had election two days after that. Tuesday, November 2. Up to five o'clock they had her in oxygen tent. She talk with them and she told them not to tell me because she don't want me to worry. Well, about 5:15, the third of November she wasn't doing too well so they called me. So I got the message while we was counting the ballots there at Concho Office, Cheyenne and Arapaho Agency. Message came in. They said, "Jess. Telegram for you. No message-- long distance call from Lawton Hospital. Head doctor said, Mrs. Rowledge is not doing any better. Come at once. Sign." So I said, "Boys, finish this. I'm called to go to Lawton." So I went out. Just then I saw this boy that worked around Concho. Well, he took care of patients--taking them to the hospital--that's his job. I says, "Say, I think we'll go to Lawton." "All right. What car are we going in?" I says, "We'll take my car. Have you had supper?" "No." I said, "I haven't either. Well let's jump in the car and we'll take the car up at El Reno and we eat good supper and we'll go on." So we did, that way. Went on, and we got to Anadarko at 6:10. I call up there and they say, "No, Mrs. Rowledge is not any better. She's in the oxygen tent. She hears us and she answers us, but she's sort of kinda weak." I said, "I'll be there in less than half an hour." So we went on and got to the hospital and I run on upstairs and I told this boy to follow me. Went in there and walked in. Two nurses sitting there. And a preacher from a local Indian church there, and he said, "Well --" See, he got up and says, opening the oxygen tent and called, "Sally--" He always called her Sally. He said, "Your husband, Jesse, is here." "Oh," she said, "I'm glad. Where is he?" He said, "There he is." She stuck her hand under that canvas--I mean under that sheet, took her hand, held