

town. Anyway, didn't have any roads after you left, going south up in Ghila Mountains. He had a job in sawmill and he had never seen a sawmill. I had, but he hadn't. And he went to work in there as a-- he kept the timber as it came off the saw. I don't know what you call it--booking ties--they're regular railraod ties. We lived under a big pine tree all summer. It was a lot of fun there. It was wonderful. Course when it began to get winter time, it was up 9000 feet elevation and the snow gets 20 feet deep, well it wasn't quite so funny. Som we came and we thought we would work in the vegetables down there. That was 1939. And we went down and I went to work in a delicatessen and he went to work with Hones Moter Freight Company. And it was pretty rugged. But we managed to get enough and get some furniture, you know, and get a little house and put the boys in school. And then, by that time, you know the Germans were gettin' pretty rough when we were gettin' the war. So, from then on out we had a pretty good deal until he went to work in construction. And then broke his neck three times. He had three breaks in his neck. So he couldn't work for construction anymore and we came up here and worked at Tinker Field for seven or eight years as a policeman. Then they retired 'em. They said his heart was bad, but he is down there working twelve hours a day now and works 20 times harder than as a posliceman. Me, I'm settin' out here. Oh, I if I could think where my papers and things are--I used to have a lot of papers and things people that my mother used to know. You ever hear of a man named Mr. Lilly? He is kin to Pawnee Bill. Well, Pawnee Bill's name was Lilly. Or did you know? Anyway, somehow or another see, Pawnee Bill and my mother are some kin to one another. They favored a whole lot,