



Photo 23: The homestead where we lived as a family before we moved into Medicine Bow in the 1920's and where we spent our summers while living at the airport.

into Medicine Bow to spend a day or two with Dad, and those were special times. Often instead of washing the clothes the “old fashioned way” we would bring the dirty clothes to the airport where we could use the washing machine.

The two bedrooms at the airport shared a wall. We always went to bed right after Amos and Andy at 9 p.m. and since Dad had to get up around midnight, he would try to catch a couple of hours of sleep

before his shift. One night Evelyn and I were talking and giggling and Mother finally had to tell us to “keep quiet so Dad could sleep.” We told her that we were having a very serious discussion. The next day she found out “our serious discussion” was that an airplane would fly over the house, take off the roof, and the pilot would carry the two of us away with him!

I could never, and still can't, stand to have anyone rub their hands over material-it sends shivers up and down my spine. Evelyn would run her hands over the pillow ticking until I'd about go crazy. One time I slipped into the bathroom, got an ice cold, wringing wet washcloth and hit her in the face.



Photo 24: The five of us at the homestead 1933, Betty, Evelyn, Jim, Ed and Bob.

Whenever, we were too noisy Mom or Dad would knock on the wall as a signal to “shut up”, and they knocked that night!

One sunny summer day, Evelyn and I were cleaning our bedroom. Dad was working