

He tests relationships. Sometimes he's not. . .there were several people running around here who were using him for certain things, I don't know what, I kicked 'em off one time. They were con artists, you know; not long ago one overdosed on drugs and they dumped him out in the reeds.

I warned Bert not to get too close. He said, "I'd been wondering about that. . ." so he cut off. Bert was lonesome out there.

But he could only take so much. Have you ever been there and heard him say, "I'm tired now. Will you ^{go}/please?" (No.)

Well, he's done that to me several times. (He always tried to get us to stay longer.) Oh, he's done that to me, too.

A lot of times I'd go at 4 in the evening and he'd keep me 'til way after dark. I'd stand by the door and he'd say,

"You don't have to go now. . ." Then all of a sudden he'd say, "I'm very tired now, Harold. Maybe you should go."

And I'd go, but he couldn't wait 'til I'd come the next time.

It's strange. He had a nerve problem. He told me one time that was why he came to the dunes.

Bert didn't get along with Doc Gerber too well; he thought Doc Gerber didn't like him too well, or something.

There was some animosity there, nothing serious, but. . .

Bert mentioned that Doc put him down one time, told somebody that. . .

He never came right out and told me what his real conviction was, but we had quite a lot of discussion on religion.

We both agree that ^{all} the magic little tricks, all the sayings

that turned me off when I was a youngster, so I suppose I

could be classified as an agnostic. He talked about Buddhism

a little bit, you know, but he didn't come right out and say

I am a Buddhist, I practice Buddhism. But he told the doctor

in the hospital -- the doctor told me -- he said, Who knows?

A Buddhist. I said, "I suspected as much, but see, he believes

that when he's gone he's just going to drift off into space

so apparently he just came out and told him, but I don't

know. . . did he ever tell you folks that he was or wasn't?

(He talked a lot about Buddha and he talked about the Dynasty (?)

hard to understand tape

(or Diamond Sutra?) and that is one of the things that sounds

so much like him -- it's toward the back -- and you know that

picture of him meditating, did he ever tell you about the

background of that?) No. I don't believe so.

I know he used to meditate in that fashion, but he hasn't done it in years to my knowledge.) He told me that was a kind of joke and clowning around, but he may just have not felt like going any deeper about it, but that's all he ever told me. I believe it was the artist's wife that was there the Monday before he died and he'd said, "Soon it will all be over, all that will be left is for Christ and Buddha to fight over my soul." Was that you or the artist's wife?) I heard that.

He said, "I'm going upstairs and Christ and KBuddha can fight over my spirit." I thought that indicated maybe he still wasn't too certain which way to go.

I just happened to be near the sand quarry and I saw kids as I came through the gate. I heard voices and I ^{saw} heard them hiking FAST -- it was on a school day, too -- they looked like they had a purpose, a place to go. So ^{they} I went down and climbed up the dunes -- an old dune trail up over the hills -- so I went the other way and I could see their heads bobbin' along and they made a beeline right for the cabin site, so I got as close as I could and called in -- everytime they'd say something a dune buggy would roar on the beach and I

couldn't hear them. They stood and stared so funny, they were still staring and the smoldering ashes. They'd pick up something and throw it. One of them said, "Somebody's been here because this wasn't turned over." I just let 'em talk, trying to get all I could. Finally, one of them turned by this little green bush and turned and looked me right in the eye, so that was the end of that. So I stood up and walked over and said "What are you doing here?"

"Oh, just looking." "Have you been here before?" No."

I just kept feeding a few little things to try and keep them talking. One of them was just terrified. He was trembling. The other one was just smart, wasn't bothered too much. But this other kid -- I asked him where he lived, for his address, and he said, "Well, what're you going to do?" I said, "Well are you guilty of something or what?" He said, "If I don't give you my address you might think we're guilty?" I said, "Well, if you're guilty, you're guilty; if you're not, you're not." Then he said, "Oh, come on, let's tell him our names."

I said, "If you don't I'll just find them out anyway."

So they told me their names and addresses and that one kid, I

felt sorry for him. So I just let them go and immediately called the Forestry Dept. They were interested in finding out who set the fire. I told them I had pictures and they wanted to see them as soon as they were developed. When I called them they said they'd come right down and interview the boys. The following day they called me and said the boys admitted it. He said it wasn't malicious; it was just a kid's game that got out of hand, that's all. (How could both buildings have burned at the same time if it wasn't deliberate?) Yeah. They were lit simulataneously, according to my photos. The rangers never came back. They wanted to analyze. . . I caught the boys there in the morning, about 9. By two it was over. I got there about ten minutes after the rangers. There was quite a crowd there by the time I arrived. Both places were equally aflame. (We came on Washington's Birthday and found it.)

Bouké -- Bert's real name. He had it changed to Bert; I don't know if it was legally changed or not. That was his given name: Bouke and there was a Romke that wrote and I sent the letter to Mr. Crites. It was to Bouke. Hw wrote

to this lady, but he hadn't gotten an answer. He mentioned he was going to send you that information. He got another ltr from Bert's brother, Hank, in Ontario. He didn't want anything to do with his relatives, as you know from the will. He told Angus they had just done nothing but ask for money, ask for favors all through the years; he just didn't care much for his family. (I was so shocked when I got the will; I couldn't believe it. . .) He changed his will just a few days before he died when Mr. Crites came over. (Harriet Zizzicas told me Bert had always said she was mentioned in his will, and even Bonnie Grimont told me that. . .) You know, Bert would change on people from day to day. Bert had some friends he got into squabbles with, pretty serious squabbles. (About what kinds of things?) 1778 Pacific, Ocean 489-331 Did you talk to Ms. Snell? (No. I don't know her.) She lives over by the little footbridge; the little museum around here. For quite a long time Bert was real friendly with them. In fact, he got his citizenship in 1952, he had his picture taken in front of her home. I have a good picture of that. It may be I'll want to use some of the things I let you have, too.

THE FACE OF THE CLAM doesn't portray the dunites at all, although it was a good story. When it was first published we got one of the first editions and threw it away, payed no attention. We were all disgusted. It was just a burlesque. Because we KNEW the people that lived there. This guy made them all the same mentality, they're all , he pictured them all as transient, mid-western intellectuals with no education -- BUMS, you know. I read it again recently and I could see that they/ guy did a heck of a good job. (I asked Bert if he was in THE FACE OF THE CLAM and he said he wasn't, but he knew some of the people that were.) Yeah. They had 'em all mixed up; Frenchie was the only one in the book that really fit the true character of Frenchie in the book. I remember him from when I was just a little kid. My Dad used to tell me all about it. He was an alcoholic. He had a following. People would come up here to get cured. (He was a cured alcoholic?) Yeah. My Dad knew him real well. He said he'd come to town and stop at the old milling company . . . some seeds would come through the chute with the chaff and that was his food supply. All he ate was seeds. Dad interviewed a lot of people. There

were still about a half dozen dunites still living there.

But Frenchie was long gone. He died. He started drinking again, got to hanging around town, a little longer each time.

He got drunk one night and started back to the dunes and

he fell asleep out there. . . it was apparently real cold and

frosty. He was wearing nothing but a little pair of shorts

and he got pneumonia. Went into the hospital and that was

the end of Frenchie. He only lived a few months. Never went

back to the dunes. I think before Bert came there were 37 or

38 out there, something like that. He KNEW the dunites, but

wasn't really involved with them. There were several kinds

of dunites. There were -- you read the FACE OF THE CLAM

and you think they were just a bunch of happy-go-lucky characters,

but there were very wealthy people spent time down there.

Very well educated people. And there were derelicts.

Some couldn't speak English. One fellow in particular,

was a complete recluse and finally went beserk and they

took him out of there -- an Italian fellow -- there were several

that hung themselves, and shot themselves. I remember one that

was found hanging in a tree way down at the end.

kThere was another one way down by Oso Flacko Lake that shot himself. And there was one old man all by himself, old Mr. Hane, lived in a poison oak thicket. He didn't talk -- talked very broken English, very -- so there was such a wide variety of people. Poets, artists, all kinds. . .

The colony was started when those people published down
there in the thirties. Before WW II -- it broke all up.
They were looking for something. . .There was politics and
philosophy and all kinds of things mixed in. People were
looking for a better ^{way} ~~form~~ of life, a better form of government.

(Utopian?) Yes. An interesting group of people. That's why the book disappointed us who lived here. (How did you meet Bert, Harold?) I KNEW of him quite a long time before I

really met him. Spoke to him. When I was a kid he was called
the Giant. All those people had different names and Bert was
the giant. We considered him strange. I noticed he was over
doing gardening and he seemed like such a mysterious person.

(Did he always dress the same?) He always wore hip boots.

Every since I can remember. . .well, he wore sandals sometimes

when he hiked to town. But across the creek to work, he'd

wear his hip boots. And a green visor. I was real small,

but wherever I saw him, I can remember that visor. I think

the way we first got acquainted was through a guy that taught

me to fly over here. I remember about 1946 this guy that

taught me to fly said he hadn't seen Bert for several days

and he was kind of worried so we went down to his cabin

-- I didn't go with him -- and he came back in a few hours.

He said, "Yeah, he's okay. He told us he was having lapses

of memory. Something like that and he had just forgotten the

time had gone by. That's when I first knew his name: Bert.

(Do you really think he had lapses of memory?) I think he just

told him that. No. No. He was pulling their leg, but they

thought that was the truth. He about drove him beserk because

he used his cabin to practice figure eights, pylon eights,

make a turn -- used that cabin and some other landmark down

the way -- keep the wing right on that as you turned. I didn't

think about that til years later. I told him about it. I

said, "Do you ever remember airplanes circling?" He said,

"Oh, those, I just put earplugs in." I told him nobody realized anybody lived there. It's probably been the past ten years that I've known him to stop and talk when he'd walk to town and stuff like that. I didn't visit very often until the last couple of years. He'd say something about needing something and I'd say, I can drop it off; I could see his strength was failing. . .because he used to be a real robust guy. The last three years or so, that I REALLY got to know him. We took a trip into the dunes and took movies of all the old cabin sites, I got slides of him in his hip boots. SThe last few months of his life he changed, because he didn't want -- he didn't want people to come in there and bother him -- he wanted to select his friends. Toward the last there he did want all of us, he wanted reassurance he wouldn't be forgotten.

Were you there the night Nixon was impeached? (You mean the night he resigned?) Yes. Bert was pretty low. Oh, I know what it was, it was when Ford took the oath of office. He was in the hospital and in pain, but he said, "Well, now we have a Ford in our future. . ." the man still

(Do you have any idea why he wanted the book, THE SAYINGS OF CHAIRMAN MAO?) I don't know. (Did you know anything about his family? Did he ever tell you he was the black sheep of the family and took the blame for the things his brothers did and so forth?) I don't remember. . . (That's all I remember, but he had told Steve Wright somethings I didn't remember. That was back in the days before child labor laws and his parents had him working like ten hours a day, then took his money...when he was a child, but I can't remember his having said that to me.) He told me about his mother and father, but I wasn't paying that much attention at the time. . . He said he worked in the Street Department. . .the father. ~~He had a pretty good position in the street department.~~ He had a pretty good position in the street department. (Steve said something about Bert being a street sweeper. . .) It was probably a family tradition. . .Bert told me his father had a position ~~as~~ in the street department and it was passed on down the line. I have the impression Bert probably didn't answer their letters. Because this letter that came here had on the back "picture of your bro'er Martin inside." I got the impression the reason they put that there was so he wouldn't throw the letter in the trash can. (He was never married as far as you know, was he?) I'll tell you something that --I've got to get those little book things out -- he had two or three little notebooks -- with rather cryptic things in there. . . There's something about divorced. . .and it has dates about "arrived". . .then it had "divorced" in there at one point. . . He might have been copying somebody's horoscope, you know. It got me to wondering though -- could he have been married and had a bad experience. . . (Once or twice I got the feeling he had been hurt very badly in his lifetime and he wasn't going

to open himself to that kind of hurt again. . .) Exactly.
 You know, there was a man in here two days ago, with the
 Audubon Society, I guess. He did a pictorial, a movie, on
 the sand dunes...about 10 years ago. He spent several weeks
 out in the dunes. . .he slept out in the dunes... He was a
 younger man. And he asked about Bert. He said he didn't
 know him very well, but he'd stopped him several times and
 he'd just talk and talk. And he said, all of a sudden you
 could just sense something. . .that he was tired and nervous
 and he'd just close up. And he's TOLD me. . .sometimes I'd
 just sense it and start edging toward the door, and seemed
 like he'd just want to. . .he'd say, "Oh, say, Harold. . .
 did so and so? . . ." I can still hear him out in the willows
 there, "Oh, Harold, by the way. . ." Yet. . .it was strange.
 KDo you remember?/ And
 this guy had the same feeling. . . This fellow mentioned some
 thing about a friend of Bert's. . .a woman. . .I wouldn't
 want to go any further. . .he said Bert got to talking about
 this woman and had quite a crush on her. He said some strange
 things and this gentleman said he'd gotten the feeling he'd
 been really crushed. . .really jilted, way back. See. This
 guy's almost a stranger, but got the same feeling. . .
 Bert would get to talking about women. . .Oh, he told me one
 time he had a girlfriend. . .(Oh, he's told me that lots of
 times, too, some gal from Halcyon area. . .) And one from
 Santa Barbara that came to see him. . .(Right. . .)n Sometimes
 I'd wonder if he wasn't really joking. . .then next visit he'd
 talk about it. . .then, all of a sudden, he wouldn't talk
 about it anymore. . . And they were just finished completely.
 I think he was just lonesome and he would lead himself to dream
 they had some fondness for him. . .then when they didn't come,
 through he got mad and chucked 'em out.

(I recounted my early relationship w/Bert, before he knew Gene.)
(He'd always kid me, "you'd better not come to the dunes alone. . .")
He would do this in front of Millie and she insists he had some
kind of crush on me. . . I'd always said she was absolutely
out of her mind, that's ridiculous. Gene didn't come with me
until about 1½ yrs before he died. . .sometimes I came with
someone else. . .the first several times when Gene came Bert
treated me horribly. . .put me down constantly, was sarcastic. . .)
Did he know you were married? (Oh yes. Certainly, from the
beginning. . .) That's one thing. . .we talked about all kinds
of things. . .we'd gossip about. . .he had a very high moral
sense about people that were married. He didn't approve of
philandering or anything like that. . . (Oh, I know that.)
That's the only thing. . .he was very liberal about everything
else. . .everybody to his own thing, but about that. . .
(Surely he never thought I was coming out there as anything
but a good friend. . .) Well, see, he had a little. . . I
wouldn't say affair. . .that's not quite the word, but
romances or flirtations or whatever with two or three of the
ladies in this community, widowed and divorced, single any-
way; one of them blossomed out into quite a thing. I saw them
holding hands, walking along the beach. It went on quite a
while, then all at once it just exploded. He wouldn't speak
to her and she wouldn't have very many kind things to say about
him. She was kind and very sorry. She stopped by and said,
"But, nobody could ever play house with him. . .not that guy."
"I just couldn't get along with him. . ." But that's all she
ever said. He'd walk down the road and shout and she'd shake
her broom at him. . .that's all. About ten years ago.

And there was somebody else. . .he got in a fight with a gal, sweet, but a pretty hardy person. . .one who calls a spade a spade. A humorous person. She had some kind of falling out with him. He used to come by and have cookies and tea or coffee or whatever and she'd invite him in and they'd chat for a while. Then they had a disagreement and. . . (Eileen Eckstrom? Yeah. I talked to her. She didn't want to talk very much. I sensed there was something there.) She didn't have any grievance though. In fact, she went with us out there the day we scattered Bert's ashes. Little gray haired lady. . .Not too long ago she remarked she asked him to come over after the argument when he was walking down the street and he said, "Get away. Get away from me, woman. I don't want to talk to you." Shirley Ingram(?) did you ever talk to her? (No. But I've got her name down here.) I asked her the other day if she wanted to go out with me and she said no, wasn't up to it. She was quite a thing. He was going to teach her and somebody else astrology but they didn't have the. . .too rattle-brained or something. [^]Then he got to talking more and more about Shirley, something building up with Shirley. Then he told ME to watch out for her. I said "Did you get that from the stars or Shirley?" And he wouldn't say anymore. Shirley was a widow, and he said, watch out for HER. (Yeah. Weren't you there one evening when he warned me not to get involved with Chris, the girl that came down to the hospital with me once?) (The one he called the girl with the magnetic personality, or were you there?) Yes. I remember that phrase. (It seems to me he warned you not to get involved with her and warned her to lay off you, or something to that affect.) Yeah. (And she didn't even know you. . .)

(The thing I was wondering about: there was such a radical change in Bert's behavior toward me after he met Gene, that it really stumped me; I couldn't figure it out. -- tells about letter he wrote me -- I had taken my mother out there, too. They got to talking about fortune telling and such things and he told her he used to think they had something on the ball, but he decided not when one had come into the dunes a few years before and told him a blond was going to come out in the dunes and tell him I love you and he looked at with me a sort of funny, snippy expression, and said, "But that hasn't happened!" Can you imagine why he acted like this?) Maybe he didn't want Gene to think he had any designs on you or something. . . and he overreacted. . .

(I went to see Mary Covington and tape a conversation with her. I haven't seen her since, as Bert warned me not to do. . .) Recounted her ideas and reversal. . . a love at first sight sign and all. . .) (He finally quit doing that when Gene and I came after awhile. . .) I have a picture someplace with a very nice looking girl and it says, Your daughter. That could be anybody's daughter. (Do you know how he happened to come to Oceano?) He said the reason he came to the dunes was because he was frail. He said, "I've always been very frail; you know that, don't you Harold?" "That's the main reason I came to the dunes." That's when he was at the cabin and I was trying to get him to go to the hospital, but he just kind of passed it off as, "Oh, no, I've always been kind of frail." He never struck me as being frail. (Maybe he meant mentally sensitive. . .) That could be, yeah, his nerves. (Do you think that nervous sensitivity was what caused him to choose isolation?) Well, I don't know whether the Buddhism kind of developed later. or. . . When he became interested in all these

philosophies the other dunite people would bring in, he would get their books and when they'd leave their cabins he'd pick up a lot of their stuff, and read their books and things. He talked about being in Sacramento quite a bit. He knew an awful lot about Sacramento. And the old friend that I told you about that stayed with me, he knew him. He stayed in Sacramento. In fact, he may still be there. He was one of the mysteries, but they had a falling out and I don't know what that was all about. . . . He knew Los Angeles pretty well. There are quite a few addresses from there in the books. (He told me he had been a milker in Chino or Norco.) (He was pretty interested in politics, wasn't he?) Oh yeah. He kept up on that. . . and world affairs. . . he picked up. . . he's got tons down there. . . the Times, was it? He'd pick them up at the box factory, read it through, then leave it there at the counter for me. A big paper. He'd come by and pick it up and sometimes they'd stack up when he didn't get to town. But he kept abreast of everything. Art Buchwald, he read Herb Cane. All those different columnists. He was quite a worldly person, really, for a hermit. (He often seemed to understand what was going on outside here -- outside of his dunes -- better than we did.) Yeah. I was out of my element/trying to along with ~~talking to~~ him. I don't have time to keep up with all that. He'd ask, "Do you know this?" and I'd say, no. I was so ignorant. About the only thing we would agree on would be Mr. Nixon. He didn't like him as a man. (He sure didn't.) (I'll never forget the last day we went out when he was able to go outside. It was a beautiful sunny day and he said, "I think I'd like to go outside," so we fixed his chair and helped him outside.

He seemed to perk up so. He said he had been in so much pain he'd drift in and out of sleep and have these bad dreams. I don't know if it was hallucination from pain or actual dreams, but he said he had these bad vibrations about Ted Kennedy and somebody else. This was about the time things were picking up about Watergate. Knowing how he felt about Nixon I kiddingly said to him, "Oh, are you dreaming about Richard Nixon these days?" And he said, "NO, I'm not dreaming about Richard Nixon. Let's see, I've got it written down someplace. . . Oh, yes, "There's no room for a man like that in my castle!" He was very indignant about that. He wasn't going to have anything to do with HIM. (Do you think he believed in reincarnation?) Well, there was a fellow who lived in the dunes that felt that way and so he used to kind of joke about him all the time." He said he thought he was going to come back as a dove. So a dove would fly by and he'd say, "Well, there's Hugo again. . ." But, he called a bird, a funny looking little bird that used to hang around the cabin all the time with a long beak, he called him Hugo. But he always said the real Hugo was going to come back as a dove. He ^{often} said, "I wonder if Hugo is watching. . ." (Did he say that tongue-in-cheek?) Yeah, I gathered, but then, you know, how hard it was, you couldn't be sure. . . (That's the thing about Bert. I think he said things that way sometimes to test your reactions. . .) Yeah, I kind of got that impression a lot of times...that he was testing. (A long time before he died he said he wanted me to have his ashes. He said he wanted me to sprinkle them around the lavender bush he'd given me from Crites yard. Another time he said, Would you keep them in an urn on your fireplace?

Ashes

and grinned, and I said, "Bert, don't TALK about things like that. Kathy Jones said he'd asked her if she wanted his ashes. I just refused to talk about it.) I used to brush that off. He brought it up quite a bit . . . he wanted to know what we could do with them and I said, "Well, what would you like to do?" He'd say, "Where old man Cummings (a man that used to work for my Dad and was cremated) go? We buried his ashes in a family plot . So he kept asking me about that. He must have heard that his ashes were interred there. . . I'm sure he brought that up, because I didn't know it at the time. So Bert said, "Maybe you could do that with my ashes." "If that would be all right." I said, sure, if that's what you want. "Well, maybe Mr. Cunningham and I would get to fighting and disturb your father." I'd say, "Oh, Bert, we'll cross that bridge. . ." He kept wanting me to find out what could be done and I kept saying, "We've got YEARS to find out about that." Toward the last he said it would be nice if they could put my ashes in the dunes, but they won't let you do that, will they? /I said, "I don't know. We'll find out, so he felt that's what he REALLY wanted, you know. When I tried to get permission from the State, it was like an act of Congress. They said, "We'll TRY, we'll be happy to help you, but don't get your hopes up; we just. . . anyway, the head ranger that told me this apparently made a call. I got a call from the Head Mgr the next day and he said, "Well, Mr. Guiton, we don't ordinarily do this, but that was Bert's home long before the state owned the property and this is a one-time deal. Under these circumstances we're going to let you do it. You want to just go out and do it and say nothing?

So I talked to Mr. Crites and we decided to ask for a letter just in case, so he said he'd be happy to give us a letter, and he did. (Do you know how he became interested in astrology?) I think it evolved out of his friends, some of the dunites. It's hard to say. We could look through some of the papers. There are figures everywhere on everything he has. . . . He may have gotten on that earlier, before he came here. I can remember a letter from Chester Arthur's grandson in the 40's that said, Your prophecy didn't indicate this recent confinement. . . ." Apparently Bert had done his chart or something and that was way back there, so. . .so it's very likely he got started on that before he came to Oceano. (Somewhere in here there's a definite link between Buddhism and astrology -- it's ~~one of the disciplines of Buddhism, and I didn't know that.~~) (It was one of the ways of seeking enlightenment, disciplining oneself as one sought enlightenment.)

(Another side of a tape -- I'm not sure of the sequence here)
I went into get the prescription and he was laying in the seat. When I came out he was gone. I went in the Safeway and there he was going down the aisles with a cart just throwing things in ...loaded the dang thing clear up with EVERYTHING. What are you buying all this stuff for? So we headed home and he wanted to open a can of pineapple juice. I said, go ahead Bert. He pulled the little ring off and drank the juice. Then we got down here to the park and circled around for some reason and he wanted to get to a drinking faucet, wanted to take those pills RIGHT NOW. You know, he just felt they were going to make him well and the sooner the better. I said, "Gosh, you just had a shot, which is the same thing. Wait'll tonight to take the pills." "Oh, no. take 'em right now." He gulped 2 or 3 pills down and his appetite was fantastic,

but it only lasted 3 or 4 days. He had certain things he'd want and by the time I'd get to the store and get them and bring them back "Oh, no, he'd say, get it away. Take it home." Cantaloupes. One day he sat there and ate the whole cantaloupe and it was so good. Then I brought him one the next day and he couldn't stand it. He just started getting worse and worse, you know, before I took him to the hospital. He even got so bad he wanted me to taste his water; he thought somebody put something in the well. The water tasted so bad to him. (What about his food habits? June Dutra says he never ate spaghetti or potatoes, but Mrs. Montgomery said he got lots of potatoes and I've seen spaghetti there.) Yes, he had lots of spaghetti. Some so old it wasn't good anymore. He'd go to Safeway or Foodland to get his canned goods. ~~Montgomery's was too high. Such a little mkt. That's why~~ they thought he existed on what he bought from them, but that wasn't the case. He existed off of a lot of things. Brought a lot of vegetables home from the packing houses. About once a month he'd go and come back with a lot of stuff. And I brought him a lot of stuff down there. He'd give me \$50 and I'd keep a little acct thing. I'd mark on there and keep a running balance until it ran out. (Like Bonnie.) Oh, yes, you know, I forgot to tell her about the ceremony until a few days later. I hope I didn't hurt her feelings, but it wasn't supposed to be a funeral. Bert didn't want that at all. X