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anything. He's still living. But I think he got rid of that light quite a number of years ago. It quit bothering him, whatever it was. But it was a true--it was true. 'Cause different people saw it. (You your? self, you didn't.) No, I never saw it, no, I never. No, I never saw anything or heard anything. (So you were out there with your two un? cles, finally, just yourself.) Yeah. Well, my Uncle Dan, he died in 1955. Then Uncle Phillip and I left there and we built a little place on the mainland. (But you con? tinued to do most of the housework.) Oh, I was doing it all, I was doing it all. And I went from there into Sydney, and I stayed with that family till last year. That's when I came here. I said, "What's not going to be done here, it can wait. If it doesn't want to wait, it can do itself-- I'm not going to--I'm finished rushing-- I'm just going to take my time, and what's not done is not done, what's done is done. And if I'm going somewhere, I'm going." So. I gave up, I'm not worrying about anything any more, and I'm not--in plain English, I don't give a hoot to hell what's going to happen any more. The government gives me the cheque, and the housing commission gives me the rooms, and I'm all set. The government gives me the money to pay for the rooms, and I'll do that, and I'm all seto I'm not worrying. (A hard-working youth.) Yeah, we certainly worked hard. And very little for it. All we had for it was the bit in our mouth. (You wouldn't want to do it over again.) Oh, Lord, no, no, by any means, no. Defin? itely not. It was too hard, too hard, too hard. You were going to school with lumber? men rubbers on. And you'd get to school, you'd have to dump the snow out of them, and the snow was still melting on your socks. It was soaking wet. And then put? ting them back on again, walking back home again. No fire in the house, and no water in. Have to kindle the fire and start. Oh no, I'd never want to go back to it. (And yet, am I correct in saying your un? cles were not cruel to you?) Oh Lord, no, no, no indeed, they were doing all they could. But the way with them--they were men, and they were brought up with their father and mother. Their father and mother were with them till they were old. And the father was doing the outside work, the mother was doing the inside work. So they never--they weren't brought up like we were. Now, we were brought up, the boys were helping the girls, the girls were helping the boys. We were just like one. Now, like they, their father and mother were doing the work, and they didn't have to do any--just what they wanted to do. But it was different with us. No, no. I'd never want to live my life o- ver again. If I had to live my life over again, I think I'd commit suicide. People were saying today that they wished they were 19 again. I said, "No, I wouldn't wish I were 19 again." I wouldn't want to live my life over again. I'm glad that I am what I am. And get away from this soon. (Well, not too soon.) No, because I'm very contented now. I was never so contented in my life as I am now. I'm like the little fellow on "Different Strokes"--I think I died and went to heaven. But I'm really, really--for the past 6 months, I never thought that I'd ever see me as happy a life as I have now. (84)