

way back. And he had a blacksmith shop. That's all there was there.

Little old blacksmith shop. And then he let a fella by the name of Crowder have it. And I don't know who run the first store there.

When I come there fella by the name of Savage, John Savage, run that store. And then he sold it out to a fella by the name of Smith, a doctor. Well, I work some for him. And then he sold it out to a fella by the name of Massengale. Them old store buildings are all gone.

They built new ones and change the town. And my dad then --I went

down, it was in 1904. I was working up there on a ranch. And this blacksmith shop finally fell down to a Crowder boy. Jeff Crowder.

So, I was down there. Went down one Sunday morning to get the mail.

I was working up three miles north. It was on a ranch. And my folks lived over by Vinita then. And he said, John, let me trade you this blacksmith shop. My dad was a blacker ever since I could recollect.

And I said, well there's one--just one condition that I'd trade with you. I said, what do you want? He said, I want that horse and saddle.

I want to leave the country. I said, I'll tell you what I'll do.

He was a nice little old pony. I'll ride up there and if dad will come

move down here and take this shop, I'll trade with you. Otherwise

I wouldn't have no use for it.

(That's right.)

And he said, well do that. So, I did. I went home and I sat down and

I wrote a letter. Went back up where I was working and I sat down

and that evening I mailed it. I told him, I said, well, I mailed the

letter to Dad. Well, he said, I'll come down and look at it. Well,

it went on for I don't know, two or three weeks. So, maybe longer

than that. Dad never come. He said, I'll come--he kept saying I'll

come down and look at it. So, I said to Jeff one day. I had no

other good horses, but I didn't have no saddle. I'd have to buy a new

saddle. He said, then he said, what did your dad say? I said, he