

just said he'd come down and look at it. I said, I'll trade with you, goddammit. I'll just lock the damn thing up. So, that was in 1904 or yeah, 1904. And dad, he come down there. He said, well, there ain't very many tools here. I said, I knowed there wasn't, but I said, you ain't go no place to live. He just rent here and yonder.

(That's right.)

And I said, you can run this shop and make a living. 'Cause there's no shop in the country here closer than Bartlesville. And that was fourteen, fifteen miles, you see. It was eighteen miles to Nowata. And a wagon or a buggy is the only way you had a going anywheres then. He said, well, all right, I'll move down here. So I seen a fella by the name of Jones, he wanted a place to farm. I said, you'll have plenty of work without farming. Oh, he didn't think so. So, I rent a little old place over in the bottom there. Fella by the name of Jones and they moved down there. And then he stayed there from now on till he died. Built a new shop. That shop that was there was just a little old native lumber shack. So, after they moved the town out away from there. It was off of the bank of the creek there. Fella by the name of Roadacre, he come in there and put in a store. Little old dinky store right by his house and he bought this Crowder place, house. And they had to all get their allotments and so he and his wife were allotted wherever they was. He built a store there then. Then he built a big store out, further out on her ground. So, we just-- it built up a pretty nice little town. Had a bank.

(Well, my goodness.)

Post Office, everything there and the oil business blowed up, why it just went down. 'Course there's still families live there. Have a good school there. Four teachers up there or five. Just go to the eighth grade and the high school go to Romona.