

Harold Achilta lives--right on the corner there. We didn't had a cellar! So they're always sitting in the cellar, these wimmens. So this--one of these oil field workers--came down there. Knock on that cellar door. "What do you want?" "Put all light's out!" he says. "The gas come in! Might blow the whole country up!" Boy, that make those wimmens worse, you know!

(Evelyn: He said, "Don't you all strike a match or don't make fire.")

He said, "Don't smoke," he said. "Don't --" Course, it's about a little over a quarter of a mile (unintelligible phrase) from the house to the well. So my Aunt Priscilla--(that's my mother's sister, you know--Ray's mother--she sat down in the cellar and she wrapped her head up in a quilt!! Oh, I don't know--this (?) went on. One of the wimmens decided to walk it out of there. They asked that fellow, they said, "Be all right if we walk on the road this way?" "It's all right!" So they all came out--I don't know which way they went--but anyway they left that home that night. And that weather was bad that same night. The rain never did get to us. It just all scattered, you know. And that's when the gusher came in. And after that, well, I believe it was Sam Wilhite and somebody-- want a boy buy some royalties around there, 'round that farm there. So one fellow we all know--his name's Davis, you know--he's kind of rough character--come up from Anadarko to see the old man (Apache Ben). Old Man knows him. "Apache Ben," he say, "They want you in Anadarko. Want to buy some of your royalties." "Oh you--maybe you heap cheat!" he said. "No! I'm telling you the truth! he said, "They sent me down here!" Well, the old man, he didn't want--course, he know that fellow. Well, this fellow went back. So finally they sent out somebody else. Well, that's the time I took him (into town to make a lease). Yeah, we got one there (Anadarko, probably Area Office)--I believe it was--I don't know who was area director, I mean superintendent--let's see, what's his name?...Anyway, he asked the old man, he says, "Make papers, you sign it. This fellow he's gonna fly tomorrow--to Washington. He might get you a royalty by then.