

named Henry Kettle College at Muskogee. But it's Tulsa University now. So, I missed it on account of--well, when I got back home, I told my uncle, I said, well, I don't know, I'm disappointed very much, because on your advice I sold everything I had. It wasn't much, but it was something that I had accumulated, horses, saddles, gun, course you got to have a gun in them times. And I haven't got nothin' to go back to now. Well, he said, "Stay and work for me." And I stayed three years with him. And I worked, cleared bottom land at his school. Later, come my college time, though, I think. And I knew that I wouldn't do any good there because I was just workin', not accumulatin' nothin'. He didn't have anything much, just living. He furnished me a bed, and you might say something to eat. So I began to think around, and my former superintendent up at Spencer out here, had taken over Jones Academy, that was in operation. I wrote him. I wrote--his name was Carl Well.

(Carl Well?)

Yes, he was from Topeka, Kansas. And he just wrote and says, "Come right on...I can't be any help to you, I don't guess, but I could kinda go over your grades and so forth, and I'll help you as much as I can. And in the meantime we might find a place somewhere, maybe in Topeka someplace." So, I went over there and stayed two, two months. Making no headway here. So, I told him, I said, "Well, I guess I better go on back home and do something else." And, I come back home. He prevailed on me very much to stay, but I didn't stay there...should have, I guess. And I walked from Jones Academy over that mountain to Tuskahoma. Didn't have any money, spent what little I had...I don't know, it was 30 or 40 miles, I guess, through that rough road. I come on and I told my uncle that I was at the end of my row, I guess you put it. Guess I see if I can do something else, somewhere, somehow.