

You catch the train there going to Bartlesville. Mom and dad went up there. They had some and up there close to Bartlesville. Ocheleta they called it. They went up there to lease our oil land. Never knew we had some oil land up there. They went up there to lease them. I was about two weeks old. And I'm passed for five. You know that's a long time. (Laughter.)

(Quite a few years.)

Yeah that's where we got on the train. There at Chouteau. Went on to Bartlesville. Now I don't know how we got on down there. I guess it must have been through Pryor, maybe Claremore. I don't know how they did. Anyhow that's the way we got there. To Bartlesville was on the train.

(That was quite an experience, I guess. Wasn't it? In those days.)

I guess it was. (Not clear.) I remember riding on the train, me and my mother.

My daddy was gone somewhere. He's all the time gone somewhere. You know

Sometimes they'd (not clear). He was all time doing something. And a man come from Bartlesville to lease their land. To lease their land. And dad was gone.

And I was just a small child. Well she couldn't talk English. I had to talk it for her. I could understand both languages. Cherokee and English. So that's

been (not clear). He come after us. We lived right down here. About two miles

south of here. And he told her. He said, "I come after you." "You or your

husband one." "And maybe both of you. And your husbands gone you have to go."

And so I told her what he said. And she said what could I do, by myself.

Said, "Well you could do as much as he could." We took all the papers. They had to sign the papers.

(Uh-huh.)

"Lease I guess. Get their money. Had to go to Muskogee with them. Well he

had a hack. A two seated-hack. He drove. They called them Jitney. Wasn't it."

(Yeah.)