

My parents weren't Catholic so they couldn't just ditch those little boys. Oldest one about 10 or 11 years and the other ones were just well say a baby. So my mother raised 'em. Well, she raised one boy and of my father's oldest sister. She took him the next day after he and my father got married. They already had a family to start with. So she raised six orphan boys and ten children of her own to be grown.

(That was your mother?)

My mother and father did. And then after papa spent 12 years out in western Oklahoma, it was terrible because--well, they didn't drill wells like they do now, they've got plenty of water out there now, but at that time they dug well was all you could hope for. And they just didn't have enough water. You know, although they was on this river, they out of the 12 years they had this homestead, there was seven of 'em was a drought. And those seven years, my father worked for the railroad company as a blacksmith for railroad or anybody still had enough money to have a blacksmith. And his intention was, when he left there was to go to Oregon but he met a man by name big Joe Manasco that had gotten into the oil business. And he said that a good blacksmith would make a good machine shop man. So, he talked my father into coming over to Drumright and working there. And so my father built these slips. You know, what a slip is? Well, he built these slips and to build these dikes around these big oil storage tanks. The first tanks that I can remember there and first well, that I can remember were wooden ones. And I can remember when I was like these girls here running off and climbing up these things. And course I'd get into it. And people were--now my oldest brother