A plat of the Longtail Cemetery is attached as a part of this interview.

Sometimes face to face with sorrow, bitter winters, and harrowing experiences, Jake continued to do his part to build a better place to work and live. Henry relates one such experience his father had. One time his father took a wagon load of hogs to Chetopa, Kansas, where he sold them and bought supplies for the home. Driving a team of oxen, it took about a week to make the trip going across country. Supplies of food were bought by the barrel and sack as trips were made only once or twice a year in those early days. On the return trip, traveling sometime in grass as high as the oxen, Jake noticed a little cloud of smoke far to the South. He knew it was a dreaded prairie fire, and the wind was beginning to come stronger from the south. He knew of a creek ahead of him and whipped his team hard to make the shelter. The prairie fire came fast, and as he neared the creek, he saw he could not make it. He quickly unhitched the oxen and ran for the creek. He dived into the water just as the great flames roared overhead. He stayed in the water for a long time until the area cooled off somewhat. Going back to his wagon, he found everything destroyed. The oxen were still standing where he left them, all the hair burned off of them, and their eye balls sticking out of their heads. He took out his knife and cut their throats. He walked on home, to begin a new start.

The town of Vinita, and earlier known as Downingville, was yet to come in Jake's early days. There used to be a swampy slough that ran where the business district of Vinita is now. Henry remembers his father telling of hunting ducks along that slough, and that there no houses to be seen anywhere in the area.

When Vinita began to grow, the First National Bank was established sometime in the 1890s. In 1966 a new bank building wasbuilt across the street from its original location. A dedication day and program was held at the new bank. Records, pictures, artifacts and equipment of the 1890 era were displayed. A large picture in color, with appropriate caption, of Jake Abraham Longtail was on display, as he was one of the first depositors at the bank some 70 years earlier.

In Jake's late years many of his grandchildren would come to visit him. Mrs. Henry Longtail tells that he would sit for hours telling stories to his grandchildren, and each time he finished a story, the kids would say, "Tell us more, grandpa.".

Just two months before Jake Longtail passed away at his old home, he had plowed and prepared ten acres of ground for planting. So on April 1, 1941, the Shawnees laid to rest an Indian who worked hard, and loved his God and fellowman.