

"Well, there's a hotel down there, and three of those merchants owned a big store there. They'd been robbing that. Didn't get no money, but they'd take the other thing. Take pistol material and stuff like that, you see? They wouldn't take the money. They'd just take that." "All right," they told him, "all right, Ed." That Katy railroad went right through Muskogee, right to Wagoner there. They was supposed to see that passenger train. It got in there after dark. And that hotel man told him, "Now, boys, I'll take Ed down here with me. I got rooms. I'll put him in there. We'll keep this thing still." That was on Wednesday. On Saturday was when they'd go in there.

(Yeah.)

Well, he kept Ed down till Friday. They give him a room right next to the main street there where he could see out. He was watching. Seen two big Indian fellas about ten o'clock in the morning ride up through the street there. They rode--stopped going across the street on the other side. They had long hair, stopped at the store, and they got down. There's a porch out front, but they--under the porch, there wasn't no floor under it, no cement either. The damn sidewalk was just dirt.

(Yeah.)

Anyway, they went in there. They was gone a little while and come out. Got on their horses and went on up the street. Hotel man came--come and told him, "That's them, Ed.. They got long--see that long hair?" Ed knows people, and he knows horses too. He looked the horses over good and them too. He sure did, I guess. He was about as far as that cemetery up there and across the street. He looked them over good. He said, "All right, by god, when they come back again--right, there's where the fun's going