preacher. And gave him an old hog that catch the chickens and we catch all the chickens we had. Some old hog that you couldn't fatten, you know and get that off on the preacher. And the preachers had a hard time too. My daddy preached for about 50 years--died in a little town called Loco. He was 89 or 90 years old. He was--I think he was 90, but they put it down 89, but I think he was 90. And his folks werekilled by the Indians in Errath County, Texas close to old Stevensonsville.

(Comanches did that?)

Yeah, Comanches. And then they stole our cattle and ---and horses. And he never got no education and after he was converted and went to preachin I bet he burnt a hundred gallons of coal-oil studying at night. And the lamps they had--you seen these little old brass lamps that had a handle on them? (unintelligible) about the size of a lead pencil? Well, that was one of his lights. And sometime we'd run out of coal-oil and make a grease lamp, take some lard, powder or something like that and put it in a saucer and light that old rag and he studied by that. And them old pioneer preachers had a hard time. And I get tickled at these newspaper man--always wrtin about the Chisholm Trail. (unintelligible) I take it up to one time to the old cowboys' reunion, down by Addington, Oklahoma. And a feller, and my daddy went up trail in '72. And he was a good man. And he was then 90 or 92 years old. And I introdueced him to this feller, this newspaper man, and boy he jumped right on him. And he said you newspaper men are writtin about the Chisholm Trail, says you don't know a thing in the world about it. Said, me and Max's daddy went up the trail in '72. But, yet they'll write about the trail. Well, they take that old military trail from Fort Leavenworth down to Fort Sill