

I was something around 17 or 18 years old. They was jest a bunch of Indians.

Mrs. McDow: Well now if I might put my two-cents worth in now in 1904 they had that Indian Mission out here at Rainy Mountain and the Indians were going to school men here.

Mr. McDow: Well they--and the first, the first school I remember the Indians was at Lawton, Fort Sill down there. And then they had a--my daddy worked on that old Red Store there. It's still there. When I was a little old boy, they camped there. And they built that Red Store. Him and my step-mother stayed in a covered wagon. Some of 'em had tents. Some of 'em stayed in covered wagons and they had a tree maybe they would set under in the summer time, while I was working on it. Of course in the wintertime, it got so cold they went home. Went and build them a dug-out and got in it. And it was pretty rough, but we didn't know any better. We's use to it, you see. And when you use to a thing you jest don't pay much attention to it.

FIRST SADDLE AND BOOTS:

And I was like all the rest of the Indians. I rode bare-back on a horse. And my Daddy was afraid to put--get me a saddle till I got up big enough. He was afriad I would get hung on it, foot hung on the stirrup. And finally I got up big enough, bought me a saddle--three-quarter rig. Five dollars now for a saddle. And I was jest so proud of that saddle as if had been a gold mine. Had a little brass buttons around on it, you know, and we went to church and of course my daddy he had, he'd been with some of the old members of the church. And Old Man Tom Paine, he was an old deacon of the Baptist Church and so we went home with him. He had some log cribs and then they build a shed out on 'em and they rived out