

the first man that was killed there, I think Burt Casey. And I'm most sure I'm right. Cause he was there. And everytime you heard a gun shoot you knowed there was a man killed or shot. It was pretty rough. And we'd ride, it was in August, down on Big Beaver and then where West Beaver runs into Big Beaver the forks of it--stake our horses out and sleep on a saddle-blanket. Get up the next morning and go up to town, eat breakfast, then he'd get in a poker game and get--I'd swap horses. And we left there and--he was a good gambler. He got a large amount of money and he got to drinking and he lost some of it. And I said, "Well, better get out of here cause you'll lose all you've got. We started back to Duncan. We got to Duncan, we couldn't get no place to sleep. The town was closed up. We had to sleep in the alleys--tied our horses up in the alley. And slept in the alley in Duncan. Got back home, we's dirty, nasty. Been gone three or four weeks, you know, and hadn't ever changed clothes, you know. Hadn't took a bath or nothing. And from then on I stayed on cow ranches, worked with cattle. I worked with one man. Only honest cow man I know. He was captain in the Civil War. They called him Captain Marsh (?) his name was Ed.

(Marsh?)

Yeah. And he was the nicest feller I believe you ever saw. And all the cow-punchers respected him except the boss. He'd smoke. All the rest of us wouldn't smoke before Old Captain. We was all young, but the boss man was older.

(What was his name, do you remember?)

Stalings, Bruce Stalings. And when we was lookin' for the Old Captain, we'd pick up all the snips, everything. He never knowed his hands was smoked. And he was a very religious man. and he was honest man that was