

that we start running and they see us coming and somebody kick the light out and throw it away and make it dark. And they leave all their money and everything, and they run. And maybe 40 or 50 of them, they run everywhere. So I was coming one day and a fellow was running right towards me. And he was a Mexican that lived with an Indian. And he thought he was getting away. He was coming right towards me, and so I grabbed him and the other fellows all went out in this tall grass--blue-stem grass--about four or five feet tall, in the draw and there was water. And some of those Indians run across the creek with their clothes on through that pond. Running everywhere in the mud. And some of them starting--laying in what looked like a clean spot. He layed in a mudhole but he was afraid to move. He just layed there. And then we got this Mexican and the other fellows come in, "Hey, bring the light. Bring the light. We done got what we want." One Indian man come and said, "I run in the fence and I cut my face." He said he was just bleeding. To this Mexican, I said, "Well, who was dealing? Who was in charge of the game? Who was dealing the cards." Well, he'd name a certain fellow who was there. "And who was in the bunch? Who was in the game? Who was there? Who could you identify?" And he gave us a few names. And he says, "Well, there was some good fellows in there, and I don't want to give their names. I don't want to tell on them." He just kept a laughing--he was scared. "Ha-ha-ha, hee-he-he." "We got to take you and lock you up." "Ha-ha-ha, I guess so." "Well, you tell us who was in charge of the game." Well, he called two or three fellows and finally we let him go. We made a lot of raids like that. Caught a lot of them. Caught some