

HOW A DOG THAT ATE POISONED FOOD WAS DOCTORED

(How big was the dog?)

He said he was a great big dog. And this dog, he still had it when he was still a single man. His friend died. They both used to go out together--young men--and this boy's father was part Mexican. My husband knows him. And when his friend died, his father often asked him to come visit him. He lived in a dugout east of Watonga, down in those hills, you know. This old man, everybody knew him. He went and visited him one time and he stayed all night with him in his dugout. He had plenty to eat, he said. And he had heard before that a lion was going to attack him. And he was asking him, "Is it true that a lion was going to jump at you when you opened the door?" And this old man said, "Yes, it's true. I opened my cellar door. I don't just come out and open it like that-- I usually raise it up just a little bit and look around and see if it's safe for me to go out early in the morning." He said, "When I opened it a little bit," he said, "There was a lion ready to jump at my door. When I opened it a little bit that lion was just getting ready to jump. I turned it loose and came back in here and got my gun, and I raised it (the door) again, and there he was, ready to jump. I beat him to it," he said. "I killed him dead." That was that old man. And when my father and him went outside that morning he saw his dog laying there. His dog usually came when he called him. This dog didn't come when he opened the door when they went out. He said, "Be careful, son, let me go out first." So he went out first and he tried to look for his dog but he was nowhere to be seen. My father's big dog. He looked around and he was laying back there. See, when the white people killed all these buffalo