

took about eleven eggs from one out here about a half mile. I took it home and we raised ducks--mallards. They became pets. And beyond that I found a wild turkey nest and I took the eggs home and we raised wild turkeys there and the neighbors all around there and give me domesticated turkeys--hen turkeys--for my wild gobbler. They had all wild turkeys in that neighborhood there. I used to trade with them.

(Would the wild turkeys be living down in the timber?)

Oh, yeah! All around through the fall. But they'd work them way up them jacks. That's where they got their acorns in the fall.

(Interruption)

(Has that granite marker always been on his grave?)

No, they just put it up about four years ago. Just an old stone used to sit there. Now if they expand that mound, people could stand closer to it (the marker over Chisholm's grave).

(That looks like a nice spring down there. Have you ever known it to go dry?)

Oh, it's a good spring. It never did go dry. One time the Indian Agency at Concho, through their field service man, came out and put a kind of a cover--concrete--I think it was 1896. And that same year when the storms came, lightning blasted that thing all to pieces. Left Hand wasn't very agreeable to having anything built there, because he said it might affect the taste of that water. But you know how white--I mean the government--they always want to build something so the water could come out from that cover. But nature done that itself, just like it done that tree. It blasted that concrete just to pieces.