robbed or did anything that an honest man wouldn't do. Way that came up--they were full of life like all young fellers with energy. Charlie the oldest one went to some Indian gathering there and there was an Indian sold whiskey and he saw him and he said, "I'll buy a pint of whiskey." Gave him the money to go get it and he said, "You wait right here." And he waited for him there and the fellow was gone longer than he thought he ought to be. Pretty soon he came back by with three or four fellows and still didn't have it and he said, "Did you get the whiskey?" Said "No." Said "I'll go get it for you." Charlie said "No. Just give me my money back." Said "No." Said "I'll go get it for you." Charlie said "No. Just give me my money back." And one thing brought on another and they finally got into a fight over the money. He didn't give 'im the whiskey and didn't give 'im his money. Charlie had never been in any trouble. And this fellow was kinda wild himself and they got into a fight. Charlie got the best of 'im and he swore out a warrant for him. And it didn't amount to anything. But in those days you heard a lot about those Deputy United States Marshals and some of them were good honest, fearless men but they had some trigger happy young fellows in the bunch too. And a couple of 'em come over after Charlie. And he was just a young fellow and he'd been squirrel hunting and coming up one of those Creek roads there--just one way road, you know, where they have a deep cut where they travel it one way so long, and he was coming up there and on either side of the road was green briars and grape vines thick, you know. He met those young fellows right in the road. And he had a 22 and had been out squirrel huntin'. He said he set his gun down with one hand and held the other one up. And one of these fellows shot at him, you know. Don't guess he intended to hit 'im but he shot at 'im anyway. He threw that 22 down and dived into that green briar and got away. Next time they come over there after Charlie, why they couldn't