

the Kiowa-Comanche country. And that's when there was prostitution. Even in Anadarko. I know one time I had to go to-- I was working in Rainy Mountain, near Gotebo. I had some dry cleaning at Anadarko and I wanted to go to Lawton. And I stopped at El Reno over-night, hotel there. Well, I was out there about ten-thirty, seen some firecracker works there at Anadarko and a bunch of us--I went on to bed. I had got my dry cleaning and unpacked out and had my suitcase with me and had my clean clothes out. My own clothes, suitcase, and unpacked it. Well, I was working at Gotebo, at Rainy Mountain. And it must have been eleven o'clock boy came up with me. . . they lived in town. He was a Kiowa boy. "Well, Jess," he said, "I thought I would ask you if you wanted to stop at the house. We got enough place." I said, "No, I'd rather stay here tonight. I want to clean up to-night and tomorrow I want to take early train eight o'clock to Lawton." "All right," he said, "I'll go on to bed." Well, whether he done that, or whether it just came about that way, anyhow a woman came to my--somebody knocked at the door and I thought that boy was coming back. "Just wait a minute," I says, I got up. I had a chair under my doorknob, you know, so nobody couldn't come in. I opened that door and it was a woman. White woman. "Well," she says, "Am I welcome here?" I says, "I don't know you. Who are you?" "Oh," she says, "I'm one of the girls that stays here." I said, "Do you work here?" "No," she says, "I'm a rustler. "Rustler?" Only interpretation I could make of that was cattle rustler. "You mean you're a cattle rustler?" "No," she said, "I'm a man rustler." "Oh, well no," I said. "Excuse me," I said. I didn't know what she meant by that. "Can I come in?" "Fraid the law gonna come in and catch you?" "Well," she said, "Can I come back up?" "I said 'I don't know--I'll see.'" I shut the door on her. Oh, long about --must of been way about one or two o'clock--somebody knocked at my door again. I didn't want to get up. Nice breeze coming in--night of the second of July. . . going to Lawton. She says, "I'm back." Woman's voice. I said, "I didn't expect you." She said, "Well, you thought that I might come back." "Well," I said, "I don't remember saying that." She said, "Have you got--do you roll your own cigarette?" "Yeah," I said. "I got Durham." So I opened-- I had this screen door latched, and my door open and that soft breeze coming in. I turned on the light switch