

way out. And, in other words, you might say these were kind of poor people--hard-up people. They're the ones that didn't have anything good. So they killed everything what was near around here. And the further you go I guess there was something out there--wild game. And every spring, at a certain time of the year, they knew when buffalo was going to come through. I guess they used to migrate a certain time of the year from the south. And I think animals still do that today. We used to hear all kinds of animal noises, down there just at the edge of town. Ed's not the kind that's going to scare you or agree with you. We'd be sitting out there, him and I, after all our children left us. We'd be sitting out there together. We had a big light. And I'd hear a big old screaming sound down there. Sounded like a hyena. And I'd say, "Ed, listen! That sounds like some kind of animal," I'd say. "Oh, it's just those hounds--they're just barking." Something just like that, you know. Oh, I wouldn't listen to him. I'd just tear into the house! I didn't want to sit there. And then they used to camp down there at my place every Christmas. This old widow and her daughter went down to the--it wasn't a river--it was just the timber--they went down there and she was leading her blind mother. There used to be a big cottonwood tree kind of leaning that way. And when they got close to that cottonwood tree, she looked--her mother was depending on her and she was looking all over for wood and all that. And she happened to look up on this tree that was kind of leaning. She said there was a big animal sleeping up there. His tail was hanging down. She couldn't make out what it was--mountain lion or what. See, some animal rested there. Maybe it was just going through. And lots