tree they roost on and about 20 or 30 little chicks up there in one roosting tree. So one time we was going to Ft. Sill to trade and old man Horse and family come to stay all night with my dad. The next morning they was all going to Ft. Sill to trade. That night, it rain heavy. And when they came and next morning they said "Lot of chickens down there." Well, dad said, "They my chickens. Been roostin' up there, I know where they roost." "Well, why don't we go down there and get a sack full of those young chickens and fry them and eat them for lunch on the road, where we camp tomorrow going to Ft. Sill." "All right". Said "We'll get them in the evening." Said "Them white people that live across the creek over there about a mile, they might think it's theirs and think might steal them." Said, "No, they're mine. They're from the wild stock. I move and they some I left over there." So they took Edgar Doyebi (?). He was about the size of this boy here, worked with my father. They went and picked a lantern and went over there and they were roostin' about 30 or 40 little fried chickens up there. And said dad went up on the tree and Horse went up there on the tree and dad was holding the light up for him to get the chickens. He cut the neck off and put them in a sack. Edgar Doyebi hold in the sack. They put about 14 all ready in there and creek was roaring. They heard somebody. It was dark. It was a neighbor, white man. He come there to catch those chickens but the river was full. And he saw them already catching them and he looked over there and saw the one that held the light which was my father. He knew my father. "Oh, Jimmy, Jimmy," old man said, "Blow the light out, blow the light out." (Laughter) So he come down a flying and they run and drag that boy both by the hands through the briar bush. (Laughter) And dad won't eat one chicken because he thought he didn't have no right to get them in the dark. They was his, but he wasn't positive that they were his. He was a church man and he thought he done wrong. (Laughter)