

He would disappear when ~~some~~one came near. No one knew who he belonged to or from whence he came. The mule had company also. A herd of wild goats inhabited the bluffs. They were different from any goat Ned had ever seen. They were tall, slim, long-legged animals with oddly shaped horns. This strange breed seem adapted to rough country, as Ned tells that they would jump twelve or fifteen feet from one rocky crag to another. If one would miss his landing he would fall a hundred or more feet down the crevice. Somehow one Indian trapped one of these goats and brought it in for people to see. As the years went by, these goats were finally hunted out, never to appear again, on Grey Mule Bluff.

Perhaps seventy years ago, a man by name of Adkins from Vinita contacted Ned and hired him and some others to bring some cattle he had bought to the railroad at Chouteau. It was a cold winter, but they began gathering the cattle starting at Moodys, up through Lowrey Prairie, crossing Spring Creek at Terecita, on to Rose, then west. By the time they got to Rose, they had ninety-six head of cattle. Among these helping drive the cattle was Doddy Ball and Doc Rogers, hardy Cherokee cowmen. Through bitter cold they made Chouteau just at dark and put the cattle in a little pasture. Ned says that is the nearest he has ever been to freezing.

He hurried to the home of Blue Keys, a Cherokee friend living at Chouteau, where he was put up and taken care of.