

STORY ABOUT HORSE THIEVES IN RESERVATION DAYS

They never did find them horses. We went to my grandpa's over here on west of Carnegie, on a creek. This Tsaddle-Kongia's place. In the evening grandpa butchered a beef, so we had a barbeque feast. That night, we had three horses--the team that my father drove--sorrel horses--and the one I was riding. That night they were taken. They were taken that night. Well, after that they saw one of them men over there close that evening riding next to the fence. Well, he was half a mile away, but he saw where they was. So, he no doubt got them in the early evening. We wasn't suspicious. So, there was some men caught with stolen horses at Hobart after the country opened there. And my father went up there with a pretty gray team and a buggy to see if he could identify the horses. And that night somebody stole that team. Now, you see how much stealing was going on? That's was our individual loss, not counting other people's stuff. I remember while we was riding all over the country, my father riding across these hills, in a valley in the timber, he saw big corral full of horses. And they had them penned up. They was bringing them in and putting them in until they get a herd, to drive them out. Daddy said he went up there and three men were there. Those others were out, but there were three men guarding those that was in the corral. They come there and he said, "What you want?" And he said, "I come up to hunt my horses over there. I lost them." He said, "Well, they was right here and we didn't know. We put them in a lot. Take them home." So they let him take them home. (Laughter)

(Now was this your good horse you were talking about? That black horse?)

No.

(A different one?)