

Well, we go back to where the outlaws come over and stay. Mr. Johnson comes over and visits my father and rides around the hills all over Indian country. Well, we find out what he was. But he never bothered us. One day me and my uncle, Frank Tobah, we went over there. And we go over there once in a while. And we go up there after the woman came up there. She don't say outlaws came over there. She just came to visit. But we took our guns and we went up there early evening. When we came to the house, there was a whole lot of horses with saddles on and guns in the corral in there. Twelve or fifteen horses all had guns on the saddle in the corral. We come in and we come close to the corral and look and the guard approaches. He said, "You go back. There's a bad man here. You might get killed. You'all just go on. Don't look around. Go on," he said. We saw the horses with the guns and it was those men that came in. Well, these outlaws came over there to Mr. Johnson's house. Johnson, we discovered, had another corral down in the timber by the creek where he keeps some fast Indian horses, that's been losed. He had them hid down there and when those outlaws come with worn-out horses, he just take a fresh horse from the other corral. He furnished ammunition for them. They may get short of ammunition. He had it stored away. Guns and whatever they need. He was their head man. We didn't know and he lived right there. And they didn't come just one time--many times. And every time, after we learned--they didn't want the woman to know anything about what was going on--so every time they come, she comes over. So she came out many times. They don't tell what they up to.

(This man Johnson, did he ever ride out himself and rob anybody