

the window, nearly getting his neck broke. The next day someone asked him what happened, and he said he thought they were mad at him and nearly killed him. Then, as to-day, it took all kinds to make up the community, and some survived while others paused permanently by the wayside.

Mr. Davis has lived in the Tailholt community for 72 years. When he first came here from the Delaware District it was very much a wild and unsettled place. The strong and hardy had cleared land and built homes. Little farms were scattered up and down Caney Creek and on its tributaries. He recalls that some of the families living there then were the Christies, Vanns, Keys, Sanders, Wilhites, Wolf, Notire, Squirrel, Adairs, etc. In those days a family raised and grew their living, but poor as they were, no one went hungry and each had at least one change of clothes. In those early days the word "road" was used rather loosely, and he says they did not have any roads, and some places you could hardly get over them on horseback. Jeff recalls when farms were cultivated with steers, and then came horses to mark progress.

The first store that Mr. Davis remembers was put in by a Cherokee by name of Grigsby who came from the Goingsnake District. Before that time ~~which~~ does not know who the storekeepers were. The first store he recalls burn down and a man by name of Swepson built a store across the road. Later, Mug Willis bought the store and operated it for thirty or more years. Mr. Willis has been known by many affectionately as the "Mayor of Tailholt". In years gone by Tailholt has had a school and a church, but only the little church remains now.

Mr. Davis relates that there runs a stretch of limestone and slate rock underground and provides the finest water one would want. A drink of his well water proved his claim. He tells that Jewel Catron used this quality water to make whiskey 45 years ago, and it was superb nectar. Ole Wiley Wilson was the lawman in those parts then, and he will be remembered with mixed feelings for having destroyed Catron's enterprise. Poor old man Catron had a wife and a housefull of kids and was just trying to get by. The judge never did anything with him, except to try to show him the evils in his craft.

Jeff tells that Cherokee County at one time probably supported more outlaws than any other county in the country. Many of these Robin Hoods he knew personally, such as Ky Carille, Buddy McLain, Brackett, Smokey Bowles, and others. He says he heard the shot when they killed Ky Carille. Buddy McLain was killed the day before just east of Tailholt by U. S. Marshalls. Many good men were killed in these hills, but many U. S. Marshalls and lawmen were also laid low to keep things in balance. Charley Brackett and his gang were finally killed during a bank robbery in Missouri. The same fate met the Price Brothers and their gang when they tried to hold up a bank in Arkansas. It would seem that when the Strip Payment was made in 1893 the first thing many men did was to buy a winchester and a Colts pistol and go into private practice.