

Then down here's where I was telling you the chicken house is. Right east there. That road around there, used to us. There's an old building there. Stood there, an old log building, stood there. Used to use for a school house long back in the territory days, you know. And used to have court there. There was, let's see, they was having court there one time. It was four men got killed there.

(Well.)

I forget what they called that. But the old--that place I was telling you about. That's what you called the old Flint Courthouse. Goingsnake District.

(Yeah. People lived a rough life in those days, didn't they?)

Oh my. They have court. Well, you take most of the old Indians back in them days. They drank a lot.

(Yeah.)

And they sure had lots of killings around.

(I wonder what--what would they get into fuss over?)

Oh, just first one thing and then another. Trying some man, you know, and one bunch would think he was guilty and the other bunch said he wasn't guilty.

(Yeah.)

They'd get in an artument. First thing you know they'd just shooting'em down all around. Why they didn't think anymore about killing one another than I would killing a dog. A mad dog at that. Just--they all let their temper run away with 'em I reckon.

(I guess so.)

(Interruption.)

Yeah, had an old gentlemen, when I built this house here in 1925. His name was Alberty. Alberty's all over the country around Westville.