

got a warrant for me? Said, yes. Said, disturbing the peace over there at that little church here about three months ago. By golly, they took them, too. I was the only one that was left there standing. (Kinda lonesome then, wasn't it?)

They went--they took them boys to Pryor. I never did figure that out.

And old Preston Davis, he was a lawyer there in Vinita and he knowed about all of 'em. And he told 'em, he said, I'll get you out of it for ten dollars a piece. Might be twenty-five dollar fine.

This here third boy. He said, damn if I'll give you ten dollars.

I'll plead my own case. He wouldn't talk. He was half full-blood.

And they took them down and he wouldn't answer a question, just sulk, and they fined all of 'em twenty-five. Then old Preston, he got ten dollars off 'em. Made 'em thirty-five, you see.

(Yeah.)

Money wasn't--was hard to get.

(I bet money was hard to get.)

Old Preston Davis, he said they could pay them and said they could pay him when they wanted to. Probably they never did pay him.

They was back there in a couple of days. But they never played any poker for quite a while. They finally got back at it.

(Did you ever run across any of those Hawkins over in that country?)

Hawkins. Yeah, I worked with Charlie Hawkins, well, till he died.

And then he--far as six years ago.

(And he had a boy, I believe, name of Tom.)

No. This one didn't. He had one named Louis, one George, one Bob.

He had four boys. This one did. Oh, I know who you mean. You mean John Hawkins.

(Yeah.)

Yeah, him and his old lady separated.

(Yeah, that's right.)

Yeah, well, John went down around Sapulpa somewhere back in there.