high school. Kept him, and darn, you know, left him during the war. He was buying mules for the government. He got to cheated on 'em. Then he went up there and tried to borrow twelve hundred dollars off of Mr. Friend. Said he had twelve registered cows down here. Mr. Friend knew he didn't have any registered cows. He told him did have. Mr. Friend wouldn't let him have it. So, he happened to run into one of Claude's neighbors down there and asked him where he got those registered cows. Said, why he didn't have any registered cows. Said, there's some down there in the pasture adjoining. They might be his. God, he was awful. That was a mystery I've never been able to figure out why such fine parents can have such damn, rotten kids? Lot of the Indians settled on the east side of the creek there. There's Adairs, Landrums. Oh, let's see. Who was the other? ...Vinita. You know Hill out there?

(Yeah.)

Fields out there. On the west side of Saddle creek. North. And there was Thomas. --Highway patrolman caught him. He went under a fence. He didn't even take time to cut the wires. He just went over it in a dadgum pickup. Had some of the wires dragging along behind him. And he, highway patrolman, come along and stopped him. Looked in there and they had this freshly killed yearling in there. Traced back and found out where he'd killed it. Brought him. Took him to the courthouse up there. And damn, if they didn't beat the highway patrol. Willie said, you don't have enough evidence to convict him. Caught him with the goods--no evidence.

(Boy, that's something, isn't it?)

That outfit was paying him hundred dollars a month protection. I will give 'em--fella credit for one thing. Never a day went by that he didn't go see his mother. He did see after his mother.

(Well, that's--something is good about everybody, I guess.)