

time after they moved into that Quapaw agency over here.

(Yeah.)

In there. He was in Miami. He done about all the Indian work that I can remember. Him and old...oh, what in the hell is his name?

He was down in Claremore...not Claremore, but Chelsea.

(What about that country? Was it pretty peaceful country in the early days?)

Oh, we /words not clear/.

(Yeah.)

Then I growed up here and I run into this and that. I been in lot of different kinds of fueds and things around. But I never been arrested in my life.

(Well, that's good.)

I never hold /not clear/ I guess at that time, I just kinda...

(Before statehood did, and with the absence of lawmen around, I guess people kinda protected themselves.)

They did. They did.

(Did they carry gun in those days?)

Lot of 'em did.

(Well.)

I've got an old gun in there. A fella tried to buy it off of me the other day. There's an old Sycamore tree standing up here on the Shawnee bank. I lived up there. He says if I got all the bullets out of it, he was going to have gallon or two.

(Well.)

Yes sir, that old gun...I lent it to a fellow about four years 'ago. He brought it home. I took it to a lot of fellows and sent back to where it was made -old Smith and Wesson-. Last record that I had of it, that was right after the Civil War. That gun was supposed to kill a nigger at Sigmund, Missouri.