

their beef on it. And took it on over here east--southeast here, along the bend, where the camp was. Next morning three or four cowboys came to the camp. They was looking to see if there was any fresh beef. But that night the women was smart enough--they sliced their meat and smoked it--it didn't look like it was fresh, you know. And they hide the hide somewhere. "Did anybody kill a beef?" No, nobody kill a beef around here." They couldn't find no fresh meat so they went on and left them. But a man had to have cartridges. Now when they gambled, some of those Indian fellows like my cousin, Woolworth--the one my father sold his cartridges--I know he won over a hundred dollars near Fort Reno. Well, that hundred dollars wouldn't do us no good to get beef with because there was no stores there. You had to have cartridges.

TRIP TO DARLINGTON FOR RATIONS

(Now the Agency was at Darlington?)

Yeah.

(How far was that from where you were camped?)

Oh, it was about 25, 26, or 28 miles, maybe. You know you came over from Ft. Reno by that Reformatory? Well, it was down in the river where Darlington was. Across the river. That's where they got their cartridges. Trading stores.

(Is there anything there now?)

It's a Masonic--a place where they propagate these birds like quail and pheasants. The Masonic people bought that and they sold it to the state for propagating prairie chickens and things.

(Is that where you used to go to get your rations?)

Yeah, right there--that big old commissary building. They issued every other week.

(How long did it take you to get there?)

Oh, some of those old folks would get there--see, we started from Left Hand's and would get over there northwest of Calumet--just one--just some time after you pack up your stuff. Get there about four o'clock. Camp over there. Next day get to Darlington. But believe it or not, there used to be oxen.