

oven and make bread. And sometimes they pass meat and bread to us, and we eat with them. And you know, I didn't know, but I know now--at the time I didn't know--the country wasn't open, yet, when those caravans would stop there. And they, my uncles, they would go up there and say they want them to pay them for camping there. And they collect. Some of them men give a dollar or two dollars. And sometimes they say they don't have no money. And they cut a piece of meat and they give it to them. And sometimes these people south--after these two men collect--my uncles--and go home, these other people come up from the south and they demand the same thing for camping on their place. It wasn't their farm. The country wasn't open. It was just a reservation. The Trail was going through. And they stop there. Those men all had guns, but they want to be nice. They pay maybe fifty cents a piece--a wagon. Fifty cents a wagon. After they done paid them, they pay them again! And then sometimes people west about three miles--Cecil Horse's father and son-in-laws--those men over there on that side, they'd come on the trail and find those campers and they'd demand pay for it. They just rob those people! And that's the trouble with those caravans, going through. Of course the government, when they learn that, they won't let them do that. No. That's the reason they have Indian Police. And they had the United States Marshal and the Ft. Sill soldiers to see that these traveler's caravans don't get molested on the road. But when they camp overnight there was nobody there and they robbed them that way!

(Well, I guess that's a good way to make some extra money.)