

there a few a day when they want fresh meat and just get a herd of them and take them to the camp--village-- and have meat. They just butchered them. And some of those men that owned them got mad, and they almost had a war over there. And one fellow come up there, I guess, and posed that he was a gambler. He was spying. And he gambled among them Indians over there, and they let him stay there two or three nights and gamble with them. He was spying for the best horses they had--running horses--in the village. And one night he got ready to leave, I guess. And he went up there and rounded up all them good horses and went across the border. He wasn't a gambler after all--he was a horse thief. The police went after him, but they didn't know where to find him. They don't know where they go with these horses. They never could find them. But since I got older and found out, I find out where they could go--lots of places and never be found--in eastern Oklahoma--around this Choctaw country, or (unintelligible phrase). Indians don't go that far. And they take all them horses over that away. Sometimes they run off with a whole herd--30 or 40-- and then they, maybe one Indian's whole herd of 30, and another one and another three or four Indians' herds. Maybe about ten of those thieves run all those horses together and take them clear across.

(Well, could you tell me any more about the trouble they had when the Indians butchered those cattle? And the owners got mad?) Well, yes. They had lots of trouble.

HOW POLANT, A KIOWA MAN, WAS KILLED BY COWBOYS

One of those men over there, living on the west end of Hobart, was named Polah (or Polant). And when they have trouble, he goes