

so he just galloped toward his brothers house; he noticed that the windows were broken doors were wide open, he rode around the front of the house and that's where he found these two U.S. marshalls shot dead, and food, bacon and eggs were still frying on the stove. I guess outlaws came to this house and no one was there, so they just put up for the night; these U.S. marshalls were trailing them and they came up on them that morning, according to grandpa, it seemed like these U.S. Marshalls didn't make or take any precautions in trying to capture these guys. He detected the smell of whiskey on these U.S. marshalls, I guess they were found drunk; of course, there were outlaws inside the house, they saw that they were U.S. Marshalls and just opened fire and shot 'em dead. But he said he saw the dust flying west of the house which, there was a creek west of the house that leads toward Washita River and he said when they hit that Washita River there's no telling which way they went. I think grandpa gave the names of these outlaws, but I can't recall or remember their names.

(If that was when your grandpa was herding cattle it must have been around 1900 or so then?)

Somewhere along there, approximately the turn of the century, maybe a little earlier than that. But there was all types of outlaws they say at that--Guy Ware, one of his brothers, was a sharp shooter. He said these outlaws generally come over there, come up to the house, and challenge these Boys to target practice.

GUY WARE:

They'd make bets on the side, this Guy Ware generally outshoots these outlaws. Grandpa said I don't know why they never did try to bother us or try to shoot us, he said maybe it was because they were sharpshooters themselves, you know, pretty fast on the draw. He said the outlaws didn't challenge them or bother them in any way. The only time they'd ever come up there was when they want food or challenge these boys to target shooting or something like that. They never did bother them. Course over there where grandpa Lynn Ware says that, uh, there's a spring there at the Washita River, right there at the bottom where grandpa and them lived, that's where these women go after water, a bucket of water or something. They see food high up in the tree and wrapped up, tied up in the tree limbs; maybe the outlaws left them and