

and they'd come back later and eat there. Grandpa says a lot of times at night time, they had vicious dogs, and these dogs would fight these men riding up toward the house they wouldn't let them get near the house, they said they'd jump on these men on horse-back, she said she knew they were outlaws but the dogs just wouldn't let them come to the house. She couldn't understand why these men never did shoot these dogs. Then grand--Martha Ware's sister, Etta Mopo's husband George lived west of what is now Red Stone Mission, about approximately a mile and a half from there and they had a corral, just horses were in there, and one night these horse thieves came, five or six he said, of course, some of these Indians were pretty mean themselves. He saw these guys out there in the corral stealing his horses at night.

GEORGE MOPO:

Guess he heard the dogs barking is what tipped him off, he grab a rifle and went after them. And those guys were shooting at him and he was shooting back and these women said they could never understand why they never did hit George. He scattered these thieves and chased them toward, there are some buttes out there east of the house he chases them, and uh, several years later in Anadarko, grandpa Lynn Ware was talking to one of those white guys he knew. You know, he said, you're brother-in-law is a pretty brave and a mean man, he said. I was one of those guys that was stealing those horses over there. He said, he made a believer out of me, you know, that boy is a good shot. He (George) shot while he was running away, he shot him, he said he hit the saddle in the back, you know the thick part of the saddle back there; he said that bullet went through the saddle and it went through his belt and hit him in the back there. And he said if the bullet hadn't slowed down the, if the saddle hadn't slowed down the bullet, why he'd a killed him he said that bullet would have severed his spine. He said that old boy made me see the light, and I never did steal any horses since then. I guess there were a lot of outlaws, I guess it's about the late 1800s or somewhere along in there. It was pretty wild around there, I guess. But I guess they had some pretty mean Indians, they don't take a back seat to these outlaws, they'll fight 'em back.

SAYNDAY:

Today (August 6) we'll start on some of the folk tales about Saynday, He was quite