

turn 'em a loose and watch 'em. They'd grow. (not clear) You can't hardly find 'em. People are dishonest nowadays. They's a few of 'em that is honest, but there's a few of 'em's so dad-blamed 'of 'em dishonest. Love money, root of all evil.

(Yes, sir. Well, money is all right, but its the way they look at it, the way they use it.)

Why way they git it.

(Yeah, the way they get it. But I know lot of Indians down through here and --)

Cattle drift off down there, and you ask some of them cowboys, they'd tell you where they wuz, y'know, and it its on that ranches down there.

I'd go down there and head 'em home and it'd be nearly dark and I'd go the old lady what was that old lady's name. She run a restaurant over there. Oh you could eat for thirty cents, jest everything else you'd want, beefsteak, soup. I fergit that old lady's name. And I'd go over there and get my supper and go on. They'd foller the horses. We had an old grey mare with a bell on and the horse would foller them and the cattle'd foller the horse. They'd go right on back home.

(You would drive those cattle then all the way from Pryor area clear back here?)

Yeah.

EARLY DAY COURT PROCEDURE

(That was rough country though in those days wasn't it?)

Yeah, but by George, everbody's honest. You git a dishonest guy in them days, by gad, he'd better leave the country jest as soon as they find it out, too.

(They had some pretty strict laws didn't they?)

Why hell, they'd kill 'im. Hang 'im.