

boy under his arm and come out way up there and the next uh--

(Yeah, I see that crease, scar across your head there.)

The next one hit me right across there.

(Well, now who was doin' that shootin'?)

Fellow by the name of Willard DeBow.

(Willard DeBow?)

Yeah. He was wanted in Montana. Killed a man and a woman--shot 'em through a window. And he came here scoutin'--he wouldn't look at me. He always looked right down at his feet. Well, Garvin--a fellow that married one of my cousins--John Shultz and Little John Bunch--he was night guard there at Stillwell--that (not clear) Little John heard sompin' one night about midnight. He got up and went up them steps right easy. And he come up from there--well, he had undone that lock someway--in fact, he had done it twice. And I was cookin' out yonder in New Mexico for them millionaires. They was puttin' in a dam on Hondo River, and I told J. P. White, "That's the dirty devil that shot me and my boy." I said, "He's wanted in Montana. Killed a man and a woman, shootin' 'em through a window." And he says, "Shore enough Zeke?" I says, "Yes." I said, "That's the dirty devil that shot me and my boy." He looked at me and patted me on the choulder. I'se doin' the cookin'--had 26 men to cook for and they was a widder woman lived just across the road from us. She had a little boy just about so high. Well, J. P. hired him to wait on the table while I'se cookin' and they'd all joke that little boy, all of 'em. Sometime he'd pull a joke on them men and they'd have a big laugh. So, J. P. told me, says, "Go after him if you want to." I says, "I ain't got no gun." And I says, "He's wanted up yonder now, for killin' a man and a woman." So, one day, when I'se busy cookin', him and his brother come back in together. I was busy, fixin' breakfast and some hot coffee.