

When the town was incorporated it was named after the marble deposit. Although the marble industry was short lived, outside interests came in to develop the limestone potential, and now a huge lime kiln and plant works around the clock, shipping out carloads of lime every day. The little town sits down in the valley between mountains on either side, with the clear water of Big Sallisaw Creek flowing southward. But as one looks out over the countryside and mountain slopes a feeling of coldness is explainable. Trees, hillsides, buildings and nearly everything is covered with dust from the lime kilns, and its appearance is that of a heavy frost or light snow.

Mr. Devault has seen this little town grow up and survive. Anglo influence has not bothered the Indians of these hills and they live very much as they did in the old days. Being of Indian blood himself, Mr. Devault knows and understands them. He was qualified in his school days to later become mayor of Marble City, which post he held for 54 years until he retired.

Cookson Hills was principally known in early day Oklahoma as the hideout and haven of outlaws. These Hills cover a large area running from Sallisaw Creek which flows thru Marble City west to the Illinois River. Section after section of land has no houses or roads, and as one travels thru these Hills it is easy to see why those who wish to escape the long arm of the law find undisturbed rest here.

He knew many of the outlaws who lived in the Cookson Hills during the 1920s and 1930s, and they came to trade at his store. He remembers them as good men and never had any trouble with them. He remembers back in 1931 when there was a construction company working south of Marble City which had a weekly payroll of some \$10,000. The workmen would come to his store to cash their checks and he had to keep several thousand dollars in cash on hand. At first he was a bit worried for fear the outlaws would rob him. But one of the outlaw leaders came to him and talked about the matter, and Mr. Devault was assured that the outlaws would not rob him. The Devaults had taken care of this outlaws's mother when he was away, and in spite of his profession they were good friends, even to-day. The old outlaw is alive and living in the area now, but his name is not to be made known. Mr. Devault later got this same outlaw released from the penitentiary, and he now lives out his old days in the hills nearby. He tells that this outlaw had arranged with him to give himself up, and was to come in the back door of his warehouse where the Town Marshall Jones was to arrest him. But the outlaw was caught the day before by Federal Marshals. The outlaw's father was an old man who had been a fool of the law in his day also, but was a friend of the Devaults. He was sick and near death at his home in Vian. He sent for the Devaults to come and see him and they went. The old man told them he was not afraid to die and that he had made his peace. They told him goodbye and the old man died.

He had many experiences with the outlaws. In coming to see him or trade at his store, the outlaws would sometimes come dressed as women. Their disguise fooled all but the Devaults who knew them. One, Ed Lockhart, a hunted bank robber, came in one night in women's garb. Never did the Devaults attempt to turn any of the outlaws in, as they probably knew what would happen in broken trust. One night Andy Cookson, wanted in three states, came in to buy some supplies, and who was killed later in Texas. But that night Devault had a suspicion that Andy came to rob the store, so while waiting on Andy he put a gun in his belt with the handle showing. Andy bought a sack of Bull Burnam and Wattie gave him change