

So few days after that I guess he came out and they appraised it. Oh, I think he had about sixty acres of corn. It was a cash lease--not a crop-share. So they came and told us, "Jess, you got sixty acres. I' this man doesn't care to fool with trespass, that's all yor crop, because your lease expired July 1, unless he makes his renewal of his lease or pays trespass for the crop that he's got on your place when there's no lease on it." I said, "You figure it up and I'll go anyway he's agreeable to." He said, "I'm going to drop him a card and you come up there Wednesday and he'll be over there." Well, I thought about it. So I saddled my horse and went off to Watonga--for a funeral--then I went up to the farm station. The farm station was a little way across that Watonga bridge, south of Watonga, about half a mile west was where that farm station was. I went there. This man was there, him and his wife. So they offered me dinner. I said, "I done eat, but I'll eat lunch with you folks." They was nice to me. And he told me himself, "I was ignorant. I didn't know my lease was going to be out in July. Otherwise I wouldn't have put that corn there. But the way it is, I'm thankful I got that crop of corn. I'm going to give you all it's worth." So the Indian Agent had gone to town and we didn't see him. So he came out and said, "Here you are. The crop is worth to any one that would rightfully own that crop, about seven hundred dollars. But since by your mistake--we will overlook your mistake--and we'll have Jess acknowledge his share of the crop--one-fourth--I mean, one-third. So you get one-fourth of the rental--whatever that corn--" Corn was a dollar and fifteen cents a bushel. So I got a pretty good batch of money on that. Not knowing it. So he gave me--the old farmer--"I'll go to the bank," he said, "And get a check." Course they had to mortgage their stuff like that, you know--they didn't have enough money in the bank. So he says, "You come up to Watonga in about an hour and a half." So me and this