

M.I. Stokes (Hound Dog Stokes)  
109 S K St. Toppenish

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Hound Dog Stokes, M.I. Stokes

Born at Hawridge, Alabama , 78 years old and past, this date.

From there to East Texas. Father interested in Fox hounds, had the best in East Texas. Father a farmer. Customary pack 12 dogs to run game.

Brought up. Earliest recollection , had dogs. Now deer have a place to cross a road, have runs. When dogs take them up, they cross in those places. Take stand and shoot them as they cross.

He shows deep love for dogs, understanding of them. Really knows them. Ill now, chest, hard to get up and down but hearing very good. Clear blue , fierce blue eyes, creamy white hair, dignified, voice of an orator, soft voice, what a way he must have had with dogs; imbued with them... What a memory... face and neck still more firm than most his age enthusiasm unbounded, not repetitious, a source among sources.

Maryland Fox hound, George Washington was a fox hunter, so was Thomas Jefferson.

My daddy had hounds.. started running a fast dog, got a Maryland hound a Dunston, lived to be 14 years old. Fox hounds were cheap them \$10 to \$200

Breeds: Birdsong, was name of a man, was a Georgia and Maryland man according to my recollection. Foxhounds good for deer, bear, bobcats. No lions in our country.

The best pack a man can have for bear dogs, a mixed pack. Airdale Foxhound and a fiest

I remember when I was 12 years old some man bet an Old Turk \$50 he could whip a bear with three dogs. The Turk was travelling through with a circus and had a fighting bear. The man



brought out three potllickers...that was in Texas. The bear stands and fights but he can't stand or won't stand up against a fiest who runs in and nips his heels and darts out. He can't stand the nipping.

They put the bear up a tree and he was a fighting bear too.

Red (red heavy eyebrows...piercing eyes...clear voice...  
clear ear.

He said: I have more confidence in dogs and less in man. Why. The old hound is honest and efficient God didn't give him the old tricks of a white man.

I've had 14 vocations . Didn't enumerate all of them. Member of state legislature twice in Oklahoma; county supt. of schools, school teacher. County Supt of schools Johnson County. Chief of Polic at Olustee, Jackson county.

His name, Martin. Martin was the name of Martin Hayward, an old fox hunting buddie of my daddy.

The old fashioned fox was red. There are four or five different strains of fox. Two strains of grey fox. I have run down 100 or more of them, O, Lord, that is hard to tell how many in my time. But we didn't run them to catch them. We ran them for the sport

The best sport is grey wolves.

That was in eastern Oklahoma, about 100 miles south of Tulsa. They were big as a police dog, majority six feet one inch long; fangs this long, measured about 1 3/4 inches on second finger. Usually ran 25 to 30 dogs . I had one pack of 48 ~~xx~~ I kept together several years.

I owned Royal Jack, champion wolf dog in the U.S. at field trials. He was a Goodman Fox hound, mostly white and lemon spotted, white eyes. Little larger than "alker dogs. Fox hounds weigh 45 pounds. Got to breed for staying qualities.



besides there were the the July and <sup>1929</sup>~~1928~~. There are four different strains of fox hounds. S.M. Coke usually keeps 60 or 65.

They have meets in the U.S. field trials, Southwestern meet originally Oklahoma, come from all over U.S. Southern meet Tex, Georgia and Tennessee.

they are scored by judges who don't know the dogs, work from numbers. Judged on trailing, hunting, speed, driving, tounding (voice) endurance. Judges ride to them. Royal Jack was champion in 20s and 30s Held championship till around 7 years old. That is past the peak.

When I went to Johnson county, moved from Grady County from ~~Chickasha~~ Chickasha, got school there, taught three years, took dogs with me (yes a little unusual for school teacher to take dogs with me) (he's a hound dog man) Ranches there, grey wolves. I took 40 of them, expect the dogs killed 100, couldn't keep up with them

Magazines: Journals called Red Ranger, Hunter's Horn.

Wild Indian Dog. decided to compete, old dog against old dog, pup against pup, best advertised race ever run in the world. I beat both his dogs, the wild dog cut and was a slasher (circled and tried to get ahead of other dog by guessing which direction wolf would turn)

In seven months 3 days caught 690 68 men who escaped from Mcallister.. Wax considered "owner" of my own dogs when I was 14.

Bloodhounds--

Got first bloodhound when I was a boy.

At McAllister, few red fox, few grey wolves, had own pack up to 23.



After you learn and know dogs you can tell when they are trailing a woman. A man's trail is easier unless the woman wears trousers.

Another way to slow down a dog is to wear rubber boots but when you train them to trail, that doesn't stop them. They are smart and figure it out.

Old Happy name of trusty.

I ran a greyhound once. Traded ~~ixxfor~~ a tree dog for it. He could trail too. Barking every time he'd hit the ground. The greyhound was brought up with a bunch of potlickers.

A bloodhound won't change tracks of any kind and makes a better trailer. Greyhounds will change tracks if they come across hotter tracks.

26 hours was the coldest tracks I worked a dog on. It took two days. It was both. I've been up three days and nights and have a record of doing four days and four nights without sleep during a track.

I was at granite about 1936. Five and one half years with man dogs.

I ran a negro from Blair 31 1/2 miles. He killed a whitewoman and a five year old girl, at Blair, east of Alta. It was a robbery case. Man was a farmer and had two negroes. It was known he kept a lot of money on the place, everyone knew it. These negroes had planned it.

Planned it however on a day the man went to Red River to a cattle sale and took all but \$60 with him. It was planned with two who lived in town. One was a new Negro. Two lived on the old man's place. So they decided to let the new one do the work. They didn't know anyone was at home.

Thought the woman was gone. An eight year old girl had gone to school. The woman heard someone and went into the kitchen and he was



there. He tried to close the door, but couldn't. He picked up an iron skillet and began to beat her over the head with it. The little girl ran up and caught him by the leg said "quit beating my mommie." He hit her then and tried to finish them both off. Then he went out in the yard and got a grubbing hoe, you know one of those grubbing hoes, and came back and chopped out the tops of their heads, but they were still living. He dragged them to a clothes closet and covered them up with old clothes and bedding

The older girl came home from school. They were alive. She saw the blood and got her grandfather. Brains were scattered all over the floor. It was done a little after 11 in the morning. R. oned for officers and they came Brought ambulance. B, t when they washed off the blood and trains from the litle girl'sface she opened her eyes, said "A Negro hit my mamxa," and passed out. Got her to the hospital, put man by besdies hopeing she would talk and she opened her eyes, asked again, "honey, who done it?" She s id something and closed her eyes and was dead in seconds. The woman lived till nearly dayb eak with half herhead copped away and brains gone. The sheriff told me that her hand wasc utched to her bosom and he had to pry her fingers lose and she still hel onto the \$60, when he straightened her fingers. They popped.

the warden was there. I told him about the two negroes on the farm. "e went to their place. He is now at Sulphur, Oklahoma. He was sheriff for 14 1/2 years before he was warden.

I said sheriff, either it was a crazy man done this or a Negro. Blair was about eight miles away. Went to see the two Negroes, their women were there. We said "where are the men folk." They said "they went hunting." I said isn't it funny they went hunting when their whitefolk were in trouble. " They said "no, they went to try and forget.

They'll be back after awhile. One was Bill Jones from Oxford we took



him to Lipton to keep him separate. "e went to Blair to talk to the others. Went to Bill Jones house, ~~0000~~ no one there. Then went to Ernest Wright's house, started to break in the door because it was locked. He opened the door. Questioned him but he knew nothing about it. Got him in the car. Went about 60 yards and there was a young officer in the car, said "sheriff, stop this car." Made the Negro scared, thought he was going to shoot him, he was known as a trigger happy officer. He said, "white folks, you are on the right track." Got so scared he said he would tell all he knows about it."

He said Bill Jones was "standing back of the filling station and I had his clothes packed. Cecil Crosby, the trigger happy man, made a dive for him, scared him some more. Before we got the dogs, I had five, Old Rickett too, too many men spoiled tracks around the hose and I wouldn't put them out to find the tracks. Besides the dogs hadn't raced for four or five months. I said "somebody's going to die at the end of this ~~trail~~ trail sheriff." Now dogs ought to be run every other day anyway We had men searching the town, it was a town about like this (Top enish, population 5 000 to 6,000.) Had between 275 and 300 men searching. They searched every house in town and couldn't find a track of Bill Jones. Besides kept sending men out to houses, six, eight, ten miles from there. Stayed there till we turned up track. Till wouldn't put the dogs out. Filling station man wanted to leave the keys to his place so we could stay there. It was getting cool. It was in march.

Finally found a house where he had been. Well got the dogs on his track. Took them out and pointed toward the ground and the race started. Ran all over that country. Warden had a new car and he hauled me. Had the Nigger out on sandy land and not a man after him ever saw him till we stopped the car. Sheriff went through one fence, took out 21 posts. Would hit a fence 50 or 60 miles an hour.



We ran him half an hour on a section before we caught him.

He was a 200 pound man. "ouldn't stop when hit. Hit 24 times before he was brought down, 30:30 rifles. Ran at least 300 yards after he was hit and before he went down. Soon as the shooting started the dogs slowed up., all but one gyp, she ran up and smelled of him. Old Rocket would have killed him. He would go for a man's throat. I've never had any of my dogs kill a man. Most dogs won't go for the throat. And not many people know it but a lot of dogs won't bother a man when they catch him.

I've seen Old Rocket tracking a man when I was training him.

He'd trail close to the round and then keep his head off the ground as the scene got warmer. He'd break the trail and then start off toward a tree 300 to 400 yards away. Threw up his head. I had a long whip. I meant to whip him when he'd do that and almost made a terrible mistake. I'd send him ack on his track and he'd break again. I was getting ready to whip him when "d says, "Don't whip him. I'm hiding up in the tree. He sees me."

Some mandogs wouldn't bite a man. An American bloodhound is ten times as bad about biting a man as an English ~~one~~ bloodhound.

Some bark long. When they are close you call tell it. We call it chop barking. Barrel ~~mouth barking~~ mouth barking, means they are close, shows their excitement.

Dr. Waters died at the prison. Appointed his life. worst mistake they ever made. They were r nning off right and left at McAlister when I went there. Thirty two of them went out the front door (33 of them to be exact.) They killed old man Pate Jones, my real good friend. They shot him. He was the front tower man. Before they were rounded up, 30 men were killed. They spread all over the U.S.

But in five and one-half years they were all accounted for. Some were



never even brought back of course but were put in prisons in other states. They brought back more than half of them. They caught some even in New York.

I've never seen a lynching. Seen within half a ~~xx~~ mile of it. I think there would have been a lynching on the ~~blair~~ murder of the woman and her little girl if they hadn't shot him. The crowd would sure have lynched the ~~blair~~ Negro. I've driven a car 75 to 100 miles an hour with men to get them to the prison before the men could lynch them. I never believed in lynching as long as you got courts and evidence.

Twins boy episode at school. Went for me to give lecture. talked about crime. Twins there. Changed shoes and socks. Same thing. Took some old dogs with the young ones. They couldn't go past the place where the twins changed.

A bloodhound, when he gets the scent that comes down the man's leg, it goes to ~~1000~~ his brain and he keeps it. That is from the years and years of training. You can take dogs with various characteristics and by matching them bring out the right characteristic you are wanting.

There was another case, a little seven year old girl was raped at Stagler. (Ape a capital offense. I've been called to Texas and Kansas to take my dogs.

Went up there with the sheriff. He had been hiding behind a tree and was naked. The little girl was coming home from school. He told her he would kill her if she screamed. He had a handkerchief tied over his face. Lost handkerchief. Got track there at the tree. Followed it to the edge of the field. Little girl was her first year in school. She ~~@@~~ said he looked like an old man, but he turned out to be only 27. It was the second one attacked in that manner (by naked man) in the neighborhood. The other was a little 10 year ~~xx~~ old girl. He had gone out to the mail box late in the day. He was hiding behind a tree



and got her.

Put the dogs on the track (7 year old case) and tracked for 1.2 mile and they came back to the creek. He had a horse. Lived there with his mother and a married brother. Then got horse and brought some cattle up. Dogs kept messing around go to the creek and then would blowup.

Had a dog called Old Boston. We started at night. Old Boston struck out on a cold trail. Backed few times and didn't go on with it. I didn't know what to think. Well, we blew up. I knew there was something wrong. He had gone that morning beforehand, gone up this creek and gone to the school building. He goes down the from there in a rocky draw, trail on to the old an old reprobate's house. An old man lived there with his son. Then the Old Boston blew up again. The sheriff told me, "the old man's our man. He's guilty." I said let's depend on the dogs. Knocked at the door, lady came, said we are looking for a man, may we come in. "entirely, came out, satisfied. Little gyp named Diane was out in the road working all the time. "Said where's your husband." She said he's working on the road over to the east. Showed us his tracks. Showed tracks to the dog, they wouldn't trail. "I said I'll clear him right now.

Fifty or so school kids had been walking in the road but Diane still was at work. Stopped dogs, said we got to find different place to work.

Under the hill, meaning lower down, the sheriff said a man lived there. We'll talk to him, see if he or his son had seen an one. Wife was there. Son gone. She said "where's your husband." She said he's gone, will be back pretty quick, "and then pointed, "there he is coming now."

I had the dogs in the car. I talked to the old man. You can't always tell whether a man is telling you the truth or



not. One man may try and be honest, another may try and coverup for someone, another may have a reason for trying to get even with him. You can usually flush them.

I said think back and remember, have you seen anybody around her that has looked suspicious. I looked him right in the eye and he looked at me and I knew I could put confidence in him. His sister, 10 was attacked 6 or 8 days before. "My God, he said, I'd give my right arm to get the man who attacked her."

Said: Did you see anybody you didn't know. He thought, then said, yes, a man was peddling clover salve. Said he was doing a little work for the FBI on the side. Lived four miles from him and didn't know him. It wasn't far from where the last little girl was attacked.

"I said 'sheriff, we don't have to use the dogs no more. That's our man.' I said 'promise me one thing (to this man) you won't tell anybody. If you do that, I'll get the man who attacked your sister.'"

The sheriff said I've known that fellow all my life. He hasn't ever done anything wrong. He lives with his mother.

We drove over to the house. I had some of the boys with me (convicts) Got out. Said where is the men folk. She said, got none here today. My married son is down in the field plowing. Other helping build bridge. said lady I am looking for the man who attacked the little girl. She told us where the bridge was. They were building it over a creek. Went there, told sheriff now you let me handle this. Took his guns. Walked into camp pointed them to a man so O like that (gestulating) and said are you Floyd Wilson. He was scared. Said no, that's him sitting over there. Went over there and pointed guns at him and said stand up. Searched him. Said you got anything here. He went and got his lunch box. Said get in the car. Drove about a half a mile before a word was spoken. Sheriff realized I knew my business. We



stopped the car. "The sheriff said "Floyd, there's only one man in Oklahoma that can help you. "He's there with you now. I've known you all my life, now tell the truth. He began to spit cotton and we stopped the car for him to talk. "He said:

"Well I done it, I done it, I'm guilty," just like that, kept repeating himself. But I wanted this other case.

"He drove to town, driving the wrong way to get clear of the old Nestors, they would have killed him. By that time the deputies came. I turned him over to them and said get him to jail as quick as you can. County attorney was there, not stenographer and told the same story "Well I done it, I done it." told everything, how he done it and everything. Said that was all.

I stood up and took the paper and threw it in the waste basket. "I said that's not all." You can want to go to the electric chair?"

The sheriff said "Floyd, there's only one man in all Oklahoma that can help you. You want to go to the electric chair?"

I said "What about that other case. So he said "I done it, I'm guilty."

They sentenced him to 37 years. Only the oldest little girl came to identify him. I kinda figured him as a weak mind, a kinda light sex maniac. He had never pulled anything wrong. He was naked both times and hid behind a tree. His brother was thankful to me for not sending him to the electric chair the way I handled it.

In Johnson County (Oklahoma) they were all grey wolves. Didn't kill stock often. Killed turkeys in the spring of the year. They aren't as bad as people let on.

The Lobo is the biggest wolf. Then the next is the timber wolf, then the grey wolf and then the coyote.

Most of the wolves are in southwest Texas (Lobos) they are big and mean. I don't want nothing to do with them.



At Ardmore, Oklahoma, 21 miles from where I lived, there was a hardware store had a mounted Brown Bear. He was big, weighed 900 pounds. He was in the window. There was a mounted Lobo there too. His head and neck were as large as the bear's, but of course he was lots smaller, three times as large. Measured height of Lobo about three to 3 1/2 feet. The Lobo's legs are as large as a man's arm. He can kill a cow like a grey wolf would kill a sheep. I've never hunted ~~could~~ them. They weren't around my part of the countr .

In Southwest Texas ~~addd~~ they had a Lobo . They couldn't get close enough to it to shoot it. They read where a man had some sight running wolf dogs, half stag hound and half greyhound. Makes a good wolf dog. A Russian wolf hound is the best sight runner on earth and the fightenist dog/ Lobo

The man brought in five dogs went out and got on trail of the Lobo and ran him into some saplings. Caught him and before the man could get there with the gun the Lobo had killed all five of the dogs. You got a monster to deal with there. The Lobo had gone mad with anger. He would tear the bark from the saplings, run round them and yank the bark off, slashing it with his teeth before they shot him.

I was in southeast Texas. My best fox hunter was Royal Jack. He was a good hunter. By that you mean he would get out and find a track and then trail it. That is what you call a good hunter.

When he'd get a track warm he'd never stick to the ground.

The pack will automatically follow a lead dog. The first winter in Johnson county I caught 40 with a pack of 13, some were young. Usually ran pack of eight dogs. Go at night, it is better or conditions. A good moonlight night, moist is best. Weather like this is as fine as can be. (.moderately warm, around 40, slightly foggy.)



When you got out with a pack of dogs, they'll scatter and start working all over, looking for game. First one barks and they all get to him as fast as they can. I usually rode horses. Had two sad le horses

"When a dog picks up a scene you say "They've struck."

Royal Jack (Jack) had a peculiar lot of ways. He chopped quite a bit (meaning short, quick barks, cutting them off) and was a little coarse, (meaning deeper voiced) and then he'd squall out. Later I noticed he'd kinda laugh, going cha-tcha-tcha-cha ta-dah....

ha-hahahaha They'd say, he's laughing at those other dogs trying to keep up with him. He's saying, they're not able to keep up with me and laugh ha-ha-ha cha...

The greatest tounge I knew was Ada Jones, a birdsong, bitch or gyp. She was brown and white face, white feet. She weighed 72 pounds. that's large for ~~max~~ a dog like that. And that was her weight in running shape. She barked in three different ways. I've been out and she would say to one of the men, how many dogs and they'd list ten to her bark and they'd say "three." But it was all the one dog.

She had a bell ring tongue and a bell or carrier to it. she'd go ooh--owhoo, owhoocha...

The man I bought them from, I bought her with five others. After that he said "Sit down, I want to talk to you. You are the darndest fellow. You got the dogs cheap, for \$250. You didn't ask a thing about them, just paid the price and never even seen them. I got Ada and six three month old pups.

He said, after they got a wolf hot, the first race out you'll know Ada, listen and think all (?) in Tex of her. And if you ever heard another like her before, with as much mouth and as goodmouth as Ada, I'll give her to you."



Ada liked to run. She'd run a wolf and after you got the wolf, if she didn't have her run out, then, and then only she'd take out after a jackrabbit, barking so you'd know she was after a rabbit and so you'd know she knew what she was doing, just to have her run out. Then she was happy. She had sense to know what she was running and knew we knew it and wouldn't care. I've never seen one like that.

The reason I bought the dogs I knew that after going on 34 runs for big cootes he brought 32 home and I knew he had to have something to do that. Ada was something.

Coke is a good hound man (brother )

You go out with these kind of dogs, they'll run a wolf and run him all day, around in a big circle, all around. Then you go home and go back there next day and they'll still be running him. Of course I think they all lay down and rest. I've seen dogs die running. I've seen them spraddle out, they are so tired and rest a while and get up and run again.

Ada Jones did one of those things, ran and got hot, went through one night running. Jimmed him by the river. It was a cold night. He crossed the river, it was frozen over and Ada had to break ice. Ran on frozen ground, hitting river, cold water when she was hot. When she came back we did something we shouldn't do. We put her by the fire to dry her. She stiffened up and was never worth a dime after that. She was always stiff.

She was purchased from Cy E Payton of Missouri. Ada was a Missouri Birdsong.

Dogs have different voices of tongues. Ada was a coarse tenor. I'm a fool about singing, music and singing, greatest music of man is a man's quartet. "Women are good but not as good as men.

But a good pack of running dogs with proper voices is the greatest music I've ever heard, and I've heard the best singing there is, opera, famous singers and all. And I know music.



Some of the dogs have bass @ voices, even the gyps.

Bass tenor, soprano and alto voices they have. Some dogs have voice but not the right key. That is important. The right key just like in music.

Royal Jack was between a tenor and coarse voice.

Dogs will change their tonnge.

I in Grady County I had a white, black and tan Goodwin and part Walker. She He was coarse mouth and would go Hoke, hoke, hoke, hoke, a l the time. When he was four or five years old I moved to Johnson County and one night running a red fox started barking with a coarse tenor, ooof, ooof, ooof. Next time she he barked fine (tenor) and when he was eight years old he went back to a @@@ coarse voice.

You call it light voice or fine voice (tenor)

She was stolen and taken to Tennessee, but she came home. It is nothing for a dog like thtat to travel 300 to 400 miles.