Had white mane and white tail. And then if my dad didn't give that horse to a Comanche fellow! They call him Pákady (Comanche name not clear). He live around Fletcher some where. He wasn't real Indian--he was Mexican, I guess. And he kept that horse till he died. Yeah, till the horse died. And he turned around and he give me a gray horse. And he was a pretty good colt. The Comanche gave me the horse--not the Arapahoes. And we give that to the Cheyennes, last time they came around to Apache Jim's pow-wow--that gray horse, we give it to them. To a fellow named Kish Hawkins. We give that to him. When we went back down there he might have hid from us or something--he never did show up. So we quit. From there we quit. We quit going. All the Apaches quit going.

(About what year was that--do you remember--that year that you went up and Kish Hawkins wasn't there?)

Well, it was back in 1919, I think.

(Maybe you could explain a little more about this giving or trading. Is it sort of expected--if you went up there and they give you a horse, and the next year they come down to see you, are you supposed to give them back something?)

Yeah. It's just like trading. They give us a horse. When we get treated like that, when they come here, we do the same. Exchange, you might call it. Yeah. I had pretty good saddle pony. We give it to Kish Hawkins. We got that off of--you know where Alfred lives--that old man they call Apache John lived there--we got it off of him. Had a blaze face and he was what you call stocking-legged--all of his feet. He was pretty. He was young. We gave him to that Kish Hawkins. That's when he give me the paint horse. Then following that we give him the gray horse, and the last time we went down there he didn't show up. We quit.

(How did you get acquainted with him to begin with?)

I don't know. My daddy, he just go ahead and give and that's the way we got