

Old Bacon Rind is about six foot and seven-eight inches tall. Boy, he was much of a man, you know. So, it was dark that night. Old Bacon Rind got in the cab, you know. I slipped in there beside him. He couldn't tell who it was, you know. And Bacon Rind could understand English as well as anybody, but he wouldn't talk at all. Pretty soon, I says, "Bacon Rind." I says, "(sentence in Osage Indian language)." That's in Osage, that's horse doctor, you know? I said, "I want (word in Osage Indian language)," twenty dollars. And he says, "(sentence in Osage Indian language)." He jerked back instead like this, you know. Well, I lay that rubber part. I wouldn't hit him with steel part--the rubber part right up side of his head, and I knocked him down between the seats, you know? And then old horse drawn cabs has seats facing each other, you know. And he says in plain English, he says as anything, "No hit me no more." He was talking to me, "Me pay." And he rolled out a roll of bills there, you know, and peeled off a twenty and handed it to me, and I stepped out of the cab and let Jones take him on. /Laughter/ And the funniest thing happened about that. About ten--ten years after that, I was out in the spring in horseback with my casting harness and the seat in my saddle and everything. Casting colts in the spring of the year, you know. So, I got about four acre, and so I rode up to the house to see if they had any colts they want altered, you know. So, I rode up this house, and some big young Indian fellow come out there. I told him I was a veterinarian, I asked him if he had any work he'd like to have done. I had my veterinarian instruments in my saddle pockets. And says, "I'll see the old man." He turned around and went in the house. By gosh, I didn't know who lived there. Out walked old Bacon Rind, you know. /Laughter/

(Lived out there on four acres, huh?)