

well, someway you'd come near naming him after his horse--name the dog after this horse. Well, just so you name it after your boyfriend that you turned down.

(Is that the way they used to name dogs when you were a girl?)

Way back there--it was before. But here when I was a little girl that was the first dog I knew, because that dog went and bit me.

#### A WOMAN WITH VERY THICK, HEAVY HAIR

I went to visit my father's cousin--she was a young girl that had never been married before. Her picture used to be on--you've heard of Mr. Kinkaid. Her name was Yellow Woman. She was well-known. Her braids were about this thick (indicating large braids). Her hair, she couldn't hardly braid it. Her hair was behind her ear, just like you would roll your hair, but only it came way down here, and she used to get so mad about it. She'd say, "Now why do I have to have hair like this?" In her later years after I was some twenty some years old, her hair began to fall off. And she just had a few strands of hair and they just come this far. And everybody just used to wonder why. Maybe all her hair grew out and no more hair roots to--she must have had too much hair in her young days. Because she got after her hair so much--because she got mad at her hair--maybe it hurt her, they used to say. The hair hurt her--it just left her.

(Was it a good thing for a girl to have a lot of hair?)

Yes. But hers was just too much. Her braids were about that big behind her ears. After she was an old lady she had a few strands of hair and she'd still braid it. It just came to this long. And I guess when she was a young girl she used to just take her hands and throw it back like this. Well, everybody knew her. When she