

they was goin' down there, they caught these buzzard. They said they couldn't even eat that. It taste like perfume. They couldn't eat it. Somebody had nerve enough to kill a deer. And boy, he said, "I eat that deer raw, that's how hungry I was." That's about, oh, I'd say 700 miles, more or less, to the border from here. They walked every step. They go on other side. Steal them horses. And they'd have a big battle, if they ever catch them. Most the time, they catch 'em sleep. And Mexicans try to chase them. If they ever overtake them, why, they'd have a big battle. That's where the horse originated, down in Old Mexico.

(How old was your grandfather when he got that bullet in his knee in Mexico?)

I would say around, maybe around twenty-six, somewhere around there. Yeah, he never did remove that bullet.

(That was a Mexican who did that?)

Yeah, that was Mexican.

(You said he killed him...)

Yeah, he went in there and got him in the fort. Then he got him with his knife.

(He took his scalp, too, didn't he?)

Yeah.

(Your grandpa ever save any of his scalps?)

No, he never did ever save 'em. It was great honor for him to have a scalp, to show that he was telling the truth. In other words, you had to have evidence.

Nowadays, different, the more you bull, why people won't believe you. Those days different. I think most of them, they had to have proof, a scalp. You could say you killed one, people won't believe you. But if you had a scalp, why, they'd believe you. They'd know you was telling the truth... (laughter)

(Yes, you were telling us about that battle that your grandfather was in when he