

He'd have these old ponies. Dad had a tractor up there. Had forty acres just had fence around it, good pasture. He'd turn them old horses loose. Up there one time he was ready to go home and them old horses get up to the barn, then they'd turn and run. Me and him drove 'em all back up two or three times. You know, that little old short-legged man outrun them horses, calling. Yes sir, and him an old man.

(He must have been quite a man then.) (Much laughter.)

Oh yes, he was, but you didn't get nothing much out of him. He didn't talk much.

(Well, you know, there's still some like that today.)

Oh yes, you find 'em. They just won't talk.

(No sir, they'll just stand around with their arms folded and look way over yonder.)

When we lived out there on Clear Creek, well, Dad used to know a lot of Indians and they'd come in, maybe all of 'em (words inaudible). The men would walk right by he and another man (inaudible) and they'd just walk back the way they come (inaudible), and the kids would just stand by themselves. Use to see them walk and that's the way they was. And they'd come up there. Most of 'em knowed Dad and this one man would talk to Dad, but the rest of them would sit there with the blankest face you ever seen in your life. (Inaudible) Indians and they had--while I was there they had a trial. See, the reservation they tried to try all these little old offenses. This old Indian, they charged him--he was charged with stealing these chickens.

(Well.)

(Inaudible) but I went there they had a council house, they call it.

(What place did they call that?)

Cherokee.