

(No they sure aren't.)

That little red (rest of sentence inaudible.)

(I imagine these Indians around here had a lot of horses. What kind of horse races did these Indians have--back in that time? Did they have pretty good horse race back then?)

Horses?

(Yeah, horses.)

Oh, they all had horses. You know they were in the horse and wagon days then.

(Yeah.)

Horse and wagon.

(You know, back in those days they kinda were noted for being horsemen you know.)

Yeah, you know they didn't run around much then as they do now, I don't guess.

Now there was old--one of Looking Glass southeast of town here. When I was growing up there around 1913-14-15. And he rode a horse quite a bit. I've seen him on horseback a lot. I met him on the road and he say "Ah cox a bea", that's good morning in Comanche.

(Oh it is!)

Ah cox a bea. Let's see, have we come one mile or two miles here now. I think this is a two mile trip. This may not be open. There is a creek down here to cross. If we do, we come back and go out the other way. (inaudible) used to be up here. They had an older boy name Jeff and a younger one name Old T--Oklahoma Territory I guess he's named after... Old T. And you know he wanted to join the Navy, and they would let him and he killed himself.

(He did!)

World War I. He just shot himself. And that was the only excuse they could give, and that was that he wanted to join the Navy. Just 17 you know, lying about his age and they wouldn't let him. Let see now--shall we go on and come back? I know we had to go on two miles to get through there and just two miles back this way. He just up and kill himself. He was a little bit older than