

a banty hen, and get his groceries and everything with it. They have a whole string of horses. Some of them are no good at all. Maybe, 1 or 2 good horses in about 50 heads. All strung out. We'd stake them out in these lots. Well, I'd go with my stepdad down there. The main thing was to meet this horse trader on the train. Everyone from a community, this is the big event at OkTaHa. Once you get a horse--. So they all come in trucks. First thing a horse's big stupid cotton wood trees there. They don't get too far away from horses there. He'd park his wagon on one of them, and he got two orange crates--he'd sit one for the farmer and sit on one himself--a piece of white panel at the end of them, lying around the camp. Well, here comes a farmer driving up across the lot and he'd pick out the horse that he really wanted. If he decided he really want this herd, see what he's really want, he'd drive up and he'd pass the time away. Then, the horse trader say, "Get down, have a set," He thought he could whip him. The old farmer get down, pull out his knife, and pick up a stick. He'd look at a horse way up there from what he's interested in the other side of the field. He'd sit there a while. "Say," he said, "Look at that horse there. What do you want for him?" Well, the horse trader tells him, and they talk and whittle another 30 minutes. Finally, he'd get back to the one he's really interested in. "How about that little nag down there? What's wrong with him?" That's where the horse trader was getting so he'd already saw the one he looked at. He'd come up there, and he'd say, "Well, for twenty dollars, thirty dollars, he'd swap." So there's a lot of money in horse trading. There's a lot of time in whittling too.