

(So you're going to give that pony to him?)

Yeah.

(How do you do that, when you give something like a pony away at a dance?)

Well, you put something pretty on it, like a shawl or a blanket, anything, on the back of that pony. You take him in the crowd. His Grandfather's dancing. They lead that horse in, and then Kenny and Junior, they be dancing. And they get through singing, and they call Donnie Redbone, to go over there and sing and he get that horse. He go out with it.

(Several minutes of irrelevant conversation--running from about feet 678 to feet 714.)

(Annie then turned to the birth of a son to your granddaughter, Diane.)

I took the news down there (Fred at the stock sale) about the baby.

(Who chooses the name for the boy, nowadays?)

Nobody. Ain't got no name picked out.

(Who had the right to pick the name?)

Daddy, I guess. Diane too, if she want to.

(You don't follow the old way, huh?)

No, but I told them, don't call him Junior, I said. Too much Juniors. I don't want that junior name. Like this Junior Charcoal, we got. (Louise Saddleblanket's grandson.) He's awful. He's got the mouth that little boy. They was gone, time my sister got too sick, come after me, took me over there. And they were here, they said, I'm going go. They said they going go, cause of me and Freddie being in the house (Apparently an avoidance between in-laws of opposite sex, although this point is far from clear.) It don't look good for us to stay here. Well, you don't have to leave. (Several unintelligible lines of tape.) In the evening, they come back, talking to Junior. They say, where you been, boy. Apache? Look at him mean. What you all been doing around Apache? I was just drinking around. Drinking around? What you drink? Well, my grandma, she