

sticks. And Benny and I would get out in the woods there at Sand Creek. My mother had a lot of horses. We would go out riding through, in the woods. When everybody went off. About six o'clock when we expect them to be home, we would be at home as if we had done nothing. If Benny wasn't there I would be there by myself at home. We were always together. He was the leader. And I was the follower. What he done I was not to tell on him. He would take his gun, BB gun and here we would crawl in the woods hunting for rabbits and birds. If we could find rabbits. He build a fire and smoke them out of the old trees. And he would shoot at them. And there was, where we lived there was a big pond behind our house. Sometimes he would go out there and he would shoot the wild ducks when they come and land in the water. Sometimes our chickens would be out there and sometimes he accidentally hit them and killed them. And when we are questioned, we don't know nothing about it. And mother must have trust us, but she never said or done anything to us. She just asked what happened. And my parents had lot of nursing cows and horses, mules, hogs, dogs and chickens and fish and duck and billy goats. And one time we were out, and Ben was shooting and throwing rocks at different things. And one of our horses, it was a mare she had a little new colt. He accidentally hit it. He feel down and were across the little creek. And we ran over there but couldn't get him up. So we started for home. Our parents had not come home from church yet. So we went home and was sitting on the porch as if we didn't gone anywhere. So they came home but that little colt was on our minds. And next day my big brother found him and told my mother and she wanted to know what happened. But we said we hadn't been out that way. My brother were always gone riding their horses. They were always with their friends. They act like they