

tough little outfits. Heck, you could run one of them, rope one of them ten miles and he'd just get off for him. And he'd just draw a long breath like that. Yeah, they was good ones. Sure were good. All kinds. I mean, all colors. Any colors you could pretty near think of. Spotted and everything. Just all mixed, different colors. Yeah.

(You was telling me one time about one of my uncles who rode a little pony. Who was that?)

That was Jim. Oh. He had a little bay horse. I mean he was just a little thing. I'd see him, since the Indian pony days, you know. And I mean he was little. He wasn't a shetland either. No, he wasn't a shetland. But he was just a little pony. Jim had a big old saddle. He'd throw that saddle on that pony and it'd just cover him, pretty near cover. And he was a tough little bugger. Jim would get on him. Jim was pretty good size and boy Jim would just ride him, I mean (coughs). Yeah, he'd, he was so good. And looked like a toy under that big old saddle. But Jim had some good horses too.

(Yeah. He kind of liked a good horse race.)

Roy, he had a spotted horse. Called him Red Deer. And boy that sun of a gun could run. Old Roy he won several races off of him. He could sure run. Yeah. You remember where my grandparents lived right across from Hokey's place. Across that branch, you know where that pecan grove is, you know in there?

(From Hokey's place?)

Yeah. Yeah, right south of there. Across that little branch there. My grandfather and his wife lived in there.

(You mean across from the camp?)

Yeah.

(The Old Hominy Camp.)

Yeah. Way back in there. You know, behind Miss Pryor's, back up that way. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Right there in the camp there. Yeah. They lived right there.

(They lived right there north of Hokey's.)

(Yeah.)

Yeah, man alive. I remember it well. Yeah. Yeah. They had, now Ross. There was an old boy, they called Earl Moore. But they called him Snakehide. The Indians called him Snakehide and he'd