

Yeah, something like that. And he said he got it, and he took the guts out.

(Where did he skin it?)

He skinned it at home. See, he killed it on Wednesday. I was standing over there on the corner and I seen him go by and he kept honking his horn and he went on by. It was Wednesday morning. I guess he went to town. You know they have to weigh them. I don't know how much it weighed. And that evening he come pick us up after school. "You're going to slice meat for me," he said. "I'm going to dry it. I'm not going to put it in icebox," he said. "I want it sliced." So we went. And that Wednesday--Thursday-- he didn't skin it. It kept hanging there. Then Friday afternoon he skinned it, and I sliced meat Friday afternoon, and then I had some that was left over and I sliced it Saturday morning. I tell you that neck was that big. Big--just like a cow. And it had lot of meat on it. We trimmed the bones, and sliced it. He's going to have dry meat.

(For Thanksgiving?)

I don't know whether he's going to cook it Thanksgiving. He's got turkey. He already has got a turkey.

(What's he going to do with the hide?)

I don't know. It was on the pickup. I should have got it. He must have thrown it away because I didn't see it when he brought us home.

(Doesn't anybody use those any more?)

Oh, yeah, anybody use them. I'd use it.

(What would you use it for?)

Maybe buckskin dress. Moccasins. I want this little girl (Alta) to have outfit. See if I can get her a buckskin dress made and some moccasins. She likes to dance. She danced with a silk dress this summer.

(Did you get to eat any of it?)

Oh, she fried some, fresh, and it was too fat. Oh, that fat on the back of