

tribe. So my grandfather went and he retired. After he retired and he had those big mules so he plowed across the creek there where the grounds broke now, right across the creek now, south. There's about forty, forty-nine about fifty acres of land that he broke. Broke sod. He broke it, by his log house. And he had a -- from his log house across the creek there, west of there, he had a big corral that he made out of these logs that he got this best logs way back there, and they were fine young trees, and they make good corral. So he made that corral big enough to take care of his cattle, and his horse, and when he wants to catch them and break them, why he'd run a whole herd of them in there and pick out the ones he wants to be broke. So they were young Kiowa Indians and Comanche Indians. And Apaches Indians that come down there, they break those horses themselves. They ride them, no saddle, just bareback. No saddle in them days. They make rope in them days they make ropes out of a cow hide. They work it down and they braid it just like a rope. They get big one of these lariats ropes. Big as that. They work it and they kept on working it till it got just like a rope. And they--the could take that and rope a cow and rope a horse or anything with that rope. And they--and they stouter then the ropes we got today. Stouter cause they made out of those cow hides. Made out of them. So he made many of them. I don't know how long it take him to make them, but he say he make them that way.

MARRIAGE OF HIS DAUGHTER:

So when he was getting a little older he was getting a little of age he went ahead and turned everything over to my mother and my grandfather. So my mother then, she was a young lady then. She was about seventeen, sixteen years old, she got married to my father, and when I was born, just when I was born, I guess I was about one year old, when my father died. I don't know my father. I didn't see him. I don't know what kind of man he was. I was one year old when he died. So--