

(Oh, really.)

It was just a group of boys, way I understood it from Mama, got on a drunk, was out rip-rowing just like these girls, these boys up there that tapped that little girl, see. Just such as that. And then they just happened on this woman and she was in this house and they lived out and the man wasn't there--she had three, four little kids and they, they killed her, and they killed the little kids, I guess they killed the kids, cause the kids cried or something.

(What was your uncle's name?)

Ben Dickson. Benjamin Franklin or something Dickson. I don't know how much older he was than my father, but I knew he was older than my father.

(Now, where were your folks living then?)

Down towards Ardmore. My uncle lived out on the Blue River. I don't know, he didn't live in no town, but he lived down there for about 20 years.

(Was he in rachin' or what?)

Oh, just farmin'. He was a bronc-buster.

(Your uncle?)

Yeah, by trade he was a bronc-buster, regular old bronc-buster. He'd ride horses and break 'em.

((How'd he do it?))

Well, he'd just rope 'em and snug 'em to a post and put a bridle on 'em and a saddle and get on 'em and ride on 'em till they was pooped out. They didn't ride like these old penny rodeo guys, they rode a horse to a stand-still. If you couldn't ride one to a stand-still you weren't no rider. That's the reason why Hoot Gibson and William S. Hart and all of them got kicked off a 101 (unintelligible) they couldn't ride a horse to a standstill. My father, he would never do that, see.

FRATHER BREAKING HORSES:

My father gonna break a horse, he'd first he'd put a bridle, a halt, on him till the horse got used to the halt--he'd turn him loose and let him run, with the half on.

Then when he'd catch 'em again he'd usually make him traps to catch him agin and then he'd catch again he'd put the bridle and saddle on 'em or he had him a gunny sack that he filled with sand and then he'd fastened it on like a saddle and he let