

good, well, bred horses. They have no papers, but the Indians know the sign of good stock. They keep them separate to breed them and they keep that herd away from just old, common ponies, we call them. Ponies, you know, small. My father was a good stock man, my father was. When he was living and I was there, he had right around 60 head of horses--spotted and all kinds of them. I always called them a duke's mixture. They had all paint horses and sorrel. And he keep the paint horses separate from the other horses, so they don't mix. (speaks Kiowa) There's a man that they used to call a good stock man. His name is Sónpá pá. Sónpá pá. He had nothing but white horses and sorrel horses. And, oh, if them horses were living today, they'd be in a big show. They were a fine breed of horses.

(Would this be before the country opened up?)

Before the country opened. And when the country opened, he had them and he's noted to be like Miller--101 Ranch. He's noted to be that kind of man. Sónpá pá. That's that man that owned a big herd of just nothing but white horses and sorrel horses. You know what I mean, pretty sorrel horses. They parade today--the people like sorrel horse and white. Where he got them, when they went out and made a big raid in Texas somewhere. He caught one of the stallions and one of the mares of that herd and he bred up. That's where he got started. And that's all he had. Pretty. I used to hear my father say, "Oh, that field will be covered with white horses." He had all white and they used to call them pink eye. Some of the horses used to have kind of a pink eye and different colors. Then when the country opened up, when they had a parade, well, people would go over there and borrow stallions, you know, and parade. Beautiful,