

after that. Fellow that bought 'em, he thought he would ride the gray one. He got on, you know, he got on and had the spurs on and so he throwed that old guy. He went up in the air and down he went into the dirt but his knees went about six inches down in the dirt.

Mr. Tindall: I was raised down there. I can't remember much about it. But I can remember them old mules. I remember your daddy too. I remember your mother pretty good.

FRIENDSHIPS

(Where were you folks living at that time?)

We were just straight south there about three miles right straight over that hill.

Third Voice: I know about every Sunday. Why we were down there or they'd come up there.

Mr. Tindall: We had a trail, went cross there.

Third Voice: Yeah. Your dad and my dad were great friends!

Mr. Tindall: Not many people—I don't know of anybody now that remembers your daddy. Old man George Christy—now his life time—now when my dad first come to this country he served with old man George. He knowed him well. But he has been dead several years.

Third Voice: Old George has that boy living in Vinita.

Mr. Tindall: He has—I think that was 1903. One time I had a paper. I thought I wouldn't misplace that but I've lost it.

FOOTBALL TEAM AT MALE SEMINARY

(What was the old Male Seminary team?)

Yeah.

(Those were pretty rough boys weren't they?)

Yeah. They were big and mugged. Ned Christy weighed about 240, you know.

(Yeah. He was tough.)

And Soldier Keith was another too.