

ponies. They went up there to visit his oldest brother. Go up there for his  
to talk to him. and when it pitch with him wasn't sitting on this saddle, so  
good yet. It was pitching and it threw him. And all his young brothers, they  
all look at him, you know. When they start to look at him, I don't know whether  
he fell or jumped, I think he jumped off that pony. When he ump, well that--he  
hit that flat rock, jar against that rock and broke it here. It happened  
Saturday morning about nine o'clock, I guess, and from there they ain't got  
no way to take him home. Just laid there on the ground for so many hourse,  
bleedingl loosing all that blood. Then they came there and picked him up.  
They went back thru that gate and ran towards my father and mother. They was  
at the spring, waiting to hear. When they got there, they got an ax and went  
down to the creek and cut some poles so long, ((18")) cut some of those small  
sticks, put over it. They make cruths out of it. They put these sticks on him  
and tie them ((splint)). They put some covers over him and carried him with their  
horses. ((THEY MADE A TRAVOIS TO CARRY THE CRIPPLED BOY)) When they got down  
there, they laid his brother on there. They brought him clear home and they put  
him in bed. The old folks wash his--were he got hurt. Them days it wasn't no doc-  
tors. Well, this doctor live way farther on south, way down there around San  
Antoine or Corpus Cristi. And there is another doctor that live way up in Miss-  
ouri and Kansas. Long way down there. No way to let them know. Them days, I  
don't know. Well, they was some white people alright. Them two brothers, but  
they--they doctor him the best way they know how. They doctor him alright but  
they never put the right kind of medicine over it to--

(Your mother knew how to do that, didn't she?)

Well, she wash it out, but I don't think she wash it too much. He caught blood  
poison in there. In his leg, and that blood poison began to go up kept going.  
When it got so far up in here, I guess it went to his heart. And he died the  
next following Saturday, the same week. He got hurt on Saturday between eight  
and nine. He got hurt at that time and then he lived for the next week. Satur-  
day morning between ten and nine o'clock he died. Blood poison kill him. Niece