

I think we got 'bout three or four. And I don't know where he keep them.

(What was he supposed to do with the steer?)

I don't know what he do with them. I don't have sense enough to know that. I don't know--but I know that one time they came home from Anadarko and he was riding horse-back. And running 'round, 'round--he throw his rope. My aunt say, "You better go in the tent--look at that cow running!" she said. I dook. Here-- He sure was chasing it. He roped that steer. My mother run out there with a ax and knock it in the head, kill it. She just knock it right there and kill that steer. They butcher it. They give us some meat and they took some. They went back to Anadarko. That's all I know.

(Did your father ever milk cows?)

Yeah, he does. But when they're gone, my aunt, she does that. And we don't know how to skim milk. We all just say, oh, people sure like sweet clabber.

(What is sweet clabber?)

Out of milk. You know, she just set 'em-- Sometime, I don't know--people don't know--they're crazy--she take them down to the river, put a string on them, kinda oh, so high--let that milk float 'round in the water in that bucket--to keep it cool, I guess. And nothing don't bother it. She goes down there once in a while and she say, "Oh, they're all right. Nothing bother it." But toward evening she always go down there and get them. You know I have to keep it.

(Did you like the milk?)

Yes, I liked that milk. But this time I don't.

(Did your Dad have horses, too?)

Yeah, he had horses.

(How many did he have?)

I don't know how many he have. Well, they have bunch of 'em, though. Looks like every spring there always be little colt coming with his mama. Same way with the cow--milk cow.