

ain't got nobody to fit the shoes," and he said, "Well," said "Maybe you can just set 'em yourself." He said, "They're bad, you may have to hog-tie 'em or\_" he said, "Just whatever you want to do 'em," he said. "They're sure bad. He said "They won't shoe 'em in Locust anymore, Yonkers or nowhere." I said, "I don't care about that," I said, "If I just have the shoes fit." "Well," he said, "They're to tender-footed, I got to have them shod." And I went over and I got me some mule shoes. And as soon as I started in with them mules shoes I seen right quick that instead of a mule shoe, it's easy again to fit a horse shoe. It's more in the shape of the shoe, you know, mule.

(Yeah.)

I set them shoes and they look pretty good and I got four of 'em fit on. And this old Indian went over to the store. I tied him down at the stop you know and I walked back around him. I look around him, on the head and on the legs, picked up his foot and hammered on it and he just stood there like he was asleep, you know. I thought, I'll start shoeing till you do something. And I went ahead and shoved that needle all around and he didn't move. Well, I went back and picked my shoes up and just started in shoeing the other one. The old man come in and he said, "What in the world?" he said. "You shoed my mule while I was gone." I said, "Yeah." He said, "What did you do?" Well, I tell you he could not believe it. He never done nothing. Well sir, I went ahead and shod the other two after that.

(Interruption)

--times began to get hard.

(Yeah.)

People couldn't pay and (unclear) had it done, so I quit it.

(Yeah, 'cause ten or twelve years blacksmith and horseshoeing that's a long time too.)

Yeah it is a long time to be shoeing horses.

(Yes sir, it is!)