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Everything is bigger in Texas. Including the horns of the cattle. And the competition.

The longhorn cattle conventions are frequent here and the breeders are a tight-knit community of Texas ranchers. And now, one Indiana rancher.

When Tracy Jones arrived in Texas to buy his first show longhorn, he bought the one with a broken horn. He then took her back to his farm in Indiana and started a legacy of award winning cattle.

It's not about money to him, it's about passion. He wants to excel. He wants to contribute.

He came into the longhorn business out of love, not convenience.

He loves golfing, fishing and hunting. He loves his wife and his kids. He loves his animals. He loves his land. He loves God. He loved his dad.

He can't recall what year, but it was the mid '80s when a doctor told his dad he couldn't eat red meat anymore because of his cholesterol. Tracy and his brothers were devastated for him.

So they did research and found a study by Texas A&M about meat and brought it back to the doctor. The research said that longhorn meat was low in cholesterol, high in protein and healthier than chicken. The doctor told them to go for it, if he could find any longhorn meat in the area.

That was all sons Tracy and Dan needed to hear before they bought longhorns in their hometown of Washington, Indiana. They ate what they raised. They had no idea they'd still be raising longhorns over 30 years later.

"When he passed away in 2006, we were like, do we keep going?" said Tracy.

He is now married to Lisa, nicknamed "Pokey" after Pocahontas because of her Native American heritage and resemblance to the Disney character. Their kids were getting older, and they knew if they were going to do this they were going to do things differently. So, they delved into the breeding and show side of the business, which led them to an auction in Texas.

There was a two year old bull named Lucky that Tracy and all other longhorn people admired. Back in the 2000's, Lucky had the biggest tip-to-tip horn measurements at 64 inches. But, Tracy and Dan were new to this side of things, and there were rich cowboys hoping to buy Lucky's

offspring at the auction. Tracy knew their chances of luck were slim, but they ventured down to Texas anyway.

Down there, they were set to bid against people like Red McCombs, who owned part of the Rangers and the Minnesota Vikings, and Richard Phillips, who was a real estate tycoon in Texas and rode his bull up and down the elevators at conventions to get to the ballroom.

Tracy said the Texas people don't like to travel out of state for sales or shows because they believe Texas longhorns should stay in Texas. He knew the type of crowd to expect.

When they arrived in the Lone Star State, however, they were informed that Lucky had been pulled out of the sale. She cracked her horn, and a longhorn with a cracked horn is unsellable. It will never grow back.

“And so, we're like, hey, we want the genetics that she's carrying,” Tracy said. “We don't really care about her horns.”

They bought her outside the sale with hopes to breed her, and eventually she gave birth to a calf they called Delta Lucky Lady. She set the world record for tip-to-tip measurements at 64 inches when she was two years old, then set a new one when she hit 77 inches at three years old. She won three futurities when she was young, which is where breeders determine which calves may grow to be the best cows.

This began their journey of crafting award winning longhorns.

“I don't know how many longhorns we have now, high 70, maybe around 80,” Tracy said. “They're like family.”

Tracy, Dan and Lisa now own and operate Hoosier Longhorns in Washington, IN where they buy, raise, breed and sell longhorns and their semen. They run a construction company on the side. Tracy says it's kind of an expensive hobby, but at the same time, their longhorns pay for themselves.

With spring on the horizon, the breeding season is beginning. Tracy says his pricing depends on who the longhorn is and how high the demand is. He doesn't want his top longhorns being bred to just any backyard cow.

“You're not going to get rich off of it, you know, I wouldn't want to make a living off of it,” Tracy said. “But if I had the room and everything else, I always say I'd be a collector and I'd never sell any of them. They're just so beautiful.”

There are two separate patches of land where they keep their animals, about five minutes from each other by car. At one, Tracy and Lisa take turns filling a red bucket with animal feed from a large silver container suspended in the air. It is mid February, and their land is covered in snow.

“A guy in Texas, one of the ultra rich, may fly in and pick one of these five babies sometime soon,” said Tracy as he pointed to the calves whose horns were only beginning to sprout above their ears. Tracy and Lisa get to choose one to keep, and all the rest are up for grabs. They think they are going to pick the girl whose ears are starting to poke backward because it is the most desired trait, but in two months they will know for sure.

Tracy says it’s harder to keep longhorns up north because winter temperatures pose freeze risks to their herd’s horns. It has happened to a few of his animals. He says it looks like somebody intentionally sawed them off.

“That kind of thing can’t happen in Texas,” said Tracy.

Most of their buyers live in Texas, most of their competitors are in Texas, most of the shows are in Texas. Tracy dreads the trip down there, but is always excited about the prospect of catching their bass fish on his pontoon boat he keeps at his buddy’s lake. His longhorns are able to fit in his trailers, but it doesn’t mean they like it. He can see their horns poking out of the sides from his rearview mirror.

They walk side-by-side now, Lisa in a purple LSU sweatshirt because she loves SEC football and Tracy in a blue flannel and brown overalls. A pocket protrudes out of the center, a few inches below his neck. He calls this his snack hole because he can’t help the crumbs that collect there after a meal.

Together, they pour eight piles of food at the edge of the fence, atop the snow. The pellets fall into almost perfect circles.

“Miiiiissy” Lisa calls. “Miiiiissy!”

Tracy isn’t sure if they know their names, but he swears sometimes they turn to look at him when he calls them out. But, Missy was the name of one of their first longhorns in the ‘80s, and they all still seem to respond to it.

Tracy put Lisa in charge of their names. She likes to make them memorable. Swag Darlin’, Showtime Mona Lisa, Gossip Girl and Honey Boo Boo are just a few of her works of art.

They slowly appear from behind the red barn, eager to eat.

There is a pecking order with longhorns, determining which food pile they get to claim. Tracy says if they were to bring a new one in, they'd all circle around it to decide its hierarchy.

Lisa's favorite longhorn is white with tiny black speckles and smaller horns compared to the others. She stands in front of her as she eats. Tracy shakes his head.

"Look how little her horns are," he said. "She's pretty, but that's not sellable."

Tracy's favorite is N8ive Dreamz, daughter to Native Dreams. Lisa calls her a gentle girl. Her last tip-to-tip measurement indicated 97 ½ inches, the largest living in their herd. If the horns could stand on their own, they would be just over eight feet tall.

When Dreamz was just two years old, Tracy took her to Oklahoma for a show. She beat every other animal, including the true Texas bred longhorns, for first place.

"We brought home a trailer for the prize," Tracy said. "When we go down to Texas and do that, just as stupid little boys from Indiana, that's a lot of fun."

N8ive Dreamz is kept at the other farm, fenced in with Hoosier Super, Ace's Tiara and a few other like minded cattle. They bow their heads to let Lisa run her hands on their fluffy foreheads and lift them up again when she holds out a handful of food.

Tracy and Lisa's house is just up the hill from Dreamz and her herd. Their daughter Cheyenne and her 17 month old boy named Silas appear in a cloud of dust.

Silas waddles up to Tracy and looks up at him. Tracy smiles. Silas makes a pig noise.

"You want to go see Bubbles?" asked Tracy.

Bubbles is their pot-bellied pig pet that lived in the house with them when she was young, a black and white girl with a pink nose and pointy ears. They've kept pigs for years ever since their son Kiowa had begged for a pot-bellied pig of his own.

When Kiowa was 12, he had a pig named Snots. He potty trained her so she could live in the house, but eventually she grew and started smelling too much like a pig. Tracy made her live outside in a pen, but the original outdoor pig named Snooty figured out how to hold up the dog fence to let the Snots roam outside with him.

Tracy usually spotted them trotting around together and was able to get them back inside the fence, but one day, the pigs never came back. They were last seen on the road by his sister's house, one white, one black, side by side.

"I hollered at them and hollered at them but they paid no attention," Tracy said. "They just kept on going."

Two days later, the family went out for Mexican food. Dan told Tracy he thought he overheard the local locksmith and his friends talking about the duo, so they went over.

They confirmed the pigs' identity by their coloring. They had mistaken the pets for wild hogs coming out of the riverbank and shot them with their rifles.

Tracy and Lisa told their son the truth. They always had.

"You live on a farm," Lisa said. "You've got to accept the fact that stuff dies."

Silas and Tracy inched toward Bubbles, grandfather and grandson, oinking at each other and unsure who was leading who. Silas is about the same height as Bubbles, and they stare at each other through the fence.

"What's she say?" Tracy asked. "What's Bubbles say? What's a pig say? Are you going to talk to her?"

Silas stared up at Tracy. Tracy stared back. Silas clapped his hands.

Tracy likes to ride around the farm in the tractor with Silas in his lap, even though he sometimes falls asleep on his legs. Tracy hopes he'll turn out to be the perfect Indiana farm boy one day.

Next to Bubbles is the turkey pen. There are four of them, but only two have names: Elvis Presley and Mr. Heartbreak, the latter named because he was hatched the same day Tracy had a heart attack.

He met Lisa in Iowa. It was December of 1996, and the construction company Tracy worked for asked him to go up there to finish a job. He was hesitant to go because it was cold.

He spent half his time there sitting in the restaurant at the local bowling alley. From his table, he caught a glimpse of Lisa cooking and told his waitress that she looked like his future wife. The waitress wouldn't tell him the cook's name, only that it had an A in it.

Well, winter did its thing and the snow came out of nowhere. They were stuck in the bowling alley for days, playing Yooker and chatting with each other. Their first date was on Valentine's day and they were officially married in May with their first baby Cheyenne on the way. The waitress made the cake for their wedding.

They have three adult kids, two girls and a boy, all named after Indian tribes to pay tribute to Lisa's family. He's glad his daughters look like her. In his life, Tracy is the most proud of his family.

The pair is in the barn now, pouring food into the troughs and watching the longhorns stroll into the shade. He puts his hands on his hips and looks across the barn at Lisa, the scent of manure and grass hanging in the air. He smiles.

"I never really expected that, you know?" Tracy said. "But she came along and changed everything."

The couple foresees they'll be raising Indiana longhorns for the rest of their lives. They don't know if their kids will want to continue with it because one is allergic to cows and the others have gone their own ways, but they don't mind.

It is enough for them.