

was talking about, my uncle's daughter, that was the daughter of my step-mother, Polly. Polly really loved us just like a mother though and I was glad we had a mother like when our own mother was gone because when they took us away from my step-mother, she just cried and I cried, we both cried, but they took us away from her, but we seen her though quite often. She always loved us just like she loved her own daughter till she died. And we used to ride a buggy four of us Kingly, my brother drove one horse buggy. Boy I thought it was something, you know, next to automobile then. It was a nice one seater. My grandmother had a two seater buggy and they also had wagons, but that buggy was some kinda passenger car is from a truck, you see. Wagon was used to haul things, you know, heavy things and stuff like that wood and rock and what have you. While when you was going visiting or going to town they used buggy. So my mother had buggy, two seater buggy and a wagon and my father did too. He didn't have two seater buggy, but he bought us a one seater for our school, transportation and so my brother drove the horse and we'd sit up there with him and we'd take off. Our lunches packed and, put in the back, little old back sit there, that is like little old bed in the back. We put our lunches--set out lunches back there and just take off. Boy when I first started riding that thing I thought it was something real nice, riding. It felt smooth, you know, smoother than it is in a wagon and we'd take off, boy, and that horse trotting, running, and all, it was fast too, for me it was, at that time, faster than you would ride in a wagon. We'd get down to school three miles away in time and come on home. Lot of time me and my brother would just play hookey, we would turn off somewhere in the woods and be parked out there all day. Using our lunches we would pick up some wild onions down around the branch and eat with it. Boy that was something. We ate--we didn't care whether we went to school or not. And 'bout quitting time we'd hear rest of the kids coming back,