

Sometimes we go to Verden. Yeah. Brother Methvin--J. J. Methvin--he's sure nice. We go and-- There's no town over here (present day Verden). Just a tree was growing--I don't know how many acres of trees--there's where we always have good picnics. Carried our lunches and drink and things like that. Stayed there all day. Play baseball and kick ball and everything. Races. Then we come home.

INDIAN KICK BALL

(What's this kick ball?)

Kick ball. Indian kick ball. They make a ball about like that (several inches in diameter). We kick that like this (drop on foot and kick it to keep it in the air).

(Did you do that when you were in school?)

Oh, I was good one! They say, "Let's see Eugenia kick ball." And Miss Swanson says, "I know Eugenia (can) kick ball. I saw her one time." I said, "Give me some stick. I want stick it. And hold my hand so I won't--" They give it to me. Now. I began to kick. Stand (On) one foot like this. I go up to two hundred and fifty. Then I was all in. My, ~~me~~ leg just about to ~~I~~ was just about to fall. And I said, "Gee, I'm so tired!" And there's a man. He's taking care of the--his name is Mr. Pritchard. He said, "Eugenia, maybe you're all in. Just drop the ball. It's all right. You won." I go up to two hundred and fifty. Then I drop it. It never fall. Oh, I just --oh, when I drop it, I just lay on the ground! (Object of kick ball is to keep bouncing the ball in the instep of one foot without letting it touch the ground.)

(Where did you learn how to do this with the kick ball?)

I just kick ball!