

she'd catch me and then she'd make him take me home. Home, I'd go.

Man's voice: How come the buggy to upset, Addie?

We was running a race.

Man's voice: The kids.

Woman's voice: Dragging..

Yeah we was dragging. (Laughter) And my mother hit me and I was sixteen years old. Just before I was married.

Man's voice: Maybe you needed it.

Boy, I was a fighter.

Woman's voice: I bet she told you was a bad girl too, didn't she?

Man's voice: Tell them about the time you and Uncle Howard used to steal horses out and go riding them down the streets.

Yes and we'd go across that river with banks full, that Chou-ta-pah-River. We'd get up there like monkeys, sit up there. Yeah, we'd swim them old mares across that railroad.

(Where were you going?)

We just riding around. I tell you we was a sight. I was a sight to the world. (Laughter)

I could ride a horse just as good without a bridle as I could with a bridle. Plumb Indian.

Man's voice: They're going to put that in some big museum you'd better get to talking, Addie, you wouldn't want people to go up there and say, "Well, I rode a horse."

Well I tell you what I rode a horse.

Man's voice: That would be very interesting sixty, seventy years from now. Now they'll say, "That old gal she must have been a corker."

Well I was. Don't faking me out. I was a corker. I tell you what we done