

Oh, you put as you think would take, you know. Makes no difference whether --

(Uh-huh.)

So, enough to make it real soupy like, you know, put your corn in there.

(About how many ashes?)

Oh, about a gallon.

(Really?)

And there's so many good corn, don't they, (not clear)?

Unidentified voice: Uh-huh, yeah.

(And how long do you let it set, Dolly?)

Unidentified voice: (not clear)

Oh, you boil them. You boil them.

(You boil it.)

You boil that ashes and that corn, and, then, when you take them out, you're ready to rinse.

HANDMADE SPURS

Unidentified voice: She made those.

(Oh, this is for horses, isn't it?)

That's for cowboys. (Laughter)

(Spurs on the--back of their feet? And that digs in when they want the horse to go faster or slow down or something? And you make these by hand?)

Unidentified voice: Yeah.

(You made them? Oh my goodness, that's an art. I bet no body hardly does that any more.)

Unidentified voice: No, there ain't nobody. (Rest of sentence not clear)

(They're called spurs?)