

would fall back to our feet, and then we'd kick it again. Up and down, up and down, and they'd count. There was a lot of girls around there, oh so high, and while we're kicking those balls they'd learn it for us, you know. When I was a little girl, that's where I started. My grandmother, she made me a rag ball about that big, and then the older I got, she made me a bigger ball to stay on my feet longer. She'd you know, just make it out of old rags, and cut it up and put it inside you know put it inside and she'd sew this ball.

(What was the outside?)

Rag. Yeah, the whole thing was rag. But she cut those inside in little pieees. Yeah, that's the way she learned me to kick ball, the older I got, I really could kick that ball. And when I went to school, we would match these other girls, and we would beat them. Thre were several girls, you know, that really did know how to kick ball.

#### LEARNING TO POUND MEAT:

And then she learned me how to cut that meat that was cut. That's what she learned me. To cut them up, and then I'd hang it up like she does, hange them up and then get dry, and then I'd cook it in the over just a few minutes, and then I'd pound it. She had a bowl, wooden bowls but I ain't got any. I had one and somebody stole it, from me. Great big bowl, wooden bowl you know and my aunt made it for me, and it had a handle, and I'd just hold it on this side and pound it like that with an iron piece. I still got that iron piece somewhere in here, it's in that box, I guess, and it was a wooden bowl about that big. She made me a little bowl to pound my meat in, about that big, ain't it? And I had that iron piece and I'd just pound it, pound it, until it would get real find, you know, and then she'd