

up to be. Now, there's an old woman, I reckon she called it preachin' down here the other day, and I went down to listen at her. But I don't make it a practice to listen to women talk. In another place it says, "Let the woman keep quiet in the Church. If she wants to know anything, ask her husband at home." They say, "Well, the husband don't know." It aint the woman'd business nohow. It again--the Bible--says that a woman shall not put anything on pertaining to a man's clothes, neither shall the man wear the woman's clothes. Now half the time you can't tell by what they got on. There was a woman on northwest street and see that woman go down the street with shorts and shirt tail out, a man's shirt on, and hair short, and I couldn't see good then. I asked my daughter I say, "Who is that?" And by doggies, maybe it'd be one of her neighbors. (Laughter) I used to go, help my husband gather corn and cockle burrs you know, was bad, so, I'd take ma a pair of his old overalls to the field. And I'd put 'em on when I get there to gather corn. When I'd get out of the wagon I put on my overalls, nobody there but me and him, nobody ever see me. But whenever we'd get the load ready to go to the house, I'd pull 'em off and throw up on the load of corn. I wore 'em that way.

HELPED WITH THE FARMING - STORY OF THE BABY BEAR

I plowed cotton and I plowed corn. I tried everthing a man does. I have run a cultivator with a lantern hangin' on the tongue.

(You plowed corn at night?)

There'd be a wet spell, you know, and they'd be behind with the plowing. Get so they'd plow by night. Would plow way in the night, and have a lantern hanging on the cultivator tongue. That days gone forever. My dad bought a place over close to Dulaney, Arkansas. It was back upon the mountain. And we had a big field and the house was on a branch (sentence not clear)--and he had a big field up there. Well, it had been in cultivation