

I wish we could get some kanutchia. Last year, we didn't get none at all.

(Not even one time, huh? Well, shoot!)

Maggie: Sure.

(Did the Indian people long time ago--did they ever make anything out of black walnuts? What all did they make out of that?)

Well, they make some kanutchia. I don't like it myself.

Maggie: I don't either.

(But they did make it though.)

Maggie: Yeah. I wonder, what about pecans? Reckon, they're just as good, pecans?

(I bet it'll be good.)

Yeah, it's just like what they said. I don't know. Walnut, it makes too much grease.

Maggie: Yeah, too rich, yeah.

(Too strong--probably--most of them are good cake frosting and stuff like that, aren't they--for cakes?)

Yeah. You know, sometimes, in here at the church, they're all white people and all that. Squires (?), you know, (inaudible).

Maggie: Yeah. (One or two sentences inaudible.)

His wife, they come. First time, they ask me how to fix the kanutchia.

And I told them, and they just write it down. Next time, he was learning making bean bread. (Laughter) He bake like that in the church house, you know---

(Oh, at their church house.)

Yeah.

(Well, how do you make bean bread?)

Well, just use meal---

Maggie: Cook the beans first, ain't it?

Yeah.