

could be dried and kept for winter. Another kind was used to make bread. They bake it in Dutch ovens till it's done. Cut it up into slices and then cut each slice into smaller pieces and lay them on the roof to dry in the sun. After it's dried good, put it in sacks and store it. In the winter you can eat it like oatmeal. Soften it up with steam. It's already cooked--all you have to do is soften it.

I used to eat mine with sugar. Dad like his with salt. We ate it at noon, breakfast, and even at night. Very few make that now. I've pulled enough roasting ears in my day to fill this room. I believe they dried the blue corn. Take it and put it in big wash kettles. Cook it on the cob. Then drain it, let it cool. Then dry it. They used a knife to hull it. Run the knife down each row of kernels and pry them off in whole grains. Then they dry it like the bread. After it's dry, turn it over two or three times while it's drying, and then sack it up. It's already pre-cooked. My mother used to put ham hocks in it. We raised some pigs and we butchered our own.

DQ I've heard of the Pecan's (in response to question about a signer of a treaty in 1839 in Texas). Annie Pecan and John Pecan. His nephew is Steve Johnson. They all died. There was a George Pecan, too. Elena (another signer of this treaty)--he might be Big Jim's grandfather.

DQ George Spybuck, the old man, lived up at Bird Creek. That's north of Tulsa near Sperry and Skiatook. He lived there for years. Then he brought his family down here in two or three wagons and they've stayed here. That was about 1931 or 1932 I think. They first settled in Shawnee. His wife had a sister there. And his wife had property east of Shawnee. Those boys came to our dances. They came to visit Dad, and he'd sit and talk with them for hours. The old man used to run dances at Bird Creek. They were kind to Ernest Spybuck, the artist. I guess you've heard of him. He's dead now. He could draw anything.