

Oh, we were already allotted. My father was a police over here and we used to live over here south of that stone building (at Cantonment). There was cabins there. You know they had white oaks straight up and down and they had rooms. That's where we used to stay.

(I was wondering if they would use the same plot every year for their corn or if they would move their garden--like if they were still camping in the same place, would they--?)

Well, they'd use the same ground.

(About how many rows would they plant in their garden?)

I wouldn't know. I never did know.

ROASTING CORN IN PIT TO DRY AND STORE

(The corn that you gathered from this, would there be enough to save it, then, for the winter?)

Oh yes, they dry it. They used to cook all of it, what they had. Cook it. Throw it in the coals and get it done and then shell it and dry it. In them days people used to help one another. And different ones would come after so much until they cleaned the hole. And they used to all save it that way.

(When they threw it in the pit to bake it, did it still have the shucks on it?)

Yeah. They have them. Then when they take them out, they had to clean the shuck off. And then shell it, and they used to have big canvases, and just shell it on there and let it dry for about two or three days. And when it's dry it used to be small, you know. It shrinks. And then they'd put them in sacks. And they had this rawhide--they're kind of flat, you know--they fold them just like this and keep them in there, in the sack. (May be talking about putting the sacks up in rawhide containers--parfleshes--jj)